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THE  
ILLUSTRATED  
AMERICAN

VOL. XI.

(COMPLETE IN THIRTEEN NUMBERS)

MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST  
1892

THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO.,  
5 AND 7 EAST SIXTEENTH STREET  
NEW YORK, N. Y.



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Press of The Illustrated American Publishing Co  
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# THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

VOL. XI.

New York,

For the Week ending MAY 21, 1892.

Chicago.

No. 118.



SELLING FLOWERS AT THE FAIR. (See page 33.)



## THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

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LORILLARD SPENCER, President.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN (weekly edition), including postage in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$2.00 per year; \$4.00 for 2 months. For all countries in the Postal Union, England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Spain, Belgium, Holland, etc., the same rate with postage, \$2.50, additional.

Single copies, 25 cents.

Payment, which must be in advance, can be made by cheque, postal notes, money order, or registered letter, payable to THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Nos. 1 and 7 East Sixteenth street, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., agents for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN for the United Kingdom.  
BREASTON, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris, depot for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN in France.

ADVERTISING. The advertisements of leading firms solicited; for terms send to offices. Medical and low-class advertisements declined.

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## Current Comment.

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**OUT-DOOR SPORTS.**—Go where you will, wherever you find a vacant space of ground in a populated section of the country, there you are apt also to see young men, young women, or both, engaged in some athletic sport. The season of out-door games has come around once more, to the joy of hundreds of thousands, and health-winning is going on apace with pleasure-seeking.

Lawn tennis, base-ball, and a dozen other games are being practised and played with an energy never before witnessed, and the results will be seen later in the clear skins and bright eyes of their votaries. The day is long past when the accusation can be made against American men and women that they are sallow, sickly, and disinclined

to exercise. Tanned cheeks and elastic muscles are now marks of beauty; the frail and pale characteristics of the lily are regarded with a mingling of pity and contempt.

In every way this devotion to out-door sports is beneficial when indulged with moderation. Not only is a reward found in more vigorous physical health, but the out-door life also invigorates mentally and morally.

One precaution must be kept in view always, however, and that is, not to overdo it. There is, unhappily, a very long list of famous athletes who have paid with their lives the penalty of overtraining and of taxing too severely their youthful powers. If this danger attends young men who are exceptionally gifted for athletic sports, how much greater is the necessity for precaution in the case of young girls!

The professionals and the college teams are not less active than the amateurs. Base-ball players, after a winter spent in squabbling among themselves, are making an effort to restore the American pastime to the popularity it enjoyed before the players themselves killed the goose that laid the golden egg. Yale and Harvard are proclaiming how weak their "Varsity crews are, with a view each to surprising the other when they meet at New London. The base-ball teams are already trying to settle the championship for the year.

**JUSTICE IN ENGLAND.**—It was a French nobleman with a proper idea of his elevation above the common herd who remarked: "Depend upon it, God will think twice before he damns a person of my quality." The authorities in England have an equally correct idea of the privileges of rank. They have released from jail Mrs. Osborne, who was undoubtedly guilty of stealing her friend's pearls, but who has high social connections; and they are keeping in jail Mrs. Maybrick, who is probably innocent of the murder of her husband, but who is only an American woman.

Doubtless another exhibition of this wise discrimination will soon be given. Mrs. Montagu was sent to jail for a year for having killed her child by cruelty. She is related closely to the nobility. Mrs. Clark is awaiting trial for having killed her stepchild by cruelty. She is the wife of a common carman. The cases are very nearly similar. Both children were the victims of mistaken ideas of parental discipline. In both cases they were put to the torture to teach them good manners. If anything, the offence of Mrs. Clark is less shocking than that of Mrs. Montagu. There is, it is true, a popular prejudice against cruel stepmothers, which may work against Mrs. Clark; but, surely, the moral crime is greater in the case of a mother than in that of a stepmother. The essential difference in the two cases is merely one of rank. It will be interesting, in view of this, to learn the sentence that will be imposed upon Mrs. Clark, and compare it with Mrs. Montagu's single year.

This sort of discrimination on account of rank is, of course, entirely proper; but, as we have remarked before, Parliament should pass laws regulating the punishment of criminals of birth and good breeding, instead of depending upon the leniency of judges and juries and prosecutors. Unless this is done, a dreadful mistake may be made one day, and some titled swindler or thief may be punished just like a common person.

**ABSENTEE CONGRESSMEN.**—Congressman Bailey, of Texas, has introduced an amendment to the House rules, providing that Representatives shall not receive their salaries unless they attend the daily sessions and perform the duties for which they were elected. At first glance, his

proposition may meet with approval. Human nature likes to get the worth of its money. There is a popular prejudice against absenteeism, and a man who obtains an office is expected to fill it.

Nevertheless, a good deal can be said in favor of absenteeism as regards Congressmen. One of ex-Speaker Reed's phrases, while he occupied the Speaker's chair, was, "Thank God, this is no longer a deliberative body." He described the situation exactly. The House of Representatives is no longer a deliberative body, although this is a subject for regret, not thanksgiving. It has ceased to be a deliberative body because it has grown too big. The work formerly done by the whole House is now performed in the committee rooms. Important questions affecting public interests are decided in debates of which the people at large generally hear nothing. The fate of the bills thus framed is afterward settled in the House by the generalship of friends and foes, not by debate. It will be seen, therefore, that the tendency is in the direction of concentrating all power of legislation in the hands of the comparatively small number of members who are powerful on committees or skilful in parliamentary tactics. This being the case, it is immaterial, so far as general legislation is concerned, whether the average Representative is present or not.

The hands of the average Representative being idle, Satan finds plenty of mischief for him to do. He sets him intriguing to advance the local interests of his district, often to the disadvantage of the general government; hunting for offices or favors for his constituents; and doing work in fifty different ways which might better not be done. So that, on the whole, it might perhaps be well to encourage absenteeism in Congressmen instead of punishing it by docking their pay.

**NEW YORK'S COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION.**—An astonishing proposition is offered by Mr. John Boyd Thacher, one of New York's World's Fair Commissioners. New York City, sulking because she did not get the exposition, determined to have a Columbian celebration of her own. It is manifest, however, that her private celebration must be a very small affair compared with the event to take place in Chicago on the same day. The local display would be utterly eclipsed by the national celebration. Therefore, Mr. Thacher makes the surprising suggestion that the date of the dedication of the World's Fair buildings at Chicago be changed from October 12th to October 21st.

He does not, in so many words, ask that the date be altered so as to suit New York's convenience, but puts forward the plea that a false date should be corrected. He points out that, if we are to be exact in commemorating the four hundredth anniversary of the Columbian discovery, our celebration must fall on October 21st, which corresponds, according to the Gregorian calendar, with October 12th of the Julian calendar. It requires the dropping of just nine days to make an event which is marked by the Julian calendar as falling on October 12th in the fifteenth century agree with the true astronomical date.

The plea is ingenious, but we fear it will not serve. New York must either accept the situation with good grace, or be content to celebrate by herself unnoticed by the world in general.

**ANARCHISM POWERLESS HERE.**—It is a fact for Americans to be proud of, that anarchistic principles are not tolerated in this country by those whom they are intended to benefit. American working-men with grievances

will not listen to them. Their way of correcting evils is by persuading legislatures to pass laws doing away with them.

A good illustration of this was given at the May Day demonstration in New York. John Most is the most notorious of the anarchists in America. He has a certain following, composed almost exclusively of foreigners, who have not yet been educated up to our ways and ideas. While small, this following is noisy and determined. It was extremely anxious that Most should make a speech at the mass-meeting. He was, of course, in entire sympathy with the object of the gathering, which was to agitate in favor of the eight-hour movement. But the mass of the men and women assembled would not have him. Their moral opposition alone prevented him from speaking. They did not believe in his principles, and refused to have anything to do with him. Like sensible people, they felt that their end could be attained by ballots, not bombs; that society could and would be persuaded, and should not be attacked.

The same feeling prevails throughout the country. An anarchist is regarded in very much the same light as a mad dog.

**ARRANGING MATTERS.**—Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss, of New York, should feel happy in the thought that he helped to create a new political expression, "To arrange matters satisfactorily." Mr. John E. Milholland, of the same city, a Federal office-holder, was summarily removed by Secretary Foster for the offence of failing to arrange matters satisfactorily. It does not appear whether he performed his duties well or ill; but it is probable that he might have remained in office so long as the present administration continues in power, had he not committed the offence described, though it is one not named in the statute books.

President Harrison has been guilty of the same offence. He has failed to arrange matters satisfactorily with Quay, Platt, and others of our rulers; so they are looking around for some one to elect President in his stead. Apparently the people, the voters, have as little to say about the matter as the question of how he performed his duties had weight with Secretary Foster in Milholland's case. Yet all that political leaders can do is, in reality, very little. They cannot always even nominate the candidate of their choice in opposition to the popular will; they can never elect him. As political leaders retain their power only while they succeed, it follows that they are ever ready to support the most popular candidate, and, instead of directing, they offer implicit obedience to public opinion.

And so our system of government runs on. Milholland is required to arrange matters satisfactorily with C. N. Bliss; President Harrison, with the leaders of his party; and those leaders, with four millions of voters.

**ITALY'S DIFFICULTIES.**—The ludicrousness of Italy's hostile attitude toward the United States at the time of the New Orleans affair becomes especially apparent when her financial difficulties are set forth.

At the present time, it is declared that King Humbert must either disarm his army or see his country bankrupt.



CORNELIUS N. BLISS.

The former course would put Italy at the mercy of France; the latter would in the end lead to the same result, for of what fighting ability is a nation that has neither money nor credit?

It is interesting to note that state ownership of railroads is given as one of the causes of Italy's present financial burdens. The country's indebtedness on this account amounts to more than six hundred millions of dollars, or nearly one-third of her total debt. The revenue derived from the state's share of the earnings suffices to pay only one-half the interest on this amount, leaving a constant deficit of more than fourteen millions. The cause of this state of things is, that the roads were constructed more with a view to their political effect than their commercial usefulness, and that their management is conducted on the same plan. The United States are not the only nation in which the public business is made to serve the purposes of party leaders.

**NO PAN-AMERICAN SURVEY.**—We believe that a public office is still maintained at Washington under some such title as Bureau of American Republics. It is a very useful bureau, because it furnishes places for a number of gentlemen with political influence. It is picturesque, too, because it is about all that remains of the work of the famous Pan-American Congress.

Our readers may have forgotten that this celebrated body was assembled for the purpose of binding all American republics together like brothers or sisters—a highly laudable purpose. There were to be no more wars or disputes; each was to help the others; and the nations of the Western Hemisphere were to form a close corporation in opposition to Europe.

The practical results were not wholly encouraging. The South American delegates were, it is true, made better acquainted with our country and its resources, and there seemed a prospect that this acquaintance might be ripened into friendship. Then there was arbitration. All misunderstandings thereafter were to be settled by arbitration, President Harrison disposed of arbitration, however, last autumn, when he replied to Chili's offer by saying that there was nothing to arbitrate. At the same time he caused, by our attitude toward Chili, a feeling of distrust of the United States to be developed in other Latin-American republics.

There remained then, chiefly, the bureau before mentioned and the scheme of a Pan-American railroad. The latter has met its fate in a refusal by the House of Representatives to grant money for a survey of the proposed route; and so, as we have said, the precious Bureau of American Republics is all we have left to show for the vast sums of money spent on the Pan-American Congress.

**THE PUEBLO INDIANS.**—An interesting question has been raised in connection with the Pueblo Indians living in the section of country where *THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN's* Exploring Expedition is at work. It is, Are they citizens of the United States? It was brought up in a discussion of the Government's right to compel their children to attend agency schools.

The indications are that a decision will be reached eventually declaring that they are citizens. When in 1821 the Mexicans proclaimed their independence of Spain, they declared that "all the inhabitants of New Spain, without distinction, whether Europeans, Africans, or Indians, are citizens of this monarchy, with a right to be employed in

any post, according to their merit and virtues." Our Supreme Court has traced this abolition of all race distinction to the common participation of all in the uprising against Spanish rule. This declaration has an important bearing on the question, for the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which New Mexico was acquired, provided that Mexican citizens residing in the territory affected, who after a year should not have taken the steps required to retain the character of Mexican citizens, should be considered to have elected to become citizens of the United States, and should at the proper time to be judged by Congress; he admitted to all the rights of citizens of the United States.

The Indians affected are described by universal testimony as a peaceable, industrious, intelligent, honest, and virtuous people. Governor Prince has said of them, that "they labor industriously in the field, with the reward of abundant harvests, and celebrate their festivals with ceremonial dances and open-handed hospitality, and they live in peace and prosperity lives of remarkable morality."

**REWARDS OF POLITICS.**—The *Philadelphia Press* publishes some figures about Senator Quay which seem to indicate that politics pay when followed as a business pursuit. It traces his career from 1836, when, at the age of twenty-one, he was appointed to his first office, and finds that up to the present time he has received something like half a million of dollars in fees and salaries.

His income at the beginning was not excessive. It is calculated that in the first thirteen years he received something like \$30,000 from continuous office-holding. Then for six years he held no office, but managed to make politics pay, through county and State patronage given to a newspaper which he had founded. In 1873 he took to office-holding once more, at a salary of \$4,000 a year. It was at this stage in his career that he began dealing with large figures. The office of Recorder of Philadelphia was established for his benefit, and it has been estimated that the fees attached to it range from \$30,000 to \$60,000 a year. He held the office less than a year, but it is supposed that in the ten years from 1873 to 1882 he received a total of \$125,000. Out of office from 1882 to 1883, he made a master stroke in the latter year which raised him to his present prominence, and eventually landed him in the United States Senate. His salaries from that time, added to his other receipts, would bring the total to about \$200,000. In addition, for three years, beginning in 1888, he was paid most liberally for his services as chairman of the Republican National Committee. His compensation has been stated to have been at the rate of \$40,000 a year. The amount remaining to make a total of half a million of dollars it is estimated that he obtained through opportunities offered him by reason of his political power.

Such figures, if correct, go far to explain the devotion of professional politicians to their pursuit.

**THE NEW CHINESE LAW.**—The Chinese Minister at Washington has filed with the State Department a protest against the new Chinese Exclusion Act passed by Congress and signed by President Harrison. Other protests have been uttered, and are still being made, by American citizens who look upon the question from the high plane of theory and do not consider the practical facts of the case.

It can be admitted safely that the necessity of such a measure is deplorable. It is deplorable to think that oppor-

tunity to better themselves, to raise themselves above the most grinding want, must be refused to thousands of human beings. But if the Chinese Government objects to our action in this respect, it has a simple remedy. Let it reform its system of administration so that its subjects shall not be exposed to unceasing extortion and injustice. If this were done, Chinamen would not have the same reason they have now for seeking the advantages offered by the United States. Upon the same question of humanity, it happens that our courts were supplying at the time the bill was passed several very good reasons for the adoption of such a measure. It is notorious that the Chinese have been violating systematically the previous Exclusion Act, and in several of our cities cases were being tried in which the question involved was the identity of Chinamen alleged to have been smuggled over the border. It is the difficulty of distinguishing between those who are here lawfully and those who are not that has made necessary an act unprecedented in this country for its stringent provisions.

As for the argument that such a measure is unworthy of us while we are sending missionaries to China to convert to Christianity the inhabitants, it is worth while to recall the assertion made by men well acquainted with the Chinese character, that up to the present time no educated Chinaman has become a Christian; that the habits, traditions, and mental tendency of the Chinese unite to make such a conversion an impossibility.

**AMERICAN SHIPPING.**—It has often been said that the rebuilding of the navy furnished the needed impulse to American ship-builders to set to work at the reconstruction of our merchant marine. The truth of this saying is illustrated by such establishments as the Bath Iron Works, of Maine, the Cramp Ship Yard at Philadelphia, and the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco. The contracts awarded to them by the Government warranted them in erecting plants which might still be absent had they been obliged to continue to depend upon private enterprise. The plants once established, it is easy to foresee that their next use must be in the building of magnificent ocean steamships; and the action of Congress in granting American registers to the *City of Paris* and the *City of New York* further confirms this view of the matter.

The influence of the encouragement thus given to American ship-builders is wider, however. A notable illustration of this is found in the announcement that Arthur Sewall & Co., of Bath, are about to embark in the building of steel sailing vessels. It is this firm that constructed those notable ships, described in *THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN*, the *Susquehanna*, *Kaphannock*, and *Reanoke*, which are among the largest of their class afloat. These are all wooden vessels. As soon as the last named has been completed, the firm proposes to make preparations for laying the keel of the first steel sailing vessel ever constructed in the United States, and the first iron ship ever produced by New England.

It is reported that British ship owners and builders were much perturbed when they first learned of the impending transfer of the Inman steamships. It looks as if they had ample cause for anxiety lest they lose their preëminence upon the ocean.

**HAWAII'S SITUATION.**—The Hawaiian Legislature has been convened to meet on May 28th. The session is likely to be a memorable one. The situation is an extraordinary one. The progressive portion of the population are

eager for annexation to the United States; and still, it is the presence of an American man-of-war at Honolulu more than anything else, probably, that retains Queen Liliuokalani upon her throne. The prevailing sentiment is shown in a card published by Gen. A. S. Hartwell, a leading lawyer of Honolulu, who has been prominent in the annexation movement. He openly admits his opinions, only denying treasonable intent, and declaring that he believes in legal means for forwarding the movement. Then he goes on to say: "Whether the United States would admit the Hawaiian Islands into the Union, if admission were sought by those who have the right to ask it, is a question for the United States to answer, and which we may be assured would not be answered before it is asked."

Considering the immense importance of the control of the Hawaiian Islands, it would seem proper for the United States to discover some policy in regard to this question lest another nation slip in before us, and a difficult and intricate discussion be raised.

**CONGRESS AND THE FAIR.**—Owing to the failure of Congress, thus far, to grant further assistance, the directors of the Columbian Exposition are beginning to find themselves in financial straits. Two things are especially clear in this matter. One is, that Congress should make whatever appropriation is needed within reasonable limits, whether as a gift outright or as a loan. The exposition is a national enterprise, undertaken by the whole country, and if it should fall short of the anticipations that have been excited of its success because of lack of money, it would be a national calamity. The benefit to our commerce of the



THE ELECTRICAL BUILDING.

greatest fair the world has yet seen would amount to many times the five millions of dollars still needed.

The second point concerns some of the reasons which have influenced Congress thus far in withholding its aid. It has been charged that the money already raised has been spent extravagantly. This charge should be investigated thoroughly. If it is found to be sustained, it would still be the duty of Congress to make the appropriation needed; but safeguards should be provided to make impossible the waste of the money. In any case, the money needed should be forthcoming, and the plea of economy will not be available, for many of the millions appropriated by the present House are for purposes far less meritorious.





OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS: XLVII. ROSE COGHILAN AS JOCELYN. (*See page 32.*)

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.)

## THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

THE fact that the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States chose Portland, Ore., as the city for its one hundred and fourth annual meeting, is of interest not only to the religious class of the community but also to the public at large, as signifying to what extent the importance of the North Pacific Coast has grown and is growing. The Presbyterian Church in this country is very old, dating back to a period before the close of the seventeenth century, the oldest congregation having met in Maryland, 1630, and the first presbytery in Philadelphia in 1705; a synod, including four presbyteries, was constituted in 1716, and in 1778 a general assembly was organized. The early part of this century was marked in the Presbyterian Church, as in others, by serious disagreements and dissensions, which in the instance of the former for a time threatened the entire organization, but which were eventually either wiped out altogether or compromised, so that finally a reunion was accomplished, and in 1870 the first reunited General Assembly, chosen by all the presbyteries of both the new school and the old school Presbyterians, met in Philadelphia. Since that period, while there have been many disturbing questions before the General Assembly at its meetings, it is doubtful if there has been any other which has awakened, both within and without the Church, so much interest as what is known as the Briggs case.

The affair of Professor Briggs, although not really grave at any time, has, in a certain degree, been a disturbing element within the Church for something over a year. Here may be recapitulated what has been heretofore published in THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

Prof. Charles Augustus Briggs was born in New York City January 15, 1841. After studying in the common schools of New York he entered the University of Virginia at the age of sixteen, and remained there three years, when he returned to New York and entered the Union Theological Seminary, finishing his education there in 1863. Meanwhile, he was a member of the Seventh Regiment of New York, and with that body went to the front at the beginning of the war. For a time after the close of the war he was engaged in mercantile pursuits, but went to Germany in 1866, and studied in the University of Berlin from that time until 1869. On his return to this country he was ordained pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Roselle, N. J., and, having had special advantages while in Europe, in 1874 was called to the chair of Hebrew in the Union Theological Seminary, and last year to that of Biblical theology, which had been founded by Charles Butler, Esq., through a gift of one hundred thousand dollars for that purpose, accompanied by the request that Dr. Briggs, who was his personal friend, should be appointed to the professorship. He also became one of the editors of the *Presbyterian Review*, and published "*American Presbyterianism, its Origin and Early History*," besides being a general writer on theological subjects in the periodical publications of the day. One book written by him, called "*Whither?*" gave public announcement of the advanced views held by Professor Briggs, and from the first he displayed bitter opposition to the revision of the Bible, and frequently spoke against it. Altogether, Dr. Briggs rapidly obtained the position of being very sturdy and determined in regard to his own convictions, and not less so as to the matter of sustaining them either by argument or other public manifestation. Practically, he became known within the Church, and after a time without it, as a fighter for his opinions. It was this spirit of defiance—doubtless, of course, combined with absolute and profound conviction so far as any expression of his opinions might go—that eventually brought Professor Briggs into conflict, at first with the Presbytery of New York, and afterward with the General Assembly. Prior to his occupancy of his present chair in the Union Theological Seminary, Professor Briggs had for many years held that of Hebrew in the same institution. It was on the occasion of his making the change from the one chair



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Ex-moderator, ex-president of Lake Forest University.



THE REV. FRANCIS L. PATTON, D.D., LL.D.  
President of Princeton College.



THE REV. CHARLES A. BRIGGS, D.D., IN HIS STUDY AT THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK

(PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.")

to the other, and of his installment into the latter on January 20, 1891, that he gave utterance to the sentiments which especially brought him under the discipline of the Church authorities. To be exact, the professorship then for the first time occupied by Professor Briggs is known as "The Edward Robinson Professorship of Biblical Theology in the Union Theological Seminary, New York." The address which he delivered on that occasion, after receiving the charge, was on "The Authority of the Scriptures": a syllabus of it, which was published at the time, was to the following effect, this being now recapitulated in order that the reader may be fully acquainted with the question in hand:

In this address he affirmed that historically there are three great fountains of divine authority—the Bible, the Church, and the Reason. The majority of Christians have from the apostolic age found God through the Church. Other means used by God to make himself known were defined as the forms of reason, the metaphysical categories, and conscience and the religious feeling. There are those who would refuse rationalists a place in the company of the faithful, but they forget, the speaker held, that the essential thing is to find God; and if these men have found God without the mediation of the Church and the Bible, Church and Bible are means, not ends; they are avenues to God not God. The speaker regretted that these rationalists depreciate the means of grace so essential to most of us, but we are warned that we commit the same error, and depreciate reason and the Christian consciousness. Protestant Christianity builds its life and faith on the divine authority contained in the Scriptures, and is charged with too often depreciating the Church and reason. Men are influenced by their temperaments and environments, which of the three ways of access to God they pursue. As obstructions which have been thrown up by the follies of men to each of these avenues, Professor Briggs spoke of traditions, formalities in phrase

and expression and view of doctrine, which, having become habitual and crystallized, have been invested with erroneous meanings and need to be discarded or modified. Of a true biblical theology, the most prominent feature is theophany. The institutions of the Old Testament religion become for all ages and for all men the appropriate symbols of the universal religion. The God of the Bible is one God—a being high above the best scheme of philosophical theism and the most skillful constructions of the systematic theologian. The favorite divine attribute of the Old Testament and the New is the attribute of mercy, with love transcending human powers of conception. The doctrine of man in the Bible is a divine doctrine, presenting sinful man in the midst of an original innocence and an ultimate perfection, with sin as only a temporary condition. Redemption is born of the love of God. As taught in the Bible, it aims to remove all the ills that flesh is heir to; it comprehends the whole process of grace; it is a faith of Protestant theology that it limits redemption to this world. Progressive sanctification after death is the doctrine of the Bible and the Church. The bugbear of a judgment immediately after death, and of a magical transformation in the dying hour, should be banished from the world, and we should look with hope and joy for the continuance of the process of grace and the wonders of redemption in the company of the blessed to which we are all hastening. The biblical redemption is the redemption of our race. The Bible does not teach universal salvation, but it does teach the salvation of the world and of the race of man; and that cannot be accomplished by the selection of a limited number from the mass. There is ample room for criticism in the ethical precepts and in the conduct of the holy men of the Bible. But the greatest sin against the Bible has been the neglect of the ethics of Jesus. The Messiah is the culmination of the Old Testament. The exposition of the theology thus briefly outlined closed with a demonstration of the harmony of all the sources of authority.



THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK, WHERE PROFESSOR BRIGGS TEACHES.





THE REV. WM. HENRY GREEN, D.D., LL.D.,  
Moderator of the last General Assembly.



PROFESSOR HOAG,  
Of Princeton.

In April, 1891, the Presbytery of New York, with which body Professor Briggs has direct ecclesiastical relations, appointed a committee to consider this inaugural address in its relation to the Confession of Faith, and the action which it might be deemed proper to take upon it. After that, there was a deal of investigation and judicial procedure in connection with the matter, during the course of which Professor Briggs had ample opportunity for sus-

taining his views and the propriety and accuracy of his inaugural address, and, altogether, with the result that Professor Briggs was at length sustained entirely by his associates in the faculty of the Union Theological Seminary. But this result was by no means a conclusion to the entire matter, for the reason that the relations of the Union Theological Seminary to the General Assembly are peculiar, in that the latter has a sort of "veto power" in regard to the



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THE REV. S. A. MCMURREN,  
Editor of *The Presbyterian*.



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PORTLAND, ORE.,  
Where the General Assembly meets.

appointment of professors to the seminary. Last year the transfer of Dr. Briggs from one chair to another of the seminary was disapproved by the Assembly by a vote of four hundred and forty to sixty, but the seminary stood by him. There was a consultation afterward of committees on the part of the two bodies, which resulted in neither

side retreating from its position. There are complications in connection with the case, as between the powers of the Presbytery, the Synod, and the Assembly, and the relation of each of these governing bodies to the existing position, into which it is quite unnecessary to enter, and as to which very little that would be said could intelligently be set before the reader, in an article of this character, without occupying more space than could possibly be devoted to it. The case against Dr. Briggs for heresy was dismissed by the Presbytery, and an appeal is brought before the present meeting of the Assembly against this action.

The situation, as it stands, originated in an agreement whereby the Assembly undertook to exercise its influence in the Church in behalf of the graduates of the seminary, provided it should possess the veto power and general supervision already mentioned. That kind of dictatorial status is, as a rule, unwelcome in institutions of learning in this country, a fact which necessarily awakens general public interest in the whole affair.



THE REV. JAMES B. MOFFAT, D.D.,  
President of Washington College, Washington, Pa.



THE REV. WALLACE RADCLIFFE, D.D.,  
Of Detroit, Mich.

Besides the consideration of the Briggs case, the proceedings of the Assembly at Portland, Ore., include the choice of a new moderator in place of Dr. William Henry Green, of Princeton Theological Seminary, and the preparation of a Consensus Credo, not to take the place of the Westminster Confession, but to be used by all the Reformed Churches attached to the Presbyterian system. The stated clerk of the General Assembly is Dr. W. H. Roberts, who was born in Wales forty-eight years ago, was graduated from the College of the City of New York at the age of nineteen, and was statistician in the Treasury Department at Washington for two years and assistant to the Librarian of Congress for six years. He studied theology at Princeton Seminary, graduating in 1873; was ordained a pastor, and has spent eight years as stated clerk to the General Assembly. The permanent clerk to the Assembly is Dr. Moore, of Pennsylvania, a graduate of Yale College, and for a long time pastor of the Second Church of Columbus, O. The meeting of the General Assembly in Portland, Ore., takes place in the First Church of that city, which is in charge of Dr. Arthur Judson Brown as pastor, a native of Holliston, Mass., and a descendant from the Puritans.



## "THE AMERICAN MINISTER."



MR. PAUL M. POTTER has written a comedy in four acts, entitled "The American Minister," which has recently been successfully produced at the Star Theatre, New York City, under the management of Mr. Joseph Brooks, with Mr. William H. Crane, the popular actor, in the title-role.

Mr. Potter is the author of the "City Directory," that remarkably successful example of that highly objectionable form of theatrical production known as farce comedy; and we are glad to record the fact that his latest work is evidence that he has abandoned the swamps and ditches of farce comedy for the highways and by-ways of comedy. We say we are glad advisedly. Mr. Potter is a journalist of the keenest perceptions, and a writer of the purest English; as a critic, few men are his equals in knowledge of the stage; and, as a worker, few men possess his genius for patient and persistent labor; therefore, if he devotes himself as a contributor to dramatic literature, the result must be of benefit to the stage and to the theatre-loving public.

Some months ago the writer of this article, in reviewing "The Dancing Girl," and "Amy Robson," expressed certain opinions as to a theory common among many of our present-day playwrights which he declared to be founded in error. These gentlemen do an enormous amount of prattling about what they term the construction of a play, which is but another term for play carpentering—a sort of

dramatic joinery work of situations, scenes, etc. Up to the present time, Mr. Potter is a self-declared disciple of this school of play carpenters.

Mr. Potter wrote "The American Minister" for Mr. William H. Crane, and every follower of Mr. Crane is fully aware that of late this actor has striven to impersonate typical American characters in public life. His success in "The Senator" led to the writing of "For Money."

Mr. Crane wanted a play something on the lines of "The Senator."

Mr. Potter wanted to write a play for Mr. Crane.

Now, what is more natural than Mr. Potter's endeavor to fit Mr. Crane with a play, just as Mr. Crane's tailor would endeavor to fit him with a suit of clothes?

With this in his mind, Mr. Potter proceeds to write a play. He sends the Senator abroad as American Minister to the court of the King of Italy.

A plot is not developed, a story of natural incidents is not unfolded, but instead thereof a series of incidents are ingeniously woven together with a thread of interest—and every incident and every situation suggests other plays and other scenes.

The work of the stage joiner is exhibited, not of the stage story-teller.

How can there be originality under such conditions? How can there be a genuine success when there is no truth, no new or original idea?

But we hope to see Mr. Potter wander away from his books, from the set and known to the original, just as he has wandered away from farce comedy.

Briefly told, the story of the Senator abroad, or, rather, "The American Minister," is as follows: The Hon. Benjamin Franklin Lawton (W. H. Crane), whose services in the Senate have merited the approval of his countrymen, and whose labors in the ranks of his party have won for him the gratitude of his colleagues, is sent by party and country to



MISS FLORENCE AS MARGARET REID; WM. H. CRANE AS BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LAWTON; MISS O'NEILL AS DELPHINE CARONDELLE.

"Whom did you see? Speak, child! speak."



MISS RUSSELL AS PRINCESS FALCONIERI; MR. SHANNON AS SIGNOR CICIRELLA.

"The king shall hold you responsible."

represent the Government at the court of His Majesty King Humbert. He arrives at the American Legation at a time when the friendly relations existing between the governments of Italy and the United States are disturbed by reason of the lynching of the Italian desperadoes by the citizens of New Orleans. Italy has made demands, and a message is awaited. The message means peace or war.

For the purpose of Mr. Putt's play, we are informed that the predecessor of the Hon. Benjamin Franklin Lawton is a scoundrel. The retiring minister is a certain Dr. Pierre Carondelet (Mr. J. G. Padgett), whose passion for gambling has led him into dishonest practices, which fact has come to the attention of His Majesty's Minister of Foreign Affairs, Pietro di Ferrara (Mr. Joseph Shannon) through the secret police. Di Ferrara has been officially informed by the Italian Minister at Washington that Congress had awarded certain descendants of Christopher Columbus a large sum of money, and that the said sum had been duly forwarded to Minister Carondelet. His police notified him that Carondelet had lost precisely that amount in a gambling den on the evening of the day the remittance should have reached him. In the first act we witness a scene between the American Minister, who is stared in the face with exposure and disgrace, and the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who has been selling stocks. Di Ferrara knows that a cipher message has been received at the American Legation, and that it is addressed to the Hon. Benjamin Franklin Lawton. His desire is to secure the message, or prevent its delivery to the council of ministers, who meet that very night at the palace. To accomplish his purpose he threatens Carondelet with exposure and offers him sufficient money to free him from his embarrassment if he obtains for him the cipher despatch. Carondelet agrees to deliver the despatch.

Minister Lawton arrives, obtains the despatch, is informed of its importance, and requests Miss Delphine Carondelet (Miss Annie O'Neill) to translate the same, with the assistance of his son, Thomas Jefferson Lawton (Mr. Adolph Jackson), who fills the important post of First Secretary to the Legation. The young people set to work. At this moment the Princess Leonora Falconieri (Miss Mattie Russell), for some mysterious and uncertain reason, presents

herself at the legation, is announced, and enters. She, it appears, knew the Honorable Lawton when he was a Senator, she having passed a winter in Washington, and he having passed no little time in her company. In spite of Lawton's endeavors to repress her recital of bygone days, the princess's remarks reach the ears of Delphine. At once we see that Carondelet's daughter cherishes a tender regard for the middle-aged Senator, and that she is jealous. She indicates her displeasure by refusing to continue with the cipher despatch, and the inability of the First Secretary to continue the work leaves the instructions contained in the message a secret. The Honorable Lawton shows so little interest as to its contents that it is laid aside in a small closet for a more convenient opportunity to occur, when it may be again taken up.

And the audience understands that this message means peace or war.

It further understands that it is laid aside, to be stolen by Dr. Carondelet.

If it were not stolen, there would be no play. This any idiot can see. This alone says the vital interest of the story.

Minister Lawton and his son have an interview. The son is in debt. The father promises to pay all his debts, and wants him to marry his ward, Miss Margaret Reid (Miss Katherine Florence). For a reason he does not give, he refuses to do so. The angered father swears he will disinherit him, and bids him seek a means of living elsewhere. Minister Lawton leaves the room.



MR. PADGETT AS DR. PIERRE CARONDELET.

"It would save me, and ruin Lawton."



MR. HERBERT AS PHILIP WART.  
"You see how Cleiruelo works through women."

The audience discovers that the wily Falconieri has cast a spell over the young man. It is for her he has run into debt. Disowned by his father, he will fly to her. He unlocks the closet where the message is, and takes from it a bracelet. He leaves the door open. Carondelet enters, takes the message from the envelope, stuffs it with waste paper, and shuts the door.

But Margaret Reid has seen young Lawton leave the closet; she saw him drive from the house.

Minister Lawton returns. He looks for the despatch. It has disappeared.

The descendants of Columbus present themselves at the legation, and request the payment of the American award. Minister Lawton refers to the books, and finds the money has been received and receipted for by his son. But no record of the money is to be found.

Who was last seen at the closet?

Dr. Carondelet asks Margaret Reid to tell what she has seen. She refuses. Her face reveals the story of a dread secret.

A fearful suspicion forces itself into the mind of the distracted minister, and the broken-hearted father.

Poor Tom Jefferson!

At the end of a cleverly constructed second act, which possesses all the gradations of emotions, in which the story is deftly and interestingly told, the audience has a complete knowledge of the characters, the plot, and what it must develop. No interest is excited. The story is self-evident. These things must be discovered, unless the author has an astonishing set of original circumstances to set before his audience.

Any theatre-goer of average intelligence knows that the

entire play depends upon the finding of the despatch in time for the council. He knows, *first*, that it will be found; *secondly*, that Tom Lawton will come out of his difficulty as surely as a sun will peep from out a cloud; *thirdly*, that Dr. Carondelet will be discovered by Lawton, and magnanimously forgiven for a crime, because Lawton loves his daughter; *fourthly*, that the wickedness of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the wiles of the fascinating Falconieri will not prevail; *fifthly*, that Tom will marry Margaret; and, *sixthly*, that Lawton will marry Delphine. One character is afterward introduced to help in the detection of the stolen despatch—a detective, who pretends to be a World's Fair Commissioner. He is called by name Major Philpot Wart (Mr. William Herbert). He detects what the audience knows, and enlightens Minister Lawton. At once the audience and Lawton are of one mind, and so they remain until the end of the fourth act.

If we glance over the characters and consider their relations one to another we recognize them to be borrowed from other plays, mere automatons dressed up in different clothes, given different names, and set to speaking different lines.

There is the Senator, doing service at the Italian Court.

The wicked adventures.

The wicked minister, her confederate, in whose power she is.

The weak-minded man who is made their tool and becomes involved in their scheme.

The young man who is put under suspicion.

The father, mother, and daughter.

The young girls who love, are loved, and who get married in the last act.

It would be easy enough to name these personages by their names in other plays, but as any theatre-goer can do this it is scarcely worth while to do so in this article.

These points are roughly jotted down to show how the constructors of plays who work according to the theory mentioned in this writing construct their plays. It is plain why it is so few new productions possess originality.

We have stated that Mr. Potter is a man of rare ability, and we feel confident that if this talented gentleman will break away from this school of bad playwrights and dare essay a forcible, original story in accordance with the requirements of the theatre, he will surely gain a foremost place among writers for the stage; dramatic literature will be enriched, and thousands will be benefited.



MISS O'SHEA AS DELPHINE CARONDELET; MR. H. CRANE AS BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LAWTON.

"Benjamin Franklin Lawton!"



FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

## “THE CITY OF DESTINY.”

THE selection of Minneapolis as the city in which the Republican National Convention of 1892 shall be held, marks one more epoch in the history of the progress of the metropolis of the Northwest. It calls the attention of not only the United States but of the whole civilized world to the fact that forces are now at work in the great Northwest which must, in a few years, make Minneapolis a powerful rival of Chicago. While the politicians are fighting in the Exposition Building, hard by the Falls of St. Anthony, over their favorite candidates for the White House and the chair in the United States Senate, the fame of the “Flour City” will once more be spreading over this broad land of ours, and north and south of it; the story of its extraordinary past, its wonderful present, and the marvellous possibilities of its future will be wafted east and west across the seas.

Minneapolis is generally known in the Eastern States as the “Flour City,” and there is also an idea there—more or less hazy, however—that she is one of the greatest lumber centres in the world. It is but comparatively a short time ago that Eastern people realized that Chicago had outdistanced all the Atlantic cities save two, New York and Philadelphia. It will be a matter of even greater surprise to them when they awaken to the fact, which in a few short years will be noised abroad, that Minneapolis is claiming a population of a million, and that her manufactories supply all the wants, not only of her own citizens but also of the people who inhabit the enormous territory tributary to her.

Consider for a moment the great extent of this tributary territory and the richness thereof. First of all, it contains the great wheat belt of the Northwest, the Red River Valley, which takes in a large part of Minnesota and the two Dakotas.

This belt has, in point of fertility, but two rivals in the world—one in Africa, and the other in Asia. It is not as large as Chicago's corn belt, but infinitely more valuable, and there are millions of acres of this rich, dark soil which have never yet been ploughed. One can best appreciate how rich this belt is when one learns that many men have paid for their farms, agricultural implements, horses, and a cow or two, with the crops of one season. South of Minneapolis are the richest dairy farms in the country, and to her must they turn for their supplies. In her district, too, are the great hardwood forests of the Northwest, and most of this lumber has to be sawn in her mills, as the wheat must be ground by her millers. To the westward lies a great territory, in extent more than half of the United States, and the richest in this country. On the north are the vast British possessions. Every point in these rich districts is nearer to Minneapolis than to Chicago, and the whole

territory must always be tributary to Minneapolis, for it has no other site for a manufacturing centre which offers anything like the advantages nature has bestowed upon the new metropolis.

She has to go but a hundred and fifty miles to get the finest Bessemer ore in the world, and the miners of Montana lay their tribute at her feet. To supply these tribu-



COLONEL JOHN H. STEVENS.

Founder of Minneapolis.

taries with their needs Minneapolis does an enormous jobbing business, which last year exceeded two hundred million dollars. To trade economically and to save a profit for herself, Minneapolis realizes the need of having manufacturing interests that is the most important feature in the development of the city.

To-day she has to a great extent emancipated herself from the Eastern manufacturer, and the hour has already arrived when she is shipping goods to the Atlantic coast.

With some of her manufacturing enterprises we shall deal at length later on. Suffice it here to say that Minneapolis, although she is but thirty-seven years old, can in this year of grace 1892 boast of her linen mills. It is stated, on the authority of experts in the manufacture of Irish linens, that the flax straw of Minnesota is equal to the best Russian, and within two or three hundred miles of Minneapolis there are now from four to six millions of acres growing flax.

The city has, too, her piano factory, her carriage and wagon works, her knitting mills, and her immense factories of agricultural implements. She manufactures her own household furniture, her wicker-work goods, her wire goods and woodenware, and brews her own beer.

She exports macaroni of her own making to England and Australia, and smelts ores from the Black Hills. She supplies her neighbors with almost everything, from candy and confectionery to tubs and pails and stoves.

#### FLOUR AND LUMBER MILLS.

Having seen that the claim Minneapolis makes, that she is far more than a mere manufacturer of flour or sawyer of lumber, is no mere boast, let us turn to statistics to show what her flour and lumber mills have been doing of late years.

In the manufacture of flour the metropolis of the Northwest has but one rival—Buda-Pesth, the twin city capital of the Kingdom of Hungary. In 1878 Minneapolis turned out 940,786 barrels of flour, and Buda-Pesth 3,502,509 barrels. In 1884 Minneapolis had run ahead of her foreign rival, for she milled 5,317,672 barrels to the 4,540,756 turned out by Buda-Pesth, and she has ever since been increasing her lead, until last year she milled almost 8,000,000 barrels.

There are in this wonderful city no less than twenty-two flour mills; sixteen of these are operated by four great milling corporations, and the rest by private firms.

The daily capacity of the Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills Co. is 15,300 barrels; of the Northwestern Consolidated Milling Co., 10,500; of the Washburn-Crosby Co., 10,000; and of the Minneapolis Flour Manufacturing Co., 3,600. Of these, the celebrated Pillsbury "A" mill has a daily capacity of 7,200 barrels. The flouring mills of Minneapolis have a total daily capacity of 44,900 barrels.

That is to say, allowing for Sundays and holidays, her flour mills have the enormous yearly capacity of 13,739,400 barrels. In 1891 the actual output was 7,877,947 barrels.

The total storage capacity of the grain elevators of Minneapolis is 16,485,000 bushels, an increase of 300,000 bushels during the past year. The city's lumber mills produced, in 1870, 118,233,113 feet of lumber; and last year, 417,713,252 feet, thereby making Minneapolis the greatest lumber-producing city in the world.

The output of all these factories combined places Minneapolis seventh among the manufacturing cities of the United States.

Of course, the position that Minneapolis now occupies among the cities of the world is in a great degree due to her own natural advantages and the wealth of the surrounding districts. But it is doubtful if she would have ever attained that position, or, at any rate, so rapidly, had she not been largely settled by people from New England and the Central States, full of energy and enterprise, and by the law-abiding, thrifty Scandinavians. The New Englander and the Scandinavian are akin. The latter easily assimilates with his American cousin and soon learns to appreciate American institutions. The Scandinavian believes as firmly in education as the New Englander, is not happy until he owns a house and the lot on which it stands. He makes a first-class citizen. To these two good elements, native and foreign, much of the city's prosperity is due. We shall find that the history of Minneapolis, unlike that of so many of her Western sisters, has been almost entirely free from the stain of rascality. But before treating of her days of prosperity, let us trace how she reached them.



PALIS OF MINNEAPOLIS.

## HER EARLY HISTORY.

It was in 1680 that Louis Hennepin, a Franciscan priest, and the first white man to explore the Upper Mississippi, arrived in his canoe at the foot of some extensive falls, which, in honor of his patron saint, he called the Falls of St. Anthony. These falls were a favorite resort of the Dakotas—or Sioux as the early French explorers of the Northwest called them. Here lived their water-gods, and here, under the tutelage of these deities, they felt themselves safe from all harm. The falls are to-day one of the mainsprings of Minneapolis. They afford the power which drives the huge flour mills which made the city celebrated all the world over before she had turned her attention to other manufactures. When Father Hennepin, after whom one of the principal avenues of the city is named, first saw the falls they were probably at least an eighth of a mile lower down the river. During the past fifty years they have receded over fifty yards, the action of the water having worn away the soft limestone rocks over which it dashed. The engineer's skill has been called in during the past few years to prevent further attrition, and the "apron," as it is called—a view of which is given at the head of this article—now effectually serves the purpose. The average of the water power is 52,000 horse-power; that is, 5,000 more than the combined powers of the three next largest improved water powers in the United States. It is proposed to erect a dam in connection with these falls which will increase the water power by from one-quarter to one-half.

But to return to the early history of Minneapolis. In 1805 the Dakotas ceded what was afterward called the Fort Snelling Reservation to the United States Government, and fourteen years later the fort was built upon it. Hither in the spring of 1849 came Col. John H. Stevens, who had just returned from the Mexican War. Minnesota (the Dakota for "sky-tinted water") was in those days a territory which comprised the present State and the two Dakotas. It was scarce more than a valueless, uncultivated wilderness, inhabited by beasts of the forest, almost equally wild redskins, and adventurous trappers. Even as

late as 1861, when Minnesota had become a State, it had not an inch of railway within its confines, and about two-thirds the number of inhabitants that Minneapolis has to-day.

Colonel Stevens first looked upon St. Anthony Falls from the east side. He crossed over to the west bank of the Mississippi, and, having there secured a permit from Secretary of War Marcy, preempted one hundred and sixty acres. He built a rude log-cabin on the site now occupied by the Union depot. This was the foundation of Minneapolis.

The colonel, now a venerable looking gentleman of over seventy, lives with his wife in an unpretentious but comfortable house on South Tenth Street, and is to-day an active worker in the great city he founded.

Anthony Trollope, the celebrated English novelist, visited Minneapolis in 1861, and thus writes of it:

Going on from Minnehaha, we came to Minneapolis, at which place there is a fine suspension bridge across the river just above the Falls of St. Anthony, and leading to the town of that name. Till I got there I could hardly believe that in these days there should be a living village called Minneapolis by living men.

What distressed Mr. Trollope was the hybrid origin of the name, which is derived from "Minne," the Dakota word for "water," and "polis," the Greek for "city."

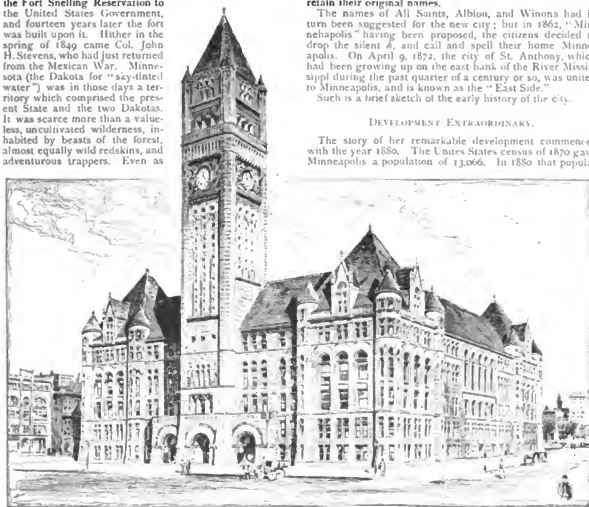
It was thirty-seven years ago that Colonel Stevens decided to survey one hundred acres of his ferry farm at the Falls of St. Anthony into village building lots. The streets were numbered as they are to-day; but of the avenues, only Hennepin and Nicollet, called after the French explorer, retain their original names.

The names of All Saints, Albion, and Winona had in turn been suggested for the new city; but in 1862, "Minneapolis" having been proposed, the citizens decided to drop the silent *A*, and call and spell their home Minneapolis. On April 9, 1872, the city of St. Anthony, which had been growing up on the east bank of the River Mississippi during the past quarter of a century or so, was united to Minneapolis, and is known as the "East Side."

Such is a brief sketch of the early history of the city.

## DEVELOPMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

The story of her remarkable development commences with the year 1880. The United States census of 1870 gave Minneapolis a population of 13,066. In 1880 that popula-



PLAN OF THE NEW CITY HALL AND COURT-HOUSE.





PARK VIEW.

tion had reached 46,877. During the next ten years her population increased by 120,000, it being put down in 1890 as 164,738; but there is good reason to believe that it really reached close upon 200,000.

There is no city in the United States, nor, for that matter, in the world, which can show so large a proportionate increase during the past ten years, or any other ten years.

Minneapolis, the village of thirty-seven years ago, had in 1890 increased in extent from one hundred acres to a great city of fifty-four square miles.

The rapid increase in the wealth of the city may be seen from the assessments of real and personal property during the last twelve years:

1880 .....	\$23,013,315	1886 .....	\$79,561,468
1881 .....	31,188,436	1887 .....	107,872,000
1882 .....	40,702,044	1888 .....	127,060,756
1883 .....	51,991,812	1889 .....	128,595,424
1884 .....	74,340,731	1890 .....	137,402,176
1885 .....	77,468,267	1891 .....	153,444,512

That is, her real estate and general property has, since 1880, almost quintupled itself in value. It must be remembered in this connection that in all her history Minneapolis has never had that tictitious boom in real estate which has proved such a curse to many young Western cities. The great strides she has been taking during the past twelve years have been those of a healthy young giant. She is simply keeping pace with the agricultural and industrial development of her enormous tributary territory. Swift though that pace has been, it will seem slow compared with that Minneapolis will have made by 1901.

The table of bank clearings tells the same tale. There are to-day seven national banks and sixteen State banks doing business in the city, besides four loan and trust companies, and two savings banks.

In 1883 the yearly bank clearings amounted to \$87,508,000. In 1891 they had reached \$366,720,248.

Notwithstanding the magnificent banking facilities which Minneapolis enjoys, so great is the diversity and the increase of her manufacturing and commercial institutions, so large is the amount of money required to move her enormous wheat crops to the seaboard, that a high rate of interest has been maintained in the city to the present day.

Notice, also, the growth Minneapolis has made during the past eleven years in her manufacturing. The following table gives the value of her manufactured products from 1880 to 1891, both years inclusive:

1880 .....	\$10,592,200	1886 .....	\$65,071,000
1881 .....	30,536,860	1887 .....	71,876,250
1882 .....	31,666,550	1888 .....	83,000,862
1883 .....	44,233,100	1889 .....	77,053,709
1884 .....	52,215,360	1890 .....	90,067,128
1885 .....	53,433,215	1891 .....	99,363,490

The decrease in 1889 was due to a falling off of the lumber and flour products owing to low water, and therefore lack of power for the mills. This can never occur again, owing to the great improvements made in the falls and the fact that all the mills are now supplied with auxiliary steam plants.

It is but during the last three years of this period of great prosperity that the city has turned her attention to the dressed beef and packing interests. In 1888 the Minneapolis Stock Yards and Packing Company was organized by some influential business men of Minneapolis, who conceived the idea of intercepting the Eastern shipments of live-stock from the territory tributary to their city on its way east. By the following year the company had erected yards and packing-plants, and laid out a town, known as New Brighton, about seven miles from the centre of Minneapolis.

This company and their first year, 1891, a business of about \$2,676,000, proving themselves to be very promising if precocious infants.

The growth of Minneapolis and that of the Northwest have been synchronous. Perhaps the city is entitled to the greater share of praise for this united development, for the first great impetus given to trade in that section is largely traceable to her millers. Rarely has the accumulated strength of a movement once set on foot been more forcibly illustrated than in the growth of the city of Minneapolis.

Naturally, with the development of the city the railroads



MASONIC TEMPLE.



PUBLIC LIBRARY.

came in to share in her prosperity. The total mileage of the roads now centring in Minneapolis is as follows:

Chicago and Northwestern System.....	7,116 miles.
Burlington System.....	6,715 "
Milwaukee System.....	6,055 "
Northern Pacific System.....	4,333 "
Great Northern System.....	3,291 "
Chicago and Kansas City System.....	3,291 "
Wisconsin Central System.....	932 "
Minneapolis and Sault St. Marie System (Soo Line).....	867 "
.....	879 "
Canadian Pacific System.....	7,434 "
Minneapolis and Duluth System.....	248 "
Eastern Minnesota System.....	140 "
Minneapolis, St. Louis, and Rock Island System.....	5,200 "

The fact that Minneapolis has a water-way gives her the power to dictate rates more or less to the railroad companies.

#### THE BUSINESS UNION.

There is one thing that you cannot avoid noticing in the citizens of Minneapolis, and that is their public spirit. They are not continually forcing down your throat that their city is "the finest city in the world, sir," and has the greatest future; but, instead of wasting words in trying to make you think so, are bending their energies to make you see it. For this purpose the Business Union and the Minneapolis Land and Investment Company were formed.

The Business Union has, in a quiet and unostentatious manner, been doing a great work toward the development of Minneapolis as a manufacturing centre. Its member-

ship is continually increasing, and the members most liberally contribute both time and money to help build up the city. Within fifteen months of its organization it had secured for Minneapolis nineteen manufacturing concerns, with a capital of \$1,600,000 and employing about fifteen hundred hands. When it was first started, with Mr. T. B. Walker as president, a canvass was made of the city, and in a very short time the necessary funds were secured to carry out its objects, which it has done without granting bonuses to manufacturers. All subscriptions made to the fund become a lien against the estate of the subscriber, who contracts to spend the sum in the city of Minneapolis or her suburbs within three years. Subscribers can choose their investments, but, if they neglect to invest within the three years agreed upon, the money goes to the Business Union for investment by the trustees. This fund is used by the organization to secure manufacturing concerns that wish to do business in Minneapolis. But before any assistance is given the most careful inquiries are made by the union, and only worthy concerns are treated with. In some cases, if the business is in need of capital to develop itself, the union will provide it.

When one sees that the citizens of the place are so willing to devote their time to its interests in such a way as the Business Union does, one realizes how it is that so young a city as Minneapolis has succeeded in making such strides.

#### A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

But the city can boast of more than mere material prosperity, huge elevators, and great mills.

Situated on the Upper Mississippi, before the "Great

Father of Waters " has reached that point where he ceases to be beautiful, surrounded with park-like scenery in a country dotted with lakes of " sky-tinted water," it is an ideal place for a home.

If you mount the tower of the Northwest Guaranty Loan building, and take a bird's-eye view westward, you will see, beyond the business part of the city, a smiling prospect dotted with lakes and lined with rows of pretty houses nestling in rich foliage. The majority of these houses are frame dwellings. Nearly all of them stand apart upon their own grass-plots, most trimly kept, and planted with trees, shrubs, and beds of flowers. No railing separates these lawns from the sidewalks, which are bordered with trees, and generally have strips of grass growing between them and the roadway. Everything is kept in the most perfect order, for the inhabitants form associations with their neighbors, and employ men to keep their streets, sidewalks, and lawns in order, and arrange between themselves some uniformity of plan in laying out and decorating their grass-plots. Though the majority of these houses are frame, there are many magnificent mansions in stone and brick that cannot be surpassed in any city of the Union.

It is while wandering along these beautiful streets that one understands why the people of Minneapolis claim that their city is essentially a city of homes. By the "patrol limit"

#### PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

In spite of her youth, Minneapolis is rich in public buildings of considerable merit from an architectural point of view, and many of her office buildings are magnificent in their dimensions. The Exposition building, where the Republican National Convention will be held, stands upon the east side. It is built of brick, with terra-cotta trimmings, iron, and glass, and has a seating capacity of fifteen thousand. When the city began to forge ahead in that race for supremacy which she was running with her neighbor across the Mississippi, it was felt by her citizens that the time had come for them to raise a building in which might be held an annual exhibition devoted to the arts, sciences, and manufactures. The Minneapolitan has a habit of saying he will do a thing one minute, and of doing it in the next. The people on the east side donated the site where once stood the Winslow House, a favorite resort of Southerners before the war. In eighty-four days the present building was erected. Therein Edison's electrical exhibit, which was the great feature of the Paris Exposition of 1889, has been reproduced, and there, in turn, the art director of the association has gathered collections of the Dutch school, the new Scandinavian school, and the *chef-d'œuvre* of the French, German, and Italian artists. The



UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA.

system of the city, no liquor store can invade these sacred precincts, and even the butcher, the baker, and the candlestickmaker, seem not to dare to intrude upon this paradise of the housewife—the residential quarter of Minneapolis. There is such a peaceful air about the whole district, such a feeling of rest, that one can appreciate why a city of so large a population remains satisfied with one club-house, and that not nearly as large as it is comfortable—the Minneapolis Club. Most of these houses are owned by the occupants. In the business part of the city there still remain some dwellings so substantially built that it is evident their original owners little dreamed that Minneapolis was so soon to take her place as one of the principal cities of the Union, and commerce overtake and surround them. One can trace no transition period in the business blocks of Minneapolis. The city seems to have made one jump from an overgrown village into a metropolis.

Eleven years ago there was not a square foot of pavement in it. To-day Minneapolis has over forty miles of paved streets, more than thirty of which are paved with cedar blocks. The result is that the city has excellent roadways; but, the idea having gained ground that wood pavement engenders germs of disease, it is probable that the wood will be replaced with some more substantial material. In this particular, as in every other, the well-being of the city and its inhabitants is made of prime importance.

United States Government has had in the buildings exhibits both naval and military, and to it the Smithsonian Institution has lent its scientific treasures.

One of the handsomest buildings in the city is the Public Library. It is in a massive Romanesque style, which shows that the architects, a local firm, have been influenced to good purpose by the works of the late Mr. Richardson. The library is the outgrowth of a private institution, the Athenaeum, and the donations of public-spirited citizens. When steps were taken in 1854 to establish a public library in Minneapolis, the Athenaeum agreed to place its entire collection in the city library building. The library has one of the largest collections in the country, and sufficient ground has been reserved and provision made so that the building can be extended until it will have a capacity of over a million volumes. It is very handsomely endowed, and the people are taxed half a mill on the dollar for its support. It is gratifying to learn that this tax is most ungrudgingly paid by all citizens, rich and poor. The library has an excellent system of allowing responsible people to go to the alcoves and find what they want themselves, which any one who has had to hunt up authorities for literary purposes will thoroughly appreciate. The library contains a picture gallery, on the wall of which hang, among others, De Neuville's "Téléphone," three portraits (more of a historical than artistic value) of Napoleon I. and his two empresses, and several good 'scapes of the Scandinavian school, and a lierstadt.

A few years ago the Minneapolis Exposition Association was lucky enough to purchase a fine collection of casts, including some taken from the Elgin marbles now in the British Museum. These casts have been loaned to the Public Library, and there they will probably remain. A short time ago a man who told his Eastern friends that he had seen a young woman drawing from casts of the frieze of the Parthenon in a Western city which was only thirty-seven years old, would have been politely requested to carry his yarn to the mines. But the same doubting Thomases might also refuse to believe that Mr. T. H. Walker, of Minneapolis, has a gallery of gems culled principally from the French school, and which includes Jules Breton's "L'Appel du Soir," Bouguereau's "Coming Storm," a Cazin, a Knaus, and a Rosa Bonheur.

As to the post-office, well, considering it is a Government building, it is rather good; that is, it is not so painfully objectionable as the New York Post-office. It was commenced in 1886, when the population of Minneapolis was about eighty thousand. Being a Government structure, it took a tremendous time to build. Before it

The Minnesota Soldiers' Home is a most picturesque group of buildings, occupying fifty-one acres within the city limits, and close to the Minnetonka Falls, which Longfellow has made so celebrated in song. The home is arranged on the cottage plan; around the central hospital and main buildings have been grouped a number of cottages, the homes of the pensioners. Each of these cottages accommodates seventy men, and there are at present about one hundred and fifty inmates. It is an ideal spot for an old warrior to spend his last days in peace, surrounded by beauteous timber, and almost within earshot of the murmur of the tumbling waters of that romantic little fall which, as some one has said, "is forever singing a love-song to the mighty Father of the Waters."

The most recently erected of the public buildings is the home of the Young Men's Christian Association. The association celebrated its twenty-fifth year a few weeks ago by opening what is, from an architectural point of view, one of the handsomest structures in the city of Minneapolis.

The Chamber of Commerce, which was organized in 1881,



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL.

was finished the city had nearly doubled its population; and to-day it looks insignificant by the side of the magnificent structures raised by private enterprise.

The new court-house and city hall promise to be the crowning glory of the public buildings of Minneapolis. It occupies a whole block, three hundred feet square, between Third and Fourth Avenues and Fourth and Fifth Streets. Judging from the architects' design and from the work already done on the building, it will not only be the largest public building west of Chicago but by far the handsomest. The general style of architecture is Romanesque, but the pavilions at the four corners recall the Renaissance pavilions of the old Hôtel de Ville in Paris, burned down during the Commune. The principal feature of the court-house will be the tower, three hundred and forty feet high, facing Fourth Avenue. The carvings over the three entrances, which lead into a handsome quadrangle, are a magnificent specimen of the sculptor's art. Another public building of which Minneapolis may well be proud is the Masonic Temple. It is built of Ohio white sandstone, and is Romanesque. The total cost of the structure was three hundred thousand dollars, exclusive of the site.

now ranks with the leading commercial organizations of this country, and, being the representative of the largest primary wheat market in the world, occupies a very important position. It owns a handsome gray sandstone building, in which is annually sold more actual wheat than in any other building in the world.

The finest hotel in Minneapolis, and one of the finest in the world, is the West Hotel. It is eight stories high and cost a million and a half dollars to build, and has accommodation for one thousand two hundred guests. Whether it is the appetizing air, or the excellence of the *cuisine*, we cannot say; but we do know that it has been many a long day since we enjoyed our meals so much as we did during a week's stay at the palatial West.

Nicollet Avenue is the principal shopping street of the city, and is crowded with retail stores of magnificent proportions. Its principal buildings, without being strikingly handsome, save in the case of one bank building, the original of which, we imagine, we have seen in other climes, are far above the average. It is eighty feet wide, and is the dividing line between the streets north and south, as Fifth Avenue in New York is between the streets east and west.

## RELIGION AND EDUCATION.

Minneapolis is a city of churches as well as of homes. It has one hundred and sixty, a greater number in proportion to the population than even Brooklyn. Many of them are handsome structures, and their seating capacity is so great that it is calculated that the whole adult population could attend a service each Sunday if half went to the morning service and the other half to the evening.

The city prides itself upon the perfection of its educational system; and good reason it has for doing so, for no Western city of its size, and few of the Eastern cities, have better advantages than Minneapolis. The buildings of the University of Minnesota stand within the city limits. The grounds, about forty-five acres in extent, are on the east side, commanding a view of the Falls of St. Anthony and of the city. The campus is covered with fine oak-trees, while along the high bluff overhanging the Mississippi are to be found birch-trees growing in profusion. The buildings comprise the main structure, a drill hall, a school of agriculture, and an agricultural building; the Pillsbury Science Hall and Museum—the gift to the university and State of one of Minneapolis's most prominent citizens, the Hon. John S. Pillsbury, ex-governor of Minnesota; the college of mechanical arts, a law building, a physical and chemical laboratory, and a Christian Association building, etc. The drill hall is the largest in the country and can be used for assembling as well as for military purposes. The University of Minnesota is a part of the State school system. Supported by the State, it affords to the poorest scholar the opportunity of gaining a first-class free collegiate education. Under the administration of Dr. Cyrus Northrup it has made remarkable progress, and during the present year has had an attendance of over one thousand two hundred students.

The public school buildings of Minneapolis have been raised upon the following policy: "to build well and economically substantial and commodious structures, to fit them with all modern improvements, to make matters of plumbing, lighting, heating, and ventilation of vital importance; to make, in short, a perfect school building with due regard meanwhile to economy." This policy has been carefully carried out, and the city now owns the most satisfactory school buildings in the United States. There are fifty-two public school houses and four high schools. The number of pupils attending the public schools is over twenty-two thousand. The Board of Education is elected directly by the people, and it is only on very rare occasions that party considerations are allowed to interfere with their choice. They select whom they consider the best men to look after the education of their children, and the result is, Minneapolis's school system is second to none in the country.

## THE PARK SYSTEM.

Leaving, for a while, the bustling business quarter of the city, with its grand public structures and its office buildings lifting high their lordly heads, let us desert mills and factories, and, forgetting all about wheat, lumber, and mer-

chandise, wend our way toward the parks of Minneapolis.

Eleven years ago the Minneapolisians had no pleasure grounds of any sort, and the idea of a system of parks had not entered their brains. To-day they have parks covering an area of one thousand one hundred and ninety-four acres, and a boulevard system of eighteen miles in extent. Just as they had shown themselves as appreciative of education as they were of enterprise, so, when they found their city growing into a metropolis, they became as solicitous for parks as they were for making large profits. They believed in the refining influence of beauty, and set to work to supply the want.

Nature had supplied the city with all that was needful to form a magnificent park system. Within her limits lay a chain of lovely lakes, and acres upon acres of natural groves. It needed but a skilful hand to adopt these advantages. Such a hand was found in Mr. C. M. Loring, who may be termed the father of the Minneapolis parks, after whom one of them is named, and who remained the enthusiastic and enterprising head of the Park Commission until last year.

A member of the English Parliament once objected to a bill proposed in the House of Commons at Westminster, because not *his* generation but future generations would

profit by it. "Why should we legislate for posterity?" he asked. "What has posterity done for us?" The Park Commission takes a different view of its duties to posterity to what the M.P. did. With admirable wisdom and foresight it is providing for posterity, adopting the natural advantages ready to hand; making only such improvements as are immediately necessary, and gathering together a magnificent inheritance which it

will leave to future generations to embellish. They have devised a park system perfect in its way, and are rapidly carrying it out.

The general idea of this system embraces small parks throughout the city, with parkways and boulevards skirting the lakes and the gorge of the Mississippi and connecting some large parks in the outlying districts. There are four large lakes lying on the southwestern boundary of the city—Lake of the Isles, Cedar Lake, Lake Calhoun, and Lake Harriet. Along the southern boundary winds the Minnehaha Creek, which forms an outlet of Lake Minnetonka. Starting from Loring Park, a lovely spot near the Public Library, you drive along the Kenwood Boulevard, which, like all the others, is beautified by ornamental shrubs and beds of flowers. It leads into the Lake of the Isles Boulevard, skirting that picturesque bit of water, and then reaches another which borders the northern and eastern shores of Lake Calhoun. Between this lake and Lake Harriet a large tract of land has been acquired, partly by gift and partly by purchase, which is rapidly being transformed into a park. A boulevard runs all around the shores of Lake Harriet, and here the Minneapolis Street Railway Company provides the public with music on summer afternoons. It owns a large and graceful amphitheatre on the shore, where the audience may sit and listen to the pieces performed by an orchestra, stationed out in the lake on a float-



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.



BUILDING OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY AT MINNEAPOLIS.



ENTRANCE TO THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY'S BUILDING.

ing hand-stand covered with a huge sounding-board, shaped like the poke bonnets of our grandmothers. Lake Harriet is a beautiful piece of water, surrounded by a natural grove of trees, and on its bosom thousands of pleasure boats are to be seen skimming about all the summer through. From this lake a boulevard, as yet only partly finished, will extend along Minnehaha Creek to the Laughing Water-falls—unpretentious but very beautiful.

In the land of the Dakotas,  
Where the falls of Minnehaha  
Flash and gleam among the oak trees,  
Laugh and leap into the valley,

there is a park of one hundred and twenty-three acres, from which a boulevard will eventually be carried along the gorge of the Mississippi to Riverside Park, a mile below the Falls of St. Anthony. The winding boulevards which lead from park to park, and the beautiful parkways, are already eighteen miles in length, and tea more miles are being rapidly finished. It may be imagined what an attraction this beautiful park system is to visitors and residents in the city.

#### THE TROLLEY.

When the idea of a street railway for Minneapolis was first started, in 1870, people laughed at it as the wild dream of a madman. Even four years later, when a charter with a fifty-year franchise was granted, wise heads shook, and wise tongues said there was "no money in it." At first horse-power was used, but in 1890 it was decided to employ the trolley system. In six months no less than eighty miles of road were entirely rebuilt for that purpose, and up to date one hundred and twelve miles of electric street railway track have been constructed and fully equipped. Minneapolis, thanks to the energy of Mr. Thomas Lowry, who practically owns all the lines, has now a railway system that has no superior if an equal in the world. By means of transfers a passenger can travel at a good speed from one end of the city to the other, or between any two points, for five cents.

#### MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

So far the municipal government has been singularly free from scandal. No municipal officer of Minneapolis has ever been guilty of picking and stealing, but *accidents* may happen

even in the best regulated corporations. But the city has no "boss," no Tammany Hall to regulate its affairs, and it seems to understand better the meaning and to appreciate the value of "government" of the people, by the people and for the people, better than any community we have run across.

A noticeable feature in the municipal government of the city is the licensing system. Minnesota is a high-license State. A liquor license costs one thousand dollars in cities of more than one hundred thousand population, and is only granted to a saloon-keeper who attends to the business himself or herself. This in itself is a great restriction, but Minneapolis goes still further. A strict scrutiny is made into the applicant's record, and he has to file a bond in four thousand dollars, with two sureties whose names are not on any other similar bond. Before he is granted his license, the application is published in the official paper of the city, and if any citizen objects to it he is granted a hearing. The proposed saloon must be within what is termed the "patrol limits," which is a small district in the business part of the city, and all saloons must close promptly at midnight, and all day on Sundays.



This "patrol system" absolutely prevents the invasion of the residence quarters.

With all these advantages, and with a glorious climate to enjoy them in, it is surprising that the Minneapolisian is proud of his home, and foresees for it a destiny which will place it among the first dozen cities of the world?

#### THE NORTHWESTERN GUARANTY LOAN COMPANY.

Among the office buildings of Minneapolis the Northwestern Guaranty Loan Building looms highest, with its twelve stories, and a tower that, at one angle of the structure, rises two hundred and twenty feet above the street. The company which owns it is the outgrowth of the business of its president, Mr. Louis F. Menage, who, foreseeing Minneapolis's future, had located there in 1871, and soon started in a successful career. In 1884 the loaning branch of his business had assumed such large proportions that he organized the present company, with an authorized capital of \$2,000,000 and a paid-up capital of \$200,000. Success followed the business to such an extent that it was found necessary to increase its paid-up capital to \$1,250,000, where it now stands. It deals with United States, municipal, and high-grade corporation bonds, short-term commercial paper, and issues six per cent. five and ten year debenture bonds, gold installment bonds, and five per cent. certificates of deposits.

The building is one of the best adapted for offices in the West. Not only are the halls and offices elaborately finished, but its tenants are supplied with a law library, and reading and reference rooms, where the best daily newspapers and magazines can be found. In the basement are to be found bath-rooms and a barber's shop, while on the twelfth story are to be found an excellent restaurant and dining-rooms. To crown all is a roof garden which in summer is transformed into a paradise of palms and flowers, and where concerts are given during the summer months.

#### THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE.

One block from the new court-house stands the great ten-story building of the New York Life Insurance Company, which was erected from the plans of Messrs. Babbs, Cook & Willard, of New York. This company is the only insurance company that has so far recognized the financial and commercial importance of the great West by erecting buildings in its principal business centres. The wisdom of this policy has been shown by the great increase in its Western business, and nowhere has that increase been more marked than in Hennepin County. There is no doubt of it that the existence of such structures act as an outward and visi-

ble sign to the people of the inward and financial strength of the company that owns it.

Before describing this handsome building, let us say a few words of the history of the New York Life Insurance Company, which has made itself a household word on five continents, and is as well known in London as in New York; in Cape Town as in Chicago; in Buenos Ayres as in Boston; in Rio de Janeiro as in Rochester; and in Melbourne as in Minneapolis.

The company was organized in 1843, and two years later commenced business. Since then its record has been one of continuous progress. As each year rolled by it showed an increase in assets, which amount at the present day to over one hundred and five million dollars. That is to say, its assets are one-seventh of the amount held by all the life companies in the United States, and it is now doing nearly one-fifth of the entire insurance business done by American companies.

The New York Life has, during its prosperous career, effected a number of reforms in the insurance business. It was, for instance, the first company, and for thirty years the only company, which omitted from its policies the clause making them void in cases of suicide. As far back as 1850



ROTUNDA OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY'S BUILDING.



the officials of the company recognized that most suicides were the result of insanity, and that often cases of accidental death and murder could not be distinguished from suicides even by an intelligent coroner's jury, and intelligence is not a crying evil among these gentlemen. Accordingly, the New York Life adopted one rule for all; namely, the prompt payment of every claim not vitiated by fraud. Ten years later it recognized the policy-holder's right to paid-up insurance in case of a discontinuance of premiums, by originating and introducing the first non-forfeiture system,

and the company is a guarantee to its policy-holders and to the public at large that the affairs of the company will be conducted without fear and without reproach. Young enough to be energetic and enterprising, and yet old enough to appreciate the value of a certain amount of conservatism, Mr. McCall's appointment was everywhere hailed by the public as a guarantee of the advancement and protection of the interests of the policy-holders. He had made the best superintendent of insurance New York State had ever had, and had won the respect and admiration of every honest man in the insurance business by his excellent judgment and wise decisions.

Last June, Superintendent of Insurance Pierce reported that the company was "the actual owner and possessor of available assets and property exceeding its present liability by the sum of \$14,708,675.83." The surplus of the company at the end of last year, calculated on an exceedingly conservative basis, was considerably over \$15,000,000.

The company's building in Minneapolis is a magnificent tribute of its faith in the future of the Northwestern metropolis. It is massive and imposing, and has an elevation of one hundred and forty-nine feet above the street. The lower stories are of granite, while the upper are built of pressed brick, with terra-cotta facings and trimmings.

The principal feature of the building is the entrance on Fifth Street, which extends up to the second story. It consists of four grand columns of massive granite, between which are three doors reached by five broad steps, also of granite. These columns cannot be said to belong to any particular style of architecture, for they are an admixture of Ionic and Egyptian, which, however, does not prevent their being very effective. Above the archi-



CENTURY PIANO COMPANY'S MANUFACTORY.

which has since become a part of the insurance statutes of the country. This reform has resulted in a saving to policy-holders of about eight million dollars a year. The New York Life was the first, and is still nearly the only company which attaches to each policy issued a copy of the application upon which the contract is based. Its tontine system is said to be unsurpassed by that of any other insurance company. This tontine feature adds considerably to the value of the policy, because by this its computed reserve value is made available in cash at the end of ten, fifteen, or twenty years, the period being fixed upon at the time of insuring, while the insured has the option of continued insurance if desired. This enables people who have outlived their productive years to avail themselves of the reserve value of their policies in cash at a time when they may most need it. But should they not have any immediate need of the reserve value of their policies, they can continue them for their full amount to the end of the period. The original number of policies having meanwhile been reduced by deaths and withdrawals, and the fund being increased by interest, the share of each policy then in force is correspondingly increased. These are some of the many features that mark the policy of the New York Life.

The recent election of Mr. John A. McCall to the presi-



trave, on which is the inscription, "New York Life Insurance Company, MDCCCLXXXIX," is a picturesque balcony, and above that a cornice supported by four granite brackets engaged in the wall with acanthus finials.

Beyond the doors of the main entrance is the grand vestibule, which runs the whole length of the centre of the building. It is wainscoted on all sides with a dark green marble streaked with lighter green and white, and with here and there patches of that intensely dark green known as invisible green. The same marble and red Vermont marble, set in alternate pieces of diamond shape, make a most effective flowering.

The main hall is reached by five marble steps, and beyond it lies the inner court, which ends in a blank wall that is magnificently decorated. Let into it is an electric clock, which is one of the sights of Minneapolis. Under the clock is a cornice and panels of rich colored marble, and below them still

another row of marble panels. The face of the clock itself is set in a panel of rosettes, with two borders of floral scrollery, and on each side are beautiful Renaissance scrolls in gilt upon a background that looks like onyx. The whole effect is wonderfully rich and very charming.

The decorations of the side-walls are even more elaborate. At the other end of the hall, facing the clock, is a double corkscrew staircase of iron, whose graceful lines, reaching to the second story, unite and form a balcony. The steps are of Vermont marble, and the balustrades of iron hammered into elegant scrolls. From the balcony one obtains a beautiful view of the inner court, with its two magnificent chandeliers of tarnished brass, each with fifty incandescent burners.

From the ground floor to the tenth, the same attention has been paid to detail as in the hall and inner court; though, of course, the decorations are not of the same elaborate character. On the tenth floor is the law library, which numbers eight thousand volumes, a private room for the judges, and a consultation-room for the accommodation of the tenants. These conveniences, and the proximity of the building to the new court-house, have naturally made it the popular quarters of the legal talent of Minneapolis.

A feature of the New York Life Building is the Arcade, the entrance of which is on the right of the main entrance. The stores in the Arcade are shallow, but fairly broad, and are mostly occupied by young women who sell cigars, flowers, stationery, etc. The Arcade, which is very picturesque, not only furnishes the tenants of the main building with a convenient place to purchase supplies, but also affords, through its skylight, abundant light for the offices on that side of the building.

The New York Life has so many handsome buildings in the West that it is difficult to say which is the handsomest. It can be safely said of the one at Minneapolis, that it ranks among the finest of them.

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#### ST. LOUIS PARK.

Minneapolis, having developed into a manufacturing centre, found herself in need of a location where manufacturing plants which require large tracts of land and first-class shipping facilities could find an abiding-place in her neighborhood. This need has been supplied by the foundation of St. Louis Park, which promises in a few years to become another great manufacturing centre.

To most, if not to all, of the aspiring young cities of this country, manufacturing plants have been attracted by means of bonuses. As most

of the wealthy men of Minneapolis are themselves manufacturers, the granting of bonuses to outside manufacturers was found to be impracticable. Accordingly, Mr. T. B. Walker, the millionaire lumberman, who since he made his great fortune has devoted most of his time and energy to the advancement of his city, took the matter up in a thoroughly busi-



BUILDING OF THE NORTHWESTERN GUARANTY LOAN COMPANY.

ness-like manner, and selected St. Louis Park as the scene of his operations. With himself he associated seven other wealthy and public-spirited citizens—Messrs. L. F. Menage, R. F. Brown, C. G. Goodrich, A. M. Allen, G. G. Boshart, H. C. Haywood, and M. P. Mason—all men whose names are intimately connected with the marvellous growth of Minneapolis, and together they formed a close corporation whose object is to attract manufacturers to Minneapolis, with profit to that city, as well as to themselves and the incorporators of the company.

St. Louis Park, a tract of land comprising some two thousand acres, lies on the western confines of the city of Minneapolis. It has been incorporated as a village, and, although not a year old, is already beginning to assume the appearance of a town. In due time it will be taken within the city limits. Up to lately, the lakes on the western side of Minneapolis have restricted the growth of the city beyond them, but improvements having reached the region beyond the lakes, the flow of the population and business will now be directed toward St. Louis Park and the country surrounding it. Minneapolis has but to double its size from east to west to reach the beautiful shores of Lake Minnetonka.

In St. Louis Park there is a low-lying meadow of some three hundred acres, which has been set aside for the erection of factories. On this manufacturing allotment has been built a belt-line track which not only connects every factory on the plat, but on the one side with the Minneapolis & St. Louis and the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railroads, and on the other with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. Moreover, the system connects on this belt line with the Great Northern Railroad, which skirts the park on the northern boundary. The Hennepin Avenue electric line has nearly completed its connection with the park.

Another part of St. Louis Park has been allotted to the business district, and lies east of the manufacturing district. To the west and northwest of the latter a portion has been set aside where mechanics engaged in the factories can buy lots at very moderate rates; while on the high table-land stretching toward Minneapolis proper, the lots for residential purposes are held at a far higher figure, and only houses of a superior kind were permitted to be built on them.

This new suburb was laid out and the streets graded in so quiet a manner that few people in Minneapolis knew that right on the western border of their city the foundation was being laid for the establishment of a manufacturing centre and a suburban city, until it was ready for occupation. St. Louis Park is not in any way to be confounded with one of those land and boom schemes which have temporarily inflated the value of real estate in, and eventually done so much harm to, many a Western city. Owned, controlled, and managed by a few of the most successful business men in Minneapolis, it was bound to prove a success, and in the few months of its existence has started merrily on the road to it. Already a number of manufacturers have seized the superior advantages offered to them by the Minneapolis Land and Investment Company, and have set up their plants in St. Louis Park, while many others are preparing to do so. It is estimated by men competent to judge, that, so rapid is the growth of Minneapolis, and especially in the manufacturing, St. Louis Park will in a few years have at least fifty thousand inhabitants.

There are at present in active operation in the park the Monitor Manufacturing Company, the Minneapolis Malleable Iron Works, the Thompson Wagon Works, the Minneapolis Jarless Spring Carriage Company, the Shafi-Pierce Shoe Company, the Minneapolis Thresher Machine Company, and the Minneapolis and St. Louis Reduction Works. Besides these, there are many other manufacturers who have contracted to bring their plant to St. Louis Park, among others being John B. Harker & Co., manufacturers of hollow ware, such as stove furniture, etc., and who have for years been shipping their goods to Boston and New York.

Another manufacturing company which will shortly be located in the park is the Esterly Harvester Works, one of the oldest companies in the business. So thoroughly convinced is this company of Minneapolis becoming one of the great manufacturing centres of the United States, that it will move its whole plant from Whitewater, Wis., to St.

Louis Park. At present it employs eight hundred men in its works, but if the experience of the factories already located in the park is to be taken as a criterion, it will soon have to double its force.

As an example of how careful the Minneapolis Land and Investment Company has been to get companies which manufacture the best goods and implements to settle in St. Louis Park, before the contract was signed with the Esterly Harvester Works, some hundreds of letters were written to the farmers of the Northwest, asking them what company, in their opinion, made the best harvester. One and all agreed that the Esterly harvester was as good as any made in the United States, and therefore in the world, while many considered it by far the best. It was only upon receiving these unbiased testimonials that the Minneapolis Land and Investment Company agreed to sign the contract with the Whitewater company.

Let us take a brief glance at the manufacturing industries already located in St. Louis Park.

The Monitor Manufacturing Company, which now employs about three hundred men in St. Louis Park, was formerly known as the Van Brunt and Davis Company, of Horicon, Wis. It has a capital of three hundred thousand dollars, and is engaged in the extensive manufacture of grain drills and seeders.

The Minneapolis Malleable Iron Works, the only manufactory of its kind in the State of Minnesota, which employs over two hundred men, started in St. Louis Park last year. The company put up a building which it expected would be sufficient for its needs for at least four years. But it had run only three months when it found it necessary to treble its capacity, and even with that accommodation it now finds itself two or three months behindhand with its orders.

The Thompson Wagon Works, which came from Oshkosh, Wis., have had the same expert as the Minneapolis Malleable Iron Works. Mr. Thompson started by building a factory which his long experience taught him to believe would supply the Northwest with wagons for at least five years. But he, too, had counted without his host, and before he had been in St. Louis Park six months had to double his capacity. Mr. Thompson has been manufacturing wagons and carriages for twenty years, and among his customers are to be found in every portion of the United States.

The Minneapolis Jarless Spring Carriage Company, which employs more than a hundred men in its works, is a home institution, backed by a number of Minneapolis capitalists.

The Shafi-Pierce Shoe Company is a business started for the manufactory of children's shoes, and, although its factory was but lately erected, is doing a thriving business.

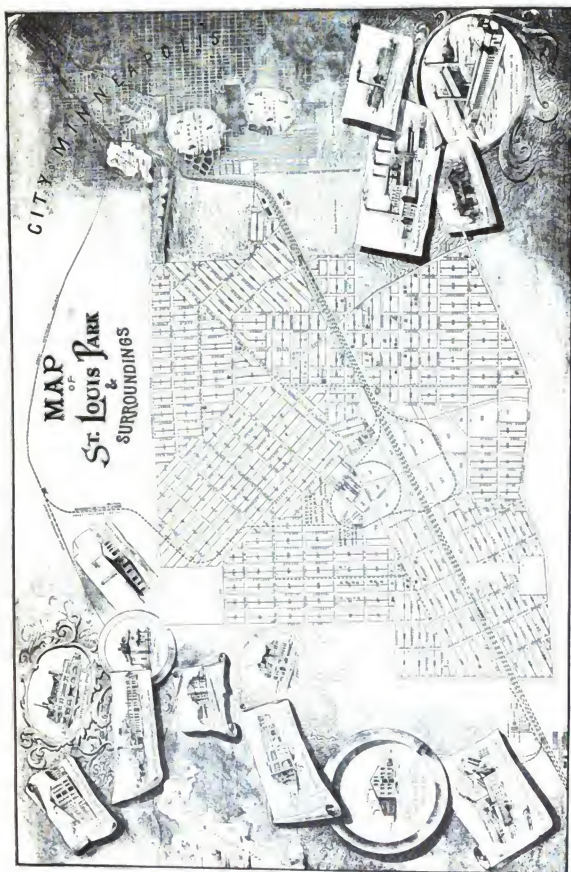
The factories of all these concerns are actually in St. Louis Park. A little to the west of it stand the Minneapolis Thresher Machine Company's factories, and the Minneapolis and St. Louis Reduction Works. The former, which came to Minneapolis from Wisconsin, employs between five and six hundred men, and during the time it has been in St. Louis Park has increased its business over twenty-five per cent. At present it is engaged in manufacturing three hundred engines and five hundred threshers.

The Minneapolis and St. Louis Reduction Works were started by capitalists of St. Louis, Mo., for the purpose of smelting gold and silver ore. These capitalists found that, taking it all in all, there was no place in the country which offered better advantages for their business than Minneapolis and its neighborhood, and so selected St. Louis Park to erect their smelters in.

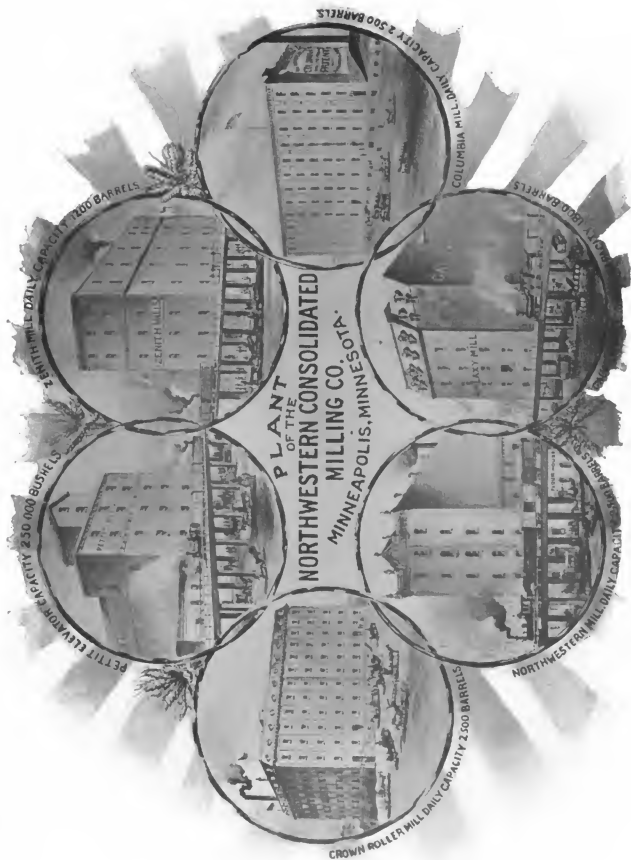
With such a start as this before the first year of its existence is completed, St. Louis Park appears to have indeed a bright future before it.

#### NORTHWESTERN CONSOLIDATED MILLING COMPANY.

As Minneapolis owes so much of her prosperity to her great flour mills, an account of the city without some description of these sources of her wealth would be lacking in a very important particular. What is undoubtedly the finest group of flour mills in the world is that owned by the Northwestern Consolidated Milling Company, which, as we have already stated, have a daily capacity of 10,500



ST. LOUIS PARK INDUSTRIES CONTROLLED BY THE MINNEAPOLIS LAND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY.



PLANT OF THE NORTHWESTERN CONSOLIDATED MILLING COMPANY.

barrels. The mills owned by this company are as follows:

	<i>Daily Capacity (barrels).</i>
Columbia .....	2,500.
Northwestern .....	2,500.
Crown Roller .....	2,500.
Galaxy .....	1,500.
Zenith .....	1,200.

The company also owns the Pettit elevator, with a capacity of two hundred and fifty thousand bushels, which was originally a mill, but was converted into an elevator by the Northwestern Consolidated. The old Pettit mill was one of those destroyed in the terrible explosion of 1878.

The Columbia mill, erected in 1888, is one of the latest built in Minneapolis, and is fitted with all the most modern improvements. It is a substantially built structure of brick and stone, and occupies a commanding position at the upper end of the milling district. It possesses an elevator capable of holding seventy thousand bushels. Its motive

The Galaxy, originally built in 1875, has twice been burned to the ground—in 1876 and in 1878. It was rebuilt in 1879, of blue limestone, and last year \$30,000 was spent on it in improvements. It is provided with a 600 horse-power up-right Reynolds-Corliss engine, and has a set of Victor twin water-wheels, the whole being considered to constitute about the finest milling outfit in Minneapolis.

The Zenith was built as far back as 1870-71, in the days of big profits, when as much as two dollars a barrel was cleared in one season by the mill owners of Minneapolis. It, too, was levelled to the ground by the explosion of 1878. From 1888 until lately it remained idle, owing to complications in the settlement of the estate to which it belonged. During the last year about \$56,000 has been spent upon it in improvements.

These five mills employ, in all, over three hundred hands. The consolidation enterprise owes its origin to Mr. A. C. Loring, who, with Messrs. F. C. Pillsbury and E. Zeidler forms the board of managing directors; the president of the



OFFICES OF THE NORTHWESTERN CONSOLIDATED MILLING COMPANY.

power is supplied by a 700 horse-power engine and an American water-wheel. It was lately remodelled, and its capacity increased from one thousand barrels to two thousand five hundred at a cost of fifty thousand dollars.

The Northwestern mill was built in 1879-80. It is a stone building of five stories and a basement. It is provided with a 700 horse-power Reynolds-Corliss engine, and two 44-inch Victor water-wheels. Over \$50,000 has lately been spent in completely overhauling and rebuilding this plant.

The Crown Roller was built in the same year as the Northwestern. It is a large brick structure of seven stories, and, as it stands on elevated ground, is one of the most conspicuous objects on the platform. It has storage for one hundred thousand bushels of wheat, and a warehouse adjoining it has a storage capacity of ten thousand barrels of flour. Last winter this mill was thoroughly remodelled at a cost of \$70,000. It has a 900 horse-power Wright engine and two 54-inch new American water-wheels. Its water-power privileges are very large. Out of nine mill powers it absolutely owns two.

company is Capt. John Martin, and the vice-president Mr. J. B. Bassett. Mr. Loring is the son of the father of the Minneapolis park system, and was manager of the Galaxy mill, which he and his father owned. Though still quite a young man, he has supervision of the entire plant of the company, and buys all that goes into the mills. The duty of disposing of the output is intrusted to Mr. Zeidler, and, as the company has had extraordinary prosperity, it is but natural to suppose that these gentlemen are performing their duties both diligently and faithfully.

#### A GREAT PIANO FACTORY.

About the very last thing one would expect to find in a young city is a piano factory, and yet such a factory is to be found in Minneapolis, built on what was half a century ago a favorite hunting ground of the Dakotas.

One of the greatest and most practical of the piano-makers of this country is Mr. Paul G. Mehlman, who had already earned a European reputation when, in 1889, he

started a factory with first-class facilities in New York, the firm being known as P. G. Mehlin & Sons. The following year Mr. Mehlin effected a combination with the Century Piano Company, of Minneapolis, which had an extensive wholesale and retail business in pianos and organs throughout the Northwest, and a first-class piano factory was established in the city in connection with the Century Company's business.

The Mehlin piano is now being manufactured both in New York and Minneapolis. The advantages of having a factory in the latter city were not only that it was the centre of an enormously rich and rapidly developing district, but also because lumber could be obtained there at far lower prices than in the East, and, owing to the dryness of the climate, the wood could be treated in a manner far superior to anything turned out on the coast.

The building of the Century Piano Company stands on the east side of Minneapolis, and is close to the Exposition Building. It has been fitted up with all the most modern machinery, made especially for the company after Mr. Mehlin's own plans; and some of the most skilled workmen were taken there from the New York factory and work under the direct supervision of Mr. Mehlin, who has become a citizen of Minneapolis.

Comparatively short though the existence of the Mehlin piano has been, the beauty of its tone, quality, and the excellence of its mechanism have placed it among the first pianos of this country and of the world. The grand piano, which Mr. Mehlin perfected just before he took charge of the Century Company's factory, has proved what a consummate expert he is in the art of piano-making, and in the opinion of artists it has no superior. Into his improved upright he has introduced the patent grand plate and the grand scale, which has so enhanced its tone that it now has all the beautiful qualities of the grand piano and can produce all and more coloring.

The touch, the matter is, those uprights are really inverted grands. When the fall-board covering the keys of the instrument is open, it lies back under the extension music desk and entirely free from it, giving the player ample room, and permitting the manufacturer to curve the edge of the key-ship in front of the keys exactly as in the grand. The two patent cylinders and the once-reflector performs the same duty in the Mehlin upright piano as the large lid does in the square or grand; while the patent piano muffer is a merciful gift from Divine Providence to those who have suffered while the embryo pianist is practicing his or her scales while on the road to fame and fortune.

These are but a few of the many patents which Mr. Mehlin has taken over with him to the Century Piano Company, and which are making the pianos manufactured by them the most popular in the United States.

## OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS.\*

### XLVII. ROSE COGHAN.

MRS. C. J. EDGERLY, or Miss Rose Cogan, by which name she is better known, is one of the most prominent actresses on the American stage to-day. It was, however, more through necessity than the inspiration of talent that Miss Cogan came to adopt this profession as a means of livelihood, as the mother, a deeply religious woman, was most desirous that Rose should take the veil, and become a cloistered nun. But the fates decreed otherwise. Her father, who was a well-known *littérateur*, died when she was very young, and, like so many of his craft, left his family poorly provided with this world's goods. Now, her brother, that good-looking and erratic Englishman, Charles Cogan, had in the meantime fallen in love with a young and pretty actress; so she deserted wig and gown for sock and buskin and advised his sister, who had shown some

talent in private theatricals, that she had better add to the family funds by adopting the stage as a profession.

Guided by the wisdom of her accomplished brother, Miss Cogan straightway proceeded to become an actress, and in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight made her *début* at Greenock, Scotland, as one of the witches in "Macbeth." For her labors around the caldron she received the princely salary of five dollars a week. She then appeared as Cupid in the burlesque "Ixion," upon which occasion she wore tights. She was then sixteen years old.

From Scotland she went to England, and appeared in small *soubrette* parts at the Theatre Royal, Cheltenham. The manager and the leading lady having had a quarrel, the latter was discharged, and Rose stepped into her shoes. The first rung of the ladder which has led Miss Cogan to the pinnacle of fame was thus attained.

From Cheltenham she drifted to London, the city of her birth. For four years she travelled with a degree of success through the English provinces, playing in burlesque and comedy.

Now we come to Miss Cogan's American career. In 1872 the Lydia Thompson troupe arrived in this country, bringing with them the fair Rose. She made her American *début* on September 2d, in New York, as Jupiter in "Ixion." The late E. A. Sothern, who at this time was playing at Wallack's old theatre, now the Star, at the corner of Broadway and Thirtieth Street, New York City, persuaded her to part company with the fair Lydia and to support him. Her rollicking humor in "The Happy Pair," in the character of Mrs. Honeyton, and similar light trifles, so pleased Mr. Wallack that he engaged her for his ensuing season.

In the meantime, however, Miss Cogan returned to her native heath, where she played first with Charles Matthews, and then in a series of Shakespearean revivals at Manchester. Her success as Viola, in "Twelfth Night," induced her to forego the Wallack engagement. She afterward supported Harry Sullivan in a tour through Great Britain and Ireland, and then returned to London, where she received a despatch from Mr. Wallack offering her the position of leading lady at his theatre. In the fall of 1875 she again appeared at Wallack's, where she became immensely popular with the theatre-loving public of the metropolis. She appeared in such parts as Lady Teazle in the "School for Scandal," Countess Lieka, Lady Clare, and Rosalind in "As You Like It." When Lester Wallack built his new theatre, on the corner of Broadway and Thirtieth Street, and moved into it with his stock company—which, by the way, was considered one of the best in the city—Miss Cogan accompanied them, and played there till 1885.

At the commencement of the season of 1887-88 she joined the Abley-Wallack Company, but left it because she refused to play the part she was cast for in "L'Abbé Constant." She was recalled, however, for a revival of old comedies, which signified the close of the Wallack Theatre as the home of a stock company.

Since then Miss Cogan has been starting throughout the country, with various degrees of success, in her brother's play, "Jocelyn," and later, in a piece by the same author, called "Lady Harter."

There is nobody on the American stage who can play the adventuresome so well as Miss Rose Cogan. There is such a hearty robustness in her villainy, she is so physically splendid in her voice, that the audience is in sympathy with her all the time. Other actresses adopt the conventions described in Mr. Jerome's little work on "Stage-Land." Miss Cogan dispenses them all. She is magnificent.

Miss Cogan has, unfortunately, not found marriage a success. Her first husband was a Mr. Browne, from whom she secured a divorce. Her second husband, Mr. Edgerly, procured a South Dakota divorce from her about a year ago. Her second marriage occurred in April, 1889.

\* Portraits already published in "Our Gallery of Players": Pauline Hall, in No. 21; THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; Fanny Davenport, in No. 72; Mrs. Langley, in No. 74; Fay Templeton, in No. 75; Marie Janzen, in No. 76; Maria Moore, in No. 78; Ada Rehan, in No. 79; Georgia Cayvan, in No. 82; Della Fox, in No. 83; Anna O'Keefe, in No. 84; Rosina Viles, in No. 85; Laura Manda, in No. 14; Helen Bertram, in No. 21; Isabelle Uquhart, in No. 86; Ellen Terry, in No. 87; Annie Myers, in No. 88; Julia Marlowe, in No. 89; Miss Helena Modjeska, in No. 90; Mrs. Agnes Booth, in No. 91; Marie Burroughs, in No. 92; Joseph Jefferson, in No. 93; Henry Irving, in No. 94; Jane Hading, in No. 95; Adelaide Arthur, in No. 96; Wilson Barrett, in No. 97; Margaret Mather, in No. 98; Coeurin, in No. 99; E. A. Sothern, in No. 100; Sarah Bernhardt, in No. 101; Lillian Russell, in No. 104; Helen Duvauy, in No. 105; Frederic Bond, in No. 106; Effie Elster, in No. 107; Francis Wilson, in No. 108; Louis Jans, in No. 109; Joseph Haworth, in No. 110; Robert B. Mantel, in No. 111; Adelaide Fiske, in No. 112; Minnie K. Gale, in No. 113; Mrs. George Drew-Barrymore, in No. 114; Miss Lili Lehmann, in No. 115; Anne Russell, in No. 116; and Jean Lassalle, in No. 117.



## THE ACTORS' FUND FAIR.

THE mummer is the mode.

He is no longer the "vagrant man." He is accepted as an important member of society—an important factor in our lives.

How different his position of to-day from what it was!

Adrienne Lecouvreur, the greatest actress of her day, leaves a large sum of money to the poor of her *paroties*; but the Church refuses her its last rites. Her beautiful body is pitched, by night, into a common *fosse*. Sarah Siddons—no woman more virtuous than she—is refused burial in Westminster Abbey, in that sacred earth that covers so many honored reprobates, and her "vagrant" bones lie neglected in a Paddington cemetery. Macready

cannot be presented at court; and Panny Kemble makes a charity ball courtesy to Her Majesty and kisses the royal hand as the wife of the American Pierre Butler, and not as the creator of Julia in "The Hunchback."

But *nous avons changé tout cela*, or, at any rate, we are trying to. Of course, the "vagrant man" has not yet gained such a position that he can be received at Buckingham Palace in the same company as Her Majesty's milliner.

Mme. Elise in public life, Mrs. Jacobson in private—and the American "Four Hundred" has not yet reached that intellectual pitch in which it is able to appreciate a Joe Jefferson or an Edwin Booth off the boards. But among the dross of the earth the "vagrant" man was never more popular than he is to-day. Witness the success of the fair for the Actors' Fund, recently held at the Madison Square Garden in New York City.



THE ACTORS' FUND FAIR, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.





CHANCES ON A POIN.

What is this Actors' Fund, and what has it done for vagabond folk?

Mr. A. M. Palmer, the indefatigable president of the association, tells us how broad the scope of its work is. "The poor singer or dancer of the music hall or dime museum," he says, "can turn to this fund, and does turn to it, in the hour of sickness and distress, with as much certainty of assistance and relief as would the well-known actor or actress of the regular theatres. Some good people have urged upon us, and still urge upon us, that this is a mistake, and that the benefactions of the fund should be restricted to those who come legitimately under the designation of actor or actress. But we are convinced, after nine years' experience, that the broad and liberal policy established at the foundation of the fund, and pursued without deviation up to this time, is by far the best, not only in that it brings great good to a large number of needy persons who without its help would be utterly destitute, but also in that the association, through the absolutely impartial, unrestricted, and indiscriminating character of its charities, wins for itself the commendation, the kindly interest, and oftentimes the sincere and earnest friendship of thoughtful persons both inside and outside our profession who take the pains to inform themselves as to its methods and as to its work. Many so-called 'charities' are so hampered by rules and restrictions that the work they set out to do is never more than half-done; the moneys they profess to dispense in charity are largely consumed in maintaining expensive staffs of officers, whose business seems to be not so much to care for the legitimate beneficiaries of their societies as it is to guard themselves against imposition. For one, I hope that it will always be the proud boast of our association that it has never failed to help the needy, even though it has to confess that it has been sometimes imposed upon by the unworthy."

It is supposed that there is no profession in which more charity exists—the word charity is here used in the same sense that Saint Paul gave to it—than the theatrical. According to Mr. Palmer, it is not so charitable in the ordinary acceptance of the word. It is a singular fact that not one of the wealthy actors and actresses who have died during

the last few months has left a cent to the Actors' Fund. Mr. Palmer, in his latest report, called attention to this. "In one instance," he says, "a great amount of money gathered in the active pursuit of our calling has been distributed among a variety of religious institutions, including several churches; but not one dollar of this vast fortune was bequeathed to the only charity which cares for the late associates of the donor."

Mr. Palmer's words seem to have pricked the conscience of the profession, especially of the female part of it, for never did women work more hard to relieve men of their cash than the actresses and their friends who enlisted Madison Square Garden with their presence. They were working to establish a home for the orphans of actors and actresses. A distressing case of a poor father and mother, both worthy members of the theatrical profession, who after long illness died in such utter poverty that all their last expenses had to be borne by the fund, and who left to the world two children, helpless and utterly friendless, came to Mr. Palmer's notice. "These children," he says, "are now knocking at the doors of orphan asylums (some of which have doubtless received benefits at our hands), and I am sorry to say all doors do not open easily to them. Their case has got into the public prints, however, and prominent persons in our profession having taken the matter up, doubtless they will be provided for. But it has occurred to me that there must be many such cases which never get into the public prints, and which do not elicit the interest of the rich and powerful, and I resolved that I would at least mention to you the idea which this thought had bred in my mind. It may be urged by some that there are a sufficient number of good asylums and homes already in existence to which the children in question may be consigned. Those who urge this overlook the fact that the children of stage-folk are distinctive and peculiar children, inheriting often that extreme sensitiveness which is a part of the actor's temperament."

The appeal to the charitable woman did the work, and there has never before been in the whole history of the stage so successful a dramatic fair as that held in Madison Square Garden.



**A**NN ELIZA, the nineteenth wife of Brigham Young, who took to exposing Mormonism on the lecture-platform some years ago, has not been much more fortunate in her domestic affairs among the Gentiles than among the Latter-day Saints. She was married to M. K. Denning, a Michigan lumberman, but they have separated. Mrs. Denning is a sweet-faced little woman of middle age, and in conversation and manner is bright, animated, earnest, and interesting.

**M.** ALLAR, a Paris sculptor, has joined the investigation of mesmerism to the pursuit of his art. His studio was the place of meeting of the Mesmerist Society, with which the police has just interfered. He claims, and seems to believe, that mesmerism will impart power, little short of magical. He is a person of cheery aspect and manners, and decidedly a magnetic man. He is about the height and figure of Walter Besant, and reminds one of him.

**A**RCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND, the heir to the Austrian throne, is viewed by European statesmen as an impending calamity. Just as the present emperor is wise and able, the heir apparent is weak in every way. Not only does he lack intelligence, but his personal character is not of the best; and there is only too good reason for fearing that when he wears the crown he will, through wantonness or ignorance, destroy the delicate adjustment which keeps Europe at peace now.

**M**RS. THEOPHILIA KRAEMER, who, it was said, had attempted to enter Russia under the shield of the Red Cross Society, for the purpose of preaching socialistic or Polish nationalistic doctrines, is a Pole by birth. She is handsome, with large eyes and dark hair. Her father left Russia when she was very young, but she has always been enthusiastic on the subject of restoring the independence of her native land. She has made many speeches on the subject at public mass-meetings.

**N**IKOLA TESLA is in some respects the most advanced electrician, surpassing in his own field the wonderful Edison. If he is not famous except in the world of science, it is because his investigations are of so abstruse a nature as to be readily understood by only a limited number. He was born in Croatia, and, after studying and practicing electrical engineering in Austria, he came to the United States about five years ago. He is only thirty-five, so that the brightest hopes are entertained regarding his future career.

**B**ARON THURLOW, the present bearer of the title earned by the great Lord Chancellor, considerably enhanced the family fortunes by marrying the heiress of Colonel Cumming-Bruce, M.P. By virtue of this marriage he acquired large landed estates in Scotland, and the future Thurlows, of whom there are already four, can boast that through their veins flows the blood of Robert Bruce, the warrior King of Scotland. Lord Thurlow is chairman of half a dozen large commercial corporations, both in England and the United States; is a Liberal

in politics, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and holds the commission of the peace in the Counties of Elgin, Nairn, and Stirling in Scotland, and in the County of Suffolk in England. He is also chairman of the Chicago and Northwestern Granaries Company, and of a ranching industry in Texas with a capital of fifteen million dollars.

**T**HE Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, the celebrated pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, has been invited to return to his native Scotland and assume the high distinction of succeeding Dr. Cairns at the head of the United Presbyterian Hall of Edinburgh. He has been pastor of the Tabernacle exactly twenty years, and the prodigious amount of work that he has accomplished in that period has told upon his vigorous Scotch frame. It is this fact that may induce him to give up the home he has made in this country. Among his ancestors he numbers many who suffered extreme persecution because of their allegiance to the faith of the Covenanters.

**T**HE Marquis de Mores is the son-in-law of a New York banker, preaches anarchism in Paris, and will be remembered on account of his warfare with cowboys while ranching out West. Furthermore, he is a fighting duellist, an operator on the Paris Bourse. It is in the last two capacities that a new story is related of him. Two stock-brokers were dining at the Maison Dorée, when the marquis entered. He favored one of them with a most affable bow, to which the man of money responded with an almost contemptuous nod. "How is it," asked his companion, in amazement, "that you dare affront such a man—the most inveterate fire-eater in Paris?" "Ah, *mon ami*," replied the broker, placidly, "six months ago I should not have ventured to do it, but now it is different. If the marquis were to challenge me he knows that I should post him on the Bourse for the sum he owes me. I am quite safe until he pays me, which will be, I hope—never. *C'est tout!*"

**G**OVERNOR FLOWER, of New York, is training under the direction of a former prize-fighter. He has been obliged to resort to this expedient to save his health from breaking down under the strain of his official duties. He gets up at half-past seven in the morning, and makes a simple breakfast of a little fruit, beefsteak, and coffee. One morning he takes beefsteak, and another morning shad. He sits down awhile after breakfast, and reads a paper. Then he walks half a mile to the Capitol, and works at the bills until one o'clock. At one o'clock he goes back to the Executive Mansion and eats a little broiled chicken or some other kind of a bird, and a bit of toast. Then he walks again to the Capitol and stays there until five or six o'clock, when he walks back to the Executive Mansion and makes a dinner on soup, roast beef, and a few vegetables, with no dessert or pastry of any kind. He drinks nothing except water and coffee at his breakfast, and he is reducing the coffee. After dinner he reads for a while, and at about nine o'clock he boxes. In his boxing he makes a specialty of the straight right and straight left, with the result that the muscles of his arms have become hard, and his shoulders are getting more square and firm. After boxing for

an hour he is rubbed down and goes to bed. Besides boxing he works dumb bells of light weight through the regular dumb-bell exercises, and he leans against a door or bar and pushes himself back several times in order to expand his chest.

**S**IGNORA RUNA ROSINA, the new head of the St. Anna Cloister in Rome, like so many cloister inmates, is a woman with a romantic history. A few years ago she was a noted beauty and singer in Naples. In the beginning of the eighties, while on a visit to Casamicciola, she stopped at a well-known hotel. During the night-time the walls gave way and many of the guests were buried beneath the ruins. The signora, however, was saved, and out of gratitude for her escape registered a vow to become a nun. She returned to Naples and went at once to Archbishop San Felice, made known her purpose, and was assigned to the St. Anna order. She has never regretted the step which took her from the world where she was courted and admired, and many poor wretches since then have had reason to call her blessed. She is still a beautiful woman, in command of a lovely voice. She has come to Rome to continue the noble work of her calling.

**W**OBURN, which is in the State of Massachusetts, modestly claims to be the remote ancestor of three Presidents: Pierce, Cleveland, and Harrison. The Woburn lineage of President Harrison is as follows: The Rev. Zachariah Symmes, minister of Charlestown, who preached the first sermon ever delivered in Woburn; William, his son, resided on the above farm, which his father left him; Timothy, born in 1683, resided in Scituate; Timothy, born 1714, minister of various churches, and finally at Ipswich, Mass., John Cleves Symmes, 1742, who visited his grandfather, Timothy Symmes, in 1762. He died at Cincinnati in 1814. John Cleves Symmes was a man of considerable distinction, and was distinguished also as the father-in-law of Gen. William Henry Harrison (who married Anna Symmes in 1795), ninth President of the United States. General Harrison's son was John Scott Harrison, born 1804, who was married to Benjamin Harrison, the present President of the United States.

**W**ILLIAM GREY, ninth Earl of Stamford, owes the possession of a title to the fact that the rightful heir is a mulatto. His uncle, Harry Grey, eighth earl, after a most disreputable life in England, went to the Cape of Good Hope, where he married a negress. This ceremony legitimized, by the law of the colony, the two sons born out of wedlock. They went to London some months ago, and the elder pressed his claim to the earldom. But the House of Lords, influenced as much by the strains of blood as by the law and the facts, has awarded the title to his cousin, who is entirely white. The two sons have had a good time, however. Both young men have lived in grand style, and have been familiar figures in the theatre boxes and on the fashionable drives. They have run up enormous bills with tradesmen on the strength of their prospects, and have kept up an imposing establishment without spending much cash. Their landlords, tailors, and servants, it is thought, may now whistle for their money. The black Countess Martha and her daughter Mary still live at the Cape. The latter is a handsome girl of irreproachable character.

**M**RS. LEWIS WASHINGTON, of Charlestown, W. Va., has lent an interesting relic for exhibition at Mount Vernon. It is the old family Bible of Mary, the mother of George Washington. It is an old-fashioned book covered with thick homespun cloth, a covering that Mary Washington put on it with her own hands. The book is wonderfully preserved for its age, and all of its pages are still intact, except the first five or six, that were torn out and placed in the corner-stone of the Mary Washington Monument at Fredericksburg, Va. In the family record it is to be found, according to the Gregorian calendar, that Augustine Washington and Mary Ball were married "ye sixth of March, 1730 31." George Washington, son to Augustine and Mary, his wife, "was born ye 11th day of February, 1731-32, about to o'clock in the morning, and was baptized the 5th of April following." Mr. Beverly

Whiting and Capt. Christopher Brooks stood as godfathers, and Mrs. Mildred Gregory as godmother. Then follow records of the birth of Pletty, Samuel, John, Augustine, Charles, and Mildred, sons and daughters of Augustine and Mary Ball Washington.

**S**ENOR J. M. PAUL has arrived in New York, by the grace of Dictator Palacio of Venezuela. He thinks himself fortunate to have been only banished, but does not expect to return to his native country until Palacio shall have been overthrown. Taken directly from prison to the steamer as it lay in the dock, he had no time to bid adieu to his family or friends. Many of them had joined the revolutionists under General Crespo, and Señor Paul was only prevented from doing likewise by the prompt action of Palacio in exiling all those who might possibly aid in overthrowing him. His chief offence is that he is a nephew of one of Palacio's rivals. He gave this account of his arrest: "One night, about twelve o'clock, I was aroused from sleep by a loud knocking. The door was burst in and a number of soldiers entered and arrested me. I learned afterward that another band of soldiers attempted to arrest Dr. Pietri and my brother, Heriberto Paul, but they escaped and joined the revolutionists. When thrown into prison at La Guayra I found over two hundred other Venezuelan patriots incarcerated for their sympathy with the revolutionists. Among them were General Riera, Dr. Bustamante, General Carabaro, Dr. Lopez Baralt, and General Linario. The treatment accorded the prisoners was harsh and cruel. We were not allowed any communication with our families or friends. The prisons were overcrowded. Day by day fresh prisoners arrived, until we were almost suffocated. Many members of Congress were among the prisoners. When the prisoners of the same accommodation was insufficient, Palacio began to thin out the numbers by sending men into exile to make room for other prisoners. I was taken down to the dock by a platoon of soldiers after two months' imprisonment and ordered not to return under pain of death." Such is an incident of a political canvass in Venezuela!

**A**RCHBISHOP SEGHERS, of British Columbia, is numbered among those who have given up their lives in the work of spreading the Catholic faith. Although his murder occurred in 1887, an authentic account of his death has only now been made public. It is given in a letter written by John H. Kealey, formerly United States Judge in Alaska, to Cardinal Gibbons and filed in the archives of the cardinalate. Archbishop Seghers set out from Victoria, B. C., on July 30, 1877, with two priests, Fathers Losi and Robaut, and an attendant, Frank Fuller, to establish Roman Catholic missions among the natives in the valley of the Yukon. Fuller, who was once a watchmaker, at Portland, Ore., developed insanity on the journey, and on the morning of November 27th he shot the archbishop while he was sleeping in a tent. An Indian, who was then the third member of the party, started down the Yukon River with the archbishop, who died the same day, and finally deposited the body at St. Michael's, on Behring Sea, where it was taken in charge, and where it was deposited in the old Russian church at that place by the Russian priest stationed at St. Michael's. Fuller followed his way to Onalaska, where he was arrested and taken to Sitka for trial. Fuller testified in his own behalf, and stated that he was in constant apprehension that the archbishop intended to kill him upon the first opportunity, and to prevent his own death in that way he had taken the archbishop's life. A diary, subsequently found, that placed him up to the time of the tragedy, showed numerous entries where apprehensions of death from the hands of the archbishop were expressed. Upon being asked if the archbishop had been unkind to him in any way during any part of the journey from the time of starting, he replied he had not. By some queer process of reasoning, upon the defence of insanity, the jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter. He was sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for a period of ten years at the Washington Penitentiary at McNeal's Island, in Puget Sound, where he still is. Archbishop Seghers's death makes apt the quotation regarding the blood of martyrs, for the missions he established have prospered from the beginning.



## VII. PETTY GERMAN SOVEREIGNTIES.

PRIOR to the French Revolution there were about three hundred sovereign houses in Germany. The pettiest ruler, by a small sacrifice of his independence, could make himself despot in the small circle of his dominions if he thought fit. He had only to place himself under the protection of a powerful neighbor, and his subjects were compelled to submit to any amount of exaction or injustice he could inflict. A striking example was afforded by Hesse-Cassel no later than 1830, when the entire population rose as one man to expel a detested minister, and were compelled by Prussia to take him back. But even worse things occurred in some of the smaller states, which, withdrawn from public observance, were protected from public opinion through their insignificance. The mysterious death of an Elector of Mayence may be taken as a sample of the tragedies enacted and hushed up at the Residences, each of which, since the days that Frederick the Great had become a Francophile, had been turned into a miniature Versailles. Prince Charles of Hesse, son of that Landgraf of Hesse who set the example of what the Germans call *Seelenverkauferei* (soul-traffic), by selling twelve thousand eight hundred of his subjects at one hundred thalers a head to the English Government, to fight against the founders of this Republic, tells us in his memoirs:

I chanced to become acquainted with the Elector of Mayence. I made one of his hunting party, and he showed me much kindness and friendship. He was a respectable prince and ecclesiastic, much loved by his subjects, less by his canons and clergy, because he was very tolerant and enlightened. His death gave me great pain. It was not natural. Two of his canons entered his room when he was slightly indisposed. People heard a noise and wished to send for a physician, but these canons had taken precautions that no one should leave the palace. A Hussar jumped out of a window and went for the first minister. He hastened to the palace, but was refused entrance. The worthy elector was no more. I have happily forgotten the names of the monsters who, I am assured, smothered the worthy elector.

The Prince Charles, by the way, who narrates this story, is great-grandfather of the Czarina and the Princess of Wales.

These little principalities have, however, been instrumental in doing some good in their time, have done more than supply impecunious brides and bridegrooms to the rich Protestant royal families of Europe. Take, for instance, the principality of Waldeck-Pyrmont. The two together are not more than four hundred and thirty-three square miles in extent, and the capital city, Arnsen, has not quite two thousand five hundred inhabitants; but the Queen Regent of Holland is a daughter of its duke, and so is the Duchess of Albany, Queen Victoria's youngest daughter-in-law. Moreover, the Waldeck-Pyrmonts of old played no inconsiderable part in the history of Europe, and it is doubtful if the expedition which placed William of Orange upon the throne of England would have ever taken place but for the cooperation of George Frederick, the first Prince of Waldeck.

Five centuries before the Thirty Years' War, the Counts of Schwalenberg, and their descendants, the Counts of Waldeck, played a considerable part in the affairs of the German Empire and of the German Church.

Strong national feeling was not a common growth among the German princes of the seventeenth or the eighteenth century. As soldiers, they saw no reason for consecrating their swords to any particular employer. Thus, one finds Counts, and afterward Princes of Waldeck in the service of Genoa, Venice, France, Austria, the Netherlands, and Portugal, and the probabilities are they served many other countries besides. George Frederick was himself the

servant of many masters. When he was nineteen years (in 1639) old his father sent him to Paris to finish his education, exhorting him, as a Count of the Empire, never to uncover except in the presence of royal personages or Princes of the Empire, and under no circumstances to give precedence to a French *duc*. Two years later his father died, and he entered the service of the States-General. He married a lady of the Nassau-Dillenburg family, and this brought him into alliance with the House of Orange. In 1652 we find him one of the leading ministers of the Great Elector Frederick William of Brandenburg, ancestor of the German Emperor, and he took a prominent part in laying the foundations of the present Prussian monarchical system. Virtually, too, he inspired the beginnings of that policy which Prince Bismarck perfected. Later, George Frederick turns up in the Swedish service, and would have gladly passed into that of England or France. Louis XIV., however, sent him home with a present of money and a refusal, saying, it is said, "to the discovery in him of an all too patriotic spirit." *Le Grand Monarque* had good reason to repent of his course. He made an enemy of Waldeck, whose German patriotism now took the new form of a determination to counteract, so far as in him lay, the schemes of the real foe of his country's independence. To a long struggle against the power and plans of France Waldeck devoted the rest of his life. As a general, first in the service of the House of Brunswick, then in that of the Empire, and afterward in that of the United Provinces under the Stadtholder William III., he was frequently unsuccessful, but as a diplomatist he rendered the highest services to the cause he had at heart.

George Frederick having died in 1692 without male issue, the princely title which his services to the empire had earned descended, together with his German possessions, to the line represented by the present prince.

Waldeck has produced other men of renown besides George Frederick. Rauch, the sculptor of the monument



THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

She is a Waldeck-Pyrmont, a family that owns a little principality and is allied with great houses.

\* Previously published in this series: I. The House of Holstein, in No. 112 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; II. The House of Bourbon, in No. 113; III. The Romanoffs, in No. 114; IV. The House of Saxe-Coburg, in No. 115; V. The Hapsburgs, in No. 116; and VI. The House of Portugal, in No. 117.

of Frederick the Great at Berlin, was a Waldecker; and Wilhelm von Kaulbach is also claimed among the worthies of the land. The late Baron Bunsen likewise hied from the little principality, and when he died there were published

in Berlin a series of *Waldeckische Briefe* which gave a delightful description of the bright and varied life in Arulsen.

Of all the little German courts, however, none has gained



GOETHE AT WEIMAR. (FROM THE PAINTING BY W. KAULBACH.)

The lady in the arm-chair is the Duchess Amalia, and next her is seated the Duchess Louise.



THE GRAND DUCHESS OF BADEN.

The only daughter of the late Emperor William. She has artistic tastes and dislikes the stiffness of the court.

such fame as that of Weimar, for on it shone the light of Goethe and his contemporaries, Wieland, Herder, and Schiller. Weimar is but a little spot on the map of Europe, but in the history of Germany and, above all, in the history of the human mind it occupies a far more conspicuous place than Berlin did, until comparatively lately, and Vienna does now. Its most brilliant days were at the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the present century—the golden age of German philosophy and literature—when all the celebrated men of the epoch seem to have lived at Carl Augustus's capital.

The founder of the House of Weimar was Duke William, born in 1598. We will not, however, trouble with the Weimar ancestry, but skip a good many generations so that we may reach the widowed Duchess Amalia.

Amalia of Brunswick was born in 1742. The Court of Brunswick was at that time the most highly cultivated in Germany, and the young princess enjoyed all the advantages of a solid and careful education. But as etiquette was so strict that she was allowed no intimate friends of her own age, and even raised a barrier between herself and her mother, the princess's youth was not a happy one. "I was married," she said, "as princesses generally are." But, although she had no love for the Duke of Weimar, she could not help but rejoice at her deliverance from the harsh treatment she had been subjected to under the parental roof, which went even to the length of blows. Her married life turned out, if not perfectly blissful, at any rate, supportable; and her ducal husband had the good grace to quit this mortal sphere after they had been married less than two years. When he died she had one son, Carl Auguste, and a second, Constantine, was born after his father's death. By the duke's will Amalia's father was appointed regent and guardian of mother and children, but, within a twelvemonth, the emperor declared the fair young widow of age and invested her with the sole regency of her little realm. How deeply the young duchess felt her responsibility is shown by the following extracts from a document found among her papers after death:

From childhood my life has been nothing but self-sacrifice. Never was education so little fitted as mine to form one destined

to rule others. Those who directed it themselves needed direction; she to whose guidance I was intrusted was the sport of every passion, subject to innumerable wayward caprices of which I became the unresisting victim. Unloved by my parents, ever kept in the background, I was regarded as the outcast of the family. The sensitive feelings I had received from nature made me keenly alive to this cruel treatment; it often drove me to despair. I became silent, reserved, concentrated, and thus gained a certain firmness, which gradually degenerated into obstinacy. I suffered myself to be reproached, insulted, beaten, without uttering a word, and still, as far as possible, persisted in my own course. At length, in my sixteenth year I was married. In my seventeenth I became a mother. It was the first unmingled joy I had ever known. It seemed to me as though a host of new and varied feelings had sprung into life with my child. My heart became lighter, my ideas clearer; I gained more confidence in myself. In my eighteenth year arrived the greatest epoch in my life. I became a mother for the second time, a widow, and Regent of the Duchy. . . . When the first storm was over, and I could look within and around with more calmness, my feelings were, I confess, those of awakened vanity. To be Regent! so young! to rule! to command! It could not be otherwise. But a secret voice whispered, Beware! I heard it, and my better reason triumphed. Truth and self-love struggled for the mastery, and truth prevailed.

Amalia soon displayed talents for government which, in a wider sphere, might have given her a name in history. With the aid of her faithful ministers she succeeded in restoring something like order to the exhausted finances of the little duchy, and drew around her an extraordinary galaxy of genius.

The first to answer her call was Herder, whom De Quincey called the Coleridge of Germany. He was a philosopher of no school, but, like Emerson, a philosopher of life. He was one of the pioneers of German intellect, whose ill-health at times darkened his noble nature and prevented his living on good terms with those around him. Wieland, Duchess Amalia summoned to educate her son, and by de-



THE GRAND DUKE OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

Charles Alexander is a great-grandson of the remarkable woman who made Weimar the literary centre of Germany.

grees she attracted to her little court Goethe, Seckendorf, Knebel, Böttger, Boele, Musaeus, and Schiller.

That Amalia, the ruler of so small a state as Weimar, could have succeeded in surrounding herself with such intellectual giants, proves her to have been no ordinary woman. That her personal character contributed more to this than her rank or station is shown by the circumstance that she was surrounded by the same persons after she had resigned the government into the hands of Carl August in 1776.

Five years before Carl August took the reins of government in his own hands he was married to the Princess Louise of Hesse-Darmstadt, a woman even more remarkable than her mother-in-law. But a certain laxness of morals that existed at the Court of Weimar did not suit the Duchess Louise, who stood like one of those pure, calm, beautiful, though somewhat stiff and stately figures of Holbein among the loose and lovely groups of Peter Paul. One would have supposed that a woman like Louise, who was remarkably well educated, and was gifted both in mind and person, would have found in Carl August—one of the most charming and noble-minded princes of the age—a congenial life-mate, and in the brilliant Court of Weimar, a happy home. But *Madame Elzette* had had a good deal to say in the education of Louise. The Duchess Amalia and her son had thrown aside those wearisome observances which in other courts of Germany were, and indeed still are, held as necessary appendages to royalty, and which the young Louise had learned to regard with the utmost superstitious reverence.

Carl August had long been in love with a beautiful and gifted actress, Caroline Jagor. With a virtue and self-denial rare in her profession in those days, Caroline repelled her royal admirer, Louise was no stranger to her husband's attachment. It had often rent her heart and embittered her existence. But she was well acquainted with Caroline's gentle and generous character, and, to save her husband from falling into bad hands, she actually wrote to the actress to treat her to listen to the duke's suit. Caroline was elevated to the dignity of Mme. von Hagedorn, and presented with a magnificent estate in Saxony. The duchess treated her happier rival with the delicacy and kindness natural to her own pure and noble soul, both before and after the death of the duke; and Mme. von Hagedorn, notwithstanding her unbounded influence over Carl August, never abused her position.

Duchess Amalia, who was never in sympathy with her daughter-in-law, died in 1807 of a broken heart. The events which overwhelmed her sensitive nature only called into action the noble qualities of her daughter-in-law.

When war broke out between France and Prussia in 1806, Carl August took sides against Napoleon, and joined Frederick William's forces.

The Prussian army was defeated; Jena had been won and lost. Nearer rolled the thunder of the fight; cannon-halls fell in the city of peaceful culture; the dead and wounded filled the streets. A part of Napoleon's army entered Weimar, and the most rapacious pillage began. With the fall of night the terror increased. Fire broke out close to the castle; and the provisions in the palace were seized by the French, and the duchess was left in absolute want. But, though all outward supports and appearances of dignity were wrenched from her, her courage never flinched.

After twenty-four hours, Napoleon entered Weimar. Pale, but calm and dignified, Louise awaited the approach of the emperor. Napoleon turned angrily toward her. "Juliette, vous, madame?" he asked. "La Duchesse de Weimar," she replied, calmly. "Alois, je vous plains," he said, abruptly. "Je crèserai votre mari." And ordering that dinner should be prepared at once, he abruptly left the duchess, without addressing her another word.

Louise is not to be crushed, and the next morning succeeds in having another interview with *le petit caporal*. He invited himself to breakfast with her. On his entrance, he began instantly with an interrogative (his favorite figure): "How could your husband, madam, be so mad as to make war against me?" "Your majesty would have despised him if he had not," was the dignified answer he received. "How so?" he hastily replied. The duchess slowly and deliberately rejoined: "My husband has been in the service of the King of Prussia upwards of thirty years, and surely

it was not at the moment that the king had so mighty an enemy as your majesty to contend against, that the duke could abandon him. A reply so admirable, which asserted so powerfully the honor of the speaker and yet conciliated the vanity of the adversary, was irresistible. Bonaparte became more mild, and, after a few more inquiries, exclaimed with warmth: "Madame, vous êtes la femme la plus respectable que je n'ai jamais connue; vous avez sauvé votre mari." But he could not resist being insulting, so he added: "Je le pardonne, mais c'est à cause de vous seulement; car, pour lui, c'est un mauvais sujet." The duchess seized her opportunity, pleaded for her people, and Napoleon ordered that the plundering should cease.

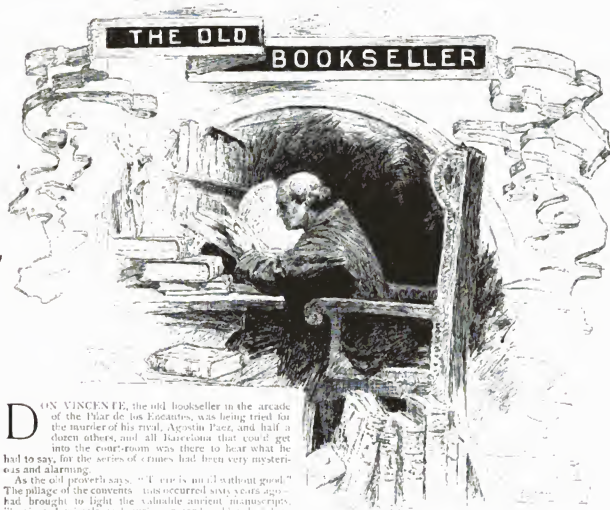
In the later years of their union a sincere if not ardent friendship succeeded the coldness of the early life of Carl August and Louise. He died in 1828, on his return from a visit to Berlin, where he had been to see his granddaughter Marie, the wife of the Prince of Prussia. That Marie was better known as the Empress Augusta, the wife and then the widow of William I., German Emperor. It is a curious fact that the two women who defied Napoleon were both called Louise; that the son of one married the granddaughter of the other, and reached the imperial throne of Germany over the ruins of the shattered empire of Napoleon's nephew, Carl August, at his own request, was laid in the same grave with Schiller, and where Goethe's body was buried later on. Duchess Louise died in 1830.

The present Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar is a grandson of Carl August and Louise. His wife is the only sister of the late King of the Netherlands, and aunt of the present girl-queen.

One of Duchess Louise's great-granddaughters is the Grand Duchess of Baden, the only daughter of the late Emperor William. The grand duchess is a woman with a *souffron* of artistic taste, and both she and her husband loathe the stiffness of their dreary little court at Karlsruhe, and are only too happy when they can escape from it to their castle on the Island of Meinau.

Bonaparte gained a good deal of importance through the marriage of his grand duke to the only daughter of the heir presumptive to the throne of Prussia, and when the German Empire was declared, became, of course, still more important. The Prussian Government had its ambassador there, and some twenty years ago, when Marion Crawford—then unknown to fame as an author—was studying at Karlsruhe, Prussia was represented in Baden's pretty but intensely dull capital by Graf von Fleming and his wife, who was as unconventional and as witty as her mother, Bettina von Arnim, the "twelve-year-old" correspondent of Goethe. Of course, Gräfin Fleming's word was law in Karlsruhe, but the Badischers who had a "von" hanging on to their names were not a little shocked when they found themselves rubbing shoulders in the ambassador's *salon* with mere artists and writers. Even Schellé, the author of "Eckehard," they did not consider one of themselves until the grand duke ennobled him. Curiously enough, outside of the Schloss and the *salons* of the Prussian ambassador and the ministers, these noble Badischers declined to be on intimate terms with the talented herd, but neither the grand duke nor the grand duchess had the talent or tact to make the aristocracy of brains recognized at their court. Here is an example: Adolf Schröder—those who have visited the Berlin Gallery will recall his Don Quixote reading up the deeds of chivalry—and his wife Melvina were celebrated as artists all through Germany, and she was one of the sweetest poetesses of her day. Every one in Karlsruhe knew her and loved her, and there were few noble dames in the capital who had not learnt flower painting—to confess the truth, it was more often dabbling—at her hands. One day Clara Schumann was to play at the Schloss, and the grand duchess, who had been a pupil of Frau Schröder's, knowing that the pianist and the flower painter had been intimate friends since girlhood's days, invited Frau Schröder to the concert. When Melvina entered the concert room people drew themselves up and looked at her as if she were dirt beneath their feet; women who were proud to know her in her home-life would not recognize her now that she had dared to invade the sacred precincts of the court. One and all they cut her dead. One of the greatest crimes charged against the Empress Frederick is that she received artists at her palace in Berlin.





**D**ON VINCENTE, the old bookseller in the arcade of the Pilar de los Escantes, was being tried for the murder of his rival, Agostin Paez, and half a dozen others, and all Barcelona that could get into the court-room was there to hear what he had to say, for the series of crimes had been very mysterious and alarming.

As the old proverb says, "There is no ill without good." The pillage of the convents was occurred sixty years ago—had brought to light the valuable ancient manuscripts, illuminated missals, and curious records which had long lain hid in dusty coverings on the shelves of the wealthy brethren. The influx of these treasures of literature into the market revived the taste and spirit of speculation among the bibliophiles; and, as it increased the number of purchasers, it brought more rival dealers into the general competition. Among those who established themselves in the arcade, where all the second-hand dealers of Barcelona are found, was Don Vincente. His stern features, dictatorial air, and ungainly manner proclaimed a life passed in seclusion and little accustomed to the easy habits of society. He was, in fact, a monk who had been driven from the Convent of Poblet. He had found his chief delight in the library which one of the last kings of Aragon had presented to his convent. He had been accustomed day after day in his retreat to gaze with inexpressible delight on the numerous manuscripts, ranged in symmetrical order on polished ebony shelves, and upon the fall of his monastery he naturally became a dealer in old books. He never read for the sake of study, but his life was spent in turning over leaves, examining title-pages, collating dates, and scrutinizing editions, till at last he had arrived at a wonderful degree of knowledge and experience in the art of estimating the works of ancient writers. This knowledge served him in good stead in his new vocation. He was so successful in attracting custom that his fellow-dealers grumbled. At the same time, it was noticed that he carefully abstained from selling the really valuable books in his shop. Anxious as he was to sell books of little intrinsic value, in the same degree was he difficult and scrupulous in parting with anything like a scarce or precious edition. In such cases, if a customer was pressing in his demand, he would make a thou-

sand difficulties and evasions; would ask a most exorbitant price, and, if taken at his word, would show a wish to retract, and only at last receive the money with evident pain and vexation. He seemed to do himself a secret violence when he delivered the book out of his hand.

But he was, as has been said, so successful that his fellow-dealers grumbled, and finally resorted to what we would call a boycott nowadays. After much caballing, they came to a resolution to subscribe a general fund, and with it to outbid Vincente at all the public sales of books. By this means they prevented him from making any valuable acquisitions to supply the place of works sold in the common course of his business. He was thus forced to daily decrease his stock without being able to renew it. This conspiracy was too well organized and executed by the principals not to affect the interests of Vincente in a very serious manner. It did more; it violently exasperated his temper, inasmuch as it thwarted his passion as well as ruined his trade. He daily saw the works which he most eagerly coveted snatched from his grasp by the combination. He felt himself in the same position as the luckless Sancho Panza, in his government of Baratana, when the redoubtable band of Dr. Don Pedro Rescio de Aguera del Lugar de Tirre-afuera made all the dishes, one after the other, vanish from his splendid table. At last it happened that the library of an old lawyer, who had been a great collector of curious books, was put up at public sale. There was a numerous attendance of all the trade, and great expectations were formed. The object which most attracted the attention of Don Vincente was a very scarce edition of





HE HAD FOUND HIS CHIEF DELIGHT AMONG THE ANCIENT VOLUMES IN THE LIBRARY OF THE CONVENT.

an old work, published in 1482 by Lambert Palmart, who introduced the art of printing into Spain. The literary world supposed no other copy of this edition was extant.

The emulation among the bidders was very strong and animated. Don Vincente seemed determined this time to defy all opposition, and when, in an agitated voice, he named the considerable sum of four thousand five hundred and fifty-five reals, there was a dead pause in the room. He looked anxiously at the auctioneer, and saw the uplifted hammer ready to seal the contract; one minute more, and the treasure would be his own. "Will no one advance on the last bidding?" said the auctioneer. Another moment, and the well-known voice of Agostin Paez was heard pronouncing deliberately the sum of five thousand reals. Vincente gave a deep groan as the lot was knocked down to his enemy. Muttering threats and curses to himself, he rushed out of the salesroom.

After this disappointment he shut himself up in his house and became invisible to his neighbors for two or three days. Then he reappeared and attended to his business, apparently restored to his usual composure. He was even more than usually cheerful in his address to the passing strangers

whose custom he wished to solicit, and he made no allusion to the transaction in the auction room, no repetition of his menaces, and seemed to have quite forgotten his late eagerness to possess the edition of Lambert Palmart.

It was rather more than a week later that fire broke out at midnight in the shop of Paez. The drums beat an alarm, the guards from the harbor and from the custom-house gath'ered and united with the firemen in attempts to extinguish the flames, and when at last the fire was subdued, Paez was found dead in his bedroom, his body half consumed. The idea of a crime did not suggest itself to the mind of any one, as a considerable sum of money which Paez had received on the preceding evening was found untouched on a marble table near his bedside.

About this time fishermen employed in the harbor found their nets entangled with some heavy substance, which they had great difficulty in drawing to the land. Their surprise was great when it proved to be a human body stabbed in various places with some pointed instrument, probably a dagger. The officers of justice interfered, and it soon came to light that the corpse was that of a young German student residing in the town, who was well known for his love of the arts and for his literary acquirements.

No one had imagined a connection between the two events, when a third occurred of the same nature. Some peasants loitering one morning early near the Atarazanas, stumbled upon the body of a murdered man in a ditch. It proved to be that of the curate of a neighboring village. He was a man universally respected for his piety, and it seemed incredible that such a peaceful, inoffensive character could have incurred the wrath of a secret, unrelenting enemy.

The mischief did not stop here. Week after week some new victim was discovered, and the number of crimes did not appear less astonishing than the mystery in which they were shrouded and the impunity which the assassins enjoyed. There was one extraordinary feature in these deeds. In no instance had the victim been robbed. The clothes, however valuable, were untouched; the money, watches, and ornaments, however costly, were always left behind. The extraordinary circumstances provoked extraordinary theories. Hints were thrown out of secret tribunals, whose affiliated members, bound by tremendous vows of unqualified obedience, executed the sentence of their superiors, even on their dearest friends. All the mysteries of German freemasonry were recited over again. Others ventured to assert that clandestine attempts had been made to reestablish the Holy Office, that the familiars of the Inquisition had been reassembled, and that these nocturnal murders were the first-fruits of their work.

Improbable as it was, this idea of the Inquisition was taken up with much more credulity than good sense. Reports were spread through the town that the emissaries of the Holy Office were at work; and the priests, more than others those who had formerly belonged to the monkish orders, were watched with jealous and suspicious eyes. Among those who stood in this predicament was Don Vincente. His former profession of monk in the Convent of Poblet was generally known; and the ascetic habits which he still retained, amid his dusty records and black-letter editions, pointed him out as a man ready to concur in any plot for bringing back his old superiors to their former position. If, then, the suspicious as to the Inquisition were correct, it was beyond doubt that Vincente must be in communication with the familiars, and in possession of documents which might be exceedingly useful in detecting the

conspiracy. Accordingly, a *corregidor* went to search his house. Vincente received him with the utmost tranquility and composure, and handed over the keys, not only of the wareroom but of the dwelling-house. Accompanied by his archers, the *corregidor* strictly examined every corner,

passed over without comment. Vincente seemed anxious to give them every facility, and occasionally stepped forward to translate the Latin title of some ancient manuscript, or explain the cabalistic meaning of suspicious works.

The premises of Vincente were not spacious ; the ground



ABOUT THIS TIME FISHERMEN EMPLOYED IN THE HARBOR FOUND THEIR NETS ENTANGLED WITH A HEAVY OBJECT, WHICH PROVED TO BE A HUMAN BODY.

and scrutinized the library below as well as the apartment above. His investigations proved entirely fruitless ; not a trace was found of any connection with the partisans of the Inquisition. There were many curious books of mysterious import, which were unintelligible to the comprehension of the *corregidor* and his satellites ; but, as their titles furnished no clew to the object of their search, they were

floor, which was entered by a door from the arcade, was lined with shelves, and filled with books. A small staircase led thence to an *entresol* above, which comprised the chamber of the owner and a small closet. The *corregidor* was on the point of taking his departure, when the idea struck him that this closet had not been opened. It seemed to contain nothing calculated to awaken suspicion. There

were no caskets to harbor secret papers, no bureau or writing-desk which might hold a treasonable correspondence. A washing-stand and pitcher were its sole furniture, save a hanging shelf, on which were carelessly placed a few old musty books—according to all appearance, the refuse of the owner's collection. The *corregidor* cast an unconcerned glance at these relics, when it happened that his eye lighted upon the title of an old volume, which at once recalled the object of his visit. It was a small octavo edition of "Directorium Inquisitorium," by the Dominican Lymeric de Gironne.

He thought he had obtained a great prize, a sure piece of evidence upon which to found an accusation. He eagerly commanded his clerk to take possession of this important document. The clerk seized it so roughly that he pulled down with it the book which was placed next on the shelf. To the astonishment of the *corregidor* and his men, this book proved to be the identical work published by Palmart in 1482, which had created so much noise in the town by the singular competition excited at the sale and the unusually high price at which it had been purchased.

Their first impulse was to question Vincente as to the manner in which he had become possessed of this valuable book. Vincente resolutely pretended that the work had been resold to him after the auction. This was deemed not only improbable, but impossible. The determined hostility with which the booksellers generally were leagued against him put it out of the question that they should afterward have ceded to him the book.

The *corregidor* was divided between two opinions; but, seeing ample scope for accusation against Don Vincente from both sources, thought it most advisable to arrest him on the first count as an adherent of the Inquisition, satisfied that if any room for indictment could be deduced from the book it would be very easy afterward to follow up the matter. Notwithstanding all his protestations of innocence, therefore, to prevent the following day an *alcaldia mayor* proceeded to Vincente's warehouse, and drew up a formal inventory of all his books. This catalogue furnished at once a clew to the mysterious crimes. The first proof against him was the discovery of a work on the antiquities of Spain and Africa, which was shown to have been purchased by one of the victims the day of his death. After this Don Vincente made further effort to deny his guilt, and Barcelona flocked, therefore, to the court-room in the hope that he would reveal his motive.

Don Vincente addressed the court without emotion, having first made the sign of the cross on his lips and on his breast in token of his veracity.

"I have promised to speak the truth," he said, "and I stand here determined to make a full confession. I only stand to premise that, if I am guilty, I have been solely influenced by motives which are in themselves creditable and praiseworthy. The convulsions which agitate Spain at this moment, the devastation of the convents, and the dispersion of the valuable libraries contained within their walls have given a death-blow to the cultivation of literature. It has been my sole object to promote the neglected interests of science, and preserve for posterity those inestimable treasures which the vandalism of the present age is daily seeking to destroy—treasures which, once lost, can never be replaced. If I have acted ill, let me then pay the penalty of the law.

"It was solely against my inclination that I consented to sell that valuable work to the impudent curate; I was hard pressed for money, and my poverty prevailed; but I call the holy St. John to witness all the efforts which I afterward made to disgust the reverend father with his purchase. I told him that the type was faulty—that a page was missing; but he paid no attention to my remarks—he counted down the price that was asked and left my shop. No sooner had he got to the end of the arcade than I found myself beset with an irresistible desire to recover the book which he had carried away. The purchaser had proceeded down the Calle Mayor. I ran after him with all speed, and overtook him near to the Atarazanas. There again I renewed my entreaties to cancel our bargain.

"Here," said I, "here is your money; restore to me the book; I have a particular wish not to part with it." All was in vain; he obstinately persisted in his refusal. I followed him still, as he walked, urging him by every argu-

ment in my power to grant my request, without producing the slightest effect. We had arrived at an unfrequented spot, and were quite alone. I saw that no hope was left of bringing him to reason; he even seemed to exult in his obstinacy. This made me angry; I drew out my knife and stabbed him in the throat; he fell to the ground. I took out my breviary, and gave him the absolution in *extremis*; after that another stab, and he was dead.

"I managed to throw the body into a ditch, and covered it with dead leaves. I brought away my book; here it is," and the prisoner pointed it out among those which were ranged on a table in the court as evidence for the prosecution. "It is an exceedingly curious work," he continued; "*Vigilæ mortuorum secundum chorum ecclesiæ Magulæ, in quarto gothic, in red and black character, without either, but with the catchword.* As for the others, nothing could be more simple than the means which I employed."

"Did your conscience never smite you at the idea of lifting your hand against your fellow-creatures?" demanded the judge.

"Man is mortal," was the reply; "a little sooner, or a little later, God calls them to Himself, and life is gone. But books must be preserved above everything; their value is inappreciable. On that account I have always carefully replaced the pages which I had cut out for my own purposes, that no responsibility of that nature might rest with me. The first book I obtained was from Paer. I entered by the window over his shop door. I watched my opportunity when he had left it open on account of the sultry heat which prevailed at that time. I made my way to his bedside, where I found him fast asleep. I slipped a rope, which I had previously soaped, round his neck, then twisted it with a stick, and he soon had ceased to exist. My next object was to secure the precious work of which he had so unhandsofly deprived me at the auction. After all, he was a good sort of man; Paer, and though he had used me scurvily, I bore him no malice or hatred. As soon as he was dead, I took off the rope, and set fire to his bed."

"Did you leave all the money on Paer's table untouched?"

"Money! I take money! Do you think I am a robber?" After these explicit confessions, the task of the counsel for the defence was no easy one. He argued that his client must from his own statement be insane. His story could not be believed. The books which had been found in his possession, and which were thought to be proofs of guilt, might have been easily obtained through other channels than those detailed in the indictment.

In reply to this, the opposing counsel said that it was matter of notoriety that only one copy of the book published in 1482 by Lambert Palmart was left in existence.

"So little are you justified in that assertion," retorted Vincente's counsel, "that I can prove the contrary. Here is the catalogue of a bookseller in Paris, which contains another copy of that edition; and, if there already exist a second, we may argue on the probability of finding a third."

This defence had little weight with the judges. They took short time to consider the case, and unanimously condemned Vincente to the gallows.

During the pleadings of his counsel, Vincente preserved the greatest composure until the allusion was made to the copy in Paris. Then he was seen suddenly to exhibit signs of inward pain and vexation; he lost all command over himself, and burst into tears.

The *alcaldia gobernador*, pleased with this late symptom of repentance, said to him, in a soothing tone: "At length, then, Vincente, you begin to understand the full enormity of your crime."

"Alas! Señor Alcalde, my error has indeed been unpardonable."

"It is still within your power to implore the clemency of our gracious Queen Regent."

"Ah! if you could but know how miserable I feel."

"If the justice of men is inflexible, there is another justice which is tempered with mercy, to which the truly repentant sinner may always look for pardon."

"Ah! Señor Alcalde, then, after all, mine is not the only copy."

And he turned ready to follow the officers who were to take him back to prison.



EDITED BY MARY L. HISLAND.

**A POET'S FANCY.**—Here is another small recollection of Walt Whitman to add to the long list of posthumous paraphrased remembrances that from time to time, in newspapers and magazine articles, are given by those of the poet's friends who can satisfy the public's curiosity in all details concerning the dead great man. Walt Whitman was too famous and too cordially admired by many to escape a tremendous amount of epistolary notice from friends and strangers; nor even in the quiet town of Camden could he avoid the small army of visitors made up of men and women who find a powerful attraction in the mere sight of a celebrated individual. To his correspondents and the strangers within his gates Walt Whitman found time to offer replies or quiet civilities. He was seldom morose or inaccessible, and to his admirers of the gentler sex he never failed in kindly deference. Women, he believed, rarely understood him wholly, and though he possessed but few women friends, the appreciation of those few he valued highly.

To ask for one's photograph was with him an expression of sincere liking—an expression of amicable sentiment no man or woman could fail to appreciate, for those photographs of friends that he requested and procured he kept always near him, and his photographs were set conspicuously about the rooms of his little house in Camden, and, framed or unframed, they were equally prized and remembered by their owner, who, in curious consistency with his poetic philosophy, insisted that every man and woman possessed a floral prototype.

His pretty custom was to select and lay before each friend's picture that flower or leaf that seemed to him most nearly symbolical of the original's personality. On the upper ledge of his desk a group of pictured feminine faces often watched him at his work, and before each he placed some flower or bit of greenery. A rose, perhaps, was for the woman whose nature bore some semblance, in his mind, to that regal blossom; before another, an oak-leaf suggested the strength of a male friend's character. So long as the flowers and leaf leaves lasted he honored these tiny shrines, thus offering to the uncalendared saints a tribute too delicate and sincere to be regarded as flattery or affectation.

**THE QUESTION OF SUFFRAGE.**—There is scarcely a woman newspaper reader, no matter whether an advocate or not of political suffrage for her sex, who could restrain all emotion or interest in the turn the "ladies' matter" has taken in England and in New York's State Legislature. Mr. Gladstone has, in politely emphatic sentences, pronounced against the concession of any political rights to women. He did not say very much on the subject, but his remarks, as criticised by advocates of this extension of the franchise, seem very silly and unsatisfactory. The sum and substance of them was that womankind is in danger of unseizing herself by the simple ceremony of fulfilling the privileges of citizenship at the polls, and that there remains a sufficiency of occupations in the world for our ladies without permitting them the rights of the ballot. Mr. Gladstone's comments excited rather more discussion throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom than he intended. Every one should, for the suffrage in England is a question more seriously regarded among men as well as women than on this side of the Atlantic.

In England all climatic and social conditions are as favorable to the physical and mental development of women as of men. Statistics of this quarter of the century prove that

femininity is on the increase in the little island; that there are by no means a sufficiency of men to supply each and every woman with a husband and home in which the womanly talents, energies, and predisposition can come to normal development.

Employment in many of the arts and occupations was supposed for a time to afford a sufficiently broad outlet for all the latent human vigor in the detached spinsters, and with this concession Englishwomen seemed for a time tolerably well satisfied. The Anglo-Saxon man prides himself upon that characteristic inquisitive restlessness, that ambitious intolerance, that has made his the foremost among the modern nations. Now the Anglo-Saxon wife, mother, sister, and daughter, and more particularly the unmarried woman, unfortunately perhaps for her own happiness, has in a measure inherited the national sentiments and instincts; and, since the avenues of employment have been opened to her, the British spinster has cast a jealous eye on the political prerogatives of her brothers. The British woman is a conservative person—a little slow in arriving at conclusions; but once she is thoroughly convinced she is as tenacious and fearless as the British man.

She has become persuaded that she is entitled to a vote, and insists that vote the great meat and bone of the workwomen are making their way. She has a word to say in the controversies between labor and capital; she likes to attend mass meetings, and cry, "Down with the plutocrats!" She enjoys that dangerous recreation of hearkening to rehearsals of her rights by socialistic orators; and, on the whole, the leaders of the Order of United Washwomen or Consolidated Char-ladies are rather more inclined to extend a friendly hand to the Conservative than to the Liberal wing in Parliament. Lord Salisbury seems to have advanced views on the question of suffrage. Englishwomen of the upper classes, who take an interest in the government, are apt to be of sound conservative prejudices, and there was at one time a report circulated to the effect that the Conservatives would not scorn to ally theirs with a woman's vote, and so secure a superb majority over their opponents.

The leading women who demand the suffrage, and who pushed the famous bill before Mr. Gladstone for notice and encouragement, were not a little discouraged and angered at his reply. They are valiant workers, these generals of their sex; they own a more important place in public estimation than foreigners can credit, and they had reason to look for broader views in the leader of the great Home Rule religion. The English woman suffragist is for the moment cast down; her American sister is jubilant, for the latter has cause for rejoicing in the recent victory of the passage of a woman suffrage bill by the Legislature of New York State, and Miss Susan B. Anthony now finds a light in the darkness that lately clouded woman's cause in America.

**SPAIN'S QUEEN REGENT.**—Women have a right to feel proud of their sister, the Queen Regent of Spain. Never, in all the difficult situations of her life, did she show more womanly heroism than upon the last memorable May Day. While a large proportion of the good people of Madrid were trembling in anticipation of anarchist outrages, the queen regent drove through the city park in an open carriage without escort, and her action did much to give courage to those who almost feared to leave the shelter of their own homes.



It is at this particular season that women turn with active interest to the composition of out-door country costumes. The days will soon be at hand when yachting, tennis, walking, and lawn-party gowns will brighten the landscape by their fresh coloring and graceful design; consequently, it behooves those who plan an early flight to prepare for such outings. For these rural toilets dark blue and light blue show up as the favorite combination. The fashion of blending several contrasting shades also comes in opportunely for both frocks and hats, such as pale blue, moss green, and old pink together, or dark blue, orange, and peach cleverly harmonized. Thus the lining of a green coat or cloak will peep out in light blue, or a whole costume of dark blue serge, perfectly well made, will have for its sole adorning a button-holing of pale pink, corresponding with the dash of color in the black hat.

Modistes aver that smart women will insist upon carrying their trained bell-skirts even into the country, and propose to pace the swards, the yellow sands, and white decks alike, the trails lifted well above danger in order to show the charming silk petticoat that has become so prominent a feature of every feminine wardrobe. More attention than ever before will be paid to neat foot-gear and the frou-frou shot-silk underskirt, as the result of a prolonging of the train plague. The hosiery now in such cases is uniformly of fine spun silk, black, and either etched with very delicate clocking or else of a more solid and settled colors. The shoes are of dull tints of red, yellow, dark gray, or golden brown, made always with the bluchers, that give them a stout and semi-masculine appearance. The lacing is done with silk strings, to match the shoes, and tied in a neat bow.

Of course, coats come prominently to the fore even in midsummer, where sudden mountain, sea, or lake breezes are apt to bring chill and night-drawls together. These jackets are all either cut in the whole back, or with single or double Watteau plaits. They are mostly of black, but some few are in light fawn and gray, trimmed with black. Now and then a country wrap is seen long and in two capes, one deep and the other just covering the shoulders, longer in front, and both losing themselves in the back in the plait falling from the neck downward.

For ordinary wear, long jackets would seem likely to remain in vogue, and hoods are again mentioned as a new feature of summer mantles.

The Russian blouse is the latest and most acceptable novelty. It has three plaits back and front, with elbow sleeves, from which latter falls a straight gauntlet cuff to the wrist. It is suitable for all kinds of wash goods, from the simplest ginghams edged with white cotton beading to the richest chameleon silks trimmed with costly lace. This garment promises to become as permanent a part of the wardrobe as the tea-gown, that has held high favor for years. For these last-mentioned robes, cashmere is probably the most serviceable material one can use. One of these, trimmed with diagonal bands of sequins, is dressy and pretty, the touch of tinsel showing well with every and any color. Crêpon is a useful fabric for the same purpose, and is now mostly decorated with silk ribbon ruches. Gray and yellow is a favorite mixture; as, for example, a pearl-colored crêpon combined with gold braid.

As soon as boxes are completely put aside, duck scarves are to take their place. The embroidered lisse neckerchiefs are probably the prettiest.

Children's blouses show a new treatment; instead of being smocked, as formerly, the yokes are worked with stars in Russian stitch, having French knots between. The cross-cut seam at the back of skirts has been introduced into children's skirts with excellent effect, and they show well beneath the little jackets, which often fasten on one side, and are trimmed in *chevron*, with ruches of ribbon at the throat. Silk skirts with Swiss belts are also useful frocks for little people.

In millinery there is ample choice of made-up and un-

made models. The leading features would seem to be the double crown; the small ostrich-tips which border the edge of hats; ruches and aigrettes of oats, in all colors, for the brims of bonnets; and the use of white lace on black and colored straws. Leghorn hats are moulded into many shapes, and are often trimmed with dark green velvet and magnonette; while Tuscan appears mostly on bonnets, an excellent example having a sequin crown, mousse-green ribbon, and pink roses. The boulevard, or chimney-pot crown, appears mostly with a profusion of ostrich feathers, and a new form slants toward the back. Open-work and fancy straws are used alike for hats and bonnets.

A charming fashion noted is showering some one variety of small flowers on a broad low-crowned hat; as, for example, a very fine open-work black straw is thickly powdered with blue forget-me-nots carelessly strewn over crown and brim alike, and having several slender upstanding loops of moss-green velvet at the back, with strings to match.

Ostrich feathers and flowery vie for supremacy; but the contest seems pretty equally divided, the rivals often declaring a truce in adorning the same bonnet.

The number of pretty hats and bonnets one sees now on a bright day are difficult to enumerate. Trimmings massed and rising from the centre of the hat are counted as distinctly old-fashioned. They are being placed flat and broad; although the very best models indicate the popularity of the Alsatian effect in the back. A very *à la* hat is enormously wide, of lacy black straw, having no trimming whatever save tufts of curly ostrich plumes set broadly on both sides, with, rising from the centre, an aigrette of giant antennae, a novelty in spring head-gear. In fact, nearly all the new hats and bonnets have either an aigrette of gaura feathers or the spatula-shaped ornaments that come very nearly resemble the horns of insects.

A becoming dark blue straw, turned up at the back, has its small crown encircled by a torsade of cerise velvet, with a large smart bow on the front tying a gerbe of natural green oats, the graceful grain falling lightly around the brim.

There are no end of beige and brown hats, and green velvet of various shades combines most successfully with the wood colors.

The new violet and heliotrope straws are becoming more and more fashionable, and, trimmed with lilacs, heart-a-ase, and violets, not to mention black ostrich-tips, lace, jet, or velvet, are most becoming, alike to blonde and brunette. The newest shapes have queer little crowns, that look exactly like dolls' bonnets.

Louis XVI. Revolution, and Directoire styles are still to the fore, and summer gowns will all savor more or less of those periods. For such toilets, large black hats, trimmed with equally large satin bows at the side, and much beplumed—high and waving—will be worn. They will appear with coats, cut long behind and short to the waist in front, turned back with broad lapels, and fastened across the front by two rows of big ornamental buttons, often set round with rhinestones. The front of the corsage is cut out square and filled in by a soft muslin *schu*, with a frill that forms a kind of pouter-pigeon breast for fair ladies who don them.

Sleeves are rapidly quitting their extreme elevation on the shoulders, and are full and very broad, but set on nearly even, or only slightly raised. The ends of trains are to be cut square, and large sleeves differing from the rest of the dress are one of the efforts to copy the style of Venetian dames of long ago. Sometimes the same brocade used for the sleeves appears again about the hem of the skirt.

Daffodils, and every other yellow relation of theirs, with genista, seem likely to figure in table decoration. At one house, the whole centre of the table was laid with very light blue crinkled paper, such as lamp-shades are made of, with silver howls placed on it filled with violets, and jonquills towering above; a fringe of the long green daffodil leaves edged the paper, and every now and then a bunch of violets was laid down. The effect was extremely good, and the perfume delightful. At one luncheon, the flowers were Marshal Niel roses put into cut-glass bowls on a centre slip of green velvet; at another, daffodils put into old blue china receptacles, small ornaments of the same being scattered over the table. At some of the parties, the new



NO. 113. SUMMER COACHING CAPE.

colored alamaissé cloths were to be seen, notably in pale blue or blush-pink; and the waiting-maids wore very long muslin aprons, with a deep frill reaching almost to the edge of their gowns.

THE two drawings representing No. 112 of our series of fashion illustrations show the front and back view of a recently imported gown.

It is intended for both house and dinner dress, as quite a transformation can be made by the wearer donning an additional piece of drapery, and small bodice attached, lightly constructed of ribbon and lace.

The first dress consists of a plain, princess gown of brocade, in magenta, pink, and silver. It is made with the swathed bodice and gigot sleeves, but it is without ornament or trimming of any kind. However, the garment is so graceful and so admirably cut that one almost regrets the additional outer dress, which is really the feature of this creation. It is put on as if it were a mantle, and is made entirely of ribbon and lace. The ribbon, which is black satin, sash width, is in three long pieces, reaching from the shoulders to the end of the train. They are joined together by a deep flounce of black lace, accordion plaited, which spreads over the silk underdress. The sleeves are also of accordion-plaited lace, and fall just below

the elbow. Small bows of satin on the shoulders connect this to a yoke with an Antoinette collar of old Italian point. The combination is odd, but it is impossible to find it other than good taste.

NO. 113 is a summer coaching cape. This illustration shows a coaching cape which has been especially designed for the lady readers of these fashion pages. Its utility will be seen at once by those who drive, for the vest affords the protection to the chest that a coat gives; and the cape attached, as shown in the sketch, will lightly cover the arms, and leave them much freer than would be the case with the ordinary circular. Should the weather become stormy the cape can be made to meet and button at the throat, by simply unfastening the revers, that are in the sketch placed as they would be worn while enjoying a pleasant drive, and, drawing them together, they can be buttoned at the throat, and so afford protection from wind and rain. A back view of this cape is shown, so that it may be perfectly understood.

It should be made in light tan or gray Venetian cloth, or summer broadcloth, and lined with changeable silk of any pretty light shade. Check and striped silks for linings are not so fashionable, and buttons of buffalo horn are less showy and more useful now than the large pearl.

FOR description of dinner dress, thanks are due to White, Howard & Co., New York.



Back view.



Front view.

NO. 112. AN IMPORTED HOUSE AND DINNER DRESS.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

1. Hereafter all correspondence should be addressed to "Editor, Correspondence Department, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

2. Questions sent by our readers will be answered in the order in which they are received. Owing to the large number of letters which reach us asking advice, and to the fact that answers to many of the questions involve considerable research, replies can rarely be given in the same week the letter is received. Our readers should not enclose stamped envelopes, with requests for private correspondence, as questions can be answered only in these columns.

3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

VERNET.—I wish I might dare to give you encouragement, but to do so, to tell you that any editor would probably buy verses of the type you send me, would be to deceive you cruelly and deliberately. I will tell you why I say what I do. I have read the two bits of verse carefully. They are only too evidently the work of a novice who is absolutely ignorant of the laws of verse-making, even of literary construction. And who has expended no more mental effort upon the compilation of the rhymes than upon the formation of simple sentences used in ordinary conversation. Your lines rhyme, but quite irregularly; your grammar, spelling, and punctuation are without fault; thus all virtues in the productions are given. You have not apparently even a minor instinct, or ear, nor a natural taste for poetry—at least, the two examples at hand give no sign of such a talent. Let me assure you that, should you send an editor verses on the pattern of these, he would scarcely trouble himself to read them. They would be tossed in the waste-paper basket or returned to you with an editor's printed slip. Perhaps what I say sounds harsh and rude, unjust or prejudiced. I beg to assure you that no unkind motive prompts my severe criticism. You asked me a serious question and requested my opinion; therefore, if my answer seems abrupt and my criticism sharp, 'tis because I could not truthfully modify either. I could far more easily and briefly have soothed you with an evasive reply; and, had you said the verses were written only for amusement and recreation, I would not have taken either the time or trouble to answer at such length. You are so evidently in earnest that you deserve something more than friendly advice. Let me explain that you, in the first place, did yourself great injustice in sending me your initial attempt at poetry. Again, you should have regarded your task more seriously, should have carefully worked over the verses, corrected the errors, altered and changed until each verse in rhyme and metre chimed in harmony. Would you dare to paint a picture, play upon an instrument, dance an intricate measure, or sing an aria without study, preparation, and some knowledge of the art? I am sure you would not, and yet, totally ignorant of every law and rule of versification and apparently without even a natural taste or talent, you attempt to deal with that most delicate art and intricate science—poetry. What I say above I repeat again, that, judging from the examples submitted, you have not even a pretty gift for poetry, and my advice would therefore be, leave poetry alone and devote your attention, your energies, and talents to some more congenial vocation. However, who can tell? I may be wrong; you may be an embryo Longfellow, or perhaps, you are very young, hasty, and inexperienced, these first attempts may presage the undeveloped genius. This much I do insist upon, that you need to study, to think, and to labor faithfully and intelligently if you intend ever to earn a penny at verse-making.

MARTHA.—I wonder very much whether you wish to share the pleasure of the graduating entertainment with young men friends, or if you intend to offer your hospitality only to your girl schoolmates. If there are to be male guests, and an evening function seems to your mind, why not give a graduate's German? The dance can be conducted in the usual fashion, except that all the favors, and perhaps the costumes, should be in some of the symbolical of the school life that you have resigned. For instance, a young girl graduate in New York gave a college German on the following plan: She, and her classmates who received with her, wore charming university gowns and caps, made after this pat-

tern: Over under-petticoats and bodies of white silk, made absolutely plain, fell white silk muslin overdresses, exactly patterned after the college gowns. The gowns had yokes of white lace, while the long full skirts were of muslin, embroidered about the bottom hem with a delicate Greek fret design in white silk. The full bishop sleeves were of the muslin, so soft and thin that the arms showed through prettily. The under silk bodices were also cut out in the necks, that were not entirely concealed by the yokes of lace. With these pretty picturesque costumes the girls wore on their heads mortar-board caps of white silk, finished with huge white silk tassels. Each graduate pinned her medals on her breast, and with white fans, gloves, and white suede Oxford ties, six young ladies were as charmingly gowned as one would care to see. All their favors they prepared or bought for this special occasion. In place of the usual programme, the girls and men were given tiny slates and pencils, for one-half the evening was devoted to promiscuous dancing. The German favors were minute dance caps, school bells, gilt and silver paper medals, globes of the world, scroll maps, pens, pencils, blotting pads, and a series of tiny blankbooks lettered in gilt on their backs with the names, "History," "Geography," "Grammar," "Arithmetic," "Pasteboard letters and numerals, either gilded or silvered, also were distributed. At the supper table a great cake occupied the place of honor, and on the delicateiced surface of the noble sweetmeat was a crowd with little china dolls dressed in caps and gowns, holding small American flags. With great ceremony the cake was cut by one of the graduates, who gave with each slice one of the small likenesses of her class. Now, in case you don't want to undertake anything so ambitious as a German, give to your friends a pretty luncheon, to which adapt some of the ideas I have here given. Prepare charming luncheon favors, something on the style of those I describe for the German. Have a great cake prepared for the last course, and in it order the confectioner to place a china pussy-cat, a ring, and a little pen sharp-pin. When the cake is cut, the girl who has a ring in her slice will marry in the future, the cat means spinsterhood, and the pen falls to the girl destined for a professorship.

FRANCES B. C.—For twenty-five persons you will require at least six bottles of good California claret and six of Apollinaris, a lump of ice, half a dozen lemons, a cucumber or two, and perhaps strawberries, and horseradish, if you can procure it. Squeeze four or five lemons, slicing the remaining ones very thin; add the cucumber, sliced very delicately. Let these ingredients stand a while, then pour in the claret and Apollinaris, slipping in after that a large square of ice, then the strawberries. Many persons prefer as a foundation for the mixture a little sparkling cucumber, a bunch of grapes cut half-opens, half of a tart apple minced, and the juice of an orange. These, with a little water and half a bottle of claret, are left to stand two hours; then the compound is strained, the liquid remaining is put in the punch-bowl, claret and Apollinaris are poured on, and with the ice a couple of boxes of carefully picked strawberries and one thinly sliced lemon are stirred in. The result is an excellent beverage, retaining delicious flavors of the fruits employed in its composition. If your company of guests will number more than twenty-five, why add as many more bottles of claret and Apollinaris as will supply the need.

ALICE MARR.—I am afraid you have by this time resigned all hope of ever gaining a reply to your courteous question, and for my hitherto unexplained silence permit me to offer you an apology. Your letter is thus tardily answered for the reason that I went to some trouble to secure an answer to the question in your letter. So far, I have been unable to procure any information concerning the subject of that last query. It seems strange, for the name sounds familiar to me. I suggest that you write to the present pastor of the church, asking for the information you desire. Again, write to the editor of some one of the religious papers, for the special stories or poems have appeared, and from both the clergyman and editor I feel sure you will receive full and satisfactory replies.—Let me hope that my replies to your other queries will yet be of some service to you, though I greatly fear that by this time you have grown disgusted at my silence, and would prompt me elsewhere. If not, then let me assure you that by far the simplest way to make known your return after a long absence is to issue at home cards.—(1) On your own and your mother's visiting cards, that, of course, bear your address, write as follows: "Wednesday, after four o'clock," or, "Wednesday after-noon." I use the day Wednesday merely as example form. Send out these cards to all those friends and acquaintances with whom you wish to resume social intercourse. From this simple reminder they will easily understand that you are returned and ready to receive calls. (2) When you wish to regret or accept a formal card, of ink, paper, and the post, or a messenger, are the proper mediums through which to reply. When Miss Jones writes in the third person, requesting the pleasure of your company at dinner or luncheon, you reply using the formula



accepting or regretting Mrs. Jones's polite invitation, is the third person. This is the case when Mrs. Jones employs the official medium. Should Mrs. Jones write a friendly note in the first person, you should reply in a tone of cordial friendliness; and if Mrs. Jones is a rather intimate friend you might give her a verbal reply, though a written answer is the more complimentary. When Mrs. Jones herself asks if you will come, or sends you a verbal message to that effect, a reply given in person is entirely correct.

**JUANITA CARL.**—Now that you have availed yourself of the opportunities the department offers, I hope you will feel at liberty to write me whenever you are in need of friendly counsel. (1) I scarcely think two persons agree in the details of this widely discussed question of etiquette. I find that persons of authority in such matters hold that to rise when receiving an introduction is an awkward and useless acceptance of the ceremony, while a goodly majority of well-mannered folk insist that young women and young men should rise on introduction to one of venerable appearance, and that a man is guilty of a grievous discourtesy should he not rise on introduction to a woman. The best rules to lay out for one's self in regard to this matter are, first, that a man must rise always on introduction to a woman, no matter if she be sixteen, and he full sixty; also, a young man must rise on introduction to an elderly gentleman and to his host. Second, a young woman rises always when introduced to an elderly gentleman or lady, to her hostess, host, and other members of the family in whose house she may be. To men and women of her own age she may choose to remain whether or no she will rise on introduction; perhaps she had better not, since in a company of any size 'tis unpleasant to be constantly bobbing up and down as guests come in and out. A hostess, perhaps 'tis superfluous to add, rises invariably, and leads cordially of tone to the meeting by extending her hand to all in-comers who may need an introduction. A host also observes this small and very necessary attention toward his guests of both sexes and all ages. (2) Yes, invariably. If the luncheon is at all formal she enters with one of the guests of honor, and in an easy, cordial way and directs the seating of her guests. (3) The uses of the chafin-dish are quite undiminished, except in the broad sense of its utility in impromptu cooking. One may not bake, roast, or broil with a chafin-dish, but over its alcohol lamps one can boil, fry, and stew delightful dainties. This convenient apparatus shows to best advantage on a luncheon, supper, or tea-table, when agreeable informality reigns. The chafin-dish parties you read of usually took place after the theatre, when guests in high good-humor gathered in a private dining-room to partake of a supper of cold viands, except for the special delicacy prepared on the chafin-dish by the hostess at the table. Salads, cold meats, sandwiches, olives, etc., are placed on the table, and the place of honor at the head is assumed by the chafin-dish, behind which the hostess sits down, and before her guests prepares Welsh rarebits, lobster à la Newburgh, creamed oysters, a clam broth, or one of the many delicious curried dishes. The preparation of food in so rapid, dainty, and interesting a manner is supposed to whet the appetites of the guests and add a flavor of novelty to the informal feast. At luncheons the chafin-dish is also appropriately employed by the hostess who excels in the compounding of some special stew or broth. (4) The white glove kid four and five button gloves worn so extensively last summer will again find favor this year, with afternoon and calling costumes. The dark colored four and five button undressed kid will be more appropriate for shopping and the street, while dark gray, tan, and black style monogrammed gloves in better form for church, both summer and winter. (5) I tell you very frankly, no; I would myself be fearful of employing any of the remedies for such blemishes that I see advertised, therefore I could not honestly advise any one else to employ them. I have at hand a number of receipts for the removal of the application of which they tell me the disfigurement may be removed. I have never seen any of these compounds put to a practical test, therefore can not recommend them. Suppose you write to Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, who prepares the excellent, pure, and helpful Ricamar toilet articles. Mrs. Ayer could doubtless prescribe an effective course of treatment for the blemish. Any receipt or application she might advise you to use, you may feel assured, contains nothing that can injure your complexion, and from any treatment she may advise you can confidently expect excellent results. Address Mrs. Ayer at 305 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**LILLIAN V.**—Although in print and in public, I think we may acknowledge for each other a pleasant friendship. Your letter was a most agreeable surprise, I can assure you. It was not one word too long, for every line I read with increasing interest and pleasure. At times I confess I feel no little curiosity concerning my correspondents, and wish I might know a bit more of them than their letters reveal. Yet the note of inquiry excited that sentiment; therefore, you may appreciate that the friendly revelations of your letter, now before me, were gratifying and flattering in the extreme. I pray, let me hear from you whenever you have a mind to

write, for to answer you will be always a pleasure, and let us hope that in the very near future I may find myself in your city and at your door, where I will feel confident of a charming welcome. Now for your queries. (1) **THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN** missing from your file can be easily added when you send the year's numbers to be bound; or, if you wish to have the numbers for January, February, and March bound now, write to the publication office when you send your magazines and mention those you wish supplied. For the additional three numbers I think you will have to pay seventy-five cents. I think it will be more convenient if you merely specify that the numbers be inserted at the office when binding. The cloth binding is fifty cents per volume. The half-calf binding will cost, of course, more than the cloth. The exact price I will quote for your next week; if you like, you can secure an exact estimate by writing to the publication office. (2) The travelling suit will not seem in the least out of place for the wedding, and is in far better taste than any effort at bridal finery, especially when so small a company is to witness the ceremony. (3) A black lace gown is never out of style, but is always the most useful, graceful, and elegant costume a woman can wear when calling, receiving, dining, or attending the theatre, opera, weddings, or balls. A black lace is most usefully made over black silk and provided with a high and low waist. Over a black moiré antique petticoat that falls out at the back in something of a train, gather the lace skirt in rather straight soft folds, and lay the lace smoothly, or fold or gather it, as you like, finishing at the waist line by folding about your body a broad black moiré antique sash. The sash should be so arranged as to give the effect of a deep zone belt, except that in place of a belt's points the sash folds, straightly all round, is tucked under the belt and forms a large rosette, while its two broad ends fall to the bottom of the skirt. Over the long black silk sleeves gather full sleeves of lace, that at intervals of an inch are banded with narrow black ribbons. Between each band of ribbon let the lace puff out rather exuberantly. Finish the throat with a high silk and lace collar. The low-necked, evening waist could be charmingly finished around the bottom at the front with a fringe of jet, very deep in front and growing narrower up on the hips.

## THE MART AND EXCHANGE.

1. Letters to *Mart and Exchange* must be marked "*Mart and Exchange*" in the left-hand top corner of the envelope, and very briefly. "*THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN*, Vol. 5 and 7 East Nineteenth Street, New York."

2. Append initials or "*nom de plume*" to all communications for this column. Private addresses will be withheld at the office of *THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN*, through which all correspondence should pass, in order to insure the good faith of those making use of the department.

3. No letters will be forwarded unless accompanied by stamps.

4. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

**Periodicals.**—I have hundreds of copies of weekly papers, including *Golden Hours*, *The Express*, *Good News*, *Plumier Family Story Paper*, etc. These papers are in excellent condition, and I will sell any of them for only three cents per copy, or thirty-five cents per dozen, post-paid. Purchasers are requested to send money order or check in payment for papers. Stamps not received.—Address, K. K.

**Portraits.**—Duplicate portraits of actors and actresses; many of them produced on heavy plate paper, suitable for framing or mounting in scrap-albums. Will sell them, post-paid, for three cents apiece, or thirty-five cents per dozen. Three dozen offered for one dollar. Satisfaction guaranteed. Any one sending for three dozen will receive a large, handsome print with portraits of fifty of the most popular actresses in America.—**PORTRAIT COLLECTOR.**

**Udder.**—A black serge ulster, almost new, modern in style. Just measure, thirty-eight inches. Cost, when bought last winter, twenty-two dollars; will sell for eight.—**M. S.**

**Log-book.**—The original log-book of the United States frigate *Constitution*, dated from December 31, 1813, to April 4, 1814. Charles Stewart, commander.—**W. K.**

**Indian Relics.**—Collected from the Custer battle-field; pipes, tomahawks, leggings, powder horns, moccasins, and medicine man's dress, etc., etc.—**SHIRAZI BULL.**

**Furrier.**—One of the best sheep ranches in Southern Wyoming.—**SHOKER.**



BY L'INCONNUE.

## RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. Persons desiring a test character-reading by handwriting should send at least fifteen lines of original composition in the subject's handwriting, and signed by an assumed name, under which the reply will be given.
2. Letters must be marked "Graphology" in the left-hand top corner of the envelope, and addressed "L'Inconnue, care of Editor, The Illustrated American, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."
3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

**TYRO.**—This correspondent is an ordinarily bright and capable man, with varied and active interests, sound common-sense ideas on most subjects, a determined will, a sharp temper he holds pretty well in hand, agreeable, friendly manners, quick perceptions, capacity for sustained effort, an admirable mixture of reserve and candor, a good deal of energy, a cheerful, sanguine disposition, and some reasonable ambitions he has every right to expect to realize. His instincts are all social and opposed to moribundity, and he feels a very deep attachment.

**CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE.**—Here is a plain case of a fine mind and liberal capacity going to waste for want of more thorough cultivation and stricter self-discipline. This correspondent is full of possibilities that will probably lie latent all his life, and, having the ability to think independently, and polish and enlighten her tastes, she prefers her present narrow, conventional, and commonplace ideas. She is instinctively refined, is graceful and attractive, has abundant physical and mental vigor, much personal individuality, is imperious, dictatorial, thoughtless often of the feelings of others, unaffected, cheerful, vivacious, fond of amusement and admiration, and able to love very devotedly and unselfishly.

**SHADOW.**—Need have no fear of being classed as uncultured or commonplace. On the contrary, marked refinement, insincere knowledge of the best methods, with acquired polish, are prominently displayed. The writer is careless, but chiefly because of indifference to the conventionalities, independence of thought, and a self-sufficiency that may not be confused with egotism or conceit. The temperament is impressionable, generally sanguine, but susceptible to varying moods; is amiable, loquacious, candid, abhorrent of pretence, holds an exalted idea of self-respect, is easy-going, socially inclined, not one bit demonstrative or emotional, but fond of a great many people, and capable of passionate attachments.

**ALBERT NYANZA.**—Now this, the subject of the study enclosed with the above, cares vastly more for appearances, the world's verdict, etc. He is upright, outspoken, direct, and impatient of soliloquy, has abundant common-sense, no special intellectuality, but a good, solid mind admirably trained. He is generous, reliable, faithful, reasons lucidly and logically, observes closely, holds correct views both just and shrewd, as a rule. Amiability, habits of system, strong prejudices, practical ideas, refined but conservative tastes, and few but firm affections are to be added.

**NEZAME.**—This study indicates unusual capacity for sustained mental effort, seconded by a sanguine, aspiring temperament. The writer is a person with cleverness and cultivation, level-headed and clear-sighted on most subjects, having a vivid and romantic imagination, an ardent, impulsive, enthusiastic disposition, a resolute, moderately persistent will, tender, sympathetic, and very demonstrative affections, of loquacious, emphatic, candid, and not infrequently indiscreet speech; also friendly social instincts, an admirable personal refinement and dignified, considerable self-esteem, and fastidious tastes.

**RUSSIA.**—On lines. Study enclosed with the above; is less intellectual, and shows far more materiality and physical vigor. This subject is circumspect in speech, has a resolute, sustained will, and is full of vim, energy, ardor, and pluck. He is mentally conventional, has conservative tastes, a slow but hot temper, and is unyielding in holding to an opinion once formed. The communication being written on ruled paper, precludes a fuller delineation.

**PATRICK.**—This handwriting suggests a number of pleasing traits of character, but no great amount of mental force or originality. The writer is an amiable, unexciting, warm-hearted, sym-

thetic, susceptible, sociable man. He is unsuspicious, yet shrewd enough in financial affairs, is loquacious, quick at making friends and good at keeping them. He is very sensitive to the influence of the opposite sex, is demonstratively affectionate, is conservative, would go a great way to preserve peace, is inclined to be indolent, loves luxury, amusement, and material pleasures, is personally refined, generous, naturally discreet in many ways, has little or no conceit about him, and always shirks the necessity of making an intellectual effort.

**GRAND HUIJL.**—There is much intuitive cleverness signified here, with liberal culture. The author of the composition does not possess the least original talent, or strong creative ability, but has quick perceptions, is keen-sighted, with ability to reason clearly and connectedly, and therefore exercise discriminating judgment. He is a close observer, has a strong and moderately persistent will, is honest, capable of sustained mental effort, has a fairly good temper that loves domination, and is arbitrary but never sulks or bears malice. He is well born and well bred, has somewhat fastidious tastes, cares for literature in a way, shows a correct eye for form, plenty of self-esteem and some egotism, a conventional imagination, a prudent tongue, and no susceptibility to the influence of the opposite sex.

**GARRISON.**—Is nothing like as bright and aggressive mentally as the subject above. She is pronouncedly feminine in her tastes and ideas, being a person of eminent refinement, gentleness, and sweetness of presence. She is warmly, faithfully, and unselfishly affectionate, is discreet, kindly, systematic, uniform in disposition, strong and steady of purpose, is amiable, and has a cultivated but wholly commonplace mind.

**LOUISE.**—On lines. This is a curious specimen, betraying decided eccentricity, a great deal of egotism, and marked individuality of mind and manners. The intellect is alert and versatile, independent, temperament sanguine and unshulous, personality refined, nature nervous, candid, and determined, indifferent to detail, and strongly moved through the feelings.

**HOSA.**—Colorado. On lines, and the study is written in pencil, and, consequently, unsuitable for delineation. It is the rule to notify correspondents immediately of their mistakes, to give them an opportunity to rectify them; but this was an oversight.

**THELUS.**—There is much self-consciousness, affectation, and strong after effect in this case. The author does not do but overthrows superficial appearances, is fond of assuming certain mental poses, is hypersensitive to detail, and needs breadth and light in his mental grasp. He is a refined individual, well bred, gentle-mannered, upright, discreet, and with little materiality of tastes. His will is aspiring, he is very imaginative, possesses a good eye for form and color, is capable of sustained effort, is equitable in temperament, has an amiable disposition, a well-trained, fairly able intellect without much original force, and very doubtful tenderness of heart.

**W. H. EARNST.**—On lines. A curious specimen, which, if genuine, discloses a strange combination of cleverness and ignorance. Together with suggestions of decided talent, very limited cultivation is seen, the ideas being crude and conventional, energies fluctuating, perceptions quick, speech impulsive and unguarded, prejudices bitter, temper pleasant, habits lacking system, manners unpretentious, personal pride considerable, and doubtful.

**KING.**—This subject has plenty of individuality, with an independence of nature that is sometimes defined as eccentricity. Unquestionably, very strong personal peculiarities do exist, but, being all unconscious and amiable, they only serve to make the character interesting. Caprice, variability of will, and susceptibility to passing influences are among the serious faults observed, to which may be added a supreme disregard to outside appearances. The mind is idealistic and subject to certain vagaries, temper is sweet but not always easy to comprehend, disposition hopeful without any personal ambition, speech very loquacious, and as candid in discussing the affairs of others as it is prudent in touching upon its own. Thinliness to the verge of closeness is seen in the use of money, with excessive devotion to the few people the writer really loves.

**BOKE.**—You are egotistical, unfortunately so at times, and your handwriting betrays an unusual mixture of masculine and feminine traits of character. Your mind is bright, memory retentive, cultivation fair, speech interesting and very cautious, ideas clear and practical, manners simple and direct: you are fond of argument and reasoning, are thoroughly well bred, have no original force, are lively in certain directions, are a close observer, are demonstratively affectionate, and capable of much usefulness where you live.

**HATRICE.**—whose study is enclosed with the above, is much your superior from an intellectual standpoint. She has a keener, quicker, prettier wit, possesses higher natural gifts, clearer percep-

tion, better judgment, in that her ideas are lucid and logical, disposed to dissect closely and reason inductively. She is a charming, delightful woman, full of resources, critical, independent, broad-minded, absolutely unaffected, having abundant physical vitality, buoyant spirits, a lively but healthy appreciation of material joys, is socially inclined, also has a cheerful disposition, a determined will, some very high aspirations, an imperious, resolute, though not unkind temper, despises artifice, is totally devoid of sentimentality while having capacity for passionately tender attachments.

**PORK.**—This is either an assumed handwriting or else too crude to be worthy of delineation.

**FLO.**—A despondent disposition, subject to the vapors, and very easily cast down and discouraged. The writer is a refined and wholly commonplace girl, susceptible and demonstratively affectionate, with an ordinary mind, a lively fancy, some pretty tastes, talkative, and not always prudent in conversation, having a sensitive temper, not much earnestness nor energy of will, disposed to be indolent, fond of admiration, careful in little things, and very generous.

**UNACQUAINTED.**—On lines. This correspondent is devoid of even ordinary cleverness. She is self-conscious, without a ray of real intellect to recomend the affections she indulges in. Virtues are seen, including a sweet temper, contentment, and generous hospitality, but, alas! there is no cultivation to speak of, and it seems fortunate the disposition is neither critical nor introspective, for, in that event, the present easy satisfaction would vanish instantly.

**ZEUS.**—On lines, but the chirography is agreeable, and suggests trained talent. The will is arbitrary, ambitious, sanguine, and impatient of contradiction, impulses strong and generous, manners frank, friendly, and free of affectation, perceptions quick, speech candid and direct, instincts honorable, tastes well bred and practical, thought clear, judgment sound, personality attractive and dignified, affections slow, not easy to win, but very unselfish and faithful if given.

**PATRICIA.**—A very youthful style, disclosing its author's immaturity, with more of promise than present realization in its lines. It shows warm and strong enthusiasms, ardor, impulse, a quick but sweet temper, a vivid imagination, conventionalism that will eventually be overcome, a ready yielding to moods and influences, a number of cherished ambitions, loquacious yet discreet speech, unsystematic habits, and totally undeveloped feelings.

**W. A. D.—SARANAC LAKE.** Another decidedly boyish composition, significant of great physical vitality, healthy, commonplace, material temper, a vivid imagination, conventionalism, hearty temperament, love of table luxuries and the good things of life, and no sentimentality, in spite of a decided interest in the opposite sex. The tastes are neither literary, artistic, nor intellectual, and the ambition described must be of a very practical sort.

**VERNON.**—This study indicates marked self-consciousness, a great care for superficial appearances, fondness for a certain mental pose, and some affectation of manner. Precision, love of order, attention to detail, refined tastes, a mild will susceptible to influence, undisturbed good-humor, some amusing personal peculiarities, amiable egoism, no conceit, fondness for criticizing others, generous impulses, and warm affections.

**TIP.**—A most interesting example, denoting more than ordinary originality of mind, and cultivation, with some idiosyncrasies of a doubtful character. The writer is fond of intellectual pursuits, is studious, reflective, wholly independent in his views, is determined, perceptions prejudiced, critical, and decidedly capricious. This love of change is constitutional, and does not imply the weakness that usually accompanies a whimsical disposition. Egoism is plain to see, with a strong fondness for argument, some talent for debate, an inquisitive turn, a good temper, guarded speech, refined tastes, lack of susceptibility, though the feelings are deep and sincere.

**THIRSKA.**—An undue amount of impulse is denoted here, showing a strong, poorly controlled, emotional temperament, that naturally yields to moods, and indulges in caprice at times. An unbridled imagination, an expansive exuberance of manner, exaggeration of speech, a hot yet sweet temper, a resolve often misdirected will, spontaneity, warmth, and genuineness of feelings, heedlessness, an absence of connected thought, and a tendency to jump at conclusions are other characteristics noted. Love of admiration, material tastes, interest in the opposite sex, a disposition to criticize, some decided personal peculiarities, with a great need of discipline, prudence, and consistency are deductions drawn from this composition.

**UCELLOS.**—This subject asks in vain for a harsh verdict. Its qualities are nearly all of them delightful; notwithstanding such modest self-deprecation, his faults are few and amiable. In the

first place, he is a man of systematic habits, precision, and prudence, without a particle of the narrow selfishness that commonly accompanies these traits. He is honorable, direct in speech and manner, devoid of pretence, is outspoken, and yet not the least self-righteous. On the contrary, he is rather sympathetic, is lenient toward the shortcomings of others, has perfect equanimity of temperament, being seldom elated and never despondent. The will is hopeful and aspiring, but lacks original force, disposition is quick, resentful of a familiarity, but kind and ready to forgive; tastes are eminently refined, manners genial and well bred, with fondness for literature, a correct eye for form, some artistic perception, and a bright intellect that has been carefully cultivated. Fidelity, depth, and tenderness of the affections only go to prove how nicely balanced the whole nature is.

**VIRA CRUZ.**—The handwriting, of course, suggests incomplete development, and, in that case, it is as difficult to speak with authority as where form or face is immature. It is pretty certain the nature is unhelpful and subject to moments of intense mental depression; the will is resolute and consistent, but neither courageous nor sanguine; the mind is romantic, poetical, gracefully imaginative, and deserves careful cultivation, including an infusion of stern practicality. Talent is discerned, with some cherished ambitions, intuitive refinement, absent-mindedness, instinctive caution in speaking of personal affairs, susceptibility, and some youthful sentimentality.

**MRS. SPRUKY SPARKS.**—You are a high-bred, elegant, luxury-loving woman, fully nurtured, and fond of self-assertion. Your temperament is cheerful, ambitious, confident, well poised, and accustomed to the gratification of its desires. Your will is slightly arbitrary, impatient of contradiction, is resolute and persistent, temper rather haughty and hot, your mind is bright, quick at perception, has enjoyed varied advantages, is not original or inquisitive, but reasons soundly, gives you vivacity of manner, and the power of conversing with interest and wit. The personality is altogether charming, in spite of a certain pride, impulses are generous, emotions strong, and in some cases more reductive force might be wished for. You love praise, and are admired by others, are fastidious, clever at most things, and are not indifferent to the opposite sex.

**LORD CHUMLEY.**—This example is school-girlish and wholly conventional. It indicates ambition and a sanguine disposition, also capacity for sustained effort and literary tastes, but so far the mind shows the trammels of intense conservatism, and a fastidiousness of the commonplace. The temper is quick and quarrelsome if seriously opposed, the will is earnest, manners unpretentious, habits systematic, speech reserved and prudent, and thus far not the least sentimentality.

**LETTIE ONE.**—Yes, your friend, whose handwriting is delineated above, is constant, and shows no evidences whatever of double dealing. You invariably look on the bright side of things, aspire to accomplish high deeds, but so far there are no evidences of unusual talents, or the power of forcing circumstance. You have a good mind, very little originality, are generous to a fault, thoroughly well bred, are quick-tempered, yet kindly and sympathetic. Your imagination is lively, manners friendly and vivacious, materiality of a healthy sort, and you are reasonable and open to conviction on all subjects, attentive to detail, and very warm-hearted.

**MIDDELBURY.**—is inclined to despondency, and is not infrequently down in her luck. This may be partly accounted for in her habit of expecting too much of people, and setting her hopes too high, and then enduring disappointment. She is earnest and consistent of purpose, but yields readily to outside influences, and might cultivate decision to advantage. Abundant individuality in the use of money, not much generosity, a bright, quick, comprehensive, and cultivated mind, strong prejudices, no tenderness to speak of, but deep and faithful attachments when real love is felt.

**LEONORA KELLOGG.**—This study, enclosed with the above, suggests rather masculine qualities. Thought is clear and practical, speech shrewd and reserved, manners simple to the verge of coarseness, temper short and indisposed to endure interference, with little care for superficial appearances. Systematic habits, liberality in the use of money, not much generosity, a bright, quick, comprehensive, and cultivated mind, strong prejudices, no tenderness to speak of, but deep and faithful attachments when real love is felt.

**BARTHOLOME.**—An admirable but utterly commonplace individual, who both thinks and speaks platitudes, is conservative to the last degree, which fortunately does not interfere with her practicing the excellent virtues of her conventional character. She is cheerful, practical, simple in manner, and the greatest shortcoming she has to fight is a disposition toward self-righteousness.

Her temper is hasty but not quarrelsome, will mildly persistent, she is a great stickler for detail, is thrifty in the use of money, is conscientious, unaffected, talkative, not a bit susceptible, is instinctively prudent, and very warm-hearted.

**HESTER PRYNNE.**—Rather an ordinary specimen, significant of the limited culture of abilities capable of higher development. The tastes are better refined and literary, will gently persistent, temper sweet, manner agreeable, speech laconic, disposition subject to elation and depression by turns, impulses at once thrifty and generous, nature contented, with an utter absence of all strong emotions, the affections being mild and constant.

**N. O. T. SATISFIED.**—On lines. There is too ready a yielding to the impulses here, great willingness to be guided by emotion and instinct rather than reason. The writer is clever, energetic, and capable, but no real intellectuality is observed, rather an easy facility, contentment with superficiality, lack of critical ability, a vivid, poetical imagination, a temperament full of romance and sentiment, a sensitive yet never harsh temper, a graceful, attractive personality, fastidious refinement, interest in the opposite sex, love of admiration, and demonstrative affections.

**DEVERAN.**—On lines, and absurdly narrow and conventional. However, the culture is extremely limited, and, in spite of the difference of the natural abilities, higher development might have done something to improve the present commonplaceness of mind. As it is, the writer is a cheerful and sanguine person, good-humored, capricious, careless, youthful, no doubt, and very immature.

**EDWARD A. A.**—This specimen abounds in interest, proving its author to possess not only originality but a number of vagaries peculiar to himself. He is argumentative, nay, yielding in a position once assumed, is fond of reasoning, shows clearness and sequence of ideas. He is also critical, inquisitive, never afraid to speak his mind though guarded enough in conversation, has an equal temperament, is capable of sustained mental effort, having a vigorous, indurated, cultivated intellect without great creative ability. The disposition lacks sympathy and tenderness, is devoid of romance or sentiment, is not susceptible to transient influences or the opposite sex, being simple, direct, brusque, constant, and rather autocratic. The manners are unpretentious, will erratic at times, imagination limited.

**ANNA KIRKLAND PEARSON.**—Is frequently assailed by the blues, is often down-hearted, and has poor resistive powers. She is clever enough, but is not very practical, has no knowledge of how to make the best of things, grows discouraged, and should learn to select and apply with shrewder perception. Her temper is amiable, will steady and determined, speech kindly and discreet, individually decided; she is versatile, somewhat nervous in manner, has literary tastes, is diffident, and would like to be demonstratively affectionate.

**FANNY LEIGH PERCYAL.**—This subject is acquainted with moments of equal elation and depression, though, on the whole, her disposition is sanguine. She, too, suffers with attacks of nerves on occasions, when her usually pleasant temper becomes sorely ruffled. Her tastes are refined, manners gentle and well bred, she is decided without being arbitrary, is generous, has a graceful fancy, is very dignified in deportment, not always discreet in her speech, shows some personal individuality, but her mind is neither forceful nor original; she is thrifty in her use of money, and tenderly devoted to those she really cares for.

**M. L. FORTUNE.**—On lines. Almost-mindedness and a disposition to dream and speculate on fanciful questions is the leading trait discovered here. The writer is absolutely impractical, is indifferent to the things that interest most people, is fanciful, imaginative, fond of books, is careless, unsystematic, stubborn, and unapproachable where she holds an opinion. She speaks plainly, is refined, gentle, and, strangely enough, with her many vagaries, is absurdly conventional on some points. Her intellect may be highly cultivated, but it is breathless, independence or vigor, her emotions are badly in need of discipline, and her feelings are too easily moved.

**BELLWOOD.**—On lines, though that can make little difference in so commonplace a specimen of penmanship. The writer is wholly conventional, he thinks, acts, and speaks within the most conservative limits, possesses no mental force, shows limited culture, is easily satisfied, very sensitive to the influence of the opposite sex, and totally uninteresting.

**HATTIE A. A.**—This example is strikingly significant of its author's restlessness, love of change, excitability of manner, vivacity of mind, her exuberance, tendency to exaggeration, vivid, uncontrolled fancy, disposition to run to extremes, her nervous temperament, resolute, hopeful will, versatility, personal refinement, warm enthusiasms. She is quick-tempered, frank, laconic, and rather interesting in conversation, is generous, not wholly straightforward, and willing to practice a good deal of diplomacy if she conceives it advisable. Self-discipline has never

been exercised in this case, the intellectual culture is fair but not particularly high, personal bearing is capable of hauteur, perceptions are keen, observation close, and affections limited, while the impulses are generous enough in the matter of giving.

**K. I. J.**—A very charming chirography, unquestionably illustrative of an agreeable, pleasing woman. The writing shows natural talent that has enjoyed liberal advantages, an alert and active mind that accepts little on faith but is disposed to investigate, reason lucidly and logically, and then come to dispassionate judgment upon the subject considered. She is high-bred, fastidiously refined, is unaffected, yet, alas! shows a slight tendency to grow egotistical and secretly overvalue her good qualities. This should be sharply pruned, in view of her grace as a conversationalist, her firmness of purpose, her generosity, sympathy, excellent sense of humor, her well-poised temperament, dignified amiability, and warm and unselfish attachments.

**DOLLY VARDEN.**—An artificially altered handwriting no more implies a change of heart than the assumption of certain virtues to achieve some desired end. In penmanship integrity is not to be judged by the legibility of the characters inscribed. You have a tremendously strong though neither a hopeful nor amiable will, and are seldom induced to abandon or be diverted from a course of conduct once decided upon. You have a shrewd and prudent tongue, are sometimes amusing, and always well worth listening to. You suffer severely from despondency, are generous, decided, unafraid of people or things, are direct, rather conscientious concerning your duty, are clever and thrifty in the management of money, exercise an admirable control of your temper, you despise artifice or ostentation, love luxury, particularly those of the table, are bitterly prejudiced on some points, lack sentimentality or susceptibility, but are capable of deep and steady devotion, and show a passionate appreciation of beauty in every form.

**MELHUSO.**—Steadily enclosed with the above; betrays an individual of coarser fibre, less intellectual breadth and culture, more self-conscious, self-conscious, fond of display and attracting attention. He is impulsive, subject to strong and not always desirable emotions, is conventionally clever, quick-witted, facile, determined, good-tempered, material, sanguine, not very reliable, and actively fond of the good things of life.

**EWING.**—On lines. This correspondent is an amiable, careful, conventional young woman, with a number of admirable simple virtues, no intellectual power whatever, and only a limited degree of mental cultivation. She lays great stress upon superficial appearances, is mild, gentle-mannered, easily satisfied, is attentive to detail, unaffected, systematic, prudent, warm-hearted, but is shallow and capricious.

**BRUTE.**—There is much ambition implied here, with the determination to succeed against all odds. This aspiration is seconded by a persistent, hopeful, dominating will, able to endure opposition and overcome obstacles. The writer has abundant talent, she will need to cultivate more carefully to eradicate the conventionalities of taste and intellect observed. She is imaginative, nervous, restless, fond of travel, quick of perception, romantically inclined, liberal in the use of money, not very practical, has a sweet temper, has refined, literary, and artistic tastes, is obstinate, is often deceived into an overvaluation of the commonplace, and should try to discipline her over-violent emotions and impulses.

**S. E. F.**—Rye, October 29th. This is a thoroughly well-bred, prudent, self-controlled, cheerful, and agreeable woman who has made the best of her good points, is a pleasant companion, has the gift of attracting and keeping friends, maintains an absolute equality of temperament, is resolute, consistent, orderly, rather fastidious in her appearance, has social instincts, many pretty personal individualities, is intolerant of the smallest familiarity, has a hot, high temper she holds fairly well in hand, is never obstinate, is a close and very critical observer, unpretentious, generous but not extravagant in the use of money, and tenderly devoted to a few people.

**CUTIS ANSERINA.**—An interesting example; is indicative of many salient characteristics. It is pretty certain the writer has never striven to curb his strong natural individualities, for he despises the commonplace, is utterly indifferent to the conventionalities thinking, speaking, and acting independently and to please himself first of all. He is clever to a degree, is bookish, fond of art and literature, is considered a crank on certain subjects, but reasons too lucidly and logically to go very far astray. His mind is receptive, retentive, digests what it absorbs, but is scarcely sympathetic or creative. He is ambitious and sanguine, is close-mouthed, rarely indulges in enthusiasm, is critical, capable of satire, is systematic, reserved, shrewd, and unusually just in his opinions, has enjoyed admirable culture of his fine mental qualities, is earnest and consistent of purpose, lacks amiability, and resents intrusion or opposition bitterly. He detects sham, is amusingly unconcerned of his own affections that he never vulgar or conventional, is courageous, and capable of deep attachments.



Contributions of general interest to chess, whist, and checker players are invited. Any original matter in the shape of problems, games, or end-games will be welcome and receive every attention.

## CHESS.

**NOTICE.**—At the request of many readers, we will hereafter publish the names of persons who send correct solutions of problems of chess. Solutions should be addressed to the "Chess Editor" of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

### THE GAMES OF THE GREAT MATCH IN HAVANA.

(Steinitz vs. Tschigorin, with Mr. Steinitz's annotation, from the Tribune.)

(Continued.)

#### FOURTEENTH GAME—RUY LOPEZ.

White: Steinitz.

1. P. to K. 4.
2. Kt. to K. B. 3.
3. B. to Kt. 5.
4. P. to Q. 3.
5. P. to E. 3.
6. Q. Kt. to Q. 2.
7. Kt. to B. sq.
8. B. to R. 4.
9. Q. to K. 2.
10. B. to B. 2.
11. Kt. to Kt. 3.
12. Castles.
13. Q. Kt. takes P.
14. Q. takes Kt.
15. Q. to K. R. 4.
16. Kt. to Kt. 5.
17. Kt. to K. 4.
18. B. takes P. (f) 1 h.
19. Q. to R. 3. (g)
20. P. takes B.
21. Q. R. to Q. sq.
22. P. takes Kt.
23. P. to B. 6. (j)

Black: Tschigorin.

1. P. to K. 4.
2. Kt. to Q. B. 3.
3. Kt. to B. 3.
4. P. to Q. 3.
5. P. to K. Kt. 3.
6. B. to Kt. 2.
7. Castles.
8. P. to Q. 4.
9. Q. to Q. 3. (a)
10. P. to Kt. 3. (b)
11. B. to Q. R. 3.
12. P. takes P.
13. Kt. takes Kt.
14. B. to Kt. 2. (c)
15. Kt. to K. 2. (d)
16. P. to K. R. 3.
17. Q. to Q. 2. (e) 1 h.
18. Kt. to B. 4.
19. B. takes Kt. (h)
20. B. takes B.
21. Q. to B. sq.
22. K. to Kt. 2. (i)
23. K. to R. 2.

(a) The first marked difference from the style of development adopted by the two players in two previous games of this opening in which Steinitz had the first move.

(b) The completion of the game is now altered in quite an unusual manner. The experiment does not seem to be advantageous for Black.

(c) Which shows the maturity of his previous maneuvers. He sees now that he cannot proceed with 12. P. to K. R. 4 on account of 13. Q. to Q. R. 4, and if 14. —, 15. P. to K. 3; 16. Kt. to Kt. 5, threatening B. to Kt. 3 (ch.), or Q. to Kt. 3 (ch.) accordingly with a winning game.

(d) 15. —, 16. Kt. to Q. sq. seems better, but even then White could have insisted an excellent attack by 16. Kt. to Kt. 5, 17. P. to K. R. 3, 18. Kt. 3, 19. Q. to Q. B. 3; 20. B. takes P. 21. P. to K. R. 4; 22. B. to Kt. 3 (ch.); 23. Kt. to R. 2; 24. P. to K. B. 3; 25. P. takes Kt.; 26. B. takes P., followed soon by doubling rooks on the K. B. file with a winning game.

(e) B. takes Kt. would not have relieved him much, for White had by far the superior game with his rooks and two bishops, which he could employ effectively against the weak adverse queen side. The text move hides a clever snare.

(f) Much better than 18. Kt. to B. 6 (ch.) 19. B. takes Kt. 20. Q. takes B. 21. Q. to Q. 4; 22. P. to B. 3; 23. Kt. to B. 4; 24. P. to K. Kt. 4; 25. Q. to Q. 3; 26. —, 27. Q. to B. 4 (ch.), in which case White would answer P. to Q. 4 with a winning game, and though White gains a pawn, Black will be able to hold out in a long ending after forcing the exchange of queen.

(g) Properly avoiding the tempting 19. B. takes B. whereupon Black would have obtained the superiority by 19. —, 20. Kt. takes Q.; 21. Kt. to B. 6 (ch.); 22. K. takes B.; 23. K. to K. 3; 24. K. to K. 4; 25. K. to K. 5; etc.

(h) P. to K. 3 was probably a better defense.

(i) The only other alternative was B. to K. 3, and then White would have continued the attack equally effectively with Q. to B. 3.

(j) Stronger than 21. R. to Q. 7; 22. R. to Q. sq.; 23. K. R. to Q. 5; 24. R. takes R.; 25. R. takes K.; 26. K. to B. 3, with some more defensive resources for Black.

24. R. to Q. 7.
25. Q. to Kt. 4. (k)
26. B. to K. 4.
27. R. to K. 7. (m)
28. B. takes P. (n)
29. B. to B. 5.
30. Q. to R. 5.
31. R. takes K. B. P.
32. Q. takes R.
33. K. takes Q.
- 1 h. 40 m.

24. Q. to K. sq.
25. K. to R. sq. (l)
26. R. to Q. sq.
27. Q. to Kt. 4.
28. P. to K. 5. (o)
29. Q. takes P. (p)
30. Q. to Q. 7.
31. R. takes R.
32. Q. takes P. (ch.). (p)
- Resigns.
- 2 h.

(k) Threatening Q. takes Kt. P. (ch.).

(l) H. 25. —, 26. R. to K. Kt. sq.; 27. R. to K. 7; 28. Q. to B. Q. sq.; 29. Q. to Q. 7, and win.

(m) K. takes Q. B. P. would have given Black time to play R. to Q. 7, and win.

(n) Seher Golmayo pointed out here a quicker and much prettier way of winning by 24. Q. to R. 4; 25. K. to R. 5; 26. Q. to R. 3.

(o) To take the B. would lose at once.

(p) H. R. to K. Kt. sq., then 22. Q. to R. 5, not Q. to R. 3, which would lose on account of the rejoinder R. takes P. (ch.).

(q) Unless fireworks. Of course, if R. takes Q. Black would mate in three moves.

### THE THEORY AND PRAXIS OF END GAMES.

(Continued.)

Translated from the German of Prof. J. Berger, by special permission.

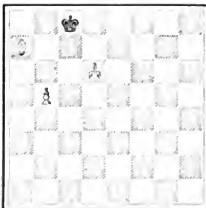
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#### THE PAWN PROTECTED BY A MINOR PIECE AND THE KING.

Pawns on the files between the rook-files can easily be protected by the bishop. The only exception is shown by the following diagram:

Position No. XXX.

Black.



White.  
Black's move.

- 2 P. to Kt. 6 (?)

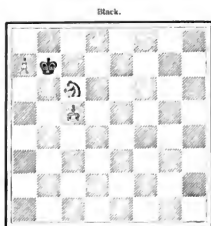
If, to B. 5 is here the right move, which would win.

1. K. to Kt. 2.
2. K. to R. sq.
3. K. to B. 5.
4. K. takes B.
5. K. to B. 6.
6. K. to Kt. 2.
7. K. takes B.
8. K. to B. 5.
9. K. to B. 6.

which has not the opposition.

The knight will always be successful in assisting a pawn to become a queen, with the only exception of a pawn on the seventh rook-square; viz.,

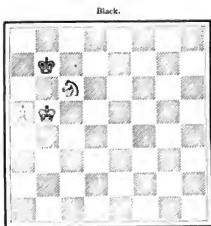
Position No. XXXI.

White.  
Draw.

The black king will either conquer the pawn or get stalemated.

If the pawn happens to be on the sixth or fifth, etc. rook-square, the knight and king will always be able to force a win; viz.,

Position No. XXXII.



White.

- |  |                                    |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 1. P. to R. 6 (ch.).                       | 1. K. to R. sq. (or B. 2).         |
| 2. Kt. to Kt. 4.                           | 2. K. to R. 2 (or event. Kt. sq.). |
| 3. K. to B. 6 (or Kt. 6).                  | 3. K. to R. sq.                    |
| 4. K. from B. 6 to Kt. 6 (or Kt. to Q. 5). | 4. K. to Kt. sq.                   |
| 5. Kt. to Q. 5.                            |                                    |

And White plays the Kt. to B. 7 (ch.), assisting the pawn in marching in.

(To be continued.)

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. III. IN VOL. X., NO. 117.

- |                           |                         |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. R. to K. 2.            | 1. K. to B. 5.          |
| 2. R. to K. 5 (dis. ch.). | 2. K. to Q. 5.          |
| 3. B. to B. 3 (mate).     |                         |
| 1. R. to K. 2.            | 1. K. to Q. 3, 4, or 5. |
| 2. R. to Q. 8 (ch.).      | 2. K. to B. 4.          |
| 3. R. to Q. 8 (mate).     |                         |
| 1. R. to K. 2.            | 1. K. to Kt. 4.         |
| 2. R. to K. 5 (dis. ch.). | 2. K. to R. 5.          |
| 3. R. to Kt. 4 (mate).    |                         |

## SOLUTION OF END-GAME IN VOL. X., NO. 117.

- | White.                                 | Black.                |
|--|-----------------------|
| 1. Q. to B. 6 (ch.).                   | 1. Q. takes Q.        |
| 2. Q. P. takes Q. (ch.).               | 2. K. to Kt. 1.       |
| 3. P. to R. 6.                         | 3. Kt. to Kt. 6.      |
| 4. Kt. to B. 4.                        | 4. Kt. to K. 5.       |
| 5. Kt. to Kt. 6.                       | 5. Kt. to B. 6 (ch.). |
| 6. K. to B. 2.                         | 6. Kt. takes P.       |
| 7. Kt. to B. 8.                        | 7. Kt. to Q. 5 (ch.). |
| 8. K. to Kt. sq., and mates next move. |                       |

Of course, there are other variations for Black, but I see none in which he can hold out as long as in this one. White must take care not to allow Black to fork his king and knight. If Black plays to defend his queen's second square, White has only to bring his knight to bear on Black's bishop. If Black plays to defend the bishop, White gives him the "smothered mate."

Black, instead of exchanging queens, might move K. to Kt. sq., in which case White still can mate in even less than nine moves, beginning Q. takes Q. Now, if Black moves his knight, White plays P. to R. 6, and mates at the sixth move. If Black moves the bishop's pawn, White plays P. to R. 6, and mates next move. The only other move is P. to R. 3 for Black, when White plays:

- |                                      |                  |
|--------------------------------------|------------------|
| 3. Q. to K. 6.                       | 3. K. to Kt. 2.  |
| 4. Q. to B. 6 (ch.).                 | 4. K. to Kt. sq. |
| 5. P. takes Kt. P.                   | 5. R. to R. 2.   |
| 6. P. takes R. (ch.).                | 6. K. takes P.   |
| 7. R. takes B., and mates next move. |                  |

This is the longest Black can put off mate if he does not exchange queens.

## FROM OUR COLLECTION OF BRILLIANT GAMES.

A very interesting game, played between Mr. Vasquez (White) and Mr. Eitinger (Black), in Club de Ajedrez de la Habana, October 18, 1891.

- | White.                      | Black.                        |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4.              | 1. P. to K. 4.                |
| 2. Kt. to K. B. 3.          | 2. Kt. to Q. B. 3.            |
| 3. B. to B. 4.              | 3. Kt. to K. B. 3.            |
| 4. Kt. to Q. B. 3.          | 4. B. to B. 4.                |
| 5. Castles.                 | 5. P. to Q. 3.                |
| 6. P. to Q. 3.              | 6. Castles.                   |
| 7. Kt. to K. 2.             | 7. B. to K. 3.                |
| 8. B. to Kt. 3.             | 8. Kt. to K. 2.               |
| 9. Kt. to Kt. 3.            | 9. Kt. to Kt. 3.              |
| 10. K. to R. sq.            | 10. P. to B. 3.               |
| 11. P. to B. 3.             | 11. Kt. to Kt. 5.             |
| 12. P. to Q. 4.             | 12. B. to Kt. 3.              |
| 13. B. to Kt. 5.            | 13. Kt. to B. 3.              |
| 14. Kt. to R. 5.            | 14. B. to Kt. 5.              |
| 15. Kt. takes Kt.           | 15. P. takes Kt.              |
| 16. B. to R. 5.             | 16. R. to K. sq.              |
| 17. P. to K. R. 3.          | 17. B. takes Kt.              |
| 18. P. takes B.             | 18. Q. to Q. 2.               |
| 19. K. to R. 2.             | 19. P. takes P.               |
| 20. P. takes P.             | 20. P. to Q. 4.               |
| 21. P. takes P.             | 21. Q. to Q. 3 (ch.).         |
| 22. P. to B. 4.             | 22. Kt. takes P.              |
| 23. P. takes P.             | 23. Kt. to K. 7 (ch.) (best). |
| 24. K. to R. sq.            | 24. P. to B. 4. (?)           |
| 25. Q. to Q. 2.             | 25. P. to B. 5. (?)           |
| 26. K. R. to Kt. sq. (ch.). | 26. Kt. to Kt. 6 (ch.).       |
| 27. P. takes Kt.            | 27. Q. takes B. P. (ch.).     |
| 28. K. to R. 2.             | 28. Q. takes B.               |
| 29. P. takes P. (dis. ch.). | 29. K. to R. sq.              |
| 30. Q. R. to K. sq.         | 30. B. to B. 2.               |
| 31. R. takes R. (ch.).      | 31. R. takes R.               |
| 32. R. to K. B. sq.         | 32. R. to K. 5.               |
| 33. Q. to Kt. 2.            | 33. B. takes P. (ch.).        |
| 34. K. to R. sq.            | 34. R. to K. 6.               |
| 35. R. to B. 3.             | 35. R. to K. 8 (ch.).         |
| 36. R. to B. sq.            | 36. R. to K. 6.               |

Draw.

## WHIST.

**NOTICE.**—At the request of many readers, we will hereafter publish the names of persons who send correct solutions of problems of whist. Solutions should be addressed to the "Whist Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

## DOUBLE-DUMMY PROBLEM No. 1.

By Lewis.

A's Hand.



X's Hand.



B's Hand.



Z's Hand.



Same position as the last problem published, two cards only being transposed.  
Spades trumps. A to lead. Which side makes the odd trick?

## SOLUTION OF DOUBLE-DUMMY PROBLEM No. V, in VOL. X., No. 117.

1. A leads diamond 2. X puts king. Won by X.
2. X leads club 3. B puts club 10. Z puts club queen. Won by A.
3. A leads diamond. Won by Z.
4. Z leads diamond. Won by B.
5. (or) B leads club (best). Won by Z.
6. Z leads club. Won by Z.
7. Z leads spade 2. X puts spade knave. Won by B.
8. B leads spade 9. Z puts spade 10. Won by Z.
9. Z leads diamond 9. X discards heart. B trumps. Won by B.

(a) Thus forcing Z to lead trump. If B leads here spade king, it is not the best play to return the spade; the game should proceed thus:  
5. B leads spade king. Z puts ace. Won by Z.  
6. Z leads heart king. Won by A.

Unless now A leads a second heart, A and B lose (two by cards, thus):

7. A leads club. Won by Z.
8. Z leads club. Won by Z.
9. Z leads heart. Won by B.
10. B leads heart. Z trumps. Won by Z.
11. Z leads diamond. X puts spade knave. Won by B.

And X and Z win the two other tricks; and if B does not trump, then X plays trump 5; Z makes spade 10.

If, after leading two rounds of hearts B leads a third heart, X and Z equally make two by cards, thus:

7. A leads heart. Z discards diamond. Won by X.
8. X leads club. Won by Z.
9. Z leads club. Won by Z.
10. Z leads spade. X puts knave. Won by B.

And X and Z must win the other two tricks.

10. B leads spade king. Z puts ace. Won by Z.
11. Z leads heart king. Won by A.
12. A leads heart. Won by B.
13. B leads heart, and the two trumps fall together. Won by X.

X and Z win the odd trick.

## WHIST PROBLEM SOLUTIONS.

Correct solutions of Double-Dummy Problem No. IV, in No. 115 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN have been received from:

Robert Fulton, C. H. Fish, Charles E. Mayer, A. Draper, John M. Harris, Dr. L. Cohn, of New York; H. T. Searles, New Orleans; Miss Jenny M. Drake, Brooklyn; Charles Rosenfeld, Portland, Me. All the others faulty.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. A. GUTWITS, Minneapolis, Minn.—I had no time until now to examine thoroughly your solution of Problem No. I. (sent April 18th), giving A and B seven tricks by cards, but it seems to me that the play of X and Z can be improved on. The solution of a double-dummy problem has nothing to do with good or best whist playing, or playing according to the rules about the leads. It is merely a mathematical problem, the solution of which—like the solution of a chess problem—is only perfect and valid if best play is presupposed for both sides. I am glad to learn that the Chess, Checkers, and Whist Club in Minneapolis is in flourishing condition, and I send you best wishes for its further development.

A. B. H., St. Augustine.—The three double-dummy problems you have composed are all faulty, as X and Z's play is not correct. No. I. has very neat points. Try again.

JOS. SMITH FOSTER, Newport.—Thanks; will be published.

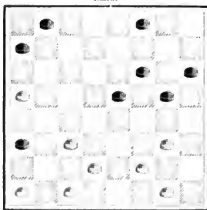
## DRAUGHTS.

**NOTICE.**—At the request of many readers, we will hereafter publish the names of persons who send correct solutions of problems of draughts. Solutions should be addressed to the "Draughts Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

## PROBLEM No. IV.

By Mr. T. Paterson, Prestwick.

Black.



White.

Black to play and draw.

## DRAUGHTS PROBLEM SOLUTIONS.

Correct solutions of Problem No. III, in No. 115 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN have been received from:

"Patrick," Fire Engine 375 (the first solution received); Mark Twill, John M. Foster, Little Annie, of New York; C. V. Mooney, Boston, Mass.; Tobias, St. Louis; John A. Keyes, Boston; Professor Netno, Utica.

# THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

Vol. XI.

New York.

For the Week ending MAY 28, 1892.

Chicago

No. 119.



DECORATING THE PRIZE WINNERS AT THE NEW YORK OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW. (See page 71.)



## THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

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Single copies, 25 cents.

Payment, which must be in advance, can be made by cheque, postal notes, money order, or registered letter, payable to THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth street, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., BREMEN BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C., agents for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN for the United Kingdom.

BRENTANO'S, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris, depot for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN in France.

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## Current Comment.

### NOTICE TO EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

**A WARNING.**—Again we notify Editors and Publishers of daily and weekly publications that the illustrations and articles printed in these columns are protected by copyright.

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We request our readers to send us copies of papers containing stolen illustrations.

**MODERN BENEFIT OF CLERGY.**—It was less than a century ago that a law was passed in England with the purpose of abolishing entirely benefit of clergy. Before it was enacted men belonging to certain privileged classes could plead their clergy when arraigned before secular tribunals, and thereby practically evade punishment for crimes they might have committed. Although nominally abolished by law, the practice still exists. Reference has been made already to the cases of Mrs. Osborne and Mrs. Montagu as showing the leniency extended toward criminals having a certain position in society. Even more flagrant is the abuse of justice in the case of the Hon. Patrick Greville Nugent, brother of Lord Greville, and Deputy-

Lieutenant of the County of Westmeath, Ireland. Sympathy and mercy are comprehensible in the cases of the women; but what extenuating circumstances were there in the case of the man?

The Hon. Patrick Greville Nugent committed two exceedingly brutal crimes. In the first place, he assailed a woman when she was without means of protection; and, in the second place, he sought to escape the penalty of his crime by committing the equally dastardly crime of assailing her reputation. This defence was deliberately persisted in until his shrewd counsel discovered that there was no way of impeaching his victim's character. Then he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to the severe punishment of six months' imprisonment with hard labor!

As we said last week, it would be well for Parliament to frame a special code for well-connected criminals. Then, at least, the demoralizing spectacle of such a scandalous miscarriage of justice would be avoided.

**MR. SHERMAN'S FLAG BILL.**—An adverse report has been made by a committee of the Senate upon Senator Sherman's bill forbidding the desecration of the American flag. This bill made it a misdemeanor to display on the flag advertisements, political mottoes, etc., and also authorized the Secretary of War to sell flags at cost. The adverse report was based on the proposition that the Government ought not to embark in the flag business in competition with private dealers.

It is unfortunate that the committee saw fit to carry their theory of protection so far. It is all very well to look after the interests of the comparatively small number of men dealing in flags, but it is much more important to protect our flag from desecration. If it is absolutely essential to prevent the Government from entering into competition with individuals, it would still be possible to carry out the essential purpose of the bill by prohibiting the printing of advertisements or other disfigurements upon the flag.

**CUBA AS A REPUBLIC.**—A large proportion of the people of Cuba are in sympathy with the sentiment that led Senator Call, of Florida, to introduce in the Senate a resolution concerning the purchase of the island from Spain by the United States. We have had closer trade relations with the Cubans than with any other Spanish-American people, and, consequently, they are better acquainted with us than any of their kindred are. They view with admiration the prosperity and liberty we enjoy, and compare our state with that of their own island. Cuba is one of the most fertile lands in the world. For some of its products it is without a rival. It is situated advantageously for purposes of trade. Yet the Cubans are overburdened with taxes, the island is poorly provided with means of communication, the country is infested with most daring bandits, and public works are everywhere lacking.

Educated Cubans who have studied the causes of our progress understand the transformation that would be effected by the introduction of our system of government, which is so often denounced, and which is so incomparably superior to any other. If the United States offer the greatest attractions of any nation to immigrants, it is because the American people have the highest genius for colonization. Their qualities in this respect are what is needed to rescue Cuba from the plight the island is in now.

The change proposed is not one to which serious objection could be sustained on the ground that it would involve disloyalty to Spain on the part of the Cubans. No act of

hostility is suggested; on the contrary, it is desired to make compensation to Spain for any loss that might be caused.

**THE CANADIAN EXODUS.**—The depopulation of Canada by reason of the exodus of French-Canadians to the United States is becoming so serious that the Catholic clergy are endeavoring to check it or to turn the tide of emigration in other directions. Their efforts are not meeting with much success, and are not likely to succeed, because they are attempts to interfere with a natural movement of population. The French-Canadians can do so much better for themselves in the United States than in any part of Canada that they are bound to come here so long as we permit them. The number of them in the United States is estimated at one million, of whom four hundred thousand are credited to New England, which is equal to nearly one-quarter of the total population of the Dominion; so that, if we have not yet brought about annexation of the territory, we have, at any rate, got on pretty far in the process of annexing the population.

The explanation of the movement is, as has been said, the greater opportunity for material advancement which they find here. At first, the tide was almost exclusively in the direction of the New England factory towns; but they have since discovered that plenty of other avenues to success lie open. Many are now taking to farming. On the whole, they are believed to be immigrants of a highly desirable class. They are thrifty, industrious, and tolerably well disposed, exhibiting the qualities for which the French peasant is noted.

This exodus should have an important reflex action upon the remaining Canadian population. When they discover how well their brothers and sisters get along in the United States they will naturally feel a stronger desire to join us, with their land, their government, and everything else.

**ROAD-MAKING AT THE FAIR.**—Mr. Albert A. Pope is endeavoring to arrange for an exhibit of great importance at the Columbia Exposition, one of road-making methods and machinery. Under the classification adopted by the commissioners, models and exhibits relating to road-making are scattered through five departments. Consequently, any one interested in the subject, and endeavoring to learn what he could as to the best methods and machinery to be used in the building of a highway, would have to visit five enormous buildings, having, with their annexes, an aggregate area of seventy-nine and three-tenths acres. Some of these buildings are necessarily located at long distances apart. The great difficulty of finding the separate exhibits is apparent, while it is equally apparent that it would be in any case impossible to make a thorough study of the subject, if the proposed arrangement is carried out.

In view of the great importance of good roads and of the wide-spread interest now being taken in the subject, Mr. Pope proposes that one comprehensive exhibit shall be made, and that "Road Construction and Maintenance" shall constitute a department instead of a class.

There is no doubt that Mr. Pope is right. Good roads are a necessity. One practical lesson such as he proposes is worth a dozen years of agitating.

**MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.**—This young person has published recently some sharp sentences, which he has pinned on to New York and St. Paul. They purported to be his impressions of these two cities, but in reality did not

refer to them. Some enterprising but indiscreet adviser told him that he would advertise himself and cause his books to be read more widely in this country if he said sharp things about us and our cities. He was unwise enough to take the advice, and so did a foolish thing which he will doubtless learn to regret in time, because he is a clever young man.

Previously, his name had been proposed as a non-resident member of The Players, in New York. After the article appeared he was practically blackballed. It should be made plain that this action was taken, not because the offensive article was of real consequence, but because Mr. Kipling had shown himself to be unworthy of the society of gentlemen. He had committed the unpardonable offence of accepting favors and hospitality and afterward reviling his entertainers.

**WILLIAMS' MAD ACTS.**—Ever since William II. became German Emperor, alarming rumors have been circulated concerning his mental condition. "Wolf!" has been cried so often that there is a tendency now to overlook the importance of acts and utterances which afford strong confirmation of those rumors.

That he is suffering from some form of mental disorder is not to be doubted; the only question is, whether it arises from inordinate indulgence in vainglory, or is an effect of the intolerable pain he is said to suffer from the disease that affects one of his ears. Persons who know him unite, as a rule, in declaring him a good fellow. He has given many indications that he has the welfare of his subjects at heart, and only wants to care for their interests in his own way. He shows a healthy pleasure in out-door life, and is said to be a model as a family man.

In the same week he busies himself with preparations for sailing his yacht *Alteor* in a race, and heaping extraordinary honors upon a soldier who killed a citizen most needlessly. How can the two occupations be reconciled save by the explanation that he is crazy? In the one case he shows boyish delight in play; in the other, the cruelty and disregard of human life of a South American dictator or a Chinese mandarin.

Presidents are better than emperors. We should have to endure not more than four years of such a man; but how can the Germans get rid of their ruler?

**MR. BLAINE'S FALL.**—Mr. Blaine is in some respects a peculiarly unlucky man. It has happened several times in his career that an accident, often a trivial one, has occurred to mar carefully planned and skillfully executed projects.

Whatever his reason may have been, he has long been anxious to set at rest effectually the rumors that have been current for years about his health. Recently, when the circus reached Washington, he went to a performance with his family and a party of friends, ate peanuts, laughed at the jokes of the clown, and chatted in a lively manner with his companions. Surely, after such an exhibition there could be little doubt of his splendid physical condition, his admirers declared, with many a chuckle. But, alas! a few days, and something happened which was calculated to destroy the good effects of the circus. He attended a garden *fête*, and found many friends to greet him. Among



them was Miss Leiter, the charming daughter of the Chicago millionaire, who, selecting a rose from a cluster at her belt, fastened it in the lapel of his coat. Raising his hat in acknowledgment of the pretty act, Mr. Blaine made a misstep, slipped, and measured his length upon the ground. He was unhurt, but the moral effect of the tumble was bad.

Of course, his friends might argue that he must indeed be in vigorous health if he is able to receive a severe fall without serious effect; but the spectacle of a statesman who is subject to such accidents is not one likely to arouse trust.

**MR. FULLER AS A CANDIDATE.**—If Melville W. Fuller be as wise as the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States should be, he will silence those injudicious friends of his who are talking of him as a possible

Democratic candidate for President. Speculation of this character must inevitably work injury to the distinguished tribunal over which he has the honor to preside, by associating it with politics. Americans have grown to regard the Supreme Court with pride, to place it very high indeed among the great tribunals of the world, and to consider its members, like the Roman tribunes, as being different from other men, and as having something of a sacred character. The justices must pay a certain price for the respect in

which they are held. They must surrender certain privileges enjoyed by their fellow-citizens. They must believe and conduct themselves upon the principle that their state and dignity are so great that, like prelates, they cannot do as other men without lowering themselves in the view of the public. So that Chief Justice Fuller should not submit himself to the indignity of having his merits and demerits discussed as a candidate for office.

He certainly has no reason for seeking the Presidency. It is commonly said that the Presidency is the highest office in the gift of the people. It might be argued with plausibility that the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court is even higher. How many Presidents are there whose memory is honored like that of John Marshall, for instance? And the honors paid in life to holders of the office are almost Presidential. If we make due allowance for the enthusiasm which the power of the President to dispense patronage is apt to arouse. Lastly, Chief Justice Fuller would do well to consider the short and troubled career of that other member of the Supreme Court—David Davis—who allowed himself to listen to the song of political sirens!

**PATRONAGE AND POLITICS.**—It is well known what rewards politicians receive for carrying a ward, district, or State for this candidate or that; but the public rarely has a view of the secret negotiations by which the terms of treaties or, rather, contracts are agreed upon. We are therefore under obligations to Prof. John M. Langston, of Virginia, the colored ex-Congressman, for the revelations he has made as to the details of his interview with Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Nettleton.

Professor Langston runs a Republican machine of his own in Virginia in opposition to General Mahone's, and, therefore, has the right to name some of the Federal office-

holders in Virginia. He opposed instructing for Harrison the Virginia delegates to the National Convention, and then went to Washington to see about some appointments. Here is his story of what happened to him:

"Mr. Nettleton met me by saying: 'I have been advised, through the private secretary of Secretary Foster, that I may not make any haste in making the appointments promised, because of the position which you took against the Administration and against the President at the late Virginia Republican State Convention. Did not you say something against the Administration? Did not you say something against the President at your recent State Convention?' 'Oh, no,' said Professor Langston; 'I commended the Administration. I spoke highly of the President, even declaring that if I had the opportunity of casting the vote of the nominating convention then and there I should cast it for Benjamin Harrison, thus renominating him and, as I trust, reelecting him. That's what I said at our convention.'

"Then the assistant secretary asked me if I had a printed copy of my speech made on that occasion, to which I answered that I had not. I stated to him distinctly what I said at that convention, and all that I said. I told him that I did speak against instructing the Virginia delegates to the Minneapolis Convention, saying I was opposed to instructing delegates to a national convention under any and all circumstances. I am opposed to instructing delegates at this time, for, as I told him I said in my speech, the names of many distinguished men are being called in connection with the nomination and the election, and it is far better as it is wiser and, I think, much more patriotic for delegates to come together at Minneapolis, and, after generous and proper conference, determine which one of the great men of our nation connected with the Republican party shall be put in nomination for the highest office in the gift of the people. The assistant secretary simply repeated: 'I have my instructions, sir, through the private secretary of the secretary, and if you doubt it, Mr. Langston, go in and see the secretary; and if you cannot see the secretary, let Mr. Wynne (the private secretary) say to you what he has said to me in that behalf.'

"To this I replied: 'Mr. Secretary Nettleton, I accept what you say as true, and since your department proposes, without any just cause, to proscribe me, and thus, as you hope, to advance the interests of the present Administration and work the nomination of Benjamin Harrison, I shall take my course in the premises, and you have decided to take yours. I am exceedingly grateful to you, sir, for making promises to me and not keeping them, and now I bid you good-by. We will meet at the right time, at the right place, and under the right circumstances, and you will find that I stand fast by my Republican faith, obedient to the highest good of the people of the State of Virginia, where I reside.'

It will strike many people that both Secretary Foster and Assistant Secretary Nettleton have peculiar ideas in regard to the functions of the Treasury. Electioneering is scarcely within its province, one would think.

**CHINESE EXCLUSION.**—At the time the President was signing the new Chinese Exclusion Act, and every hour since, the Chinese themselves have been accumulating reasons upon reasons why the law should have been adopted, in the first place, and why it should be strictly enforced now.

Canada imposes a poll tax of fifty dollars per head upon Chinese immigrants. The revenue collected at Victoria, British Columbia, in April, from this source, reached sixteen thousand dollars. To the needy Dominion this is an important income, and the government consequently encourages Chinese immigration in every way. If the Chinamen were to remain in Canada, it might be that a different policy would be adopted, even if a serious loss of revenue were the consequence. But they do not. Chinamen go to Victoria because they cannot go to San Francisco direct. They go there with no intention of remaining in Canada, but with a firm determination to smuggle themselves across the border at the first opportunity.

Last year sixteen thousand Chinese were landed at Victoria, contributing eight hundred thousand dollars to the Canadian treasury. It is estimated by the best judges that nine-tenths of them found their way into this country within



CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER.

a short period and are here to-day. British officials, who are in a position to know, estimate that of this large number forty per cent. crossed the line *via* Puget Sound, and drifted down into Washington and Idaho; thirty per cent. crossed from the Northwest Territory into Montana; ten per cent. went over from Manitoba into the northern wilds of Minnesota and Dakota; and twenty per cent. crossed at various points east of Port Arthur into Michigan and New York.

It seems impossible to establish an adequate watch along our three thousand miles of border. The only alternative, therefore, is to tag each Chinaman within our borders who has a right to be in the United States, and to drive all the others out. This course may seem harsh to philanthropists, but practical experience demonstrates the necessity of adopting it.

**LABOR'S REWARDS.**—The material advantages enjoyed by the working-man in the United States as compared with his less fortunate brother in Europe is demonstrated in a striking manner by the last annual report of Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor. It demonstrates that his wages is higher and that he is able to spend more money for almost every purpose relating to his personal comfort.

The collection of data relating to the cost of living is the most extensive ever published. Facts are given from 5,284 families, representing 27,577 persons, distributed through the cotton and glass producing States of the United States, Belgium, Germany, France, Great Britain, and Switzerland. Some of the figures in the cotton industry are as follows:

Country.	Wages.	Rent.	Food.	Total.
United States,	\$657.76	\$72.58	\$287.06	\$610.61
France,	365.94	34.76	164.02	554.72
Germany,	392.11	27.66	142.22	559.99
Great Britain,	556.14	51.24	246.50	552.13

The figures for the glass industry are:

Country.	Wages.	Rent.	Food.	Total.
United States,	\$859.64	\$109.57	\$294.75	\$769.06
Belgium,	627.65	38.95	137.22	492.42
Great Britain,	501.69	50.73	220.96	460.44

Such statistics are eloquent. They proclaim that the American working-man is better paid, better housed, and better fed than working-men of any other country. And, in addition, he has incomparable opportunities of rising in the world.

**MARRIAGE AS A BUSINESS.**—Needy men have pursued women with money from time immemorial. This is as true of the princess on a throne as of the seamstress with her scanty savings. Age is not always able to cool the ardor of the wooer whose flame is fed by hope of gold. Boys have eagerly wedded women old enough to be their grandmothers, even their great-grandmothers. But most men are satisfied to confine such speculations to the retail line. Marriage by wholesale, purely as a business enterprise, is rarer.

The Australian murderer Deeming seems to have conducted his matrimonial operations largely with a view to financial results. He showed a lack of ingenuity in getting rid of his wives, however, which must prevent his being considered an artist in his line.

The United States have recently brought to light two men who are immeasurably his superiors. The gigantic West is the proud possessor of one of these men of genius.

Mr. Johnson—we believe that is his name—had, at last accounts, been recognized by some one hundred and twenty trusting women as the perfidious monster who had won at once their hearts and their property. The other speculator is a one-armed veteran who practised in New England and the East generally. His record is far behind Mr. Johnson's, he having been married only a score of times.

The system followed by both men was simplicity itself. A hasty wooing was followed by desertion upon the honeymoon, and as soon as the bride could be persuaded to surrender her property for safe-keeping.

Both owed their success to the fact that their victims were generally women supporting themselves, and obliged, by their occupation, to live apart from their family and friends. Consequently, there was no one to engage actively in the prosecution of the man who deceived them.

Here, it will be seen, is one danger which women are incurring along with the increasing liberty of action and of employment they are enjoying.

The very fact that they are able to earn money and to accumulate property makes them suitable victims for swindlers of the class we have described.

**"POISONED BY NIHILISTS."**—Romancers sometimes write novels and sometimes newspaper articles. This remark applies to Russia with greater exactness than to most countries. The sources of information open to the newspaper-man in the domain of the Czar are few, and the censorship and the police combine to render it difficult to avail himself with effect of these. At the same time, the strange land and the strange people offer the most picturesque material to the writer. Under these circumstances, the active newspaper-man often succumbs to temptation and weaves weird tales which are seldom contradicted.

Were it not for this state of affairs, the story that comes from St. Petersburg, of the death of the Chief of Police, would merit greater attention than it receives. It has all the features of the most thrilling romance. General Gresser, we are told, was merciless in his severity toward his Nihilist prisoners.

To make them confess conspiracies in which they were supposed to be concerned, he subjected them to the most terrible torture that could be devised, or, rather, is said to have done so. His prisons are declared to have been the scene of untold horrors, and his victims to have numbered delicate and well-trained young women of good family. Not long ago he was attacked by a mysterious illness, and died after having suffered great agony. The Nihilists are said to have poisoned him. The writer of the story adds the customary remark, that "in his last hours General Gresser amazed his attendants by expressing regret for his course as an agent of despotism."

It makes a very pretty story, altogether, with the cruel Chief of Police; the persecuted young women, who undoubtedly defied him to his face, although this fact is omitted in the cable despatches; the dark conspiracy of revenge, and the deathbed repentance of the monster. Nevertheless, it is well to remember, concerning stories from Russia, Falstaff's remark about the untruthfulness of the world.

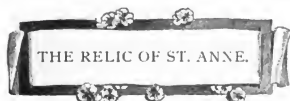


SOCIALIST VOLHOVSKY.



OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS: XLVIII. EMMA JAMES STORY. (*See page 70.*)

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, COPYRIGHTED 1902, BY B. J. FALK, NEW YORK.)



AN INSTANCE OF THE RELIGIOUS FAITH OF THE MIDDLE AGES AS TRANSFERRED TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND ILLUSTRATED BY THE EARNEST BELIEF OF THOUSANDS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.

ONE of the most extraordinary cases illustrating the fidelity of Roman Catholics to the traditions of their religion occurred in New York in the beginning of May, when a religious relic which attracted general attention and awakened wide interest was exhibited in the little French

Church of St. Jean Baptiste in East Seventy-sixth Street in that city. This relic was stated to be a portion of the arm of St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary, and had been brought to this country by the Right Rev. Mgr. Marquis, prothonotary apostolic, being destined to be placed permanently in the Church of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, on the St. Lawrence River, about twenty miles below Quebec. This church is on the site of a little mariners' chapel, which was erected there about three centuries ago. The church being dedicated to St. Anne became the resort of pilgrims from all parts of the country, many of whom went thither afflicted by disease and with the confident belief that they would be cured of their ailments by the intercession of St. Anne. It is alleged that very many thousands in fact, were actually so cured. There was already at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré a fragment which was said to have come from one of the fingers of the saint, but on account of the fact of the popularity of this particular shrine, the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec authorized Mgr. Marquis to go to Rome and endeavor to obtain by privilege from the Pope a more satisfactory and larger relic of St. Anne than was in the possession of the little church. It hap-



THE RELIC OF ST. ANNE IN ITS CASSET

It is contained in a small box or casket of bronze, lined with gold and otherwise ornamented, and having a glass top through which the relic can be seen easily. Around it is wrapped a piece of parchment, bearing in Latin the inscription, "From the wrist of St. Anne."



THE SICK AND CRIPPLED CROWDING INTO THE CHURCH OF ST. JEAN BAPTISTE, TO SEEK A CURE OF THEIR AFFLICTIONS BY MEANS OF THE RELIC OF ST. ANNE.

pens that Pope Leo XIII was named Joachim, after the father of the Virgin Mary, and had, moreover, inherited from his mother, the Countess Anna Pecci, a special regalia for St. Anne. To him therefore the memorials and petition from the little far-away church in Canada came with special significance.

It appears that the arm of St. Anne is in charge of a Benedictine monastery in Rome, and to the abbot of this monastery Pope Leo sent a letter requesting that the desire of Mgr. Marquis should be complied with; and, in accordance with this request, the relic was abstracted from the arm of the saint, and given to the manager. The precious cut away was placed in a small casket or box of bronze, lined with gold and otherwise ornamented, and having a glass top through which the relic could easily be seen. Greatly gratified with the success of his mission, Mgr. Marquis returned to America, bringing with him the sacred treasure, which was to be at last deposited in the Church of St. Anne de Beaupre. On his way to Canada, Mgr. Marquis stopped over in New York, and permitted the exhibition and veneration of the relic at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste. At this little church, accordingly, the relic was shown during certain hours of the day, with the most astounding result as regarded the interest which it awakened among the Roman Catholic clergy and people of New York. Thousands went in to peep the relic, mostly from curiosity, and other thousands whom a devout belief in its efficacy as a sacred symbol, many of the latter some

persons afflicted with disease, who felt entire confidence in the curative powers of the object within the little bronze box. The relic was shown in the early morning hours from about seven until ten A.M., and as early as six o'clock crowds gathered about the doors of the church in such numbers and possessed by such earnest anxiety to obtain a speedy view of the relic that at last it became necessary to assign special policemen to guard the doors and to prevent any crushing or other disturbance occurring. People came not only from New York, but from New Jersey and Long Island; and it is a fact that sufferers from blindnes, from rheumatism, and from paralysis touched the relic with confident expectations that they would be cured of their ills, in the meantime offering prayers of adoration and for assistance to the saint who is believed to have died nineteen hundred years ago. Many of these people were Americans and Irish, while not a few were French and French Canadians. During the period of the exposure of the sacred relic, it was stated that persons were cured from deafness, from palsy, and from other chronic ailments. It is doubtful if there has been a case in America of similar faith in a relic of a deceased saint, or any instances of cures having been alleged to have been effected through such means.

It is a fact that the faithful throughout all the ages of the history of the Roman Catholic Church have displayed great confidence in and great veneration for the relics of the saints, and they are said to have frequently received great advantages from them, not only to cases of disease, but also in regard to other important conditions in life. In illustration of this, it is only necessary to refer to the many miraculous cures and other interpositions said to have been the result of prayer offered at the celebrated shrine at Lourdes in France. Tens of thousands of people have resorted thither for many years past, and the miraculous acts which are stated to have been wrought in answer to their prayers are without number. The antiquity of this feeling in the Church for relics is said to date back as far as the period of the translation of the bones of Joseph when the Jews made their exodus from Egypt. Indeed, there is evidence throughout the Old Testament of a general belief that whatever touched the body of a saint acquired extraordinary virtues. Such was the opinion of the early Christians, and equally in the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles one finds instances of it; it is easy to reason from this belief to the inference that the real body of any saint has the power to produce much more miraculous effects. It has even been said, according to tradition, that the angels themselves collected the bones of St. Catherine and buried them upon



KINDNESS OF BROTHER



"MEETING OF ST. ANNE AND ST. JOACHIM."

(From the painting by Carpaccio, in the Academy, Venice.)

Mount Sinai. The use of shrines for the preservation of relics began about the fourth century, and from that time translations of these objects of veneration from one place to another were frequent. Such relics were exposed to the public view by order of the Church once in a certain given number of years; as, for instance, those in the Church of Notre-Dame at Aix-la-Chapelle are exposed once in seven years, with proclamation, such as the following:

The head and right arm of St. Cornelius are to be exposed; by whose meditation may the Lord Jesus preserve you from the falling-sickness, and after this life bestow on you the kingdom of heaven. *Amen. Paternoster. Ave Maria. Credo.*

In various parts of Christendom, Italy and Rome in particular, the "blood of the martyrs" has been preserved for centuries on account of the belief that exists with regard to the efficacy of such relics. In the city of Naples, on September 18th, is annually celebrated by solemn procession the ceremony of exposing the head and blood of St. Januarius, patron of the city. It is stated that when these two

relics are placed within reach of each other the blood is seen to liquefy, to boil, and to rise to the very rim of the glass in which it is kept. Similar ceremonies are conducted in other cities in Europe, connected with St. Vitus, St. Pantaleon, St. Ursula, St. Lawrence, and others. The wood of the true cross, on which Christ was crucified, is said to have been discovered by St. Helena, and portions of this have been distributed and are said to exist in many of the Catholic cities of Europe. It is said that the blood of St. Januarius, set before the flames of Mount Vesuvius, has never failed to extinguish them. At Venice a leg of St. Lawrence extinguished fires. In a church of that city holy water of great virtue is made with a bone of St. Liberialis. In Sicily, St. Agatha's veil, carried in procession by the clergy, is said to put a stop to the fire of Mount Gibello. At Cologne, it is claimed that the Carthusian monks formerly possessed the hem of Christ's garment. Not long ago THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN gave an account of the exhibition of the Holy Coat of Treves. Indeed, it would take great space and time to set forth anything like the number of holy relics of the saints which are preserved with deep devotion and veneration all over Europe and elsewhere, either in shrines or in other chosen holy places. The custom is not even confined to the Roman Catholic Church; as, for instance, in the case of the Buddhists, the tooth of Buddha is sacredly preserved in Ceylon, being a piece of ivory about the size of the little finger, which is exhibited but rarely.



"PRAYER OF ST. ANNE."

(From the fresco by Giotto, in the Scrovegni Chapel, Padua.)





THE GREAT MORMON TEMPLE AT SALT LAKE CITY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY C. A. SAVAGE, OF SALT LAKE CITY, AT THE REQUEST WITH PRESIDENT WILSON WOODRUFF WAS ADJUSTING THE CAPSTONE BY ELECTRICITY. THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE WERE PRESENT. THE STRUCTURE IS ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE BUILDINGS IN THE WORLD. TO THE LEFT IS THE OLD TABERNACLE.



## THE NEW MORMON TEMPLE.

"For farther particulars, wait till the house is done, then come and see it."

So wrote Truman O. Angell, an Anglo-Mormon, at the end of a description of the temple he had designed for the Latter-day Saints. This description appeared in the Salt Lake City *Millennial Star* of December 2, 1854. The Mormons waited until April, 1892, nearly thirty-eight years, till the house was "done," and then went in their thousands to see it opened.

The first thing the Mormons did when Salt Lake City was laid out, was to set apart one square of ten acres for the Temple Block, which was dedicated to holy uses. It was the intention of the founders that this block should be not only the spiritual but also the geographical centre of the city. The mammon of unrighteousness has, however, not built as the founders desired, so that the Temple Block is far from being the geographical centre of Salt Lake City.

On this block the Mormons held their first worship in the new city. There, at the northwest angle, they built what is known as the Endowment House, where the mysterious rites of the Mormon Church were performed; and then, later on, the members of that Church erected, by voluntary labor, the first tabernacle—an adobe building—replaced to-day by a stone structure of elliptical form, which is celebrated all the world over for its extraordinary acoustic properties.

The original idea of the temple was sketched out by Brigham Young, and from this the architect made his plans. The style of architecture is one entirely unknown outside of the Temple Block. It is a huge and complicated pile, a combination of Greek and Roman, Gothic and Moorish, with more Gothic in it than any other style, which was not, like the temple of Nauroo, revealed, but wholly planned by man. It is entirely built of white granite, brought from the Little Cottonwood Cañon, at the head of which is the Emma Mine, that wrought so much ruin and scandal many years ago. Everything in the structure is solid. There is no brick-work; nothing but solid chiselled granite, dazzling in its whiteness.

In this building it was promised that Jesus Christ should appear in body as soon as it was completed. It is not to be used as a place of worship, but as a sacred edifice in which the various ceremonies of the Church, such as baptism, marriage, and consecration will be performed, which, up to the present, have been celebrated in the Endowment House. For this purpose the basement has been divided into a number of cloister-like rooms. The central one is the baptistery, and is 59 feet long by 35 feet wide, surrounded by a number of smaller rooms and passages. On the first floor is a room 120 feet long by 80 feet wide, arched over in the centre by an elliptical arch which had 35 feet span. As a proof of the massiveness of the building, the walls of this story are 7 feet thick. On the floor above is a room one foot wider, in consequence of the wall being but 6 feet thick, falling off 6 inches on the inner, and the same on the outer side.

There are four towers on the four corners of the temple, each starting from a base 26 feet square. The two east towers rise to a height of 117 feet, while those on the west are 6 feet lower. The centres of the east and west façades of the building are occupied by towers standing on a base 31 feet square. The east tower is 240 feet high, and the west 224 feet. All these six towers are surmounted by spires. On the two west corner towers and on the west end, a few feet below the top of the battlements, is a carved in bold relief the Great Dipper, or Ursa Major, with the pointers ranging nearly toward the North Star, the religious moral of which is, we learn from the architect, that

"the lost may find themselves by the priesthood." But all the external ornaments have some religious significance. For instance, close to the ground are a series of huge bosses on which have been carved maps of various regions of the earth, while between the windows of the first and second stories bosses are carved to represent the eight phases of the moon. Between the windows of the second and third stories is a row of great suns carved in stone, and immediately above is Saturn with his rings. On the key-stone of every arch a star has been chiselled.

The whole building covers an area of 21,850 square feet. At the summit of the steeple of the eastern tower stands a statue of the angel Moroni, in gilt and bronze, which will



FIGURE OF THE ANGEL MORONI.

It crowns the Mormon Temple, is constructed of copper and gold, is thirteen feet six inches in height, and can be illuminated by electric light at night, making it most conspicuous for many miles.

be illuminated with electric light, as is the Diana on the tower of Madison Square Garden, New York.

Moroni is, according to the Mormon faith, a son of Mormon, and one of the survivors of the battle of Cumorah. He it was who appeared to Joseph Smith and told him where the golden plates were on which was inscribed the "Book of Mormon." According to Smith's story, Moroni, having announced himself as a messenger from the presence of God,

Called me by name and said unto me . . . that God had a work for me to do and that my name should be used for good and evil among all nations, kindreds and tongues. . . . He said there was a book deposited, written upon golden plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the source from whence they sprang. He also said that the fulness of the everlasting Gospel was contained in it, as delivered by the Saviour to the ancient inhabitants.

Moroni appeared to Smith several times, showed him the plates on a hill near Palmyra, N. Y., and after four years of probation delivered them into his hands. Along with them was found something like a pair of spectacles, which enabled Smith to translate the ancient tongue with which they were inscribed into English. After the translation was done the plates were returned to Moroni.

## THE LITTLE DUTCH QUEEN.

HOW TWELVE-YEAR-OLD WILHELMINE IS TO BE TAKEN TO BERLIN TO BE BETROTHED TO A GERMAN PRINCE.

BY FRANK H. NORTON.

WHILE, to a certain extent, the political complications of any of the powers and sovereignties of Europe must interest all intelligent Americans, this is especially the case with regard to the Kingdom of the Netherlands. Not only does New York owe its existence and much of its other history

Again, the forms of government, national and municipal, which obtain in Holland are calculated to be more satisfactory to Americans than those that exist in the other monarchical countries of Europe. The Hollander enjoys a great deal of personal freedom under his form of government, and life there is conducted under conditions which an American readily sees are, in many respects, even less irksome than those which he is familiar with at home. As to the royal family of Holland, its members have, as a rule, modelled very little with politics or the conditions of the people for many years. The late King William III. reigned over the Netherlands for forty years, during which period his country was prosperous and his people, as a rule, happy. The first wife of William III., whom he married in 1839, was the Princess Sophia Frederica Matilda, daughter of the late King William I. of Württemberg. The two did not harmonize very well, and the queen usually made her home at the palace known as the "House in the Wood," a charming place, half an hour's drive from The Hague, through bright and green woods and shady avenues intersected by canals. The place is about half-way or less to Scheven-



ROYAL PALACE AT THE HAGUE.

to the Dutch, but there must also always exist in the minds of Americans the highest esteem for the character of the Hollanders. The splendid courage and dignified patience with which these great people fought for their liberties two hundred years before the Americans fought for theirs will always give them a title to the highest respect and esteem at our hands. The American visitor to Holland, moreover, finds to his surprise that, instead of the rotund Dutchman of his school geography, he is met by a population bearing very little of that appearance. Excepting the peasants, who wear wooden shoes and rather quaint-looking garments, the ordinary Hollander of to-day in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Utrecht, and other cities of the Netherlands, is a combination of the American and the Frenchman, and usually speaking with almost equal fluency the language of both. Indeed, in the matter of languages the Hollander is almost as well equipped as the average educated Russian, the children being obliged to study three languages besides their own in all the schools, these languages being English, French, and German. Of course, a traveler from America finds great satisfaction in Holland, being able to use his own language with freedom among almost all classes of people.

ingen, the great Dutch watering-place, and it was in this palace that the great American historian Motley was entertained by Queen Sophia, who was one of his greatest admirers and friends during his stay in Holland, where he was engaged in writing the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and "History of the United Netherlands." The trouble between Sophia and her liege lord resulted in a practical separation between them which lasted during the most of her married life; in fact, their disagreement began before William succeeded to his father's throne in 1849, when they had been married ten years. William was at that time, and, indeed, during almost all his reign, looked upon as the "bad boy" of the reigning families of Europe; he certainly led a most dissolute life, and spent most of his time rambling among the European capitals, picking up as much as possible of the sort of amusement which was to his taste, and which was certainly not to that of his intelligent, conscientious, but not beautiful wife. In 1877 Queen Sophia died, deeply regretted by her people if not by her royal husband. This event did, however, make a different man of King William. From this time forward there was very little to be said against him on the score of immorality or

impropriety of conduct, although he grew to be noted for the irascibility and violence of his temper. His two sons were in no condition physically, mentally, or morally to be favorably considered with regard to the succession, and the king determined to marry again. After a considerable search among the royal and principal families of Europe, the choice of the king fell upon Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, a charming young girl of twenty, whose marriage to this sexagenarian was viewed generally with equal surprise and horror.

The new Queen of the Netherlands bore the name of Adelaide Emma Wilhelmine Thérèse, and was born at Arolsen, in Germany, August 2, 1858. She was married at that place, January 7, 1879, and soon after the Prince of Orange, heir to the crown, died in Paris after a miserable career of public and private scandal; five years later he was followed by his brother, who had been a life-long invalid. It is easy to be seen, therefore, that the political condition of Holland, not only in regard to that country but also with reference to its political connection with the other sovereignties of Europe, must necessarily be influenced in a most important degree by the result of this marriage. Indeed, it will easily be understood, by those who are familiar with the political and commercial situation among the kingdoms of Europe, that the apparently simple matter of the old King of Holland marrying the young Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont might easily influence the conditions of all the great European powers. Holland, like Belgium, occupies a peculiar relation to the other European States. There is not the slightest doubt that Germany or France would like to swarm down on either of these kingdoms with a view to capture them for their own purposes; but between this desire and its fulfillment stands the tremendous efficacy of the great European coalition which has never been practically abrogated since the time of Napoleon I.

One of the extraordinary elements in the history of Europe is the fact that Holland and Belgium have been enabled to retain in all these years their autonomy. Yet, somehow, it has happened that not any one of the powers more directly interested has been able to interfere with this condition. It is very certain, of course, that Germany would, if she dared, claim Antwerp as her seaport; while it is equally positive that she would demand as one of



WILHELMINE, THE TWENTY-YEAR-OLD QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

her belongings the mouth of the Rhine, just as she does the remainder of that stream.

Naturally, therefore, all Europe, and Germany in particular, necessarily considered the second marriage of William III. of Holland as tending either to settle or still further confuse a most important continental political question. The birth of the child who is now queen Wil-



ROYAL PALACE AT AMSTERDAM.

helmine must necessarily be a matter of importance to the European potentates and statesmen who were obliged by their position to have this grave question in charge. The little Dutch Queen, to give her her full name, was christened Wilhelmine Helena Pauline Marie. She was born at The Hague, August 31, 1830.

From the time of the marriage of King William to Princess Emma, the Dutch people accepted her without question; and she is a most charming woman, possessing a pleasing countenance and a very dignified presence, accompanied by a manner which is amiable and kindly. She speedily gained the admiration, as she did the confidence of the Netherlands. Whenever she appeared in public in her carriage in the streets of Amsterdam, she was followed by crowds of enthusiastic Hollanders, who exhibited their gratification and satisfaction at her presence among them in every complimentary term that the Dutch language is capable of expressing. Quite on the contrary, when the old king drove through any of the streets of any of his capitals, morose and grim as he always looked, his presence was marked by dead silence on the part of the passers-by. As a matter of fact, the latter part of his life King William was not beloved by his subjects. His ministers had a very bad time with him. Of course, therefore, his wife, the charming young princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, did not find that her lines were east in pleasant places. As to the domestic life of the king in his palace at The Hague—that gloomy-looking building—it was certainly the reverse of agreeable to the young queen. It is even said that the king was so impulsive and irascible that it was his custom, on meeting a door in the palace, in his progress from one part of it to another, which chanced to be closed, to simply kick it open. It is stated that Queen Emma, when she discovered this habit of her husband, had all the doors in the palace made so that they could work either way on their hinges.

The birth of Queen Wilhelmine served to increase the regard of the Dutch people for her mother, while also in a measure creating a more agreeable feeling on their part toward King William himself. This has been more the case, however, outside of Amsterdam, where the old king was never liked, perhaps for the reason, more than any other, that he never resided in the palace in that city more than once a year, and that for a brief period, having, as is alleged, a great dislike for the Amsterdam people. As an instance of the re-awakened interest felt in the royal family after the birth of Wilhelmine, it may be stated that in a magnificent museum of war figures which exists in Amsterdam there is, or was a few years ago, an interesting and most artistic group in wax representing the entire royal family of the Netherlands. The scene is a handsomely furnished room, with King William and Queen Emma seated on a sofa at one side, and the little Princess Wilhelmine, then a toddling child of two years, hurrying as fast as she is able from the other side of the apartment toward the extended arms of her royal parents. No one ever had the influence over King William that was exercised by his wife. It was said of her during his life, that even while he was in the midst of his worst passions, of which he exhibited to her many examples, she could easily control him and quiet him almost with a word. Though so amiable in her nature, Queen Emma is also gifted with a force of character which would hardly be expected to accompany such a tender and gentle disposition. She is, moreover, a thoroughly well-informed woman, politically and otherwise. Most carefully educated, as were all the princesses of the Waldeck-Pyrmont family, she possesses also strong will-power and great discernment and skill in regard to the management of public affairs. Under her guidance it could hardly occur that little Wilhelmine should not have been trained and brought up with thoroughness and wisdom, in a manner to suit her to her important position which she was destined to fill. This position was certainly jeopardized for a time prior to the serious illness which resulted in the death of her father. For some months, early in 1889, this had been constantly expected. And, indeed, for several years previously the health of the king had been such as to occasion alarm on the part of those most interested as to the probability of his living many years longer. To such a degree was this felt in Holland that in 1887 the Dutch Constitution was revised in order to permit of the succession of the little

Princess Wilhelmine to the throne. After a long illness King William died on November 23, 1889, at the Castle of Loo, and by his death the male line of the house of Nassau-Orange became extinct. The Duchy of Luxembourg, which had been an appanage of the Crown of Holland, passed into the hands of the Duke of Nassau, and the little Princess Wilhelmine became Queen of the Netherlands, which, however, until her majority in 1893, will be ruled for her by her mother, as queen regent.

The next act in this drama of the history of the Netherlands will take place in Berlin, provided that the programme at present indicated shall be carried out. It will be remembered that Emperor William of Germany made a visit last year to the Queen Regent of the Netherlands; it is announced that Her Majesty Queen Emma will return this visit during the latter days of the present month, accompanied by her daughter Wilhelmine. The two queens will be entertained at Potsdam, doubtless with great splendor and magnificence. The object of this visit and of this entertainment is said to be the betrothal of little Queen Wilhelmine to Prince Frederick, eldest son of Albrecht, Regent of Brunswick. The young prince was born in 1874, and is therefore only six years older than his prospective bride. He is enormously wealthy, and that has doubtless had much to do with the present matrimonial undertaking. As for Queen Wilhelmine, she is said to have been brought up by her mother to be strong and self-reliant, and it is certain she has a passion for out-door amusements of all kinds. She is especially fond of driving, and skilfully handles her team of six ponies, which she drives in her little carriage two abreast.

## OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS.\*

XLVIII. EMMA EAMES STORY.

A SKETCH of Miss Emma Eames's career upon the operatic stage was published in No. 75 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, accompanying a portrait of the famous American *prima donna*, drawn by Arthur Jule Goodman. She has since then become so well known to the American public through her triumphs in opera and concert, that it is necessary to give now only a brief summary of her career, to go with the portrait published on page 62.

Miss Eames, or, rather, Mrs. Julian Story, is a New England girl, who owes her success above all to her own industry and the wise teaching of her mother. She went to Paris as soon as a family council had decided that she had a voice worth training carefully, studied under Marchesi, and went the usual round of teachers in drama, elocution, fencing, and dancing. Her *début* was followed by small successes, till she made her first notable hit as Juliette in Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette." "An ideal Juliette of Shakespeare and of song," were Gounod's words of admiration referring to her.

It was in London that a happy ending was reached in her love affair with Julian Story, the artist, and son of W. W. Story, the famous American sculptor, who has long been one of the notabilities of Rome. The romantic features of the marriage will be remembered by our readers.

Coming back to the United States with the Abbey-Grau opera company, Mrs. Story won in the season just ended the admiration of her fellow-countrymen by reason of her grace, beauty, and genius as an artist.

\* Portraits already published in "Our Gallery of Players": Pauline Hall, in No. 19 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; Fanny Davenport, in No. 23; Mrs. Langtry, in No. 31; Fay Templeton, in No. 35; Marie Jansen, in No. 37; Marie Toppet, in No. 73; Laura Moore, in No. 77; Ada Rehan, in No. 79; Georgia Cayvan, in No. 80; Della Fox, in No. 81; Anna O'Keefe, in No. 82; Kosma Vokes, in No. 83; Marion Marsden, in No. 84; Helen Hertram, in No. 85; Isabelle Urquhart, in No. 86; Ellen Terry, in No. 87; Annie Myers, in No. 88; Julia Marlowe, in No. 89; Nane, Helena Modjeska, in No. 90; Mrs. Agnes Booth, in No. 91; Marie Heilbrunn, in No. 92; Joseph Jefferson, in No. 93; Henry Irving, in No. 94; Jane Hading, in No. 95; Adelaide Arthur, in No. 96; Wilson Barrett, in No. 97; Margaret Mather, in No. 98; Stuart Robson, in No. 99; Tommaso Salvini, in No. 100; Bessie Constant Coquelin, in No. 101; Edward H. Southern, in No. 102; Sarah Bernhardt, in No. 103; Lillian Russell, in No. 104; Helen Dore, in No. 105; Frederic Bond, in No. 106; Elsie Elsie, in No. 107; Francis Wilson, in No. 108; Louis James, in No. 109; Joseph Haworth, in No. 110; Robert B. Mantell, in No. 111; Adelaide Prince, in No. 112; Minna K. Gale, in No. 113; Mrs. George Drew Barrymore, in No. 114; Miss Lili Lehmann, in No. 115; Annie Russell, in No. 116; Jean Lassalle, in No. 117; and Rose Coghlan, in No. 118.



## AN OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW.

So great has been the success of the annual horse shows held during the winter months at Madison Square Garden, New York, that Col. William Jay and a number of other lovers of horsemanship were inspired to join forces and launch the "United States Horse and Cattle Show Society."

The newly formed society has recently held its first

ere the New York papers will have to announce that "the summer has set in with its usual severity."

It may be, too, that, if they are patient enough, New Yorkers will some day be able to describe their summers as consisting of "three fine days and a thunder-storm."

Then, indeed, will the triumph of John Bull on Manhattan Island have reached its climax, and the Anglomaniac his apotheosis.

Now the New Yorker, male and female, has not yet had time to get accustomed to the new climatic conditions. He, poor, deluded mortal, still imagines that straw hats come in with May and thin underclothing with spring lamb and mint sauce; while she, in her ignorance, still believes that her winter gowns may be packed away for months, once the *frou-frou* of thin silks and *chiffon* has been heard at the Easter parade in Fifth Avenue.

Therefore, as there were four cold rainy days out of the



ONE OF THE SHIRES.

annual open-air show of horses. The cattle, we presume, will turn up later.

So far as the entries—over six hundred and twenty-five, which is a goodly number, considering that at this time of the year the breeding farms are in full swing—were concerned, the show was a success. But, as the society was not started as a charitable affair, we fear that there its success ended. The public did not rush to the open-air show in those horries which the organizers had expected, and therefore they did not reap the harvest their enterprise deserved.

First of all, the weather was unpropitious.

New York has, since it became inoculated with Anglomaniac, discovered that it must take the bad as well as the good qualities of that fashionable craze. So it is that, with horse shows and dog shows, tandems and four-in-hands, tailor-made gowns and covert coats, marrow bones and brandies and sodas, it has been obliged to adopt as well mackintoshes and turned-up trousers, small imitations of London fogs and unsettled weather.

Judging from present appearances, it may not be long

six during which the open-air horse show was held, the attendance was very thin.

But once New Yorkers have become accustomed to their English weather, they will do as the inhabitants of the tight little island from which they imported it do: brave the elements in great, thick, solid, hobnailed boots and the most unbecoming of mackintoshes; thoroughly enjoy the rain and get an appetite out of it, and look upon showers as a matter of course instead of a nuisance.

Nor will a few of these little showers drive the judges of a horse show of the future to postpone the judging programme to another day.

"Twas an ill-judged proceeding, and it was so very un-English.

You would have thought it un-*Irish*, too, had not one of the committee shown his undoubted Hibernian origin by announcing to the public that, "*To-day's programme will be judged to-morrow.*"

Another drawback to the success of the open-air horse show was that horse shows in New York still depend upon the aid of society—by society, we mean the select few whose

goings in and comings out are daily chronicled in the newspapers—for their success.

Certainly the U. S. H. and C. S. S. did try to introduce something beyond the pampered darling of fashion into their show, and offered prizes for Shires and heavy draught-horses. Two Shires turned up, and half a dozen heavy draught-horses or so.

In Chicago we remember to have seen over two hundred Shires exhibited at one time: *fat est et ab hoste docti*.

But New York society goes to these shows to see society, and not the horses, or *pollos* of New York go there to have an opportunity of seeing the "great folk" of whom they have read so much. Out of the visitors to a horse show, how many know anything of or care, indeed, a rush for a horse?

For instance, in New York—*place aux dames*—there are Mrs. Sam. Howland, Miss Sallie Hewitt, a few of the Westchester County set, and perhaps half a dozen others, who know anything about the points of the animal.

Among the men, of course, there are more who know something about a horse; but three-quarters of them would be perfectly willing to agree with the late Dr. Samuel Johnson, that a horse's pastern was its knee.

One in every hundred would be far more comfortable inside a horse than on its back, for Foxhall Kernes and H. L. Herberts are few and far between.

Ninety out of every hundred go to these shows to see their friends, or those they would move heaven and earth to be able to call their friends.

Mrs. Patrick Moriarty, who keeps a boarding-house in Stuyvesant Square and takes in all the society journals, goes there so that she and her daughters may at least know by sight Mrs. Paran Stevens, the Hon. Mrs. James Roche, Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck—her sister, Mrs. Ogden Mills, etc.

The Moriartys like to talk in their parlor with a few of the select boarders, of an evening, of "Auntie Paran" and "the Livingston twins," for they want to keep pace with the young man engaged at the diamond counter of a celebrated New York jeweller, who every other evening (that is, the young man, not the jeweller) speaks of—well, we will not mention her name, but you will find it mentioned at least three or four times a week in the society columns of the daily papers—as "a devilish fascinating young widow."

Mrs. Moriarty has good reason for believing he once sold her a pair of diamond solitaire ear-rings, and that that is his sole acquaintance with "the devilish fascinating widow." Every other evening, after he has left her parlor, she tells the remaining boarders so.



MR. PRESCOTT LAWRENCE ADVANCES TO THE FIELD.

And then, Mrs. Moriarty's boarders must needs go to the show, too; so that they may not be caught tripping by describing Mrs. Paran Stevens as a "delicate blonde"—a favorite expression in the society columns of their pet paper—or by referring to the Venetian red hair of Mrs. Duncan Elliot, or the raven locks of *petite*—another favorite expression of their pet paper—Mrs. Fernando Ymaga.

So they, too, go to the show, unless, indeed, they find out that society is not going.

Then they don't go.

And, unfortunately, society was not in great force at the open-air horse show. For society has flitted and, with few exceptions, New York knows its members no more. The consequence was, Mrs. Moriarty, and the Misses Moriarty, the Moriarty boarders, and the young man at the diamond counter did not go to the show, although, between you, fair reader, and ourselves and the lamp-post, "the devilish fascinating widow" was there, for we saw her there in a box, and very handsome she looked.

Now the Moriartys, the Moriarty boarders, young men at diamond counters, *et ad genus omne*, are the principal patrons of these shows, for society, although it is such a great drawing card, is very small in New York; so small, indeed, that there are some sneers—mostly vulgar importations—who say they cannot see it at all.

Then, again, the distance was great, for the horse show was held on the old Manhattan Athletic Grounds, at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street and Eighth Avenue; that is, nearly seven miles north of Twenty-third Street, which is the centre of New York, or, at any rate, of that part of New York worth knowing. This, of course, could not be helped, for—we only mention these little details in case any of our readers should be so benighted as not to know the great metropolis—New York is long drawn out, and unoccupied spaces of the size re-



PRIZE WINNERS AMONG THE HACKNEYS.



SHOWING THE TROTTERS.

quired by the show are almost impossible to find within the city limits. Three-quarters of an hour on the elevated road—for, alas! we do not all possess carriages, and only comparatively few beggars ride on horseback in New York—is not conducive to pleasure, and having to hang on to a strap all the time, with a chance of being bumped into the condition of a jellyfish at every curve, does incline one to forget some of the precepts taught by the saintly Dr. Isaac Watts.

No, what with bad weather, the absence of society, of the Moriarty's, the Moriarty boarders, and the young man at the diamond counter, and the long distance, the first open-air horse show was not a success, from the filthy lucre point of view; but otherwise, as we have already stated, it was a grand success, and we trust that the future shows will be so arranged that all society and all the Moriarty's, and all the Moriarty boarders, and all the young men at diamond counters, will attend them in their thousands.

The more horse shows there are, the better for the country, even if they have to be supported by gentlemen with a philanthropic turn of mind. They are at present doing more than anything else toward procuring the very best blood from foreign countries.

John Jones suddenly finds himself a millionaire. It may be he procured his millions in some shady manner, and then he generally builds churches or endows hospitals or colleges. But sometimes he invests in pictures or gets somebody who can distinguish between a Jules Breton and a Meissonier to invest for him. And, again, sometimes he imports expensive horses, for which he really does not care a straw, but does so simply to gain for himself the reputation of having the best horse of his class in the country. If at one of these horse shows he finds Bill Smith has a still better, he straightway sends to Europe for a prize horse that can beat Bill Smith's horse; and this goes on, show after show, until we get the best blood in the world. And besides the Joneses and the Smiths are the Keenes, Belmonts, the Prescotts, the Lawrences, who import good stock out of pure love for horseflesh; and they, too, are put on their mettle to procure the very best blood for these horse shows.

Talking of the Keenes, the sensation of the show was Foxhall, the great race-horse formerly owned by Mr. James

Keene, and now by the Earl of Rosebery. He won the prize for thoroughbred stallions. It was the first time he had been on exhibition in this country since he made such a fame for himself in England and France. Truth to say, most of the people who crowded around his stall showed more interest in the R. and the earl's coronet on his blanket than on his points; but those points are almost perfect.

As to the other horses, most of which have been exhibited and written about over and over again, what they were and what they won, is it not written in the chronicles of the daily papers?

## THE NEW COMET.

THE comet which is now interesting astronomers is one of the most extraordinary in the history of astronomy, on account of the peculiarities in its tails, and it is also remarkable as being the largest seen in the Northern Hemisphere since 1882. Dr. Lewis Swift, of the Warner Observatory at Rochester, N. Y., who was first to discover it, proclaims it the most remarkable that has ever appeared. It is named after him.

It has been carefully observed by Professor Barnard, of Lick Observatory. According to his observations, changes were taking place in its tails continually between April 4th and 9th. On April 4th the tail was twenty degrees long, and straight and slender, a telescopic view showing it to consist of two branches, with scarcely any nebulousity between. On the morning of the 5th a photograph was taken with a camera, with a six-inch lens strapped on to the telescope, with an exposure of one hour. There were then three main branches, a new one having appeared between the two original ones. Each of these branches was in turn separated, until at least a dozen could be counted. Two degrees from the head along the northern side of the middle tail a sudden bend southward occurs, a very unusual thing. On the morning of the 6th an exposure of half an hour was given. The short northern branch had disappeared, and the two others had blended together. On the 7th the most successful observation was made, an exposure of an hour and five minutes having been given.





**J**ESSE D. GRANT is becoming more and more like his father as he grows older, particularly as to his forehead, eyes, and the shape of his head. Although nearing forty, he retains a youthful appearance because of his small stature and slender figure. He is living on a ranch in California.

**R**OSA HARTWICK THORPE, the author of "Curfew Must not Ring To-night," is only forty-two years old. Her childhood was passed in great poverty, and when she wrote "Curfew," at the age of seventeen, she had almost no education, properly speaking. Her only reward for the verses at the time was a letter of thanks from the editor who printed them.

**D**R. KITASATO is a Japanese who has won laurels in the company of the most learned scientific men of Europe. The Prussian Ministry of Public Instruction has conferred upon him the honorary title of professor. Kitasato has studied bacteriology for six years under Professor Koch, devoting himself especially to the germs of cholera, tetanus, and influenza. He has returned to Japan to preside over the new Institute of Bacteriology in Tokio.

**M**RS. CELIA THAXTER's love of the sea, which is exhibited so strongly in her poems, comes to her almost from birth. When she was only four years old she went with her father and mother to live in the light-house on White Island, near Portsmouth, N. H., where she remained until she was ten years old. Her next home was less lonely only in degree, being Appledore, Isle of Shoals. Since then she has never been able to remain away from the sea long without feeling a species of homesickness.

**R**ED ANGUS, sheriff of Johnson County, Wyo., has been a prominent and picturesque figure during the cattle war. Had the regulators been successful, he might not be riding around now, astride of a powerful chestnut mare, with a big fur overcoat, broad-brimmed cowboy hat, six-shooter buckled at his waist, and Winchester lying across the horn of his saddle. The regulators had an idea that he sympathized with the rustlers, and therefore had him on their list. As they failed in their reformatory expedition, he is now helping to guard them. He is described as the kind of sheriff that might have stepped out of the pages of one of Bret Harte's stories.

**L**UISE IMOGENE GUINEY, whose delicate verses have pleased many readers, is a typical Boston girl, although she does not answer to the newspaper humorist's conception of that charming personality, save in the particulars of being very learned and wearing glasses. An admirer has thus described her: "She was neither Greek nor English, but a Boston girl, of medium height, girlish form, firm and well made for bicycle, car, or horse, and of all of them she is fond; a face on which a firm chin and shapely, soft neck make pedestal for an individuality whose commingled strength, joyousness, and affection are all expressed therein; a face full of healthfulness, of imagination, of eagerness for things high and loathing of things low;

the eyes alert and sanguine, the mouth ready for merriment or reserve, the brows well filled and thoughtful, and the aspect altogether one of intellectual force and emotional intensity."

**H**ELENE RADZIVILL is about to be married amid the most brilliant circumstances, at Berlin, to Count Joseph Potocki. The wedding recalls a love romance in the life of the late Emperor William I. Before he had become heir apparent to the crown of Prussia, he fell deeply in love with Princess Charlotte Radzivil. Then his succession to the throne having become certain, state reasons forbade his marrying her. For five years he declined to renounce the hand of the woman he loved. The commands of his father finally led him to choose a Weimar princess as the sharer of his future glory. But he never forgot his former love, although before his death she had been in her grave for half a century. To this affection was due his selection of a Radzivil as his personal adjutant. For years before his death the old emperor was seldom seen without Prince Anton was at his side.

**P**RINCESS MARIA DE LA PAZ, sister of the late King Alfonso XII, of Spain, and wife of Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria, has published for charitable purposes a highly artistic album, which she entitles the "Princess Album Caritas," and which has just made its appearance in Munich. Her co-laborers in this work of benevolence are Pope Leo XIII., Emperor William of Germany, Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, Empress Frederick, the Queens of Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Roumania, the Kings of Sweden and Portugal, the Archduchesses of Austria, the Countess of Flanders, the princesses of the House of Orleans, and all the reigning princes of Germany. These interesting contributions, comprising the arts of painting, literature, and music, are intended to furnish funds for the erection in Munich, Bavaria, of an educational home for poor children under the auspices of the Marien Verein.

**S**ENATOR STANFORD, of California, is said to have four pet projects constantly in mind: His bill in the United States Senate to increase the currency; the Leland Stanford, Jr., University; his stock farm at Palo Alto; and the disposal of his various homes. He maintains half a dozen houses at various places, which are provided with services and can be placed in readiness for occupancy at the shortest notice. It is probable that after his death they will be put to public uses. A modest two-story cottage in Sacramento was the Stanfords' first home in California, and is always visited by Mrs. Stanford every time she returns to the State. Presenting every possible contrast to it is the great mansion in the same city, erected by the Senator when he was Governor of California. A peculiar attachment is felt for the mansion by the owners, for there their only child was born, and for that reason it has never been sold, although the State has been desirous of purchasing it for a gubernatorial residence. Their present purpose is to make it a home for crippled children, endowed with a sufficient sum to maintain it properly. Their mansion on Nob Hill, San Francisco, is larger than

the White House at Washington, but it is seldom used. The Senator and Mrs. Stanford will probably present that to the city for the use of a free library. The home at Palo Alto, which is the one they always occupy when in California, and which they always turn from with regret when leaving the State, will become the residence of the president of the university.

**JUDGE JOHN F. ALTGELD**, whom the Democrats have nominated for Governor of Illinois, is one of the richest men in the State. Last spring he resigned from the bench because he had so much real estate to attend to that it interfered with his judicial duties. Not many years ago he was desperately poor. He was born in 1847 in the Duchy of Nassau, Germany. When one year old he was brought by his parents to the New World and was reared on a farm near Mansfield, O. At sixteen he enlisted in the army and served six months around Richmond. At twenty-one he worked his way to Kansas, but met with such uncommon ill fortune that he walked barefooted out of the State and located in Missouri, where he worked on the farm, taught school, and then studied law, being admitted to the bar in 1872. In 1875 he removed to Chicago and invested all his means in real estate at the time when prices were lowest. The subsequent advance in his professional earnings has made him very wealthy.

**COL. CHARLES BARCLAY TAPPEN** is the oldest New Yorker. He was ninety-six years old on February 5, 1892, and has lived in New York City for eighty years. He was born in Hanover, Morris County, N. Y., where his grandfather settled just before the Revolution. The "Record of the Tappan Family," for the name is spelled indiscriminately with the *a* and the *e*, shows that on his father's side his ancestors settled in Newbury, Mass., in 1637. Colonel Tappen walks from his residence on East Sixty-eighth Street, New York, down to Wall Street on any fine morning, smokes one cigar a day, uses wine in moderation, has one granddaughter twenty-one years of age, has had eleven children born to him, and hasn't taken sixty cents' worth of medicine in sixty years. Colonel Tappen is the oldest ex-officer of New York City, having been Commissioner of Public Works from 1835 to 1838. He is a very striking-looking man, and his blue eyes are as clear as fifty years since. He laid the foundations of his fortune as an architect, and many of his houses built sixty or seventy years since are as good as ever.

**R. H. NILES**, a Wall Street broker, will be watched with interest by persons interested in the influence of the number 13. In preparing for the new method of stock clearing, the clearing-house managers ran up against a very pronounced Stock Exchange superstition. When the managers assigned to brokers their numbers on the clearing-house sheets matters ran smoothly enough through the twelve first assignments. But the broker to whom number 13 was proffered begged to be excused. He did not wish to make trouble, but he would rather take another number. Fourteen was assigned to him, and the next applicant was ticketed 12. He objected decidedly, and the managers obligingly numbered him 15. Number 13 was offered to every succeeding applicant up to 100, and was declined by all. Applicant number 101, braver than his fellows, accepted ticket 13 and went home with it; but after sleeping on the matter, he came back to the managers next day and begged them to give him another figure. Thirteen was at last assigned to Mr. Niles, who expressed the belief that there may be some luck in a number which everybody else avoids.

**MRS. GEORGE B. McLELLAN** spent part of her winter abroad in Morocco and has many strange tales to tell of what she saw of the life of Moorish women in seclusion. Upon one occasion she was taken to call upon a lady of high rank. The apartments were rich in cushions, rugs, and hangings, and around the hostess were grouped the supernumerary wives of the master of the house. Anxious to entertain her visitors, the hostess suggested that possibly the ladies might like to see her jewels. Of course they did, and a slave brought a great box that when opened revealed masses of most gorgeous

stones. Then the hostess took a fancy that one of her visitors must be decked out in them, and while the young lady knelt on a rug in the centre of the room the women of the harem clustered about her and threw over her head forty strings of great pearls that hung almost to her waist, and twisted them and glittering rubies and diamonds in her hair till she was almost covered with the costly baubles that never before had been strung about an American throat. The owner of all the magnificence seemed delighted with the experiments, while her visitors simply wondered.

**CAPT. T. P. LEATHERS** was in Washington recently looking after an old claim he has against the Government. He is the most famous river man on the Mississippi, for did he not receive the first Government license to run a boat on the Father of Waters away back in 1836, and did he not build the famous steamer *Natchez*—not only one, but seven others bearing that renowned name, and every one of them a tight and speedy ship? But what the gallant old captain is proudest of is a heavy gold medal, the superscription of which tells the great events of his life—how the *Natchez* lowered the record of the *J. M. White*, which, in 1840, made the trip from New Orleans to St. Louis in three days, twenty-three hours and nine minutes, and by doing the same journey in three days, twenty-one hours and fifty-eight minutes, in 1870, which time has not since been lowered. "I was carrying the United States mail in 1861," said the captain, "but the work was suspended on account of the civil conflict. When I ceased performing the service the Government owed me thirteen thousand dollars. It is still owing me that amount. I guess there hasn't been time enough to square with me, so I take an occasional run to Washington to try and expedite the settlement."

**AUGUSTUS BRANDEGEE**, the well-known Connecticut Republican, has contributed a new anecdote of President Lincoln. He says: "One Sunday evening Senator Dixon, with whom I was on terms of intimacy, came to my rooms with the announcement that the United States marshal for Connecticut was dead, and urged me to join with him in the recommendation of a gentleman who lived in a country town in my district and to whom he was under an obligation for political favors. The gentleman named was not a candidate for the office, lived remote from the place where the courts were held, and had no experience in the duties of such a position. Dixon was a persuasive man. I was a very young member and was easily flattered with the idea that I could secure a leading appointment for my district. He urged we should go up that evening and secure the appointment before the other members of the delegation should present a rival candidate. Dixon was a favorite at the White House, lived nearly opposite the executive mansion, and was in the habit of dropping in Sunday evenings, informally, and chatting with the President. I was put forward to state the case, and urged it with all the arguments I could muster. Mr. Lincoln listened with a half-serious, half-comic expression, asked some pointed questions which showed that he took in the full inwardness of the situation, and, when I had concluded, said: 'You remind me of a young lawyer in Sangamon County who had hung out his shingle for a long time without having a client. At last he got one, but feeling very anxious not to lose his first case, he thought he would go down and state it to the justice who was to try it, and ascertain in advance what he thought of it. So he went down one Sunday evening and stated it for all it was worth, and concluded by asking the justice how he would probably decide it. "As you state the case," replied the justice, "I should be obliged to decide against you. But you had better bring the case. Probably the other side will make so much worse a showing that I shall have to decide the case in your favor." There did not seem to be much for Dixon and me to say after this, and so, as soon as we fairly could, we retired in good order. A few days after a candidate from another part of the State was strongly urged by the rest of the delegation. In about a week, however, Colonel Hay came up to the Capitol to say that he was directed by the President to tell me that I had won my first case, that the Dutch justice had decided in my favor, and that our candidate was appointed."



## VIII. THE HOUSES OF ENGLAND.

OWING to the frequent change of the royal line, either by the will of the people or by succession through the female line, there have been no fewer than seven distinct houses occupying the throne of England since the Norman Conquest. The present Queen is a descendant of the founder of all these houses, except that of the House of Lancaster; but when she states, as she does in her "Leaves from the Highlands," that she is "the representative of the Stuarts," she makes a ridiculous blunder. The House of Brunswick-Lüneburg, or House of Hanover, of which she is the English representative, was chosen for the very reason that its selection signified the rejection by the English nation of the Stuarts.

When the last surviving child of Princess Anne, the young Duke of Gloucester, died, in 1700, the succession to the crown was left unprovided for after the demise of William and Anne. It was, therefore, necessary to make a new settlement, and Parliament soon afterward set to work to do so. James II. and his children being debarred from the succession, the next in blood was Anna Maria, the wife of Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy. She was the daughter of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, who was the youngest child of Henrietta Maria and Charles I. of England; though some historians insist that her father was Queen Henrietta Maria's faithful servant, Henry Jermyn. But Anna Maria was a Roman Catholic, which prevented her mounting the throne. After her came the family of the Elector Palatine, who had married Elizabeth, the daughter of James I. But Elizabeth's two sons, the famous Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, had abjured the Reformed faith, so they, too, were out of the question; and the English Parliament had to turn to Elizabeth's daughter Sophia, who had married the Elector of Hanover, and alone of the Elector Palatine's family had remained faithful to the Protestant Church.

It was through this Act of Settlement that Queen Victoria wears the crown of Edward the Confessor. Had there been no revolution in England, and no Act of Settlement, who would be now wearing that crown?

When, by the death of Henry Stuart, Cardinal York, in 1807, the House of Stuart and all the male heirs of James II. became extinct, and his sister Mary having left no grandchildren, the Stuart representation devolved on Victor Emmanuel I., the great-grandson of Anna Maria, Duchess of Savoy, already mentioned. As the Salic law did not prevail in England, Victor Emmanuel's heir, so far as his English claims were concerned, was his eldest daughter, Mary Beatrice.

Victor Emmanuel's daughters were celebrated for their beauty, Mary Beatrice being considered the handsomest of the three. Their beauty did not help them, however, to happy married lives. The Duchess of Modena and the youngest, who became Queen of Naples, were continually being beaten by their husbands; while the eldest, the Empress Mary Anne of Austria, was tied to a husband who must have been an object of terror and disgust to her. Like the biblical demoniac, he sometimes fell into the fire and sometimes into the water, and slept at night with his wrist connected by a long string with that of a doctor in the next room. Directly this link announced a spasmodic action of the emperor's arm, the unfortunate doctor had to jump out of bed and rush to his majesty's relief.

Mary Beatrice's heir was her eldest son, Francis V., Duke of Modena, who died in 1875. Francis left no issue, so the Stuart claims devolved upon the daughter of his brother Ferdinand, Maria Theresa, wife of Prince Louis of Bavaria. She was born July 5, 1849, and married the eldest son of the Regent of Bavaria in 1868. Their eldest son bears the name of his celebrated English ancestor, Prince Rupert. Therefore, the future Queen Consort of Bavaria would be now Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and of its dependencies, and Empress of India, if the English people had not objected to Roman Catholic rulers; and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales would be probably living the beggarly existence of an officer in the Prussian or Austrian army on some one thousand dollars a year.

It has often been stated, but erroneously, that King Humbert of Italy is the representative of the Stuarts. He is not even descended from the Stuarts. On the death of Victor Emmanuel I.'s successor, Charles Felix, the Savoyards had to go for their sovereign to a younger branch of the family, the Savoy-Carignano, and it is from them that King Humbert comes.

The French used to put forward a claim to the throne of England every now and then when relations got strained. But it is not so clear a title as that of the Duchess Louis of Bavaria. Anna Maria of Savoy's great-granddaughter, Maria Theresa, married that wretched specimen of royalty,

the Comte d'Artois, who escaped the guillotine and became Charles X.; their son was the Duc d'Angoulême, who became married Louis XVI.'s unfortunate daughter. As late as 1836, when the Legitimists were just as angry with Protestants as with revolutionists, that old fossil, the *Gazette de France*, seriously put forth the above claim. "We have the true royal legitimacy perfectly proved," it said. "Monseigneur the Duc d'Angoulême ought incontestably to be crowned King of Great Britain, and Mademoiselle, the duke's niece, heiress presumptive in the place and instead of William IV. and the Princess Victoria, who can only reign by a Protestant law of usurpation and revolution." Alas! through this reads to us nowadays, it was not half so silly as the claim the English sovereigns laid, down to 1802, to the throne of France. As the Salic law existed in France, there could not possibly be a queen regnant in that country. Elizabeth got over this little trouble by styling herself *King*



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE.

Their child, Lady Alexandra Duff, would become her apparent to the throne, should Prince George of Wales die without issue.

\* Previously published in this series: I. The House of Holstein, in No. 112 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; II. The House of Bourbon, in No. 113; III. The Romanoffs, in No. 114; IV. The House of Savoy, in No. 115; V. The Hapsburgs, in No. 116; VI. The House of Portugal, in No. 117; and VII. Petty German Sovereigns, in No. 118.

of France. This claim on the part of the sovereigns of England, and another on the part of the Spanish kings to be called kings of Jerusalem, gave rise to a little badinage between two ambassadors in the time of Queen Elizabeth. England and Spain were at war, and representatives were deputed to agree to terms of peace. The Spaniard proposed that the negotiations should be carried on in French, adding sarcastically that English gentlemen could not possibly be ignorant of the language of *their fellow-subjects*, their queen being Queen of France as well as of England. To this the Englishman replied that French was far too common a language to use in such important business. He proposed, therefore, that "we will rather treat in Hebrew, the language of Jerusalem, of which your master is king, and you, therefore, must be as well skilled in Hebrew as we are in French."

Apropos of these Stuart claims, on the last anniversary of

the political genius of the country—the cause of the rightful dynasty?"

"Well, thank God, we have got rid of all those troubles," said Mr. Wilson.

"Kid of them! I do not know that. I saw a great deal of the Duke of Modena this year, and tried as well as I could to open his mind to the situation. . . . I should think all sensible men of all parties will agree, that before we try a republic it would be better to give a chance to the rightful heir. . . . He [the Duke of Modena] is our sovereign lord. Instead of looking to a restoration to his throne, I found him always harping on the fear of French invasion. I could not make him understand that France was his natural ally, and that without her help Charlie was not likely to have his own again."

This treason is addressed by Walsershare to his uncle, a Cabinet minister, in 1837.



PRINCE LOUIS OF BAVARIA AND HIS WIFE.

The so-called English Legitimists speak of Maria Theresa, wife of Prince Louis of Bavaria, as "Queen Mary III.," insisting that, by right of her descent from the Stuarts, she should now be Queen of England. Her descent is through Anna Maria, granddaughter of Charles I. and wife of the Duke of Savoy.

the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, February 8th, a number of Non-Jacobites arranged to visit her tomb in Westminster Abbey and lay upon it wreaths of flowers. For some reason or other, the two hundred and fifty loyalists who assembled at the gates of the chapel were not allowed to enter it, and hung on the gates a wreath on which was the inscription:—"In memory of the martyrdom of Mary, of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, Queen, from the Legitimist Jacobite Club." It would have been far better to let them indulge in their folly, for such recrudescence of Jacobite feeling is just as thoroughly English and as harmless as grumbling at the weather is. You still will see men, who in all appearances are sane, take off their hats when they pass the window at Whitehall from which they suppose Charles I. stepped to the scaffold. Disraeli tells, in "Endymion," that some English idiots actually paid homage to Francis V., the last Duke of Modena:

"'Degenerate land!' exclaimed Walsershare. 'Ah! in the eighteenth century there was always a cause to sustain

Some so-called English Legitimists even to-day speak of Princess Louis of Bavaria as Queen Mary III., which is rather inconsistent, for if she be their "sovereign lady," then there was no Queen Mary II., as the wife of the "usurper" William could never, according to their theory, have been queen. Princess Louis has married into one of the craziest families in Europe. There is not a Wittelsbach alive without a bee in his bonnet, and some of them are out-and-out lunatics. "Queen Mary III.'s" father was pretty eccentric, and her uncle Ferdinand was as wrong-headed and obstinate as James II., who lost him the throne of England. The wisest thing he ever did was to suddenly raise his English groom to the post of prime minister, and tell him to govern Modena with the same ability he showed in managing the royal stables.

So far, for the descent of the claimants to the British throne. Of the present occupant we know so much that it is not necessary to treat of her here, nor of her descent from the Electress Sophia of Hanover. The Queen's suc-



QUEEN CHARLOTTE AND THE FUTURE KING GEORGE IV.

(From the portrait by Francis Cotes, R.A.)

cessor, whoever he or she may be, will probably be the first of a new dynasty, the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

During the early years of this century there lived and reigned in the small duchy of Saxe-Coburg, Duke Francis. Little could he have supposed that among his descendants would be a King of Portugal, a Queen of England, and a King of the Belgians, besides a duke of his own little duchy.

Duke Francis came from one of those two sisters from whom, according to Richter, the German historian, almost all the reigning families of Europe are descended. One was the ancestress of nearly all the Catholic royalties; the other, of the majority of those who belong to the Protestant faith.

Duke Louis Rudolf of Brunswick-Wolfenbützel, who died in 1735, and his wife Christine, who died in 1747, left two daughters. The elder, Elizabeth Christine, had become a Roman Catholic, and in 1708 was married to the man who

became Charles VI., Emperor of Germany. From their daughter, Maria Theresa, are descended the Hapsburgs—that is, the reigning families of Austria, and the deposed ones of Tuscany and Modena; the deposed House of the Two Sicilies; the Braganzas, to which family the King of Portugal and Dom Pedro of Brazil's descendants belong; the Italian royal family; the Bourbons, both Spanish and French; and the Bavarian House of Wittelsbach.

Duke Louis's second daughter, the Princess Antoinette Amalia, married Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick. They had three daughters—the Princesses Louisa Amalia, Sophia, and Julianne, and one son, the Duke Carl. From Princess Louisa Amalia, who married Prince August William of Prussia, a brother of Frederick the Great, and thus became the mother of Frederick William II., is descended the present royal House of Prussia. Through the marriages of other female descendants she is also the progenitress of the reigning families of Russia, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Baden, and the Netherlands.

The second daughter of the Princess Antoinette Amalia, the Princess Sophia, became the wife of Duke Ernst Frederick of Coburg-Saalfeld, and the ancestress of the House of Coburg, and through it of the ruling families of England, Belgium, Hesse-Darmstadt, and Portugal. The third daughter of the Princess Antoinette Amalia, the Princess Julianne, married King Frederic V. of Denmark. From her are descended the reigning Houses of Denmark, Holstein-Glücksburg, Hesse-Cassel, and Greece.

Finally, from Duke Carl is descended the House of Brunswick.

Three centuries ago, in the stirring times of the Reformation, the family of the Electors of Saxony were important and influential in history. They divided into two lines. The elder, clinging to the Reformers, became stripped of a great part of its possessions, while the younger, having turned round to the Roman Catholic faith, obtained the family electorate as a reward.

From this lucky younger branch comes the royal family of Saxony. The elder branch of the so-called Ernestine line, although deprived of the electorate, managed to retain a good part of its territories. These, after the manner of German princes, became divided and subdivided. About the middle of the seventeenth century the family fell into two principal branches. The first of these is represented by the Dukes of Saxe-Weimar. The second, in the time of Duke Francis, by Saxe-Coburg, and three or four other Saxons. Francis married a Reuss, and left three sons and four daughters. The youngest daughter became the wife of the Prince of Leiningen. He left her a widow when she was quite young, and married George III.'s fourth son, the Duke of Kent. They became the parents of the present Queen of England. The eldest of Francis's sons, Ernest, the head of the house, married the only daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha and Altenburg, the largest of the little Saxe duchies, and had

two sons; the present eccentric Duke Ernest, and Albert, who married his first-cousin, Victoria, Queen of England, and became Prince Consort. Another son, Ferdinand, became a Roman Catholic, married a great Austrian heiress, and their son, also Ferdinand, married Maria da Gloria, and became King Consort of Portugal. The third son, Leopold, married Princess Charlotte, the heiress of the Prince Regent, but for whose untimely end Queen Victoria would never have become queen. Having been the husband of one heiress of the English throne, by his sister's marriage to the Duke of Kent he became uncle of another, and about six years before he became King of the Belgians saw the latter crowned.

There is a strong parallel, and yet a great contrast, between the blow which struck the royal family and the people of England, when Princess Charlotte was carried away in 1817, and that which made them mourn a few months ago. In the first week of November, 1817, the public mind in England was filled with expectation. In the May of the previous year the Princess Charlotte, the only living grandchild of George III., had been married amidst general rejoicing to Prince Leopold. During the summer of 1817 the glad intelligence that she was about to become a mother caused widespread satisfaction throughout the nation, and then it was known that her hour was at hand. The *Times* of Wednesday, November 5th, announced that messengers had been despatched in hot haste from Claremont, where the princess was residing, to summon the great officers of state whose duty it was to witness the birth of the infant who, in the ordinary course of nature, might one day ascend the throne. "So great," we are informed, "was the speed of the different messengers, who all left Claremont at a quarter past 3, that . . . the Chancellor of the Exchequer arrived from Downing Street at half-past 7, and the Lord Chancellor from Bedford Square at a quarter before 8. The distance," it is added, "of Claremont from London is 16 miles." The paper of the following day contains three brief bulletins. The first two are satisfactory. The third, which was despatched "by express" from Claremont at ten o'clock, and was received as the paper was going to press, contained the intelligence that the child of whom the princess had been delivered was stillborn. "Her royal highness," it adds, "is doing extremely well."

Next morning the paper appeared with the ominous black borders which at a glance convey to the world the news of national disaster. The mother had followed the babe. The family of the Prince of Wales was extinct. At ten the physicians had declared that their patient was "doing extremely well." At eleven the Archbishop of Canterbury and other dignitaries had quitted Claremont, Prince Leopold had retired to rest, and two out of the three doctors had left the sick-room. An hour later the first unfavorable symptoms were noted; by half-past twelve the princess was a dying woman, and at half-past two she was no more.

This death placed the British nation in even a more awkward fix

than it found itself in last January. Out of the one hundred and twenty-three heirs, from the Prince Regent to the Abbess of Quendlinburg, who were descendants of the Electress Sophia, the three persons nearest the throne who were married were the King of Wurtemberg, his brother Prince Paul, and their sister, the Princess Frederica, the wife of Jerome Bonaparte, to marry whom he had deserted Betsy Patterson. It was not till two years later, on May 24, 1819, that the fears of the nation were dispelled by the birth of the Princess Victoria.

At present there does not seem to be any danger of the royal family becoming extinct. The Queen herself has fifty-two descendants living. They are given below according to their right to the succession:

1. The Prince of Wales (son).
2. Prince George (grandson).
3. Duchess of Fife (granddaughter).



PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES AND PRINCE LEOPOLD OF COBURG.

(From a print published in London in 1816.)

But for Princess Charlotte's untimely death, Queen Victoria would not have ascended the throne.



PRINCE FREDERICK OF WALES.

Father of George III.

4. The Lady Alexandra Duff (great-granddaughter).
5. Princess Victoria of Wales (granddaughter).
6. Princess Maile of Wales (granddaughter).
7. The Duke of Edinburgh (son).
8. Prince Alfred of Edinburgh (grandson).
9. Princess Marie of Edinburgh (granddaughter).
10. Princess Victoria Melita of Edinburgh (granddaughter).
11. Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh (granddaughter).
12. Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh (granddaughter).
13. The Duke of Connaught (son).
14. Prince Arthur of Connaught (grandson).
15. Princess Margaret of Connaught (granddaughter).
16. Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught (granddaughter).
17. The Duke of Albany (grandson).
18. Princess Alice of Albany (granddaughter).
19. The Empress Frederick of Germany (daughter).
20. The German Emperor (grandson).
21. The Crown Prince of Prussia (great-grandson).
22. Prince William Frederick of Prussia (great-grandson).
23. Prince Adalbert of Prussia (great-grandson).
24. Prince August of Prussia (great-grandson).
25. Prince Oscar of Prussia (great-grandson).
26. Prince Joachim Franz Humbert of Prussia (great-grandson).
27. Prince Henry of Prussia (grandson).
28. Prince Waldemar of Prussia (great-grandson).
29. The Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen (granddaughter).
30. Princess Feodora of Saxe-Meiningen (great-granddaughter).
31. Princess Frederika of Prussia (granddaughter).
32. The Crown Princess of Greece (granddaughter).
33. Prince George of Greece (great-grandson).
34. Princess Margaretta of Prussia (granddaughter).
35. The Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse (grandson).
36. Princess Louise of Hattenberg (granddaughter).
37. Princess Louise Alice of Hattenberg (great-granddaughter).
38. Princess Louise Alexandra of Hattenberg (great-granddaughter).
39. The Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia (granddaughter).
40. Princess Henry of Prussia (wife of No. 27; granddaughter).
41. Princess Victoria Alice Helena of Hesse (granddaughter).
42. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein (daughter).
43. Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein (grandson).
44. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein (grandson).

45. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein (granddaughter).
46. Princess Franziska of Schleswig-Holstein (granddaughter).
47. The Marchioness of Lorne (daughter).
48. Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Hattenberg; daughter).
49. Prince Alexander Albert of Hattenberg (grandson).
50. Prince Leopold of Hattenberg (grandson).
51. Prince Donald of Hattenberg (grandson).
52. Princess Victoria Eugénie of Hattenberg (granddaughter).

Then, should these all become extinct, there are the following other descendants of George III.:

53. The Duke of Cumberland (great-grandson).
54. Prince George of Cumberland (great-great-grandson).
55. Prince Christian of Cumberland (great-great-grandson).
56. Prince Ernest of Cumberland (great-great-grandson).
57. Prince Mary of Cumberland (great-great-granddaughter).
58. Princess Alexandra of Cumberland (great-great-granddaughter).
59. Princess Olga of Cumberland (great-great-granddaughter).
60. Princess Frederica of Hanover (Baroness von Pawel Rammingen; great-granddaughter).
61. Princess Mary Ernestina of Hanover (great-granddaughter).
62. The Duke of Cambridge (grandson).
63. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (granddaughter).
64. The Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg (great-grandson).
65. Prince Frederick George of Mecklenburg (great-grandson).
66. Princess Victoria Mary of Mecklenburg (great-granddaughter).
67. Princess Augusta of Mecklenburg (great-granddaughter).
68. The Duchess of Teck (granddaughter).
69. Prince Adolphus of Teck (great-grandson).
70. Prince Francis of Teck (great-grandson).
71. Prince Alexander of Teck (great-grandson).
72. Prince May (great-granddaughter).

There is now practically only one life between the English crown and a commoner, and, moreover, a commoner of not very ancient lineage. Lady Alexandra Duff, the only child of the Prince of Wales's eldest daughter, would, should Prince George die without issue, and should her mother have no male issue, become Queen of England, if she lived to be old enough. The Duke of Fife, her father, does not only not belong to an ancient family, but his grandmother was one of the illegitimate daughters of William IV, and the fascinating actress, Mrs. Jordan. Poor, neglected woman! driven from her children to die an outcast in a foreign country so that her lover might marry a princess and get an heir to the throne of England. He got no heir, and it may happen that England's future queen will be the great-great-granddaughter of the deserted actress.

## MORE SIAMESE TWIN TREES.

THE account published in THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN on April 23d of the Siamese twin trees in Iowa has resulted in news of another set. They are reported by Mr. Fred. S. Rand, of Portland, Me., who says: "There is a fine example of Siamese twin trees near this city. The tree is on the outer side of Peak's Island, about three hundred feet from the shore. Peak's Island is about two miles from Portland, and is quite noted as a sea-side resort. The tree is a fine wide-spreading elm, perfect in all its limbs, and about one hundred feet high. The two trunks are somewhat grown together, but they separate a few feet from the ground. About twenty-five feet from the roots the trunks are nearly five feet apart, and are connected by a horizontal branch-like projection. The connection is about a foot thick, is perfectly round, and the same thickness from trunk to trunk. The effect is as if some one had taken a log of wood, sawed it off to fit, and then forced it between the trunks. But this theory is almost impossible, for I have examined it and found that the connection is a part of the tree. It is grown from the trunks, of the same wood and bark, and also like twigs growing from its sides."

The records of botany contain descriptions of many varieties of phenomena of this nature. Branches are united with each other in some cases, while in other reported instances the union takes place between the trunks of the trees themselves without the intervention of branches.



THE Sultan, being one day out of sorts, sent for his Jewish physician, a man very eminent for skill in his profession, and not less distinguished for love of his own nation and desperate enmity to the Christians. Finding that his patient had not really much the matter with him, and thinking a little gossip would be more likely to do him good than any medicine, the doctor began to discourse on the very familiar topic of his highness's favorite bear, that was lying at the Sultan's feet, and whose virtues and abilities his master was never tired of extolling.

"You would wonder," rejoined the Sultan to a remark by the physician, "not only at the natural sagacity of the creature and the tact which he shows in a thousand different ways, but at the amount of knowledge he has collected, and the logical correctness with which he uses it. He is really a very knowing bear."

The Jew politely acquiesced in all this, and much more, but at length said: "It is well that such a clever animal is in such good hands. If his extraordinary talents are not developed to the utmost, they are at least not perverted and made a bad use of."

"I hope not, indeed," said the Sultan. "But what do you mean by his talents not being developed? or in what way would they be likely to be perverted in bad hands?"

"Pardon me," replied the Jew: "I have spoken rashly before your sublime highness—such things should not be talked of; but it is natural that, although I know very little about them, I should consider the practice and the purpose bad, when they belong to what I consider a bad people; at the same time, if your sublime highness thinks fit to tolerate them, it is not for your faithful slave to say a word about it. I should be sorry that your sublime highness should not extend to your Christian subjects the same toleration and paternal kindness my own people enjoy."

"What in the world do you mean?" demanded the Sultan. "What have the Christians to do with my bear?"

"Nothing at all," replied the Jew with great earnestness; and he added, with a sigh, "that is the very thing I am thankful for. It is such a remarkable creature, that there is no saying what might come of it."

"Come of what?" insisted the Sultan.

"Why," said the Jew, in a humble and very confidential tone, "your sublime highness is, of course, aware that among the many curious secrets the Christians possess there is one which enables them to teach bears to read."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the Sultan. "How do they contrive it?"

"Ah," replied the Jew, with an internal shudder, "that is more than I can tell your sublime highness. I don't suppose that half a dozen of your subjects, except themselves, are aware of the fact; and few even among the Christians know the secret. I only obtained the little knowledge I have by accidental circumstances, which put me upon the inquiry; and I was a long while before I could feel perfectly certain that they actually did the thing. How they did it, and why, I have never been able to learn. It is one of their greatest secrets, and therefore, I suspect, one of their most pernicious mysteries. I do not suppose that any man among them would confess it to save his life—not even the old patriarch, if he were put to the rack."

"It is very strange," said the Sultan, after a pause.

"It is wonderful," replied the physician, with much emphasis.

"What is the harm of it?" asked the Sultan, abruptly, after a pause. "Why should not bears read as well as men, if they are capable of learning?"

"Most true, and most wisely said," replied the Jew. "If they were taught to read good books, it would probably mend their manners. But if that were all, why should there be so much mystery about it? Why should these people do it so secretly, and deny it so stoutly?" And again he shook his head and shuddered. Being by this time persuaded that he had gained his point, he changed the subject, after having earnestly entreated the Sultan not to say a word of the secret he had been led to impart, or, at all events, not to let it be known that he had given any information on the subject.

When the doctor was gone the Sultan fell into a reverie on the advantages and disadvantages of his bear learning to read. When he went to bed the same train of thought kept him awake; and after a sleepless night, he sent early in the morning for the patriarch. The venerable Mar Yusef lost no time in obeying the summons. Taking his patriarchal staff in his hand, and followed by his two deacons, with their heads bare and their hands crossed on their bosoms, he silently bent his way toward the palace, pondering in his mind on all the various things he could think of as possible causes for his being wanted by the Sultan.

The Sultan dismissed all his attendants, and, as soon as he and the patriarch were alone, he beckoned him to approach; and when the aged ecclesiastic had come quite close, and again bowed, not only out of respect, but instinctively as one does who expects a whisper, the Sultan said in a low voice, "You know my bear?"

"I do, please your sublime highness," replied Mar Yusef, "and a very fine bear he is."

"I know that," answered the Sultan; "but the matter is this," and he lowered his voice, and increased the earnestness of his tone: "You must teach him to read."

"To read!" exclaimed the patriarch, thunderstruck. "To read! The thing is impossible."

"Of course, I knew you would say that," said the Sultan; "you must do it, however, or it will be the worse for you and all your people."



"Most willingly would I do that, or anything lawful, to show my respect for your sublime highness," said the astonished patriarch; "but, as I have already had the honor to observe, the thing is impossible."

"Don't tell me that," said the Sultan; "I know more about the matter than you imagine. There is no use in trying to conceal it. I know, upon undoubted authority, that you have taught bears, and many of them, I dare say, of less capacity than mine. I shall send him to you this evening, and if you do not bring him back in six weeks able to read, it will be, as I have already told you, at your peril, and to the ruin of all that belong to you. So, now, do not waste time, for I am quite in earnest about it; but go and make preparations to receive him, for he has been used to courteous treatment."

This speech was accompanied by a wave of the hand which precluded all reply, and the troubled patriarch silently and slowly withdrew.

"My children," said the patriarch on his way home, addressing the two young men who were supporting him, "the Sultan has resolved to destroy us and all the Christians in his dominions. He is seeking occasion against us. He does not make open war upon us; but he secretly commands us to do what is impossible, in order that he may have a pretext for our destruction. He requires that in six weeks we should teach his bear to read!"

"The old brute!" exclaimed the deacon, Timothy.

"My father," said the other deacon, Titus, "suffer me to speak."

"Speak, my son," replied the aged man in a voice scarcely articulate, while he gently withdrew his hand and laid it on the deacon's head; "what wouldst thou say?"

"Under favor, most dear and reverend father," Titus went on, "I would say that, whatever the Sultan's design may be, you should not be discouraged, and that if you will do only one thing which I earnestly entreat you to do, I will cheerfully undertake all the rest, and I doubt not that we may get clear through this difficulty."

"What would you have me do, my son?" asked the patriarch.

"Just this," replied the deacon. "If I may be permitted to advise, go back to the Sultan as quickly as possible, and say that, on consideration, you are sorry that you hesitated—that you will be happy to receive his bear—that you will do your best, and hope to give him satisfaction in the matter."

"What! my son," said the patriarch, "would you have me go to the Sultan, and undertake to teach his bear to read? You do not know how difficult it is even to teach young children." But the deacon pleaded so earnestly that his superior at length consented; and, returning to the palace, the patriarch signified to the Sultan that he had thought better of the subject, and was willing to do anything in his power to give his sublime highness satisfaction.

"No doubt you can, if you will," said the Sultan, hastily, but not in ill-humor; "and I expect you to do it—you might as well have agreed to it at once."

When the patriarch was at home seated in his arm-chair, with the deacons standing on each side, and a little recovered from the fatigue of the walk, he turned to Titus, and said: "Well, my son, and what am I to do now?"

"Nothing, my father," replied the deacon, cheerfully. "You have done all I asked you to do, and what remains I will readily undertake."

So he made his bow, and set off to make his arrangements. He chose a little square room up one flight of stairs in the north turret, and partitioned off about a third of it with strong horizontal bars six inches apart. The two lowest bars were movable, and the spaces between them

left open to admit air and light, as well as to allow the inmate to go in and be brought out at the pleasure of his keepers; but all above them were boarded over except one, which was of such a height that it would be about level with the bear's head when he should stand on his hind legs. This space was left open along the whole length of the den so that, in any part of it, he could very conveniently put forth his nose far enough to look about him.

"And now," said Titus to his comrade Timothy, when he



THE VENERABLE MAR YUSUF LOST NO TIME IN OBEYING THE SUMMONS, TAKING HIS PATRIARCHAL STAFF IN HIS HAND, AND BEING FOLLOWED BY HIS TWO DEACONS.

had completed these preparations, "I must go to seek for a book and a desk, and if they bring the bear before I come back, will you be so good as to see him put in, and also to mind that the other end of the chain which I have padlocked to the staple in the wall is fastened to his collar, and is long enough to allow of his lying down comfortably in the straw and taking a little turn backward and forward if he likes. And don't let them give him anything to eat, and take care not to be out of the way—that is a good fellow."

"You may depend on me," said Timothy, and Titus went off to the church to see about a lectionary for the bear to study, though, to say the truth, not entirely or even principally with that intention, for he did not mean that the pupil should commence that day or the next, and he was in no doubt which to choose among the many old lectionaries that had been laid aside. There was an immense one with great brass knobs and corners, out of which he had himself learned to chant long before he could lift it; and, indeed, now that he was come to man's estate, it was as much as he could carry. This book he meant to use, but for the present he contented himself with observing from the window the bear coming to school in procession; and when he was satisfied that his pupil was in safe custody, he descended from the church-tower and went to look after him. When he came to the door of the apartment he waited a moment to listen to what seemed an interchange of anything but civilities between Timothy and his charge. Titus called out to his colleague, and, without going in himself, locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

"Won't you go in and look at him?" said Timothy, as they went down the staircase together.

"Time enough," said Titus; "he will be better by himself just at present. Had you much trouble in getting him in? How did he behave?"

"Rather restive," replied Timothy, "but we managed it among us. Shouldn't he have something to eat?"

"No," said Titus, "he has got plenty of water; he will do very well. But now come and help me down with the old lectionary from the upper vestry, for I don't think I can get it down that staircase myself."

Between them the lectionary was safely brought down and deposited, not in the apartment which we may now call the school-room, but in the chamber of Titus, on a massive oaken desk or lectern which turned upon its pedestal, and which they brought out from the patriarch's library for the purpose.

It was well that the school-room was rather remote, and had thick walls; for, missing his supper, the bear naturally became not only hungry, but savage, growled in the most ferocious manner about the bars of his cage like a fury. But he got nothing by it; and when he had drunk up the water, and exhausted his powers of growling and raging, he went to sleep. In the morning, Titus brought him merely some fresh water and a cake of barley-bread; but in the afternoon, thinking it time for his pupil—who was tolerably tame after his unwonted exercise and fasting—to begin his studies, he brought with him the great book he had prepared for his use, and placed it open on the desk, which now stood before the horizontal opening between the bars already described. All the morning had been employed in preparing the desk and the book; and the former was now so contrived that, by means of a screw, the book could be raised or lowered at pleasure. The book was no sooner placed before the opening, at the distance of a few inches, than the bear, who was on the lookout to see what was going forward, began to sniff and poke, and showed a most eager desire to reach it. In fact, all along the lines of large letters, which were widely divided by the musical staves, the tutor, well knowing the taste of his pupil, had stuck little figs, dates, raisins, almonds, morsels of cake, comfits, and dried fruits—in short, all those little sweet things that bears particularly delight in. The book was placed at such a height and distance that the pupil could only reach the top line; and the eager manner in which he cleared it gave promise that he would prove an apt scholar in that branch of learning. One page only was thus prepared for him; for at that period of his education it would have been impossible without harsher measures than his tutor wished to adopt, to prevent him from cross-readings, which would greatly have blemished his scholarship. Some minor offences, such as for instance, as inordinate efforts to begin upon a second line before he had regularly perused the first, were punished by switching him on the nose, turning the double desk round—in which case it presented him with a mirror, that frightened him dreadfully—or even, in case of perverseness, leaving him to himself, without giving him the substantial honey-cake which always rewarded a well-said lesson.

In a short time the parties began to understand one another, and as Titus had prudently taken care to be known only as a benefactor to

his pupil, he soon gained his confidence. The bear, who, like all his race, had an ardent love for dainties, found that he was welcome to eat all he could get if he did but do it in a decent, methodical manner. He soon learned, therefore, to take each line as it came; and, indeed, after a short time, his instructor not only ventured to cover the lines of the two open pages at the same time, but, by enlarging the opening in front of his cell, he put it in his pupil's power to go on from one line to another without the book being raised; and after the tutor had for a week or two turned the leaf whenever necessary, the pupil began to show that, if it was not done for him, he could do it for himself.

As the time passed, the patriarch was most anxious to know, but did not venture to ask how matters were going. At length he summoned courage, and put the question, somewhat indirectly, to Titus; and although he received no particulars, yet he could not help feeling comforted by the cheerful manner in which his affectionate deacon assured him that everything was going on rightly, and that he need have no fear for the result.

In the meantime, the Sultan, though less anxious, was intensely curious to see what would come of the matter, and frequently entered into conversation on the subject with his physician, who was, on somewhat different grounds, still more curious than himself. His sublime highness, however, who could not expect from a few much information respecting the secrets and mysteries of the Christians, rather confined the discourse between them to the psychological part of the subject, expressing his wonder, first, that bears should be capable of learning to read; and, secondly, that such a capacity was not more frequently cultivated, asking him, withal, whether he had ever himself heard a bear read. The doctor, in parliamentary fashion, blinked the question; observing that, as it was done by secret practices, and no doubt for wicked purposes, it was best to say as little as possible about it. His sublime highness was not altogether satisfied, but comforted himself with thinking that time would soon throw light on the matter.

At length the day arrived when the bear's proficiency was to be put to the test. The Sultan was seated on a divan in the hall of audience; a minister of state stood on either side; and behind him knelt his Jewish physician, who assumed that position, because, although he would not have failed, even at hazard of his life, to be present, yet he had no strict right to be there; and, moreover, he did not particularly wish to be seen in the business. All were in breathless expectation when the Christian procession entered. The patriarch walked first, with his crosier in his hand; next came Titus, the tutor, bowed down under the huge lectionary, which he bore upon his back, secured by leathern straps over his shoulders; then followed Timothy, leading by a chain the carefully muzzled pupil. This precaution was quite necessary; for, having been kept fasting four and twenty hours, the animal was in no good humor, and would not have permitted himself to be brought in so quietly, if he had not been closely following the favorite book. But, in fact, the only trouble which Timothy had, was to prevent his eager charge from leaping at the volume while it was yet on the tutor's back. The procession was closed by a porter bearing the desk. Under the direction of Titus, it was placed before the Sultan, at such a distance as would conveniently enable the reader to stand between it and his sublime highness, who might thus see the book over his favorite's shoulder. Titus himself, relieved of his burden by its transfer to the desk, went round into the reader's place and opened the ample leaves of the lectionary; while, to the great amusement of the Sultan, Timothy was exerting his energies to the utmost to keep back the eager pupil.

"He seems fond of his book," said the Sultan; "that looks well." And all the circle bowed assent.

At length, having arranged the volume to his satisfaction, Titus received his pupil from the hands of his colleague. The bear stood up manfully to his task; but, it need scarcely be said, he was sadly disappointed when he found that, unlike itself, the beloved book contained no sweets; not a morsel, though the often-travelled, much-licked, and still-smelling lines retained the vestigial remains of one. He ran his nose over one line after another, all down the first page, then down the second, and then somewhat impatiently turned the leaf.

"Well," cried the Sultan, "he certainly seems to take a great interest in it himself; and he may understand it perfectly, for aught I know; but I wish he would read aloud. I should like to hear him. Will you be so good as to tell him so?" he added, turning to the patriarch.

The venerable Mar Yusef was puzzled, and, as people often do when they are puzzled, he made a bow, but could think of nothing to say. Titus, however, promptly dropped

scant and the slight taste which he could get by thrusting the tip of his tongue through his muzzle, began to growl most loudly, as he sat went on mechanically, line after line, and turned the leaves with increased rapidity and vehemence. This continued for some time, until the pupil was evidently getting into a passion, and the tutor was growing rather nervous, when the Sultan showed a disposition to speak, which Titus most thoughtfully interpreted as an intimation that the experiment had been carried far enough. He instantly quieted his pupil, not so much by the order, which he gave, as by showing him a honey-cake, which nobody else saw, handed the chain to Timothy, and prepared to listen.

"As I observed before," said the Sultan, "he certainly does seem to take a vast interest in it himself, and I flatter myself he understands it; but as to his elocution, I must say that it seems to me somewhat defective."

The patriarch was puzzled again, and again he bowed, lower than before. The Jew chuckled, and whispered something into the Sultan's ear. But Titus was not disconcerted. Falling again on his knees, he exclaimed: "Pardon me, your sublime highness, we consider him a remarkably good reader, an animal of excellent parts, and a pupil who does us great credit. It is true, as your sublime highness's dis-

crimination has observed, that his enunciation, even to those who know the language, may have some appearance of indistinctness, because he is defective in the vowel points; but we cannot help it, for all our books are unpointed. In this, which, indeed, we consider a matter of little importance, we do not pretend to compete with the Jews, who teach theirs from pointed books. If your sublime highness ever wants to hear read before, articulately than this one, it must have been one of theirs, and if you would have your own perfected in that particular, you must put him into their hands."



"YOUR SUBLIME HIGHNESS IS PLEASED TO JUDGE WITH MORE  
"SERVANT," SAID THE PATEIR, AS SOON AS HE COULD COMMAND  
"BRIEF ENOUGH TO TELL THE WORDS."

on his knees between the bear and the Sultan, and, addressing the latter, he said: "Your sublime highness will hear him presently; he pleased to give him a little time. Let him not be harshly judged, if he is a little timid and shy. This is his first attempt in public."

As he said this, he saw the twinkle of the Jew's eyes over the Sultan's shoulder. It was only for a moment, and nobody but Titus himself knew that he had seen it at all, so intently did he seem to be occupied in comforting and encouraging, perhaps we should say, exciting his pupil. The bear, however, being disappointed line after line, and page after page, and only stimulated and irritated by the

The Sultan stared at the deacon; and the Jew eyed him over the Sultan's shoulder with fierce alarm. But the hands of Titus were folded on his breast, and his head was bowed down on his hands.

"Well," said the Sultan to the patriarch, after a pause, during which it was obvious that some things were passing through his mind of which he said nothing. "I thank you for the pains you have taken; and although I cannot say that I quite understand the matter now, yet, if I had known as much six weeks ago as I know now, I would not have

troubled you. If you are ever in want of any help or protection, remember, as I shall, that you have obliged me."

The patriarch bowed. The Sultan rose and retired, resolved that his first business should be to confer with a full explanation with his doctor; and, accordingly, a summons for the Israelite was instantly issued. Very long it seemed to the Sultan—although, in fact, it was only half an hour—before the vizier came to report that the doctor was nowhere to be found.

"Well," said the Sultan, "I do not much wonder at that. I always thought of a wise man, and he is certainly no fool to get out of the way now. But, at the same time, let strict search be made; and also bring me the chief rabbi."

In the confusion occasioned by the breaking up of the company, the tutor and his pupil—the latter of whom had naturally dropped into the less ostentatious posture of a quadruped—were forgotten, or, at least, overlooked, by the crowd of courtiers, who rushed to congratulate Mar Yusuf, or laid their heads together to whisper their surprise or their suspicions. Titus, therefore, having briefly given directions to Timothy to take care that the book was removed, and to see the patriarch home, made an excuse for his staying behind, slipped with his amiable charge through a side door, into the garden, where he seated himself on a bench, while his companion stood opposite to him on his hind legs, looking wistfully, he almost thought reproachfully, into his face. In truth, Titus was conscious that he had tried the temper of his pupil, and was afraid to let him loose before company, or, indeed, to let him go into company at all, until he should have brought him into good humor. He had provided himself with ample means for doing that; and having produced more than one honey-cake, and several other good things, and laid them on the bench beside him, he did not hesitate to unmuzzle his friend, and a merry meal they made together.

If the master was rendered happy by the issue of an experiment which had been matter of such great and long anxiety, the pupil was also raised to a state of the highest possible good-humor, by being at once relieved from restraint and hunger. He looked cheerfully about him, seemed as if for the first time he recognized his old haunts, gambolled through the now deserted hall and passage, and, before he had been missed by anybody, found his way by a short cut to his own rug in the Sultan's apartment.

For a moment, indeed, while occupied in anticipating the explanation which he had resolved to extort from his doctor, the Sultan, like his courtiers, had forgotten his favorite; but now the meeting was most cordial on both sides. The Sultan seemed determined to make up for his neglect; and the favorite, to show that neither scholarship nor the discipline requisite for obtaining it had diminished his social affections or companionable qualities.

At length the rabbi arrived. He had, indeed, been a little longer than was necessary on the way, because he had found some means of persuading the messenger to let him call on two or three friends as he came along. He did not lose much time by this, however; his only object being to ask them to what extent they could help him in case the loan to be demanded should be very large. Satisfied on this point, and preoccupied by the thoughts which had suggested the inquiry, he stood before the Sultan. Great was his surprise when his sublime highness, instead of saying a word about money matters, briefly but clearly explained to him the nature of the business in which his service was required.

"Your sublime highness is pleased to jest with your servant," said the rabbi, as soon as he could command breath enough to utter the words.

"Not at all," replied the Sultan; "you will find me quite in earnest, I assure you. He reads, and I am told, reads as well as can be expected without the points; now you must teach him to read with the points."

The rabbi was utterly confounded. He could only bow down his head, wondering what the Sultan could mean and what he would say next, and whether it would throw any light on what he had said already. So his sublime highness continued, with some asperity: "Do not think to deceive me. I know about the matter. You can do it, and you had better not hesitate; for I am in no humor to be trifled with. I gave the Christians six weeks, and I'll

give you the same. Don't answer, but go, and he shall be sent to you."

The unhappy rabbi returned home in a state of bewilderment. He sent for some of his friends to consult with, most of whom were as much surprised as he had been, when they learned the nature of the business which had produced the summons. Only one of them, who happened to be a friend of the missing doctor, seemed to know anything about the matter, and he could not throw much light on it. He could only tell them, for their comfort, that it was a very serious affair, and they must mind what they were about.

It would be only tiresome, if it were possible, to particularize all the suggestions and discussions which ensued. They were still going on when the hour arrived, and was duly installed in an apartment which had been prepared for him, as well as it could be on such short notice; for all agreed that he must be treated with great care and attention, not only in order to propitiate him, but because it might be dangerous to let him return in worse condition than he came. So neither trouble nor cost was spared to make him comfortable, and very comfortable he was; supplied with every luxury, crammed with dainties, and fed in every conceivable way. But whatever progress he might make in the study of mankind, and in other branches of useful knowledge, it was plain that he was making none in that particular branch of learning for which he had been sent to school. His instructors did not know how to deal with him. He was on easy terms with all about him, would play with anybody, and quarrelled with nobody; but learn he would not.

Sensible of all this and of its probable consequences, the instructors had not been idle in another direction. They had used their utmost endeavors to learn how the pupil had been dealt with by his former tutor. But all their inquiries were fruitless. Titus had kept his secret so effectually that even Timothy knew little, if anything, more than other people; or, in other words, more than had been transacted before the Sultan and his court. And so matters went on, until the time came for them to produce their pupil.

The Sultan was led by various considerations to think that it would be better to have the examination rather more private than the former one had been; and, accordingly, at the time appointed the rabbi and his companions were brought into his private apartment. They had no hope that the book and desk—which, however, they had taken care to provide—would be wanted by their pupil; and, indeed, for some time past their thoughts had been turned from any attempts at instruction and employed in framing an apology, in doing which they flattered themselves that they had succeeded tolerably well.

The pupil, who had grown corpulent under his late course of treatment, did not at first raise his lazy, half-shut eyes high enough from the ground to see the desk and open book, which were clever imitations, if not quite fac-similes, of forms deeply impressed on his memory, and calculated to produce very stimulating recollections. As soon as they caught his eye he seemed to be seized with sudden passion, dashed at the book, and overthrew the whole concern. Fiercely did he thrust his nose and paws between the leaves, and turn them, and tear them, and trample them. At length, exhausted by his exertions, he waddled away to his well-known rug, absolutely declined all invitations either to work or play, and lay there watching the company through his half-shut eyes in a state of stupor, repose, which those who had just watched his effervescence did not care to interrupt.

"Well," said the Sultan to the rabbi and his friends, "you are a strange set of people. When I put my hand to your hands, he read fluently and with pleasure, and all you had to do was to perfect his articulation. Instead of that, you bring him back fat, stupid, and savage, and so far from reading better, unable to read at all. It would serve you right if I were to hang the whole set of you and confiscate all your goods, but I am a merciful man, and will be content with banishment!"

So an order was immediately issued for banishing the Jew and his companions from the dominions of the Sultan, and they moved off as fast as they could, not knowing that their own countryman had been at the bottom of all their trouble.

IN  
SEARCHLOST  
RACE.

"THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN'S" EXPEDITION, SENT TO EXPLORE THE RUINED PUEBLOS OF COLORADO AND NEW MEXICO.\*

## II. THE RUINED PUEBLOS OF THE RIO LA PLATA.

(Continued.)

ON Monday, April 14th, we left our camp on the Rio La Plata in one of the wagons, with surveying instruments, picks, and shovels, to examine a series of ruins situated some five miles north of our camp. After a very rough ride over bowlders and washouts through the picturesque valley of the Plata, we arrived at our destination and prepared for our day's work.

These ruins are situated on one of the most imposing and prominent points along the river, and are so placed that they command the entire horizon. Away to the north extends the valley of the ever-winding Rio La Plata, far into the Ute Reservation, with its snow-capped mountains, where not a sign of civilization can be seen, and sagebrush, pñons, and grease-wood reign supreme. To the south the view is through a more fertile and cultivated valley. The ruins are situated five miles north of the town of La Plata, and three-quarters of a mile south of the Colorado State line, which is also the line of the Ute Reservation. They extend over half a mile of sandy, sage-covered plateau, or bluff, one hundred and twenty-five feet above the Rio La Plata, and are situated upon land belonging to Mr. Firebaugh, who lives near by. The ruins are evidently those of a small pueblo village or communistic town, surrounded on all sides by smaller ruins and estufas, while near by are many burial-sites. The altitude of the ruins is six thousand one hundred feet above the sea, and at present the only signs of life to be seen on the ruins are hundreds of rabbits and lizards, and here and there a tarantula.

It speaks well for the ancient builders of this communistic town to have chosen such a favorable site for their village, near good water and high above the surrounding valley, where the scenery is magnificent, and where a handful of men could easily repulse an enemy. Yet, with all these advantages, they took the precaution to build a watchtower upon a neighboring promontory one hundred feet higher than the ruins, thus doubly insuring the safety of the town in case of attack, while in times of peace it must have made an imposing landmark.

The largest ruin on this mesa contains, at a rough estimate, about one hundred rooms, and was originally about three stories in height; but at the present writing it is but a story and a half high and is choked with accumulations of dirt and debris, thus making it difficult to locate the walls and corners. One noticeable fact in this ruin is a passageway formed by two walls running parallel with each other, two feet apart. One room on the west end seems to have been used as a kiln for baking pottery, for the walls had evidently been heated to a high degree. On the south side of the ruin is a large estufa, measuring thirty-six feet across and of considerable depth, with several smaller estufas on the north side. On all sides surrounding

this central pueblo are smaller ones extending along the mesa, each in ruins to such a degree that it is impossible to ascertain their exact dimensions; yet at a rough estimate they contain in all at least one hundred rooms, which, with those in the central ruin, would make a total of about two hundred rooms on the mesa. Among these are some poorly defined estufas, or circular depressions. The map presented with this article is on the scale of one hundred



INNERWAYS OF THE RUINED PUEBLOS AT AZTEC, N. M.

feet to the inch, and necessarily does not show the minute details in the ruins, but gives a perfect idea of their exact locations.

Directly across the river is a sandstone ledge with a dip of eighteen degrees to the south, which was so easily quarried that the ancient builders were enabled to obtain slabs of good building stone with little trouble, and over the graves at this point we invariably found large slabs averaging

\* A full account of the objects sought to be accomplished by this expedition was printed in No. 111 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN. The first description of explorations and excavations was published in No. 116.

ing about three feet in length, two feet in width, and from one to three inches in thickness. While the survey was making of the ruins, and also upon the day following, we examined many of these graves, and always found the sandstone slabs placed just over the skeleton and the pottery with it, thus enabling us to secure some perfect pieces of decorated pottery, slightly different from those obtained at Ateac and at La Plata; yet the skeletons obtained here were in such a state of decay that we were unable to preserve them.

While excavating about thirty-six feet to the south of the central ruin we found a neatly walled shaft, the aperture of which was fourteen by fourteen inches, having no connection with any other walls at all. This aroused our curiosity, for chimneys were never used in the pueblos, and we could not explain the presence of this shaft running straight down from the surface of the earth. It was very hard digging, as we were compelled to take out many large sandstone slabs. At a depth of eight feet and five inches we reached the bottom of the shaft, which was paved with flat sandstone slabs. At this point the shaft turned at right angles toward the north, in which direction was the central ruin. The roof of the shaft was composed of oak logs, with here and



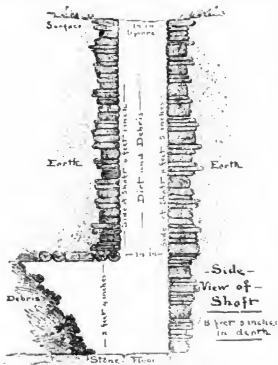
SAMPLES OF THE POTTERY UNEARTHED.

there an occasional slab. It was two feet four inches in height and fourteen inches wide, neatly walled up, and entirely filled with earth and stones. The digging at this point was so difficult that we were compelled to hoist up the dirt in our water buckets, using the horses' halters for ropes. After following this shaft some four feet we were compelled to abandon the work on account of the lateness of the hour, but it is interesting to speculate upon its probable use by the ancients. It could not have been a chimney, for the stones showed no signs of smoke or heat, and the oak timbers over the lower shaft were not charred, although fragments of charcoal were occasionally found while excavating the place. Its probable use was for an air flue, or a passageway for ventilation; but the latter supposition is rather doubtful on account of the narrowness of the main shaft (fourteen inches). We estimated that it would take three days' hard digging for four or five men to thoroughly excavate and investigate this curious place, and to determine without a doubt whether it was a chimney, air flue, or passageway. If it was a passageway the people must have been exceedingly small in size, for none of our party was able to crawl through it, or turn the sharp corner at the bottom of the shaft.

At a depth of four feet in the shaft we found under one of the stones a tarantula, which we captured on a shovel and safely secured in a tin can. We wished to preserve it for our naturalist's alcohol tank. All went well until we arrived at our camp in the evening, when some one accidentally upset the can and the tarantula escaped in the direction of the tents. One can easily imagine our feelings that evening when we rolled up in our blankets, not knowing when our escaped tarantula would appear and obtain his revenge; but, luckily, we saw no more of our dangerous friend.

It is a curious fact that coal was never used by these ancient people, as far as we can ascertain, yet not fewer than three outcroppings of good "peacock" coal can be seen from the ruins, the farthest not being more than a quarter of a mile away—while directly under the ruin, the owner of the land has run a shaft in, about forty-six feet from the side of the bluff, and by this means obtains all the coal that he can use or dispose of.

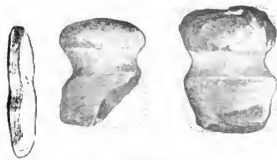
Beyond question it would pay some great institution like the Smithsonian or the Peabody Museum, for instance, to send a well-equipped survey to spend years in the Plata Valley. They would make collections and observations which would forever settle the questions regarding the



THE MYSTERIOUS SHAFT AND TUNNEL.

origin of the pueblo-building tribes. Brief as must necessarily be our stay in one place, we are ascertaining facts day by day which shall greatly aid the Plata archaeologist of the future. We remain long enough to get a glimpse of the promised land, archaeologically speaking, to catch a ray of light now and then, but the great detailed work must be done by an expedition of several years' location in this valley. Our observations warrant us in venturing several suggestions concerning these people.

First, there is no similarity between these people and the



STONE AXES.

Mississippi Valley mound-building tribes, as some have claimed. Their houses are substantial, while the Eastern tribes had no permanent homes. Their pottery is finer—it evinces art; the Mississippi Valley pottery is inferior. The Ohio Valley tribes worked stone implements better, but were inferior in other ways. They made no attempt to live in houses. When a race becomes sufficiently intelligent to construct a seven hundred roomed apartment-house, with courts and hallways, roofs and floors, with dressed stone and broken joints, they have passed from savagery into barbarism.

Second, their dwellings and burials are similar to those now in use among the Zuni and Pueblo Indians farther south.

Third, irrigating ditches, garden beds, the numerous mortars and pestles, are proofs of an agricultural people. Agriculture, permanent homes, and peace go hand in hand.

The Spaniards, who found some of the pueblo houses during their march in search of the Seven Cities of Cibola, three hundred years ago, report the inhabitants as peaceful farmers.

Fourth, they shunned the roving plains Indians, the fierce Utes, Navajoes, and cruel Apaches. They gloried in fields, in products; not in scalps or glory in war. As such people, they were a blessing to the Southwest; not a curse, as were the later Indians. We find them interesting because they were so different from the cruel, vindictive, inhuman races surrounding them on all sides. We find them more human than their neighbors, more like the early races of Europe. When we consider the vast amount of labor expended upon their substantial homes, irrigation ditches, and garden beds, we accord them a higher place than that occupied by other American tribes of pre-Columbian times.

As a rule, the masonry in the buildings which THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN Survey has examined upon the Animas and Plata Rivers is quite well done. Many sensational writers and travelers, who have ventured to express flattering opinions upon the buildings of the Cliff Dwellers, have gone so far as to say that their architectural skill was equal to ours of the present day. Nothing could be further from the truth. While the work is fairly well executed, it falls, in one important point in particular, to be perfect masonry. When the builders wished to join two buildings, or run a partition wall through a building and divide it into rooms, they did not "tie" the wall as we do, but simply built a straight-edged wall against the wall of the originally constructed house. That was their great error, and that is why so many of their buildings have fallen down. A straight-edged wall would naturally shrink from the main wall. Had they dovetailed or "tied" the wall, additional strength would have been given to the building. We have observed walls which were eight or ten inches apart from the top and barely came together at the base.

One point which I feel like urging again and again is, that vast treasures of archaeology are hidden in these valleys, and that the work of years remains to be done in the way of collecting and studying them. The ground has only been scratched thus far; what mines lie concealed beneath the surface can only be conjectured. Every year adds to the obstacles encountered by the scientific explorer.

WARREN K. MOOREHEAD.



THE EXPEDITION IN CAMP.

## THE DANGER ON THE LAKES.\*

THE more one studies the subject of the commerce of our Great Lakes the more one realizes its present importance—what its future may be is almost beyond the bounds of imagination—and the necessity of its being properly defended in case we should ever go to war with England.

How utterly inadequate our lake defences are to-day has been already shown in No. 112 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, in which a description was given of the five forts and the one United States steamer which the marauding Briton would find to oppose him. In the present number we pub-



MAP OF THE GREAT LAKES, SHOWING THEIR AMERICAN DEFENCES.

lish pictures of those forts, from which our readers will be able to judge for themselves that what we have said of their utter uselessness in their present condition was in no way exaggerated. There are men among us who, relying on the inventive genius of the American being ready to meet all ills, satisfy their patriotism by preaching sufficient to the day is the evil thereof; men who will point to Commodore Perry's victory, and say, "What our ancestors did, we, too, can do." But the conditions are very different to-day from what they were in 1813. In those days Great Britain had no ship canal from the lakes to the ocean. She was as defenceless as we were and still are. But we were strong enough then, for we could meet her on equal terms, and could capture her fleets as fast as she could build, launch, and equip them. Suppose the Welland and St. Lawrence canals had been open then, England could have sent her fleets direct from Spithead to Lake Erie. The lakes would have literally swarmed with English cruisers, and instead of the proud announcement from the St. Lawrence, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," we should have heard one equally laconic, perhaps, but in much more

lordly style, from the other side, reading, "I beg to acquaint your Lordships that I have burnt, sunk, and destroyed the following United States vessels."

So long as Great Britain remained unstrengthened on the lakes we were as strong as need be, and cared not to be stronger. But she has since strengthened herself there mightily, and it behooves us to strengthen ourselves just as much. The injunction, "In peace prepare for war," is such a trite bit of common-sense, the value of which has been so often proved, that it seems almost an insult to remind our legislators that it was ever made. Their policy with regard to the lake defences would seem to show, however, that they had never heard of it.

As soon as England began to recover from the exhausting effects of her last war with us and her fight against Napoleon, she recollected what had occurred on the lakes, and with deep but smothered feelings of national chagrin, began, to cast about how she might for the future best strengthen herself in that quarter.

By the Treaty of Ghent, it had been stipulated that neither of the contracting parties should keep aloft on the lakes any armed forces beyond a mere gun-boat or two. This was supplemented by what is known as the Treaty of 1817, of which so much has been heard lately. This treaty was agreed to by the President of the United States and the Prince of Wales—afterward George IV.—who was acting as Regent during the insanity of George III. Mr. Bagen, then British Minister to the United States, writes to Secretary of State Rush, under date of April 28, 1817:

His Royal Highness, acting in the name and on the behalf of His Majesty, agrees, that the Naval force to be main-

tained upon the American Lakes by His Majesty and the Government of the United States shall henceforth be confined to the following vessels on each side. That is:

On Lake Ontario to one vessel not exceeding one hundred tons burthen, and armed with one eighteen pound cannon.

On the upper lakes to two vessels not exceeding like burthen each and armed with like force.

On the waters of Lake Champlain to one vessel not exceeding like burthen and armed with like force.

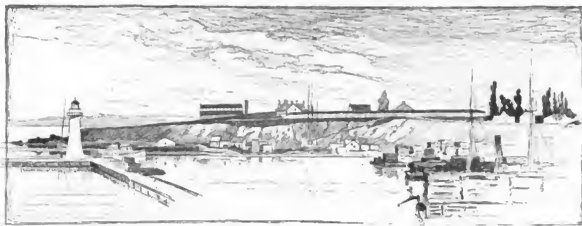
And His Royal Highness agrees that all other armed vessels on these lakes shall be forthwith dismantled, and that no other vessels of war shall be there built or armed.

His Royal Highness further agrees that if either Party should hereafter be desirous of annulling this stipulation and should give notice to that effect to the other Party, it shall cease to be binding after the expiration of six months from the date of such notice.

The next day Mr. Rush replies to the British Minister the satisfaction which the President feels at "His Royal Highness" the Prince Regent's having acceded to the proposition of this Government.

\* See Nos. 112 and 114 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.





FORT ONTARIO.

At the mouth of the Oswego River. It has no armament, and no preparations for any except in the flank casemates. It can secure Oswego against bombardment from neither the lake nor the land. It is a bastioned work, pentagonal in shape, with one front facing the lake, one the river, and three sides facing the land.

Under the circumstances, how was England to make ready against the next war? To build a lake navy and leave it on the stocks to rot would be bad economy. Besides, it would attract too much attention, and put the United States on their guard. England, therefore, went quietly to work, and under the pretence of carrying out a system of internal improvements, merely for the accommodation of Canadian commerce, set about connecting the lakes with the ocean by means of ship canals.

Through these canals, as we have stated more than once, England can now, in case of war, cover the lakes with all the light forces of the British Navy. She has never lost

sight of the Great Lake commerce; her statesmen seem to appreciate its importance far better than we do. When, in 1862, we were on the point of going to war with England over the Slidell and Mason affair, it was on the Great Lakes that her statesmen saw the principal struggle would take place. The *London Times* of January 6, 1862, shows this in its leading editorial, from which we take some extracts, as forcible to-day as they were then—more so, in fact, for the British Navy is far more powerful than it was thirty years ago:

If praise is due to the War Department for their rapid and energetic action in sending out military stores and reinforcement for



FORT PORTER.

A picturesque pile, more useful to artists than for purposes of defence. It was begun in 1812, suffered from fire, and is watched by a garrison living outside the fort. So useless is it for defence, that Congress has authorized the authorities of Buffalo to improve the grounds for park purposes.

Canada, the same tribute can be unquestionably claimed by the Admiralty for the rapidity which they have shown in preparing for the impending struggle, strengthening our fleet on the North American station, and bringing forward the vessels that will be fit for service on the lakes of Canada. It is just five weeks since we laid before our readers a list of the naval force under the command of Admiral Milne on the North American and West Indian stations. That list comprised 5 line-of-battle ships, 10 first-class frigates, and 17 powerfully armed corvettes and sloops—all steamers, and mounting in all 850 guns. This fleet is, in fact, equal to the whole Federal Navy, whether steam or sailing.

By the beginning of February Admiral Milne will have at his disposal 45 sail—namely, 7 line-of-battle ships, 33 frigates, and 25 corvettes and sloops. Of the 7 line-of-battle ships 4—the *St. George*, *Conqueror*, *Donghai*, and *Hero*—both steam and sail as fast as the best frigates in the service. With such a force a total and most effective blockade of all the Federal ports could be established in a single week, for, unlike the coast line of the Confederate States, which is protected by myriads of little islands, countless inlets and channels leading to the great rivers beyond, all the great Federal harbors have such narrow entrances that a single vessel would be sufficient to stop all passing in or out.

Of course, from this vessel, left unfinished nearly fifty years (though it is to this hour reckoned on the Federal Navy list as an effective line-of-battle ship), we have nothing to fear. It is important to remember that the Federals have a navy-yard on Lake Ontario, and that to avert the ravages of war from Upper Canada we must be careful to maintain as absolute supremacy on Lakes Erie and Ontario as we shall do on the Atlantic Coast from the Bay of Fundy to the Chesapeake. This as concerns our success in the struggle is a point of vital interest, and we are glad to be able to tell our readers that this danger has been foreseen and amply provided against, and that within a week after the breaking up of the ice in the rivers and canals, a whole fleet of gun-boats, with the most powerful screw-corvettes sent out to Admiral Milne, will carry the protection of the English flag from Montreal to Detroit.

Between Lake Ontario and Montreal it is rendered difficult and somewhat dangerous to vessels coming down the stream by the rapids of Long Sault, the Cedars, Cascades, and Lachine, places where there are sudden rapids formed by a series of declivities in the bed of the river, and where the waters rush down, for a distance sometimes of one or two miles, with a velocity of from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour. Until within the last few years these rapids were considered too dangerous for any vessel



FORT MACKINAC. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FOLEY BROTHERS, MACKINAC ISLAND.)

It is situated on the island of the same name, commanding the entrance to Lake Superior, and has a strong position naturally; but the defensive works are such in name only. It consists of hardly more than wooden houses and of the old palisades that were erected for defence against Indians.

With the *Warrior* at Sandy Hook, what could enter New York, or rather, what effectual resistance could Fort Hamilton and the batteries of Staten Island offer to a combined attack of four iron frigates in case the Government wished to force the passage and dictate their own terms of peace by laying the fleet broad-side on the streets of New York and Hoboken? That the *Warrior* and *Black Prince*, *Resistance* and *Defence*, could engage and destroy these batteries without the smallest risk to themselves, the experiments have proved conclusively. A single vessel at each port closes Boston and Portland, and two off Cape May would be ample for the Delaware River and the trade of Philadelphia. Admiral Milne has made very complete arrangements as to the disposition of his squadron, so in the event of war the Federal cruisers off the Southern coast may be promptly and satisfactorily recalled for.

The worst part of the struggle will not, however, be on the North Atlantic seaboard, but on the Great Lakes of Upper Canada and North America. It was truly said in the last war that whoever was master of these lakes would be master of all. The knowledge of this may have led to the clause in the treaty of 1845 by which both powers agreed to build no war vessels on the lakes in the time of peace, and this clause again accounts for the fact that the *New Orleans*, 84 guns, commenced in 1814 in Sackett's Harbor on Lake Ontario, has remained unfinished until this day,

to attempt to descend them, and, of course, getting up them again is impossible. To overcome the obstacles which these currents afford to water communication by the great highway of the St. Lawrence to the lakes above, the Canadian Government, with British assistance, have formed a series of canals with innumerable lock-gates above Montreal, by which the rapids are avoided, and easy communication obtained with Lakes Erie, Ontario, and Michigan. The first canal is about two miles long, through the southern extremity of the Island of Montreal, and this avoids the rapids of Lachine. The next, in order to avoid the Cascades and Cedar Rapids, is much longer, and unfortunately it is made on the right or American bank of the river, and only some twelve or fifteen miles distant from the frontier itself. This extends from Beauharnois to Hungry Bay, and is called the Beauharnois Canal. The next, the Cornwall Canal, extends from Cornwall to Dickinson's Landing to avoid Long Sault. Beyond this are short detached canals at Farrand's Point, the Platte, Inopis, and Galop Rapids. After these, the navigation is clear through the Thousand Isles into Lake Ontario. The tall, wide, three-storied steamers that ply between Ontario and Montreal go through these canals, and the gun-boats, sloops, and corvettes must use to protect the shores and trade of Western Canada. They may do so with ease, since all the locks in these canals are built to pass vessels 180 feet long, 44 beam, and 9 feet draught. On this

important point we can speak with certainty, as we have an official engineer's plan, with the dimensions of the locks and canals, before us. All our smaller 21-gun frigates, such as the *Pyralis*, *Buttermilk*, *Parsona*, *Selkirk*, etc., could we think with perfect ease pass up these locks, if lightened of their heavy stores and armaments, which could be taken up on timber-rafts, or heavy flat-bottom boats. Once on the waters of Lake Ontario, all our difficulties would be at an end, for at the western extremity of Lake Ontario is the Welland Canal, connecting Port Huron on Lake Ontario with Port Colborne on Lake Erie. The length of this canal is about thirty-five miles, and it passes entirely through British territory. The lock-gates on this are capable of passing vessels of 125 feet long, 26 feet beam, and 10 feet draught—an ample accommodation for the heavy armed 6-gunned screw despatch gun-boat vessels like the *Flying Fish*, or even to the heavy-armed 11-gun sloops of the class to which the *Rapid*, *Petrel*, and *Rosario* belong. From Lake Erie the River St. Clair leads direct,

cannot possibly build steam-frigates on Lakes Erie and Ontario as fast as we can send them up through the canals we have mentioned ready built, manned, and equipped. There is, moreover, only one practical means of communication between Ontario and Erie, which is through the Welland Canal we have spoken of, held by the British. As soon as the ice breaks, therefore, if the war goes on, we may expect to find these lakes covered with cruisers, and each Federal port on them as closely blockaded as Boston and New York.

There are other means of invading the enemy's territory by the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals. Lake Ontario may be reached from Montreal by the Ottawa and Rideau Canal. This is the longest in Canada or America, about one hundred and twenty miles, running from Ottawa to Kingston. The locks on this accommodate vessels of 100 feet length, 19 feet beam, and over 5 in draught, so that by this route our gun-boats might gain Ontario and Erie, while the corvettes and short frigates



FORT WAYNE.

It commands the Detroit River, near Detroit. It is mostly unfinished. Its only armament consists of guns of antiquated pattern, many of which are dismantled. It was completed in 1841 and is a square-bastioned work, with unfinished water batteries upon the up and down stream sides.

between Detroit on the American side, and Chatham on the Canadian side, into Lake Michigan. Across Lake St. Clair, and down the St. Clair River, two-thirds of the east and provision traffic between the States of the Far West and the Atlantic seaboard is carried on, and one or two corvettes on Lake St. Clair would be sufficient to stop it all. The Grand Trunk Railway has a line to the settlement of Sarnia, on Lake Huron, around the shores of which grows any quantity of the finest timber. If shipwrights were employed to build a few gun-boats at this place their machinery and armaments could be forwarded by rail; they could steam at once up a passage as wide as the Straits of Dover into Lake Michigan, and find not only the enormous traffic of this great lake, but even such towns as Chicago and Milwaukee, entirely at their mercy. It may be said, perhaps, that in case of war it is equally open to the Federals to do all this as to ourselves, but this is not so. Undoubtedly if we built gun-boats on Lake Huron, the Federals would build others to check them on Lakes Michigan and Superior quite as fast. But it is equally certain that they

come up by the St. Lawrence. At Sorel, also, about twenty miles below Montreal, is a river which leads through the St. Ours Lock, and the Chambly Canal, directly to the head of Lake Champlain. The locks on this canal admit ships 113 feet length, 22½ beam, and 6½ draught, so that by this route, also, any number of gun-boats might be sent into Lake Champlain, on the waters of which there is not a single vessel larger than a steam ferry, and on the shores of which are large, rich, and utterly unprotected towns, such as Burlington, Newhaven, etc. All these canals are British property, on British soil, and held by the Canadian Government as the keys which give access to our ships to the most distant provinces of the West.

Since this appeared great improvements have been made by the British Government in its Canadian canal system, and a most important addition to England's power to do us harm has been made by the building of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.



EDITED BY MARY L. BISLAND.

**THE NEEDLEWORK GUILD.**—The Needlework Guild of America has now been in existence six years, busy at that most commendable of charitable duties, clothing the poor. A simple example in multiplication proves that since the first section of Guild workers was organized in Philadelphia in 1885, many thousands of scantily dressed human bodies of all ages, sizes, sexes, and colors have been decently and comfortably provided with garments that Guild members collected and distributed to any man, woman, or child in need of that second great necessity of life.

Lady Wolverton nine years ago inaugurated in England the now famous Thimble League—a union of generous hearts and a co-operation of helpful hands in the splendid task of clothing the destitute. Her theory was, that of garments the rich had many to spare; that wealthy women, left with their needles, should and could devote a bit of time from their pretty duties and pleasures to the making of a garment or two for helpless children, weak women, or sick men. Her proposition to collect old clothes, and make a few new ones for the poor, met with instant favor among her own friends.

The work of a first chapter of leagued thimble-women was noised abroad, other chapters were organized, a flatteringly large collection of clothing was gathered from overflowing wardrobes, from busy work-baskets, and from generous purses. A member gained admission to a chapter by the subscription of a required number of garments, and on this model was the now flourishing American Guild formed. "The Guild," so its printed circular says, "is composed of many organizations called branches. Branches may be formed anywhere, and control the distribution of their own garments, that must be new, though plain and suitable for use by the inmates of hospitals, homes, and other charities. All members are bound to contribute annually two or more new articles of useful clothing."

Circles of members are organized under the guidance of a director, and over the numerous small chapters and circles of needle-women presidents preside, and exercise the necessary authority. Up to date fifteen of these section branches, as they are called, have been organized. Each section is responsible for not less than one hundred and ten garments, and, as each section branch contains ten sections, the result is, that one thousand one hundred and ten garments at least are prepared during the year by every section branch.

For the year 1892 fifteen section branches will report to the headquarters at Philadelphia, and now in process of formation are sections in other parts of the country. The Needlework Guild, as the King's Daughters, is a noble voluntary, personal charity, representing individual effort and generosity that touches at once the warm, popular heart, inspires the truest endeavor, and is rightly destined to spring into tremendous growth and permanent life.

**DECEPTIVE RICHES.**—A very delicate secret of the lyric stage was the other day revealed in the course of a heated argument, carried on during a concert, by a group of professional ladies seated behind an interested third party. A charming vocalist who had, by the kindly permission of English royalty and aristocracy, earned quite a name for herself in London, was the subject under discussion. She had made an effective entrance. Her Paris frock favorably impressed the feminine element in the audience; her pretty face conquered any prejudice possibly existing; and the newspaper clippings reproduced promi-

nently on the programme's second page announced to her hearers that princes and duchesses had complimented and entertained her.

In consequence, the applause that followed the first selection was long and loud, and, as the pleased vocalist bowed in acknowledgment thereof, the foot-lights brought out bravely the glitter of superb diamond ornaments. They flashed in the singer's dark hair, in stars, blazed as a river of light about her white throat, and the huge trembling solitaires in her ears twinkled as joyously as did the jeweled bracelets and clusters of toilette pins. When the smile and the diamonds and the Paris frock found refuge from public gaze in the stage dressing-room, the two professionals in the audience broke into suppressed criticisms. At length one of them remarked that, though she did not admire the voice, and though she must insist the singer's good looks had been overrated, there was no contradicting visible facts.

"The diamonds show how successful she must have been abroad," the speaker went on. "Why, her necklace alone cost thousands. 'Tis nearly as beautiful as Patti's. But then, just remember before whom she sang in London. Those English will, you know, pay a high price to hear any one endorsed by royalty. I dare say she made loads of money by the London concerts, and they do say she is growing rich."

"Well, they are wrong, that's all," remarked the second professional. "Royal recommendations are all very well, but they help one more on the American than on the London concert stage. I'll wager something that she comes here to make money. This is the country that pays for talent, especially musical greatness."

"But the diamonds?"

"Why, you poor little innocent: so you think she bought them, or that, like Patti in the old days, they were flung to her in bouquets on the stage, and that velvet, satin-lined jewel boxes paved her path to and from the opera? I'll wager something more than that a single one of that collection of gorgeous stones is her property. They are concert diamonds, hired for the occasion; and there are any number of women on the concert and operatic stage who can make as fine a display. They are rented from jewellers who keep certain sets for that very purpose, or they are lent by the manager. The jewellers for a compensation will rent their gems to those singers and actresses who know that the glitter of diamonds will not only brighten their costumes and add to their personal appearance, but will spread in the minds of confiding audiences the valuable impression of the wearer's financial success—the result of wide artistic popularity. The glitter of jewels from the stage creates a sensation in an audience that may not be too lightly esteemed, and that is the reason managers advocate the use of diamonds and often are the possessors of fine stones that they will kindly lend to their singers, whose concert they are pledged to arrange successfully. These details are always more carefully considered by the plain or elderly public entertainers than by those that possess the jewels youth and beauty."

**WOMEN'S CLUBS.**—The biennial convention of delegates of women's clubs from all parts of the United States, held recently in Chicago, was an interesting demonstration of the progress of womankind. The variety of subjects discussed was remarkable, and that it will prove of lasting benefit can hardly be doubted. In character it was thoroughly progressive.



HAVING decided on the material for a spring dress, how to make it becomes an important question. The skirt must be severely plain but cut with judicious care. Many of the woollens with silk on the surface in the form of close-set lines are finding favor. One of these, the ground brown, the lines apple-green, looks well, made as follows. The train skirt has a cross-cut seam down the centre; at the hem are two inch-wide ruckings with satin edges, the one brown, the other green. The bodice is made full, the front plain plaited green silk; the deep collar band is formed of white lace, or a frill of the lace extends to the shoulders and forms a pelerine. Broad brown moiré ribbon is arranged as braces, pointed in front, plaited on the shoulders, crossed at the back, brought around the waist, and tied in a big bow to the side. The sleeves are full at the top and narrow at the wrist, making the shoulders appear broad but not high. Puckered cloths will continue to be much worn, and in crinkled crepon, gray, trimmed with yellow lace, and bands of fawn velvet is a charming combination. Heliotrope is to be one of the favorite colors this season.

Quaint tints will be combined, and the corded cloths are a novelty feature. A dark green ground, for example, is covered all over with stripes of yellow cord not an inch apart. This is to be cut everywhere on the cross and carefully arranged down the back of the bodice to form chevrons.

Mantles are fashioned frequently in the *visite* form, and at all events for the present, principally in fine cloth, electric blue, fawn, terra-cotta, and light brown. Fawn is trimmed with jet, as in a pretty French model, which had a jacket back with large black pockets worked in jet. In lieu of sleeves there were triple capes, edged with jet, which reached to the front, and from below them fell two long ends to the knees, all trimmed with jet. Coarse laces are in vogue, especially a kind known as the "Russian," and much jet is used. Oriental coloring asserts itself in some of the new cloths used for cloaks. One displayed broad stripes of grass-green moiré, alternating with light brown woollen fleecy cloth speckled with every imaginable color. It was made up with a green yoke, the brown cloth gathered on and heated by a rich galon. At the edge of the cloak this was cut in points surrounded by loops of multi-colored seed beads and spangles. The favorite crepon has been pressed into service for mantles, and a dark terra-cotta brown was trimmed with coarse black Russian lace, and had a cape of the same on the shoulders, carried down the front *en cascade*, and also on the back, the shape being a loose paletot. Soft bengaline is also used for some of the

new spring wraps, frequently embroidered with ribbon ruffles and feather bordering, and often embroidered all over with conventional motifs in jet. Watteau plaits are introduced into many of the whole-back jackets, two triple plaits being newer than one pair. Sack jackets are frequently made of fancy cloth of a terra-cotta shade, verging on brown, and there is a new cut of sleeve, which has a gauntlet cuff turning back at the elbow, the sleeve being continued plain and close fitting from this to the wrist. Another novel arrangement is an oversleeve to the elbow, and in most of the new mantles and jackets there is a disposition to allow the shoulders to be sloping. Hoods are coming in again, and hood-trimmings of all descriptions.

Embroidered trimmings are so fashionable that it seems strange that ladies who are clever with their needles should leave such pleasant, useful work almost entirely in the hands of professionals. It is not a difficult or tedious task to embroider borderings for a bodice, or to make a handsome gold insertion to trim the front of a stylish coat, and many women have plenty of leisure time in which they could prepare a dainty ornamentation for ball- or dinner-gown. This may take the form of embroidery in silk, heads, and gold thread on net foundation, of the front breadth of the dress may be worked in the same way. As a rule, amateurs scarcely care to undertake a very intricate piece of work for fear it should be out of date before they can finish it. We do not intend to suggest anything intricate in design, but there are many simple trimmings that are capable of quick execution when once the knack of working them is attained.

A pretty insertion for a dark tweed costume is made solely of gold cord. Perhaps it can be best described as a huttercup design, but flower and leaves are, of course, conventionalized. Fine cord is required. Commencing in the centre of the flower, the cord is twisted round and round until a small circle is produced. This must be held flatly between the finger and thumb all the time it is being made, and then a needle threaded with strong yellow silk is slipped backward and forward twice across the circle to keep the strands of cord in place, but so that the silk does not show on the right side. The cord is then carried on without cutting, and another circle is made which will answer for one petal; this process is repeated until five petals surround the flower centre.

A style of embroidery which is charming for enriching the front breadths of evening dresses is carried out with baby ribbon, gold thread, and beads. Pearl, gold, steel, or jet beads are used according to the color of the material, and often two kinds are combined. Pale shades of silk, satin, or velvet are mostly chosen, but there is not any limit to the



## FASHIONS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

- NO. 114. RUSSIAN BLOUSE OF SILK. NO. 115. METHOD OF REARRANGING THE WAIST OF A SILK DRESS.  
 NO. 116. MORNING HOUSE JACKET. NO. 117. SLEEVELESS BLOUSE OF LACE AND SILK. NO. 118. PIASTRON OF CRÊPE AND LACE.



NO. 120. COMMENCEMENT DRESS  
FOR YOUNG GIRL.

Fichus of muslin and the pelerine style are dominant modes, the one desire of all dress-makers being to give much apparent width to the shoulders and to diminish the size of the waist.

Foulards and light silks will be worn as the season advances. A red foulard printed in black has a red fall at the hem, edged with very narrow black ribbon; the bodice is made full, with lace and galon forming a belt, the sleeves gathered particularly.

The skirts are all similar in cut—quite plain, as a rule, save for a bordering at the hem, either a ruche or bands of ribbons. When the material is striped, the different aspects it may be made to assume are very varied. For example, a gauze in gray and white, with irregular stripes in several tones of gray, has a skirt cut all in one piece, but in such a fashion that the stripes were straight in front, and, having a cornered gore let into the train, fell diagonally in the back. Shot silks are used alike for dresses and linings.



NO. 119. COMMENCEMENT GOWN FOR  
YOUNG LADY.

coloring, only a good harmony must be produced, and often the simplest scheme of color is most successful. On a white silk the shades of the ribbon flowers may be varied, some being heliotrope, others straw; or some may be rose-tinted, others a tender green. The ribbons are occasionally shaded from dark to light. To make the flowers, the ribbon is finely gathered along one side, then run down on to the material in a circle to form the outer edge of the flower. Without cutting the ribbon, a second row is run on inside the first, the edge slightly overlapping it and hiding the stitches; then the centre is put in, with beads placed closely together. Or the centre can be made of rows of gold thread crossed lattice-wise, the spaces between being filled with small pearl beads. Stems, outlines and veins of leaves, tendrils and berries, are represented with gold thread sewn on to the white silk, and are filled in with some simple embroidery stitches and beads.

Balayeuses of either lace, muslin, or silk are introduced inside most of the skirts, and sometimes are carried up the entire train.

NO. 114 pictures a Russian blouse of silk suitable for evening in a country-house. It is of lemon color China silk, and is set in small plaits in the shoulder seam and neck, which terminate at the bust line with a puffing of the silk, and continue again in the waist line, where they are kept in place by a velvet belt with silver buckles. The full upper part of the sleeve also has a puff of the silk, a little above the elbow; the sleeve is then drawn in fine plaits to the wrist.

China silk, 5 yards, @ \$1.60, \$8.00.  
Velvet and shades extra.

NO. 115 shows a good way to rearrange the waist of a silk dress that has become a little worn; in cases like this it is always necessary to have new sleeves. We will suppose this to be a colored silk, and the new trimming is to be black, with the exception that the satin bows should match the dress. A full sleeve to the elbow of black crepe de Chine, and a plastron of the same which continues in fine plaits over the shoulders to the waist line at the back, a bertha of black imitation pointe de c&es gathered with a *chou* of ribbon on either shoulder, and a ruffle of the lace, and satin bows decorate the sleeves.

Quantities of material needed are as follows:

Crepe de Chine, 3 yards, @ \$1.25, \$3.75.  
Satin ribbon, 5 yards, .46, 2.30.  
Pointe de c&es, 31 yards, .75, 23.63.  
\$8.68.

NO. 116 shows a morning house jacket of fine woollen figured material, trimmed with ribbon and a duting of the selvaige edge of the material, and having a collar of French lace.

French woollen, 21 yards, @ \$ .95, \$2.38.  
Satin ribbon, 5 yards, .35, 1.75.  
Lace, 1 yard, .55, .55.  
\$4.68.

NO. 117 pictures a sleeveless blouse of lace and silk, with velvet corselet belt.

Irish point lace, 1 yard, @ \$1.25, \$1.25.  
Crepe de Chine, 1½ yards, 1.00, 1.50.  
Velvet, ½ yard, 4.00, 2.00.  
\$5.25.

NO. 118. A plastron of crepe and lace, with cuffs to match; colors, almond green crepe and smoke-colored lace.

Crepe, 2 yards, @ \$1.35, \$2.70.  
Paris lace, 2½ yards, .57, 1.42.  
\$4.12.

NO. 119. A suggestion for making a commencement gown for a young lady of fifteen or seventeen years. It is of white Japanese silk, made with a full yoke waist and straight skirt; the yoke is edged with a small ruche of the silk intermixed with small loops of ribbon; the sleeves, which are very long and full, have two gatherings at the wrist made with elastic, so that the sleeve can be pushed up to the elbow if desired, and it would fall in pretty folds. At the waist is a belt formed of a trellis-work of ribbon, and heading the ruche of the skirt is the same ornamentation.

Silk, 14 yards, @ \$1.25, \$17.50.  
Ribbon, 12 yards, .15, 1.80.  
Silk lining, 8 yards, .75, 6.00.  
\$20.22.

NO. 120 pictures another style for a dress of this kind for a younger girl, made of satin striped crepon trimmed with two inch wide ribbon, and lisse ruffles at the neck and sleeves.

Crepon, 10 yards, @ \$1.50, \$15.00.  
Ribbon, 8 yards, .40, 3.20.  
Lining silk, 7 yards, .75, 5.25.  
Lisse ruching, 1½ yards, .45, .68.  
\$24.13.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

1. Hereafter all correspondence should be addressed to "Editor, Correspondence Department, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

2. Questions sent by our readers will be answered in the order in which they are received. Owing to the large number of letters which reach us asking advice, and to the fact that answers to many of the questions involve considerable research, replies can rarely be given in the same week the letter is received. Our readers should not enclose stamped envelopes, with requests for private correspondence, as questions can be answered only in these columns.

3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

OTTO FRANK.—No, Herat is not yet possessed by the Russians, who, however, have established military strongholds within thirty or forty miles of the gate that leads to India. If you will read an article published in THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN for September 29, 1891, called "Russia's Latest Stroke," you will gain a clearer idea than I can give of the relative positions of Russia and England in Asia. Russia is not yet in Afghanistan, though the Afghans are rather more inclined to court Russian friendship than English protection, and probably 'twill not be long before the Cossacks force their way through Herat.

STUBBS.—(1) For the looks, I unhesitatingly refer you to William Arnold, at No. 240 Fifth Avenue, New York. In this establishment you can, I feel sure, find the most satisfactory footgear at a price not exorbitant, for the excellent and comfortable shoes that, in cut, finish, and admirable simplicity of style, all quite suit you. (2) It is rare indeed that the quality of the stockings. There is but one house in New York that makes a specialty of hosiery, and from personal experience I could not recommend it to you. I have no doubt that at Lord & Taylor's, Broadway and Third Avenue, you could find as good stockings as can be bought in New York. Ask for the mixed lace and silk, or cotton and silk stockings in black, bronze, and gray. These cost from ninety cents to one dollar and a quarter per pair, but they are long, soft, elastic, double-faced at toe and heel, and wear wonderfully well. I advise you to pay the highest price for these silk and linen thread shoes. There is no economy in purchasing cheap stockings, and the comfort and wear you will enjoy in the costly ones are full compensation for their cost.

HEATRICE.—I fear you will think I am making a very incorrect diagnosis of your condition, but that the troubles which are caused by an imperfect condition of your system. You say you take excellent care of your complexion, have good digestion, and fine health; very well, but the yellow blotches very distinctly prove that your health is not nearly so good as you think. Pray, don't think I wish to alarm you, for if you feel strong, amiable, and energetic there can exist but a very slight disorder of any of your organs. I merely make the assertion in order to explain that there are no compounds for external application that can efface the troublesome discolorations. I advise you to try a much more simple and sensible course. It is very evident that your liver is not performing its full duties, and though any violent treatment may not be necessary, a good tonic would doubtless set all to rights again. Your physician can prescribe the requisite tonic; I am not the person to do so; therefore, I suggest that you pay the family doctor a visit and ask for a liquid tonic or course of powders or pills that will rid you of the annoying discoloration. A course of gentle treatment, in combination with all your wise precautions, should, in a very short time clear out your blood and restore your complexion to its normal tint of bright, healthy color.

KATHRYNE.—If not in this very number of the magazine, there will appear next week a couple of fashion plates and full descriptions of graduating toilets. Just at this moment many proud mothers of learned daughters are wondering on what lines they should best complete the magnificent splendor in which Ethel or Ethel on commencement day will dazzle her assembled friends, and to oblige the harassed mothers is the purpose of the plates and descriptions. I think from them you can in all probability get a number of helpful ideas. On my own responsibility, and in addition to whatever the fashion editors may say, I suggest that

of clear white and simple materials all the frocks be made. Chiffon and ribbons, Swiss muslin, white China silk, and Chinese crepe are beyond any doubt the goods most appropriate for graduates' gowns. White mousseline de soie and grenadine are also very charming for young girls. A very lovely graduating gown can be made on this pattern for a slender girl in a short bell-shaped, of course, and of white grenadine over a petticoat of white silk. The grenadine itself may be barred with fine stripes of white silk, or show in fantastic white figuring, that is now so popular in all the new fabrics. Across the skirt bottom the ruffles of the grenadine should be set on close together and form the only ornamentation for the jape. Over the high-necked and long-sleeved waist lay the grenadine on smoothly, or slightly gathered from the throat. Clasp the waist with a very deeply pointed sash belt of thick white faille (française) overlaid with a heavy white silk lace—a lace woven of fine silk threads and heavy silk cords. Then across the bust sew small zoutane jackets of this lace. Make the elbow-sleeve cuffs, of the full-puffed grenadine sleeves, of faille overlaid with lace, and the high collar also of the silk and lace. Fashionable young girls never wear graduating gowns cut open at the throat and short in the sleeves. A small open V in front, with elbow sleeves, is the most pronounced elaboration permitted with the graduating gowns for this year.

KIT-KAT.—For fifteen or eighteen dollars you can purchase a silk petticoat of the style you mention. I am sure you consider this rather too extravagant a price. From your letter I judged you were prepared to lay out, at most, eight dollars on a silk petticoat. In my opinion, the prices first quoted are absurdly exorbitant, and if you are willing to save expense by a little outlay of time and trouble you can make for yourself a charming black silk petticoat at the following cost: Excellent crisp taffeta silk can be had for eighty cents per yard. Six and three-quarter yards are sufficient for an abundantly long and wide petticoat, trimmed with two full silk ruffles, that can be pinned for the shoulders. Considering all costs, one can make a silk petticoat for seven dollars that, for satisfactory wear and trim appearance, will be found in no degree inferior to the costly ones sold ready made in the shops. The changeable taffeta silk is, of course, more costly than the black, but for ten dollars a duplicate of the above may be purchased and signed at home. Since you ask me, I confess that for every day use I do not advise you to wear a silk petticoat. Only rich women can comfortably afford so dainty a luxury. Recently I have seen some petticoats made of mohair. These are the exact length and width of the silk ones, and about the bottom are sewed two or three pinked taffeta silk ruffles. The idea is worthy of imitation. Mohair sheds the dust, is cool and stiff, and wears like linen. The taffeta ruffles give all the crisp, silky frothiness that any woman could wish, and if three or four of them are sewed to the mohair foundation, when one lifts one's skirt all the richness of a solid silk petticoat is suggested. Enough good quality black mohair for a petticoat can be bought for \$1.60, and sufficient taffeta silk for three ruffles can be bought for \$2.00; the pinking will cost sixty cents, and the materials can be put together in a morning. Four dollars and twenty cents is not a great price to pay for a skirt that will give its wearer infinite comfort and satisfaction.

DOTTY HUMBLE.—You are a little late in the season searching for advice concerning your spring wardrobe, but I will try to be as nearly as possible, giving you a prompt reply. (1) What you say of the silk underwear is certainly very astonishing. I fear you must have been sadly cheated to have paid so high a price for so inferior garments. Suppose, in place of the silk vests, you get a set woven of Lisle thread. They may be a trifle more costly as silk, but they wear wonderfully well. I think you can buy the best of Lisle-thread vests for a dollar apiece, and in the wearing will find them far cooler than those of silk. No, don't attempt the combination suits. They may be excellent for winter, when the object is to preserve the wearer in an even temperature and when clumsy under-kirks weigh down one's hips and shoulders, but for summer I do not advise their use. In place of any combination suit, wear the Lisle-thread vests, and have the second garment of linen, made with a yoke about the waist and reaching only to the knees. With this arrangement of underwear I see no reason why the summer heat should make you suffer. I advise linen for the second garment, as 'tis the coolest of materials for summer use, the cleanest, and most enduring. Many persons advocate the use of wool for summer wear. The argument in favor of wool applies excellently to the needs of working-men, toiling in the hot sun, and to the inhabitants of swamp-lands, but for women who are not obliged to endure violent extremes of heat and cold, the woollen clothing is not only disagreeable but injurious. (2) I wonder a little at what you say about the black silk skirt. Every one who can afford so comfortable a garment wears it faithfully during the summer with all except thin gowns, through which the black will show. If your skirt is of heavy silk and designed only for winter use, I can understand that it may not



be appropriate for the hot season. If it is a taffeta skirt, light in weight and trimmed with crisp pinked ruffles, I strongly urge you to keep it for summer wear. White muslin skirts nowadays seem suited for home and carriage use. On the street only silk skirts are neat, satisfactory, and appropriate. Naturally you need, and will have made a number of white petticoats. They are best made of a fine quality of cotton or linen. The handsome Fruit of the Loom skirting cotton is excellent, for it is not very heavy, but accepts and holds starch well. Knight's cotton is too flimsy for petticoats, and linen is a little heavy. I suggest that you have a set of cotton skirts made, trimmed with embroidery in flounces, and for outdoor wear on the street, or in the country, have at least one dark blue, red, or dust-colored taffeta silk skirt. For your very light dresses and for evening gowns you will find nothing more satisfactory than a petticoat of pale gray, blue, pink, or yellow taffeta, or place silk, flounced about the bottom with narrow pinked ruffles. These silk skirts shed the dust, are crisp enough to give all necessary fullness under the dress skirt, and on the hips they throw an almost imperceptible weight—which is far more than can be said in favor of hot, heavy, dust-collecting muslin petticoats. (3) The blue gown you refer to was described in a reply to "Hah and Bettie," given in No. 110 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN for March 26th. It was not a China silk I wrote of, but a dark-blue challis, brightened with polka dots. However, the design will look quite well when applied to a China silk.

C. L. M.—In No. 115 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN for April 30th a full reply was given your query.

LA REINE.—I cannot imagine where you met with so remarkable a statement. No mention of such a deformity is made by any reliable biographer of Anne Boleyn.

BRESLAU.—The trouble, no doubt, arises through your own recklessness in paring your nails. I take it that you have just begun to use a manicure set, and are far too energetic in your use of the tools and applications. It sends cold chills down my back to read your description of the treatment your poor fingertips have undergone. Cease at once the cruel scraping and cutting. Instead of the sharp clippers, use your thumb nails to merely press back the up-growing flesh. For instance, pass the thumb nail of your right hand firmly round the lower edge of the nails on your left-hand; as I say, press back the flesh, but do not cut it or bruise it. Then with the left-hand thumb nail perform a similar service for your right hand. Do this every day, and in the course of time the flesh will conform to the treatment and cease to grow up on the nails. I scarcely wonder that, after the indiscriminate cutting and brisk rubbing into the chafed skin of powder and paste, your hands are in a bad way. I advise you to leave off the paste and powder until all the soreness leaves your maltreated fingers. In tepid water wash your hands, softly bathe the sore fingers, using carbolic soap to cleanse them of the foreign matter you have rubbed into the tender parts. At night bind up each sore finger with a bit of linen rag greased with a touch of vaseline, carbolic, or cuticura salve. In a short while a cure will be effected, and in the future you will understand not to indulge in so heinous measures with tender fingers. (2) Why do you ask me? You can better tell than I whether pointed or roundly curved nails must become your hands. However you do cut them, do not permit them to grow to long, awkward, ugly claws, for finger-nails so cut and highly polished give a sinister appearance to even the prettiest hand.

S. H.—(1) The announcement cards should be engraved after the following form, both in wording and the arrangement of the phrases:

*Mr. and Mrs. John M. Jones  
announce the marriage of*

*Miss Bertha Smith*

*to their son,*

*George Jones,*

*on Wednesday, June the fifth*

*at*

*Holy Trinity Church, Boston, Massachusetts.*

(2) Mr. and Mrs. Jones make the announcement in the above form if the young girl has no grandparent, aunt, or uncle living who are willing merely to lend their name to the card. If, for instance, there are any of the above-mentioned relatives living, the name of Mr and Mrs. Jones should be replaced by that of the bride's relations. Thus, a grandfather or grandmother, whether on the maternal or paternal side, should "announce the

marriage of" his or her "granddaughter, Bertha Smith, to Mr. George Jones." An aunt or uncle can also announce the marriage of their niece. This rule holds good even when the ceremony does not take place in the relative's house, or the relative is not present at the marriage. However, the situation may be of a nature to preclude the use of a relative's name, and in that case the parents of the groom make the announcement, an arrangement not uncommon or ungraceful. (3) By all means, use the young lady's own name on the card. Unless by legal processes her surname of Smith was changed to that of Jones, she cannot properly avoid its use. Although she may have used always her guardian's name, and though her friends may only know her as Miss Jones, in so formal a ceremony as a marriage she must appear under her parents' name. I can understand that the announcement of the bride as Smith may necessitate the lengthy explanation concerning her parents' death and the guardianship of the groom's father; that is better than a quite illegal use of her guardian's name. With the announcement card should be enclosed a second rather large visiting card, bearing the inscription, "Mr. and Mrs. George Jones," and in the bottom right-hand corner the number or name of the house where the young couple may be found after their return from the bridal trip. The invitations to the reception should be issued three weeks after the marriage by Mr. and Mrs. Jones. So, if the function is held in their house. If the young couple propose to give the reception in their own home and on their own responsibility, they can follow one of two plans: either on the visiting card enclosed with the announcements have the words "at home" engraved beneath their name, and in the lower left-hand corner place the date on which the reception will be held, or issue special cards. These special cards should be about four inches wide by five long, and engraved with this inscription:

*Mr. and Mrs. George Jones,  
at home,*

*Thursday evening, July the ninth,  
from nine until twelve o'clock.*

*41 Park Street.*

The dates and address are, of course, subject to correction; the form is the proper one. The above provides for an evening reception; if an afternoon affair, make the proper changes. Many persons accomplish double duty by adding their reception day in merely the word Monday or Friday in the left-hand lower corner of such a card. This is done for the convenience of those who wish to know on what day they had best make their calls after the reception. I think these facts quite cover all the queries contained in your letter. I rather fear, however, that this reply will not reach you in time, for an answer in this department will hardly reach a querist within ten days. You have not allowed yourself sufficient time in which to ask the question with a possibility of gaining an early answer.

ALGONQUIN.—There is a prominent New York physician who believes that hot water will work wonders in overcoming the affliction of which you complain. The system, I understand, consists of a pint of hot water sipped one-half hour before each meal. The water must be as hot as one can sip it, else "will produce violent nausea and fail in its effects. The meals eaten after the hot water must be made up of dishes that contain few fattening ingredients, and in conjunction with this system a good deal of brisk exercise in the open air is prescribed. There are numbers of women who have reduced their weight by following the above severe routine; however, a strong will and a tempered appetite are necessary to the proper pursuit of the treatment. Persons begin by this system to reduce their flesh, but fail to continue the good work for lack of energy to keep up the exercise, or will to refuse table delicacies, or because they cannot drink the hot water. I do not advise you to adopt this treatment; I only mention it as a possible loophole of escape from the fleshiness you seem so keenly to dread. There is a second process for the subjection of alcoholics. This process consists of a treatment in pills—"Marlenbad Pills" they are called, and sold by R. Hudnut. Though I do not speak from personal experience, friends of mine have for six weeks taken the pills with excellent results and no injurious effects. The pills are advertised to reduce flesh at the rate of five pounds a week. They do work wonderful cures, and, so far as I know, have left none of the patients with unpleasant sensations, but with a distinctly slender figure, that no one but a stout woman knows how keenly to be envied and jealously preserved. If you choose to try the pills, write first to R. Hudnut at No. 925 Broadway, New York, and ask for their book on "Obesity." After its perusal you may feel inclined to test the merits of the Marlenbad pills.



## GRAPHOLOGY.

By L'INCONNUE.

## RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. Persons desiring to test character-reading by handwriting should send at least fifteen lines of original composition in the subject's handwriting, and signed by an assumed name, under which the reply will be given.

2. Letters must be marked "Graphology" in the left-hand top corner of the envelope, and addressed: "L'Inconnue, care of Editor, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

**ONE.**—Elmira. This correspondent would not appear to be wholly justified in his vaulting ambition and firmly grounded hope of complete achievement. He is not especially bright and his cultivation is certainly limited, he is guided by his impulses rather than reason, is sensitive to passing and varying influences, lacks decision and sustained purpose, but is probably immature, and undeveloped may justify his aspiration.

**SMOOTH WHITE LADY.**—It is singular that you should complain of incorrect delineations in the past, for your handwriting is very characteristic and easily read. You are daintily and fastidiously refined, attentive to the little details of elegance, being feminine in every fibre of your nature. You are dignified in deportment, reserved in conversation, and concerned in personal matters, though a graceful and fluent conversationalist. Your mind is active, responsive, and carefully cultivated, but is not vigorous or original. You are just and think clearly, possess no powers of logical argument, are fond of literary and artistic things, are critical and fond of analysis which is not altogether profitable as your constructive abilities are doubtful. Liberality, ready sympathies, prudence, versatility, a strong, arbitrary, persistent, yet unhelpful will, a vivid, disinterested imagination, a correct sense of form and harmony, and tenderly devoted affections are all easily discerned.

**NEEDLES AND PINS SEVEN.**—This specimen is curiously suggestive of a nature that feels, thinks, and appreciates more than its author is willing should appear on the surface. Such entire simplicity of manner has been somewhat cultivated, and the transparency, lack of frills and pretence, and admirable disregard for superficial show are severely studied to a great degree. The character is interesting and devoid of commonplace sham, though even this correspondent's cleverness is unable to overcome an inherent tendency toward egotism. The will shows aspiration and pertinacity, physical vigor is abundant, temper hot and determined, but well disciplined, disposition sanguine and ambitious, tastes material, fond of the luxuries of life, given to epicurean pleasures, disposition equable and seldom ruffled, self-confidence admirable, independence perfect, speech clever and even amusing at times, but close as an oyster on private affairs. Not a particle of tenderness is observed; the temperament is not susceptible, though capable of passionate attachments, and in such instances sharp and sudden jealousy.

**MOBILE.**—Pseudonym used before, and the handwriting looks familiar. However, the date of this composition is October 26, 1892, which is given for identification. The example is ordinary, discovering no special traits of character. Lack of enterprise, downheartedness, and a disposition familiar with the blue devils are seen. The will is aspiring but easily discouraged, temper quick yet ready to forgive and forget an injury, speech loquacious, energies fluctuating, tastes refined, and affections demonstratively warm and true.

**COOPER UNION.**—Ambition is a marked feature in this instance, but, unfortunately, the mind is visionary, the will aspiring, speculative, and without vigor or insistence. No positive or practical energy is observed, the ideas are lucid yet lack sequence, the enthusiasm suffers fluctuations of ardor and emotion, instinct and impulse are all stronger than reason. The temper is high and impetuous, is op like a flash and frequently suffers from its foolish impatience; is speech is fluent and candid at all costs, sympathies generous, perceptions quick and clever, with plenty of mental culture.

**TYTMA.**—If this is not an immature scribe, then she is one of those persons whose natures remain only partially developed and

seem ever waveringly uncertain which course to pursue. She is not fond of intellectual pursuits, has refined but quite commonplace tastes and desires, is easily satisfied, very sensitive to the influence of the opposite sex, is susceptible affectionate, has little vigor or strength of feeling, is amiable, has a pliable will, and a romantic imagination.

**HELEN FLORENCE.**—It is believed that this handwriting has been delineated once before under a different pseudonym. The subject is an attractive, high-bred, and elegant woman, unaffected, generous to a fault, and obstinate, very liberal in the use of money, having an arbitrary, resolute, aspiring will, a rather dictatorial, impatient, high-handed temper, is fastidiously attentive to detail, passionately fond of beauty in every form, possesses a vivid, romantic fancy, and vivacious, pleading, and friendly manners, converses fluently, is quick of perception, has social instincts, and capacity for devotedly tender and unselfish attachment.

**QUINTUS.**—On lines. This study implies physical vigor and mental activity with many and varied interests, fondness for argument, the gift of reasoning concisely and clearly, and consequently some cleverness in dispute. The writer has not a brilliant or original mind, but is well dowered with brains, has plenty of common sense, a good temper, is resolute, dignified, vigorous, reliable. He is perfectly self-reliant, has his share of self-esteem, is instinctively prudent, has liberal and lively sympathies, has healthy, material tastes, loves amusement and good-fellowship, is quick, responsive, fond of the opposite sex, shows no weak sentiment, and is capable of much constancy.

**PELOPONNESUS.**—This is a complex character, difficult to read owing to its many vagaries, its humors, and contrariety of tastes and sentiments. Its author is accustomed to success, and consequently looks steadily on the bright side of things, is ambitious, hard to please, has a degenerate, and perhaps a little, is talented, with force, energy, pluck, and self-confidence to second the enterprise seen. The tastes are material, rather elegant, and very luxury-loving, showing a fondness for the flesh-pots of Egypt, beauty of surroundings, and perfection of dress. There is much personal individuality, some whims that might almost be termed eccentricities, plenty of intellectual force, an absence of vanity or conceit, a slow temper, ugly if once aroused, capacity for sustained mental effort, a strong dislike of ostentatious display of any kind, responsive without the least fear of plain speech, a lack of pettiness, an excessive liking for the commendation of others, and sensitiveness to the opposite sex.

**NED R.**—Is a cheery individual, rarely succumbs to discouragement, but relies on his seriousness, energy, and steadiness of purpose to carry him over every difficulty. He is a good natured, somewhat guarded in speech, friendly but never intimate, has some small affections of which he is naturally unconscious, is stubborn, prejudiced, direct, emphatic, usually good-humored, and is sure to be ruled by a woman, to whom he will be absolutely faithful.

**CELESTE.**—There is a good deal of self-consciousness denoted here, although the disposition is naturally whimsical and out of the ordinary. For example, the temper is a whitewind of violence if seriously vexed, and at all times loves to dominate others, to dictate, and find fault when it pleases. The will is arbitrary, is capable of harshness, is vigorous, aspiring, and insistent. A vivid imagination, a vivacious, responsive, cultivated mind, entertaining, crisp, and amusing speech, energies that wax and wane by turns, strong emotions, uncontrollable impulses, lack of pretence, individuality of manner, poor judgment, material tastes, and love of luxury are seen.

**M. V. C. T.**—Who will recognize her composition as being identical with the one above, shows totally different characteristics in her handwriting. She is hopeful where her friend often yields to the vapors; has a quick and sensitive but not so ugly a temper, is quite as persistent, firm, and self-reliant, with a less tyrannical will, is juicier, less vehement in her judgments, more prudent in her use of money, has fewer idiosyncrasies, and is altogether more likable and easier to get on with. There is equanimity, prudence, consistency, admirable though not uncommon ability displayed, with refined and literary tastes, a good deal of care for appearances, and warmth of feeling without sentimentality.

**DE CRANY.**—The great charm real and color possesses for most people is amply proven in the daily and almost pathetic appeals "L'Inconnue" receives, to be rigidly honest in her diagnosis of character. Indeed, the temptation is strong to be unnecessarily severe. In this particular instance the virtues and faults are pretty well mixed, showing the writer to be a clever man whose energy was insufficient to attain the high culture his bright mind deserved. He has remained satisfied with indifferent results, though talent is unmistakably demonstrated in his literary things. His tastes are literary and refined, he composes readily and gracefully, observes closely, has keen perceptions, is indolent, and too much disposed to ignore the noble discontent he must sometimes feel. No egotism or vanity is disclosed; the nature is partially

dent, introspective, unenthusiastic, level-headed, seldom blinded by prejudice, and therefore the more blamable for accepting a lower standard. The temper is short, disposition hopeful and equable, speech often amusing, qualities companionable. Instincts honorable, sense of humor lively, affections not easily stirred, and neither tender nor demonstrative.

**GIENEVA.**—This correspondent is an ardent, whole-souled, genuinely enthusiastic individual, who, feeling strongly, is incapable of any half-way expression of the same. She is very sensitive to moods, suffers deeply from periods of mental depression, is introspective, too self-critical, and also too harsh in judging her own shortcomings. Egotism is a fault to be overcome, as well as the hypercritical disposition noted, that is inquisitive, too much inclined to pull things to pieces, and is unwilling to ever take advantage of a charitable perspective. The writer is clever, cultivated, well bred, practical, orderly, resolute, hot-tempered, full of mental and physical virility, has clear ideas she is unable to connect to argument, maintains an enviable composure, is almost devoid of imagination, is reserved, dignified, and warmly but unemotionally affectionate.

**MILBURN.**—This study is significant of a highly romantic, poetical, and artistic temperament, impressionable, imaginative, full of spontaneity, sympathetic, sensitive, and capable of extremes of both pain and pleasure. The mind is responsive and cultivated, but lacks any original creative ability or strength of reasoning. The writer feels more than she thinks, is high and low-spirited by turns, is tenderly and unselfishly affectionate, uses money freely, indulges in day dreams, is not very practical, is refined, gentle in manners, is not suspicious, but could easily become jealous of one she loved.

**JUEN CIERO BACTUS.**—Here are precision and attention to detail to the verge of finkiness, also suspicion, intuitive caution, reserve, through self-control, absolute system, an absence of all ardor and spirituality, with a cool, practical, logical mind that reasons clearly, is upright by instinct, slow of judgment, devoid of obstinacy, and always willing to hear and heed both sides of a question. There is much to admire and little to attract in this nature, that is sufficient to satisfy and seldom demands sympathy.

**BRUNO.**—There is such a curious similarity between this example and the one above, that it seems quite unnecessary to add another character reading. The dispositions are wonderfully alike, with a few superficial differences.

**MARCH 21.**—Very probably a youthful correspondent, in which event some of the numerous and grave shortcomings may be corrected. As it is, the future is entirely dominated by momentary impulses, is headlong in its decisions, thoughtless, easily swayed, warmly generous and sympathetic, suffers from despondency, is readily discouraged, very imaginative, extremely imprudent in speech, needs discipline and the benefits of experience badly. However, the faults are most of them of an amiable character, the will is firm, temper quick and hot but not sulky, affections susceptible, and show love of admiration and interest in the opposite sex.

**JOSE.**—Maturity is well defined in this subject, whose development is interesting as well as complete. The nature betrays a number of angles, sharp corners, and peculiarities that the possessor takes little pains to hide. This it is with most people who step beyond humdrum conventionality and afford to be themselves at all costs. The disposition is aggressive, determined upon success, hates mediocrity, and would prefer failure to inaction. The will is dominant and has good staying qualities, temper imperious and restive under opposition, vigor and determination are displayed, with systematic habits, direct, emphatic, fluent speech, a vivid fancy, thrill in the use of money, a prudent tongue, fondness for social intercourse, generous impulses, a ready and sometimes sharp wit, a sanguine temperament, and little unselfishness of affections.

**A WEEKLY READER.**—You are subject to varying moods of elation and depression, but too sensitive to passing impressions, and should do more to cultivate your inward resources and invigorate and steady your will. As yet, you show indecision, lack of grasp, fluctuating energies, hyper-refinement, and some self-consciousness. Your natural capacity is good, but strength of purpose is weak, and you encourage the prick of ambition that would accomplish much in stimulating your efforts. Delicacy of feeling, fine, high-minded sentiments, a touchy temper quick to take offense, an undisciplined imagination, no critical ability whatever, too frequent change of opinion, unpretentious, agreeable manners, and tenderly devoted attachments are observed.

**MAX TUTTLE.**—This handwriting shows the effects of a foreign education, but would, under other circumstances, be rather individual. Its author is an ambitious man, who endures conflicting hopes and fears, but, in any event, struggles persistently for success. He is nervous, restless, fond of travel and change, possesses some talents, has a bright, receptive, fairly polished mind,

a short, imperious, variable temper, is unpretentious, stubborn, plain-spoken, yet knows when to keep his own counsel, is capricious in little things, literary and musical in tastes, and thoroughly well bred.

**MAX—JACKSON, Mich.** This subject is hopelessly commonplace, having narrow, conservative ideas, and, whether from accident or choice, has been confined to a very limited degree of mental culture. The temperament is despondent and yielding, the tastes ordinary, will strong but without aspiration, nature capricious and unsteady, speech cautious to a positive love of secrecy. Stubbornness is also displayed.

**CONSTANCE CONLEY.**—There is little in this graphology to excite comment. Its author possesses tender and demonstrative affections, is very susceptible, warm-hearted, dependent, sanguine, refined, loquacious yet cautious, has a lively fancy, is fond of admiration, has conventional tastes and ideas, is friendly, generous, easily contented, and very quick-tempered.

**A CONSTANT READER.**—Postmark, Florence, Italy, which is given, as there seems some doubt concerning the pseudonym. While the writer may be lacking in literary ability, as she avers, there is no want of originality in her mental composition. She is full of eccentricities, and is a source of constant surprise even to those who know her best. This is shown in a variety of ways, by her whimsical ideas, her sudden humors, odd fancies, prejudices, and strong but uncertain will. She is never cast down nor vaporous, is self-confident, imaginative, loquacious and often amusing in conversation, thinks quickly, acts upon impulse, is changeable as the wind in some things, but is steadfast in her affections, that are passionately tender and demonstrative. The intellect is neither acute nor critical, and both ardor and jealousy are observed.

**NETTA SWE.**—This subject lacks concentration, stoutness of mental fibre, the discipline of studious application, is consequently of limited culture, and, with excellent natural gifts, is poorly balanced and developed. The imagination is vivid and whimsical, tastes refined, literary, and graceful, disposition subject to contrary moods of elation and depression, very unreliable, temper hasty, fancies capricious, feelings passionate, and speech inclined to egotism.

**NIXA R.**—An ardent, hopeful, aspiring individual, full of mental and physical energy, with active and varied interests, a sweet temper, an equable, companionable disposition, abundant earnestness and firmness of purpose, frank, honest, sincere, well bred, of orderly habits, dignified carriage, plenty of brain power, common-sense, fair judgment, no special talent or independent force, but with tender and faithful affections.

**L'OUVERTURE.**—On lines. Inequality of character is the keynote here, and explains why the cleverness disclosed has never been put to higher uses. The writer has quick perceptions, but possesses no breadth of view, is bitterly prejudiced, has narrow sympathies, and is content with limited mental culture. Intensity of feeling, strong passionate impulses, curiously indiscreet speech, varied by deep secretive powers, are betrayed in every stroke of the pen. No obstinacy is observed, the temper is good, will vigorous but devoid of sterling qualities; there is an entire absence of artistic instinct, a careless indifference to even important detail, fluctuating energies not to be counted upon, a ready yet superficial refinement, much caprice, habit of observing closely, a disposition to find fault, and some interest in the opposite sex.

**JAKOTA.**—Postmark, Knoxville, Tenn. Joyful energy, enthusiasm, activity of interests, bodily energy, and a pleasant, easy-going, contented nature are shown, together with an intuitive sense of caution, love of amusement, social instincts, healthy and wholly material tastes, a fondness for fine effects, a great regard for superficial appearances, considerable firmness and steadiness of will, a great deal of amiable egotism, and desire for commendation, integrity of purpose, conventional, practical ideas, no sentimentality whatever, but sincere and self-forgetful affections toward those really beloved.

**MARGUERITE.**—A peculiarly popular pseudonym; postmark, Hamilton, Canada. This correspondent possesses very mediocre abilities, but is fortunately entirely unconscious of that fact. She is highly romantic, imaginative, and sentimental, is undisciplined, indulges all the wildest vagaries of her fancy, is easily influenced, has no sense of selection, is sensitive to the influence of the opposite sex, tenderly and demonstratively affectionate, has luxurious and refined tastes, is loquacious and somewhat exaggerative in speech, is amiable, gentle, seldom speaks ill of others, lives amusements, is emotional, impulsive, and needs pretty sters and steady self-discipline.

**HENRY DEVINE.**—On lines, and presumably the composition of a man still very young. In that case he will overcome some of the mental affections he now assumes, and allow his stronger qualities to lead. He is direct, energetic, sanguine, of equanimity of temperament, a good humor that is seldom disturbed,

simple, friendly manners, plenty of common-sense, no particular intellectuality, conservative views, conventional tastes, and attention to detail.

**CUEVALIER BAYARD.**—Is often depressed and discouraged, being more inclined to look on the dark than the bright side of life. He is brainy, has enjoyed a liberal education, has enlightened and moderately liberal ideas on most subjects, is not argumentative, seldom takes the trouble to reason inductively, thinks clearly and readily, possesses an excellent sense of humor, a hasty yet pleasant enough temper, is quick to resent a familiarity, has an aspiring and moderately persistent will, a capricious tongue, a pretty fair knowledge of human nature, is systematic, interested in the opposite sex, shows no egotism nor vanity, is thoroughly well bred, has material though intellectual tastes, and on the whole has himself owned considerable self-discipline.

**AN ANACONDA MISER.**—This specimen is strongly significant of natural talent undeveloped for want of proper cultivation. The writer is out a commonplace man, though he is doubtless deficient in polish and conventional learning. He is very impulsive, probably shiftless, indifferent to detail, cheerful, fails to exercise the critical sense he possesses, is capricious, easy-going, has vigor and dignity of will, virtues that are too often forced to yield to his amiability, and genial, emotional temperament. He is out reflective, has a badly controlled fancy, is capable of sustained effort, indulges in day dreams, is often imprudent in word and deed, no tendency nor romance is described, and the affections do not show fidelity.

**ARMAND ERLIN.**—Five lines are not sufficient for a complete estimate of character, which is the more to be regretted in this instance as the correspondent is evidently both clever and cultivated. He is interested in physical luxury and ease, suffers from periodical attacks of the blues, is sensitive to the influence of the opposite sex, needs to stretch and steady his will, is frequently guilty of indiscreet speeches and actions, has a temper sharp as a flash, and may not always be depended upon. So much for his shortcomings, while, on the other hand, his mind is clear and quick, his ideas lucid and logical, his reasoning powers admirable, breeding high, manners unpretentious, tastes literary and refined, views liberal, perception keen and generally correct, impulses selfish but kindly, and affections demonstratively tender.

**CANDID.**—There is much of sweetness and little of strength indicated in this chirography, that is curiously characteristic of its author. The uniform tendency of the lines suggests an absence of self-confidence, cheerfulness, or hope, disclosing the shyness, vaporous disposition, the conscientiousness, gentle manners, and sweet temper of the writer. She shows no originality of mind, and is without the personal individuality that is usually attractive. Her imagination is vivid and plays her many tricks, she longs for a vivacity that is foreign to her nature, is devotedly, demonstratively, and susceptible affectionate, has an earnest, consistent will, is loquacious, extremely refined, has many pretty, cultivated tastes, is energetic, sincere, unselfish, absolutely conventional and conservative. Liberal in the use of money, has a natural feminine desire for admiration, that is fortunately caused by her good sense and prudence.

**A PRAXON.**—Graphological deductions are drawn chiefly from the peculiar formation of the written characters, the closing of an *e*, the crossing of a *t*, the length of a *y*, etc., giving the desired insight into a nature undergoing analysis. The general impression gathered from a written page must necessarily have a strong even though an unconscious effect during the delineation, but no expert graphologist is misled by such superficial indications. The art is a practical one, based on simple, well-defined rules. You, for example, possess a resolute and sustained will usually, but not always consistent in purpose. You are a person of rather extended culture, having a studious, reflective, and liberal mind, able to reason clearly, more given to thought than argument, showing enlightened and literary tastes, attention to detail, an absence of egotism or self-consciousness, equanimity of temperament, a number of personal individualities, some very independent views, a distaste for ostentation or show, well-considered, deliberate, discreet, and yet fluent speech, little imagination, composed manners, more mental than physical vigor, a disciplined temper, moderation in all things, few strong emotions, considerate generosity, and thorough good-breeding.

**ANOTHER ONE.**—Study enclosed with the above; it is not unlike it in many ways. The disposition is very similar, and would suggest harmony of intercourse. Here the intellect is narrow and less polished; the ideas are conventional, tastes conservative, mind uninteresting.

**IT'ELICAN.**—This subject is full of vitality, having an alert, acute, inquisitive, and well-trained mind, kept bright by constant exercise, and freer of humors than one ordinarily finds. He is not particularly ambitious, but is firm, persistent in pursuing his ends, is self-reliant, well balanced, direct, prudent, never permits

prejudice or stubbornness to interfere, calculates closely, reasons cogently, is not idealistic, and sees things pretty much as they are, loves and is accustomed to achieving success, has material tastes, orderly habits, warm and deep affections, and on conspicuous talent.

**ROMULA.**—Another very common pseudonym, and the postmark is of date, November 3, 1891. The specimen is indicative of a temperament that occasionally suffers severely from the blues, though the nature is healthy, vigorous, and eminently practical. The critical faculty is very prominently developed, but unfortunately without a corresponding show of constructive ability, the writer too often forgetting the utility of finding fault unless the evil is mended. Personal refinement, self-reliance, steadiness and consistency of purpose, insinuating prudence, quick perceptions, a lively fancy, fluent and frequently amusing speech, a keen sense of humor, orderliness, vivacious manners, equanimity, and warmth and stability of affections are seen.

**GABTCHN, DETROIT.**—On lines. This correspondent is neither clever nor liberally cultivated. She is a nice, reticent, vivacious, impressionable, imaginative, and impulsive woman, not hard to please, but is waro-hearted, restless, subject to varying moods, with aspirations she will have hard work to realize, a want of composure both of mind and manner, and no original force.

**IVAR.**—Pseudonym doubtful; postmark, Montgomery, Ala. Extreme personal refinement is implied here, with a nature full of ardor, earnestness, and enthusiasm. The writer has fastidious and elegant tastes, a romantic and graceful fancy is sanguine, converses fluently and entertainingly, has correct artistic perceptions, social instincts, is totally unaffected, is fond of stimulation, pleasure, and luxury, shows a passionate appreciation of beauty, cares greatly for music, color, perfume, and flowers, is generous, capable of considerable sustained effort, has enjoyed all the advantages of culture, is ambitious, possesses a strongly emotional nature, often yields too readily to impulse, is interested in the opposite sex, and tenderly affectionate.

**DEVOTED READER.**—While this correspondent avows himself in his nineteenth year, his handwriting is fully matured, and bespeaks a man in or past his prime. Being inscribed on ruled paper, the graphology is hampered in delineation. The study, it should say its author is of a highly impressionable nature, sensitive to varying and transient influences, susceptible, romantic, deeply and unalloyingly interested in the opposite sex, quick to enthuse, warmed, with ready and cordial sympathies, indifferent to detail, careless, often indiscreet, with abundant energy, but is physically indolent, fond of luxury, loving beauty of surroundings, and the many material joys of this world. He is unaffected, obstinate, and has broad, abundant capacities, dependent upon himself for fruition.

**AN EVERY-DAY YOUNG WOMAN.**—Has no capacity for sustained mental effort, though she possesses a good understanding, and is energetic physically. Her chirography does not indicate original talents, but is certainly illustrative of a number of admirable and substantial virtues—among others, cheerfulness and equanimity may be enumerated, with plenty of determination, moral force, unstinted generosity, warm family love, a sweet though not soft temper, an excellent sense of selection, knowledge of when to hold her tongue, conversational ability, clear, practical ideas, vivacity and attraction of manner, the power to make and keep her friends, varied and active interests, no susceptibility, and yet fervor and depth of feeling for those she loves.

**DENISON.**—An apology is here offered for the delay in replying to a courteous inquiry contained in this letter. In the press of correspondence it was overlooked, and now, as all the communications of August 6th of last year have been published, further comment is useless. You are of a hopeful, happy disposition, rarely yielding to the blues. Love of order, attention to detail, genuine refinement, candor in most things, with rigid caution when private affairs are touched upon, fluency and grace in speech, a number of amiable affections, rather to be termed mental than physical, a tendency to exercise *jeune* and diplomacy in overcoming obstacles, are all observed, as well as the careful cherishing of a few ambitions, an absence of prejudice or stubbornness, a vivacious faculty, and interest in the opposite sex.

**LARAHIE.**—A quick and hot temper, apt to grow quarrelsome, is betrayed here, with an arbitrary and not always reasonable will, vigor but caprice of purpose, energy of mind and body, an ardent, impulsive disposition, elated and depressed by turns, a nature overflowing with vitality, fond of life, indolent as far as work goes, loving pleasure, not materialistic in a sensual way, but so absolutely devoid of spiritual insight that the ideal is never cherished. Freedom in the use of money, decision and directness of speech, no absence of the slightest pretence, self-confidence, good breeding, generosity, and lack of intellectual qualities are also displayed.



Contributions of general interest to chess, whist, and checker players are invited. Any original matter in the shape of problems, games, or end-games will be welcome and receive every attention.

## CHESS.

**NOTICE.**—At the request of many readers, we will hereafter publish the names of persons who send correct solutions of problems of chess. Solutions should be addressed to the "Chess Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

### OUR PROBLEM TOURNAMENT.

THE names of the authors of the compositions which were honorably mentioned:

#### FIRST SECTION, TWO-MOVERS.

No. XXXVIII., Motto, "Caissa amantibus," L. N. de Yong, Utrecht.

No. XLIII., Motto, "Castor," Georg Chocholous, Hubna, Prague.

No. LIII., Motto, "Per ardua ad astra," J. Jerspersen, Svendborg, Denmark.

#### SECOND SECTION, THREE-MOVERS.

No. I., Motto, "Kleine Widerspenstige," Konrad Erlin, Vienna.

No. XXXIX., Motto, "Idaho," F. Putney, Independence, Ia.

No. LVI., Motto, "Peut-être," H. v. Duher, (?)

No. XLV., Motto, "Sans peur," Georg Chocholous, Prague.

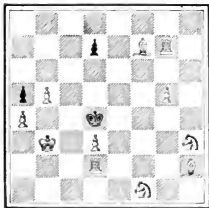
No. XLVII., Motto, "Ave Maria," Georg Chocholous, Prague.

No. XXXI., Motto, "On time." [The envelope containing the author's name is lost. Will the composer be kind enough to let us know his name?]

#### PROBLEM NO. 1.

Composed for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN by B. W. La Motte.

Black, 3 pieces.



White, 11 pieces.

White to mate in three (3) moves.

### FROM OUR COLLECTION OF INTERESTING GAMES.

#### MORPHY AS A RECIPIENT OF ODDS.

Señor Vazquez publishes a rare game in *El Pablo Morphy* for November. It was sent to him early in February, 1880, by Señor A. F. Pozo from Gijon, Spain. The game was played in 1850, at New Orleans, between J. Lowenthal and Paul Morphy, the latter, who was at the time only thirteen years of age, receiving the odds of pawn and two moves. It is said to be the only occasion on which Morphy received odds. The score appears to have come into Señor Pozo's hands about 1866, through a chess article printed in English, and though it is not contained in any of the collections of Morphy's games, it was pronounced authentic by Dr. Max Lange in 1882.

Remove Black's K. B. P.

White: Morphy.

1. P. to K. and Q. 4.

2. B. to Q. 3.

3. P. to K. B. 4.

4. Kt. to K. B. 3.

Black: Lowenthal.

1. P. to K. 3.

2. P. to K. Kt. 3.

3. P. to Q. 4.

The boy Paul had no objection to allowing his centre pawns to be "divided" in this way. As a modern instance, cf. 1. P. to K. 4, P. to K. 3. 2. P. to K. 5, P. to Q. 4. 3. P. takes P., B. takes P. 4. P. to Q. 4, Kt. to K. B. 3. 5. P. to K. B. 4, with Kt. to K. B. 3, a style adopted by Steinitz in the London Tournament of 1883; the idea being the "depression" of the K. P. and consequent impediment of Black's development.

5. B. takes P.

6. B. to Q. 3.

7. P. to B. 4.

8. B. to K. 3.

9. B. takes Q. P.

10. B. to K. 5.

4. P. takes P.

5. Kt. to K. B. 3.

6. B. to Q. 3.

7. P. to B. 4.

8. P. takes P.

9. Kt. to B. 3.

10. Castles.

White threatened to win a piece by B. takes B. Black might, however, have won a pawn by B. takes B. 11. P. takes B., Kt. takes P. 12. Kt. takes Kt., Q. to R. 4 (ch.).

11. Q. to B. 2.

12. Q. to K. 2.

13. P. to K. Kt. 3.

11. Kt. to Q. Kt. 5.

12. Kt. to R. 4.

Next, two points (K. B. 4 and Q. 3) being attacked. If 13. P. to Q. R. 3, B. takes B. 14. P. takes Kt. or Kt. takes B., Kt. takes P. winning a piece.

14. Q. takes Kt.

15. K. to K. 2.

16. R. to Q. sq.

13. Kt. takes B. (ch.).

14. B. to Kt. 5 (ch.).

15. Q. to K. 2.

This hampers Black's game woefully.

17. P. takes P.

18. Kt. to Q. 4.

19. Q. to Kt. 3.

20. Q. to B. 2.

21. Kt. to Q. B. 3.

22. P. to Q. R. 3.

23. P. takes B.

24. K. to K. 3.

25. P. to R. 3.

26. K. to B. 2.

27. Kt. takes P.

28. Kt. to Q. 4.

29. Q. to Kt. 3 (ch.).

16. P. to Q. Kt. 4.

17. B. to Kt. 2.

18. Q. R. to Q. sq.

19. B. to Q. 4.

20. R. to B. sq.

21. Q. to Kt. 2.

22. B. takes Kt.

23. B. to B. 5 (ch.).

24. Kt. to B. 3.

25. Kt. to Q. 4 (ch.).

26. B. takes P.

27. Q. to Kt. 3 (ch.).

28. Kt. takes Q. B. P.

White, who might have simplified by exchanging Q's at

move 18, steers through the ensuing complications like an old pilot and handles this piece-fight admirably.

30. K. R. to Q. B. sq.
31. K. to Kt. 2.
32. R. takes R. (ch.).
33. Q. takes Q.
34. R. to Q. Kt. sq.
35. P. to Q. R. 4.
36. P. to R. 5.
37. R. to Q. B. sq.
38. K. to Kt. sq.

This, the only move, had to be foreseen.

39. R. takes Kt.
40. K. to B. sq.
41. K. to B. 7!
42. K. to B. 2.
43. Kt. to K. 6!
38. B. to Kt. 2.
39. R. to Kt. 7 (ch.).
40. R. takes P.
41. B. to R. 3 (ch.).
42. R. takes P.
43. R. to R. 4.

and White mates in three moves.—R. S. V.

## THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF END GAMES.

(Continued.)

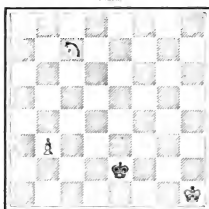
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### THE PAWN PROTECTED BY A MINOR PIECE AND THE KING.

In some positions, when the white king is too far away from his pawn the knight alone cannot force a win; for instance, in

Position No. XXXIII.



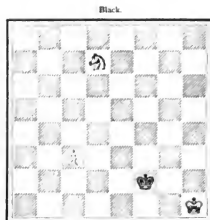
White.  
Black's move: draw.

1. P. to Kt. 4.
- Or, 2. Kt. to Q. 5.
3. Kt. any
- Or, 2. Kt. to Kt. 5.
3. Kt. to Q. 4 (ch.).
- Or, 2. Kt. to R. 6 or K. 6.
3. Kt. to B. 5.
- (If 3. P. to Kt. 4, K. to Kt. 6.)
2. K. to Q. 5
3. K. to B. 6, etc.
2. K. to B. 7.
3. K. to B. 5, etc.
2. K. to B. 6.
3. K. to Kt. 5.
- (If 3. P. to Kt. 4, K. to B. 5, etc.)
2. K. to B. 5.
3. K. to B. 4.
4. K. to Kt. 2.
4. K. to Kt. 3.

And wins either the knight and the pawn, or the pawn alone. If the white king happens to be near enough to get

the opposition after sacrificing the knight, the win could be forced; for instance:

Position No. XXXIV.

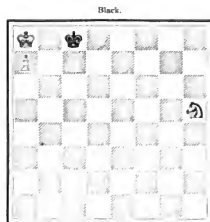


White.  
White wins, even if Black has the move

1. K. to K. 6.
2. K. to Q. 7.
3. K. to Q. 6.
4. K. to B. 5.
5. K. to Kt. 6 or Kt. 4.
6. K. takes Kt.
7. K. to Q. 5, and wins.

The next diagram shows a position in which a knight cannot force a win, but in which a bishop would always do it.

Position No. XXXV.



White.

White having the move could never win, as the black king and the white knight change together the color at every move (in other words, because the knight cannot gain or lose the move). It is immaterial on which *square* the knight happens to be posted. If it would be Black's move, then White could force a win; viz.,

1. K. to B. 2.
2. Kt. to B. 6.
3. Kt. to K. 8 or Q. 5.
2. K. to B. sq.

And the black king is forced to move away, liberating the white king. A bishop of either black or white color would easily force the black king to move away.

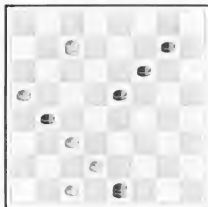
## DRAUGHTS.

NOTICE.—At the request of many readers, we will hereafter publish the names of persons who send correct solutions of problems of draughts. Solutions should be addressed to the "Draughts Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

## PROBLEM NO. V.

By Mr. T. Forsyth Busby.

Black.



# THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

VOL. XI.

New York.

For the Week ending JUNE 4, 1892.

Chicago.

No. 120.



AFTER THE RACE. (NEW YORK CITY.)



## THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

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Single copies, 25 cents.

Payment, which must be in advance, can be made by cheque, postal notes, money order, or registered letter, payable to THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Nos. 3 and 7 East Sixteenth street, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., Brema Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., agents for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN for the United Kingdom. BRISTOL, 19 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, depot for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN in France.

ADVERTISING. The advertisements of leading firms solicited: for terms send to offices. Medical and low-class advertisements declined.

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## Current Comment.

### NOTICE TO EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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**OUR HONOR AT STAKE.**—Our dispute with Chili was befogged with mystery from the beginning. There is no doubt that important facts have been kept sedulously from the public. Some fine hand has been active in restraining Congress from doing its duty in the matter.

We were brought to the very verge of war, and it is not clear why. Something is being concealed. There are two reasons why the Democratic House of Representatives might have been expected to make a prompt and effective investigation. One is the hope of partisan advantage; the other, the patriotic duty to ascertain if the nation was needlessly put in peril of the calamity of war. What is the

explanation of the delay in acting? That is part of the Chilean mystery.

The matter has reached an acute stage. Charges have been made, upon authority, that affect our honor as a nation. Dr. John Trumbull, a resident of Chili, descended from good American stock, accuses Wm. B. McCreery, our consul at Valparaiso, with having used his office to make a fortune by speculating in exchange during the critical period of the struggle between Balmaceda and the Junta. He accuses McCreery and Minister Egan with having worked, by acts of commission and of omission, to sustain Balmaceda. He accuses Lieut. G. L. Pyer, Rear-Admiral Brown's flag-lieutenant and private secretary, with having been the means whereby Balmaceda obtained information of the movements of the Congressional army.

All these things have been matters of rumor ever since last autumn. The charges are now made in definite form. Unless Congress can vindicate the United States by an efficient investigation, we shall be obliged to incur the disgrace attaching to the offences of which our representatives are accused.

**HAZING AT WEST POINT.**—Hazing is wrong in schools and colleges. Boys and youth in an ideal state would treat one another with the mildness and good manners of Fauntleroy. The actual falls very far short of the ideal in schools and colleges at times, and hazing becomes downright cruelty, brutal and demoralizing in character. Ex-Cadet Broatch threatens the country with a magazine article containing revelations of such a state of affairs at West Point.

There has been, and doubtless is, hazing at West Point and Annapolis, just the same as at Harvard and Yale and every other college in the country, not excluding Vassar; but there seems little reason for supposing that the practice is carried to an extreme at either institution. Inquiry at West Point, suggested by young Broatch's charges, was met with statements that the hazing of the plebes was mild, and extended over only a limited period. It consists generally of such errands as going for water, polishing guns or brasses, or making up beds.

The most surprising statement referred to the duelling proclivities of the cadets. These duels are fought not with lethal weapons, but the bare fists. In one of them ex-Cadet Broatch was "knocked out" as cleanly as if the job had been done by Sullivan himself.

Boxing is one of the finest of exercises. A little practical use of the accomplishment is not a bad thing. But we would suggest that Colonel Wilson, the superintendent, appoint a representative to be present at these "duels," and stop them at the proper stage. "Knock out" in which the loser is laid up a fortnight with his injuries are no pastime for young gentlemen.

**CASTINE.**—Castine emerged from the pages of history for a moment when Miss Martha Hichborn, daughter of naval constructor Philip Hichborn, broke a bottle of wine upon the bow of gun-boat No. 6, and christened the vessel *Castine*. Then the historic town returned to its dusty slumber.

When France and England were disputing the possession of North America, Castine was famous. Says one writer: "Puritans and Jesuits, Huguenots and Catholics, kings and commoners, have all schemed for the possession of this little corner of land. Richelieu, Mazarin, and Colbert plotted for it; Thurloe, Clarendon, and Holingbroke coun-

terplotted, conquered, and reconquered. But it is now of no more political consequence than the distant peak of Katahdin." Vincent, Baron St. Castin, its founder, fought the English with his regiment, and afterward married the daughter of Mladocawando, prince of the nation of the Abenakis, the implacable foe of the English.

These and many other recollections of the early days of Castine were awakened for a moment, and then passed away. They have little interest for the present generation, save as romance and history, for they belong to an old order of things which has been superseded by that established by the founders of this republic.

**CHILD TORTURE IN ENGLAND.**—The statements made in the last report of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in London are simply incredible. Grave as are the faults of the English people, one must hesitate to believe large numbers of them capable of the fiendish cruelty set forth in this official bulletin of a society which includes among its members men of the highest position. Were it not that these statements were apparently accepted as true at a public meeting, one would be tempted to brush the report aside as the sensational production of some irresponsible person seeking to rouse public interest in his work.

In the matter of inflicting torture, the American Indian, the German, Spanish, and Italian executioners of the Middle Ages, the familiars of the Inquisition, and the buccanniers of the Spanish Main are usually pronounced preeminent. Aside from the wanton putting to death of their victims, there is scarcely any of their practices which is not matched in this extraordinary report. Among the punishments recorded as having been inflicted upon helpless children are the following: Sticking pins into them; placing lighted matches upon their nostrils; burning wounds upon them with matches; breaking the limbs of two-year-old babies in three places; tying a rope around a six-year-old boy and dipping him into a canal repeatedly until he was exhausted; keeping a child in a cellar until its flesh turned green; and tying cords around the thumbs of a child. Fiendish ingenuity seems to have been exercised in devising cruel punishments.

Were these cruel parents people of the most degraded class, the torture of children would be less surprising, although parental affection is inactive in the brute creation; but the report declares that the case of Mrs. Montagu is not an isolated one, and that the society has interfered with clergymen, officers, barristers, and other members of the gentry who treated their children inhumanely.

The offences of which various members of the Prince of Wales's set have been proved guilty are the result of laxity of morals; if the statements in this report are true, it may be questioned whether the so-called upper classes are much more wicked, after all, than those who look up to them.

**THE COLORED RACE AT CHICAGO.**—Few departments at the Columbian Exposition would be of deeper interest to the philanthropist than the one which Congress has just been asked to promote with an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars. The proposition is to prepare an exhibit illustrative of the progress of the colored race from 1863 to 1893.

Independent of the passing interest that would be excited by such a graphic history of a large portion of our population during a period of transition, it would be of permanent

value. It would give a better idea than is generally entertained of the headway which the negroes have made, notwithstanding serious obstacles. The dull figures of statistics fail to convey an adequate notion of what has been accomplished; but the progress might be illustrated by an exhibit properly arranged. The net results would probably surprise most people, and win for Afro-Americans more of the sympathy they deserve.

The exhibit would also be valuable to the scientific student of sociology. It has rarely happened in the world's history that an inferior race has made so gallant an effort to elevate itself morally and materially, and has done so much in the short space of thirty years.

**MINISTER FAVA'S RETURN.**—Baron Fava is again in Washington, enjoying his honors as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, besides those of Dean of the Diplomatic Corps. There was grave doubt whether he did not forfeit the latter when he left Washington; but the mysterious tribunal that decides questions of etiquette ruled that he might still continue to be the first to shake hands with the President upon occasions of state.

His fellow-countrymen welcomed him back to these shores with demonstrations of joy. **THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN** adds its greeting, which, if a trifle heated, is none the less hearty. At the same time, it is permissible to ask what the Italian Government accomplished by recalling him from Washington.

Baron Fava himself gained a trip to Italy, which, we hope, he enjoyed thoroughly. The public gained some highly unimportant information concerning the domestic arrangements of the Marquis Imperiali, the *chârgé d'affaires* he left behind; and newspapers of a certain class regaled their readers with discussions of the question whether it was proper for the representative of a country like Italy to live in a boarding-house. The settlement of the affair was due entirely to our sense of what was fitting, not in any degree to the action of Italy.



BARON FAVA.

**BETTING AND RACING.**—The Dwyers and the pool-room keepers have made up their differences, and consequently the open gambling carried on under the guise of betting on the horse-races is flourishing, without even the slight restrictions imposed last season.

It is a calamity that public opinion does not distinguish the difference between betting on a race-track and gambling in a pool-room. The former may be countenanced by all save the strictest moralists. The distance of race-tracks from the centre of large cities; the cost, difficulties, and delay of getting to them; the charge exacted for admittance, and the expenditure of time involved in attending a meeting, are checks that tend to keep away from the tracks those who cannot afford to lose. Furthermore, in a single season the number of days of racing near any one city is limited. If men will bet, the harm is reduced to a minimum if the betting is done at the track.

To visit a pool-room, on the other hand, is a matter of a few minutes, and involves no expense. In no essential particular does pool-room gambling differ from lottery gambling. Like the lottery, the pool-room finds its patrons chiefly among the poor, and among those whom hope of gain may tempt to dishonesty. We have cited in a pre-

vious number of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN the testimony of a famous criminal lawyer as to the number of lives ruined by the pool-room and the race-track, conducted solely as a gambling machine.

The police authorities in most cities of the United States do not seem inclined to suppress the evil. They could do so in great measure, if they chose. It remains, therefore, for public opinion to compel them to do their duty.

**MRS. MAYBRICK'S CASE.**—A fresh effort is making in England to obtain a new trial for Mrs. Maybrick. Counsellor Alexander McDougall has given an opinion in which he holds that a new trial should be demanded, and steps are being taken under it to secure the justice so long denied. There is not much prospect that the present attempt will succeed, or will accomplish any more than the past failure. The general view of the English bar as to the law in the case is against Counsellor McDougall.

Should Mrs. Maybrick's case terminate as it stands now, it would still be a memorable one in the history of juris-



MRS. MAYBRICK.

prudence. Hundreds of thousands of men and women in England and in the United States believe her to be innocent and have sought and are seeking to obtain justice for her. It is admitted that upon the evidence there was doubt of her guilt, and this doubt was so strong that her sentence was commuted from death to imprisonment for life. It should be remembered that she is accused of having murdered her husband in order to be free to join her lover. If, therefore,

she committed any crime at all, it was a crime deserving death. Mrs. Maybrick's champions do not ask for her release. They only plead for an opportunity for her to prove her innocence. To all pleadings and arguments the government replies that there is no way in which a new trial can be secured to her. This may be law; it is not humanity.

She may be innocent or she may be guilty; but, the machinery of justice having once landed her in jail, there is no redress. "Abandon hope, all ye that enter here," might well be the motto over the gate of the prison.

It is right that popular clamor should not be permitted to interfere with the operation of courts of law; but it is a crying scandal to treat with contempt the belief entertained by hundreds of thousands that an innocent woman is suffering injustice. The indignation which this spectacle arouses is heightened by the suspicion that the Home Office is afraid that Mrs. Maybrick might be found innocent: a result that would cast terrible disgrace upon the administration of justice in England. Do the officials reason that it is better to risk an innocent woman suffering the penalty of a crime she did not commit, than to confess a mistake?

**PERSIAN WILE.**—Those who follow the course of diplomacy in the East will be amused by the joy shown by English newspapers because the Shah of Persia has virtuously refused Russia's proffered loan and has decided to raise the money in London. The guileless Briton sees in this act a proof that the Shah knows that his real friend

is Short, not Collin, and believes that a great victory has been won in the game being played between Great Britain and Russia for control of the gates of India.

It is dollars to doughnuts that the unscrupulous agents of the Czar will never be outwitted by the red tape of the Foreign Office. If the Shah chooses to borrow now from England, it is because he sees an opportunity of getting money from both sides. At the same time, he comprehends perfectly that the natural course of events will sooner or later establish Russian dominion in Persia.

The Shah's act is akin to the proclamation issued not long ago by the Ameer of Afghanistan, declaring in favor of the English and against the Russians. The English were highly pleased with it until they discovered that the Ameer's sole purpose in issuing it was to induce them not to interfere while he robbed and crushed an independent chief who had incurred his enmity after accepting their protection.

#### THE VATICAN AND THE UNITED STATES.

The importance of the two latest utterances of the Propaganda concerning the Roman Catholic Church in the United States cannot easily be overestimated. The more important of the two is, of course, the decision on the vexed question of the Faribault system of public schools. The fact that Archbishop Ireland's position has been sustained gives cause for congratulation. While less important in its immediate effect, Cardinal Ledochowski's letter to the Catholics in the United States is of great moment as showing the spirit in which this republic is to be regarded henceforth at the Vatican. The purpose of the letter is to finally end the Cahensy agitation in this country. It will be remembered that Herr Cahensy, assisted by powerful Catholic societies, sought to induce the Vatican to recognize the principle of appointing for Catholics in the United States bishops of the same nationality as the people over whom they were to preside. Thus, the Germans, the Italians, the French, the Irish would each have their own bishops, the natural consequence being to encourage the tendency of each people to preserve their national individuality. Pope Leo was quick to see how foreign this plan would be to American institutions and ideas; and Cardinal Rampolla, therefore, wrote his letter of last July to Cardinal Gibbons, expressing disapproval of the plan. As this communication did not seem to kill the movement entirely, Cardinal Ledochowski has supplemented it with a further letter, in which he utters the memorable words, that European emigrants to the United States must coalesce as one people and form one nation.

In these two opinions, on the Faribault question and the Cahensy movement, there is manifested the high wisdom and broad statesmanship that have made illustrious the occupancy by Pope Leo XIII. of the Chair of St. Peter.

**PHILADELPHIA'S HORSE SHOW.**—Year by year Americans are growing fonder of out-door life, and are welcoming eagerly every form of entertainment that takes them into the open air. The reproach made against American men, and especially against American women, of a quarter of a century ago can no longer be sustained. Instead of spending their days in closed rooms, they are nowadays all activity, and the pale and sallow complexion once alleged to be characteristic of us has been replaced by ruddy brown.

One result of this change is growing appreciation of the services of our friend, the horse. Whether for riding or

driving, he is gaining in popularity every year, a fact that is clearly manifested at the numerous horse shows that are being held in the chief cities. Rain could not keep the admirers of the horse away from the show grounds in New York recently, and the crowds now flocking to St. Martin's Green, Wissahickon Heights, are ample proof that Philadelphia is by no means behind New York in this commendable enthusiasm. Their pilgrimage is well repaid by the variety and excellence of the exhibition of horse-flesh, which, indeed, was to be expected, seeing that the society numbers among its members such breeders and owners as A. J. Cassatt, C. A. Newhall, Cuyler Patterson, H. H. Houston, and scores of others.

**HAWAIIAN ANNEXATION.**—Impartial observers in Hawaii agree that the progressive portion of the population of the Hawaiian Islands are in favor of a change in the form of their government. They want either to be annexed to the United States, or to constitute themselves into a republic which shall be under the protection of the United States. It is apparent that Hawaii is ripe for a change of some kind, and that if the islands do not come to us they will go to England, Germany, or some other European power. The present form of government is nothing more than a farce. The kings and queens of Hawaii have never governed save in name; but have been made the tools of skilful speculators.

THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN has already described the reasons why it is important that the United States should control these islands. We need them to prevent their use against us for hostile purposes, and the commercial advantages that would be derived from their possession would more than compensate us for any expense that might be incurred.

A recent traveler, upon returning from Honolulu, is quoted as saying that in less than a year from the present time the Stars and Stripes will be floating over the Hawaiian Kingdom, as political signs on the islands all point that way. We hope this prediction may prove true. If it should fail, the blame will lie wholly with the administration at Washington.

**OUR MERCHANT MARINE.**—The anxiety shown by the English ship-owners and builders is of the best augury for the rehabilitation of the American merchant marine. They see the most formidable rivalry threatened in the activity of American ship-yards, and in the eagerness of American capitalists to buy and to build the finest steamships afloat. Their thoughts go back to the days before the war, when the Stars and Stripes flew over the most magnificent ships afloat, and Americans controlled the carrying trade of the world. It is not difficult for them to understand that in a few years American ingenuity, enterprise, and energy will revolutionize present methods, once they get to work.

The passage of the bill granting American registers to the *City of Paris* and the *City of New York* was the first step in the right direction. It pointed the way. Mr. Austin Corbin was quick to make use of the suggestion, and to have presented in Congress a bill which would enable him to carry out a long-cherished project for cutting off a big slice from the time now occupied by a transatlantic voyage. So with others.

In his speech urging increased appropriations for new war vessels, Mr. Gorman referred to the splendid prospects of our merchant marine. Under the provisions of the vari-

ous acts providing for new war ships, we have, he said, created plants which are marvels to the world. More than that, we have created plants competent to produce commercial vessels at a cost within eight per cent. of the cost on the Clyde. If these appropriations were now stopped there would be danger of paralyzing these great industries. The increase recommended by the committee was about eleven million dollars, to be expended over a period of years. It would enable the great factories and forges to go on and complete their machinery. He recognized the fact that the financial problem was a serious one. But the advantages, direct and indirect, of making the appropriation, would be so great as to compensate for the financial difficulties to be overcome.

**SUNDAY AND THE FAIR.**—The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* publishes a series of opinions from Catholic bishops upon the question of opening the Columbian Exposition on Sundays. It should be borne in mind that the proposition is to keep closed the departments requiring manual labor, and to open only those like the art galleries, which do not. We print below extracts from some of the opinions:

Bishop John Foley, of Detroit, says: "I favor the opening of the World's Fair for a portion of the day, say after one o'clock, in order that the masses may have an opportunity of visiting the exposition. At the same time that I favor this line of procedure, I would urgently insist upon an honest, strict closing of every saloon in Chicago for the entire Sunday."

Bishop A. A. Curtis, of Wilmington, says: "I see nothing *per se* wrong in opening the forthcoming fair during a part, at least, of Sunday. And yet that which is not of itself amiss is often extremely inexpedient, and more investigation and study on the spot of the problem, and of all connected with it, than I am competent to undertake, would be necessary ere I should be justified in deciding which of the two alternatives propounded promises less mischief and more good."

Bishop T. Heslin, of Natchez, says: "Whereas the Sunday is devoted to divine worship and rest, he who has satisfied the demands of worship may lawfully recreate himself amid works of art and industry, if he find rest in doing so. I therefore see no objection to opening the fair on Sundays, at hours that will not interfere with religion."

Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, says: "That for the benefit of those laboring people who cannot enjoy the pleasure and advantage of a visit to the fair on week days I would like to see it opened on Sunday afternoon. Yet if there be any ground for the fear entertained by some, whose judgment I respect, that this Sunday afternoon opening would have a tendency to weaken the respect and strict observance of the Lord's day, such as, thanks be to God, our people generally show for our Christian Sabbath, then I say by all means let it be closed."

Archbishop William Henry Elder, of Cincinnati, says: "It must be remembered that for a workman to visit the fair on a week day, he must not only pay the price of admission, but he must stop his work and lose his wages. Thus every visit will cost him three or four times more than it will those who can get free days without losing wages. Again, it must be remembered that during the fair there will be thousands of visitors in the city who come expressly to attend it, and who have no other business there—no families or social acquaintances in the city. If the exposition is closed all day Sunday, try to imagine in what ways the majority of them will spend the day."

Archbishop P. J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, says: "I can see no reason why the grounds of the Columbian Exposition should not be thrown open on Sunday afternoons, with, however, the condition that all departments requiring manual labor should be excepted, that no saloons should be permitted to be open, and the spectators be simply allowed to walk through the grounds, as they would through a public art hall."

Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, not long ago expressed himself as in favor of an open fair on Sunday afternoon, on the ground that Sunday was the only day that a very large number of the people could get time from their work to attend. This would leave the morning free for the discharge of religious duties.

It will be seen that THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN is in good company in its advocacy of a partial opening of the Fair on Sundays.



OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS: XLIX. EDWIN BOOTH. (See page 132.)

(FROM A COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.)



## THE PARIS SALON OF 1892.

SINCE the secession of Meissonier and his friends, the Salon of the Palais de l'Industrie on the Champs Elysées has had to share its glories with its young rival on the Champ de Mars. But, although some of the best French artists have gone over to the enemy, the prestige of the older Salon continues, and its opening remains the great event of the art year in Europe.

As a whole, the Salon of 1892 is a disappointment, for, whereas in most of its predecessors there have been at least half a dozen canvases that have occupied the attention of the whole art world for months, there is not a picture in this one that is striking enough to arouse enthusiasm.

One of the best in the whole collection is Detaille's "Capitulation of the Garrison of Huningue," on August 27, 1815. The French General Hanstetter, having heroically defended Huningue with a garrison of only two hundred men against thirty thousand Austrians commanded by Archduke John, consented to capitulate on condition that he and his garrison received the honors of war. When the archduke saw him coming out of the city gate at the head of about a hundred and fifty men, he asked him where the garrison was. "There it is," replied the general, pointing to his few followers with pride. This is the scene Detaille represents in a magnificently painted picture whose fault lies in the artist having paid too much attention to detail.

But the picture which has attracted the public attention more than any other is Leon Bonnat's portrait of the old philosopher, Ernest Renan. The author of "L'Albâtre de Jouvare," now in his seventieth year, is represented sitting and stooping forward a little. He shows his years, and looks, as he does in life, more like a monk than a free-thinker. M. Renan's nails are very remarkable, and M. Bonnat has most faithfully represented their length and appearance, which have always caused so much comment in the French scientific world. They attract crowds in front of the picture, and nine out of every ten persons exclaim, "Oh, look at M. Renan's nails!" on first seeing it. In fact, on varnishing day, the sensation of the Salon was M. Renan's nails; and the *Gaulois* tells us that when a celebrated Parisian manicure saw him, she betrayed the deepest emotion in her face.

The admirers of William Bouguereau will find plenty of his canvases, full of cultured academic grace, finished and balanced in design, all carefully executed, and all with a very smooth surface. One of the best of his in this year's Salon is "Avant le Bain" (Before the Bath), which we are enabled to reproduce. It represents a woman of Southern extraction, preparing her baby for the bath. The coloring and drawing are good, as we always find in a Bouguereau, but as the artist gets on in years his paintings get less interesting. As he is now nearly seventy, it is not to be supposed that he will adopt the style of the impressionists or naturalists who are but boys compared with him, but will go on painting his cold but perfectly correct little peasant lovers and children.

There is no artist in whom the influence of Bouguereau is more evident than Miss Elizabeth Gardner, a lady who comes from New England, but has lived so much in Paris that she has become Parisienne to the tips of her fingers. A pupil of Bouguereau's, she looks upon her master as the greatest artist of his day, if not of all time. The result is, her canvases are but a reflex of the greater artist, showing much of the same correctness and a great deal of the same coldness. In her "L'Escapade," a small boy is playing truant with his little sister, and, strictly against the maternal orders, we should imagine, is leading her over a plank which crosses a brook to a wood beyond, where they will have lots of fun while their mother is raising a hue and cry after them. It is a sweet, innocent picture, but there is just a little bit of affection about the figure of the girl.

Her pose is more that of a young woman in a fashion-plate than that of an innocent infant.

One cannot help regretting that Jules Stewart was born the son of a rich father. Had he been obliged to earn his bread and butter with his paint-brush, the artist of the "Hunt Ball" would have been more than a painter of charmingly pretty women and perfectly dressed men. Stewart knows, however, how to paint society better than any one in Paris. And naturally, for the Stewarts are not only in the best French society, but of it. They are the only Americans belonging to the Paris colony to whom the portals of the Faubourg St. Germain are really open. We have had many Venices before, but in Mr. Stewart's "Le Printemps—Venise," we have not only a glimpse of the bridge of the Adriatic, but the picture is bursting with spring. It is painted, too, with true art and with admirable light.

Another American artist who has but lately arrived in Paris is Mr. Henry Bacon, of Boston. He has become a pupil of Calanet. His "Corsican Bandit," in the Salon of 1890, attracted a good deal of attention, and his two pictures in the present Salon prove that he has not wasted his time since then. One, "The Pilot," represents an American girl leaning against the railing of an ocean steamer awaiting the arrival of the pilot. Has she lit upon the color of his eyes, whether he be married or single, or what foul he will step on deck with? She looks quite capable of doing so. The other picture of Mr. Bacon in the Salon, which we reproduce, is the "Pigeons of St. Mark," and represents a *fin de siècle* Hilda feeding the famous birds.

Mr. Seymour Thomas sends a most touching picture, "Une Victime Innocente." The innocent victim of the terrors of war is a Sister of Mercy who, while doing her duty with the Red Cross Society on the field of battle, is fatally wounded. The picture is an illustration of an incident that occurred during the Franco-Prussian War. Mr. Thomas has managed with great skill the white of the cap and dress of the dying Sister, and those of her companion, who is leaning over her.

Among the other American exhibitors may be mentioned Walter Gay, who sends an excellent "Mass in Brittany"; John Hamilton, of Philadelphia, who has a portrait of Mr. Gladstone; Bridgman, whose "Passage of the Red Sea" is a fine historical work; Weeks, who sends a capital



PORTRAIT OF E. RENAN, THE AUTHOR. (BY L. BONNAT.)



"A PAIR OF KITTENS." (BY F. MUNIER.)



"THE ESCAPE." (BY E. GARDNER.)



"BEFORE THE BATH." (BY W. BOUGUEREAU.)



"CAUGHT IN THE SNOW-STORM." (BY L. FERRAULT.)

FIGURES OF CHILDREN IN THE PARIS SALON OF 1892.



"AN INNOCENT VICTIM." (BY SEYMOUR THOMAS.)



"ADIEU." (BY A. G. HELLER.)





"SPRINGTIME IN VENICE." (BY J. STEWART.)



"THE FESTIVAL OF ST. ROCH: AN OLD CUSTOM IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE." (BY H. B. POSSESSON.)



"THE FIGURES OF ST. MARK." (BY H. BACON.)

"Indian Funeral," and Shields Clarke, whose "Morocco" has a charming effect of light and shade.

A charming picture is Debat Ponson's "Le Jour de St. Roch—Vieille Coutume du Midi." The Day of St. Roch, who is really the Æsculapius of mythology, converted to Christian, is August 16th. He is the saint appealed to for protection from pestilence, and on his day it is the custom in some parts of the South of France to have the cattle blessed by the priest so that they may be saved from disease. But, judging from M. Ponson's picture, the good cure's prayers are not intended to have any effect on the disease of love, for the brave young peasant in the foreground is paying very decided court to the healthy young girl near him.

What magnificent-looking women are the "Gilleuses de Hultres à Marée Basse" (Oyster Fisherwomen at Low Tide). Such are the women to be found along the Normandy and Brittany coasts, the women whose lives Pierre Loti has so well described. A healthy-looking lot, but their life is a hard one, and the returns of their labor but small. However, they make up for the scantiness of their living by the richness of their lingo, which is more often expressive than graceful.

M. Guillaud's "Adieu!" is full of pathos. There has been a shipwreck. A man and his wife, or, maybe, his sweetheart, are cast away on a spar. They can no longer cling to it; the last moment has come; before he lets her slip from his arms he gives her one long passionate farewell kiss, and it is this kiss that M. Guillaud has painted.

"Surprise par la Neige" (Overtaken by the Snow) is one of L. Perrault's contributions to the Salon. Two little girls have been overtaken by a snow-storm, and M. Perrault has treated the subject very much in the same way as Bouguereau did a few years ago. There is nothing particularly striking about the picture, but it is pretty and excellently painted.

The absence of sensationalism is one feature of the Salon. It looks as if the French artists had forsown realism, and were returning to old classical traditions and the academic style.

## THE BROOKLYN HANDICAP.

THE long-expected, patiently waited for Brooklyn Handicap—the first important racing event of the season of 1892—has been run, lost, and won, in consequence of which a few hundred are made richer, while many thousands have been made considerably poorer. This is because the winter and past favorite was badly beaten.

It was a great race, gamely contested from start to finish. In fact, it may be said that it was the greatest handicap run since the memorable May day in 1887 when Dry Monopole, Blue Wing, and Hidalgo flashed by the Judge's stand, their heads rising and falling almost together, the width of a woman's hand between the winner and the third horse. It was a race the result of which reminds one of last year's Sahurbaun, as, like that race, a dark horse proves the winner and lauds the rich prize.

The result of the race was a great surprise, one of the greatest surprises that the American turf has ever witnessed. The race had been conceded to be "a sure thing" for the noble Longstreet, and the only question was who would run second. That Longstreet would be ignominiously beaten was never expected; so the surprise was caused, not because Judge Morrow won, but because Longstreet lost. This surprise was intensified when it was seen that Pessara, to whom nobody had given a thought, was pushing the Judge closely for first honors, and only lost the coveted goal by a short head.

The newspapers have already told how the race was won and lost, therefore it is useless to record it here. Suffice it to say, that the excitement which existed among the spectators during the period the horses were at the post and while running, proved an awful strain upon the nervous system. Most intently was watched the white flag in the starter's hand, the drop of which was to proclaim the commencement of the struggle. The moment for which thousands had waited for months had arrived. At last, after a weary vigil, the cry, "They are off," rang through the air, and twelve blood horses were struggling for the lead. How the spirits of that vast concourse of people rose and fell as some favorite horse assumed and then lost the lead. The very air was tremulous with excitement, so intense



STARTER ROWE.

was the enthusiasm over the splendid spectacle of those royal thorough-breds battling to the death, straining every nerve and muscle to answer the calls of the riders transformed into demons for the moment. It was such a gallant fight that even those who had trusted their hopes and fortunes to Longstreet forgot for the moment their ill-luck and joined in the ear-splitting chorus that greeted the gallant trio that were fighting for the mastery as they neared the wire.

Briefly, the ending of the great race was as follows: A furlong from the covered goal Judge Morrow, Pessara, and Russell were abreast, their necks extended, with every muscle in their bodies strained to the utmost tension.

Littlefield was the first to go to the whip, quickly followed by Taral, but throughout this exciting struggle Covington never stirred. A sixteenth from home Pessara swerved right across Russell, who lost three lengths through his jockey being forced to pull him up. But Taral never relinquished his efforts, and Pessara, answering like a bulldog, began to gain on Judge Morrow. Fifty yards from home Covington had recourse to his whip, and thence to the finish both lads and horses strained every effort to get

human beings, and when you think they are in condition they are often far from well; this may have been the case with Longstreet, and weight is given to this statement when his performance two days afterward in the Brookdale Handicap is considered. In this race he was also a hot favorite, but throughout the race had actually to be driven along, and ran without life, dash, or speed. It is early in the season yet; wait a little, and see if Longstreet does not regain his speed.

He is a horse with a history. As a two-year-old, like most of the sons of Longfellow, he was only a moderate performer; but in his three-year-old form he became a grand race-horse. It was a year of great horses—Salvator, Tenny, and Proctor Knott all being out. Longstreet beat all of them. In the great Realization of 1889 Mr. J. B. Haggin entered Salvator and a worthless brute called Kern. The Dwyers entered Longstreet, and were confident of winning. In the race Kern interfered with Longstreet, and Salvator won. The Dwyers openly declared that Kern was entered for this purpose. Mr. Haggin denied it, and the Dwyers challenged him to match Salvator against Longstreet. Mr. Haggin declined until an apology was made to



A FALSE START.

an advantage. Neither horse flinched under the maddening punishment, and amid cheers upon cheers Judge Morrow, running with undying gameness, managed to win by a short head.

After the first excitement had passed over a death-like silence prevailed. This was owing to the fact that the crowd, almost to a man, had backed Longstreet to win; and there were much sorrow and anguish among the talent and fashionable following of the turf when the just favorite came cantering home a badly beaten horse. The ground was covered with stacks of worthless tickets, and glum faces and empty pockets everywhere prevailed.

And now the question shapes itself, How came it that Longstreet was so easily and so badly beaten? This disastrous failure has been the chief topic of conversation since the race, and various reasons have been advanced as to the cause. Some of the sporting fraternity claim that McLaughlin made too much of him at the beginning of the race, the pace set by Fairview being fatal to those that endeavored to keep within hailing distance of him during the first three-quarters. Others, however, on the contrary, claim that he was not pushed along hard enough. Longstreet, when he went to the post, looked in the pink of condition; how he ran everybody knows. Horses are like

him. No apology was made, and the match never took place. When Longstreet and Salvator next met Longstreet beat him easily.

As a four-year-old Longstreet was ailing all year. After the season he looked to be hopelessly broken down. He rounded to last year, however, and a series of brilliant victories, ending with his overwhelming defeat of Tenny at Morris Park, made him easily the greatest horse of the year. Longstreet's only weakness is his inability to run in the mud.

Judge Morrow, the winner, is an erratic animal, and when he is just right he is a great race-horse. He was not a favorite in the handicap as a winner, owing solely to the fact that Longstreet and Raceland were booked to run against him. He was, however, considered a good candidate for one, two, three, and those who played him this way won money. That the Judge is quite as fit as last year has already been shown; in fact, he is in much better condition, as last season his feet and legs gave him some trouble, but at the present time he is as sound as a dollar and in great form.

The four-year-old Pessara, of Campbell and Walcott's stable, which gave the Judge such a close race, was little thought by the talent to be able to compete with such



RACE FOR THE BROOKLYN HANDICAP: IN FRONT OF THE GRAND STAND.



MR. DWYER'S DAUGHTERS IN HIS PRIVATE BOX.

horses as Longstreet or Racerland. He showed up well in his preparatory work, and his owners had great faith in him, and undoubtedly with his performance. He was not, however, judged a dangerous horse, and was really not looked for among the first three by the talent.

As for J. A. and A. H. Morris's Russell, it was expected he would finish well up in the lead, after the brilliant showing he made in his trial performance a day or two before the race. He went to the post as fit as a fiddle. Russell has improved wonderfully since last year, and to-day forms an ideal picture of a race-horse. He received considerable backing in the winter books. Of course, Russell was not expected to win; but, for all that, a great many people had lucked him for first place, in hopes that he might possibly win the prize. He has always been an uncertain brute, but is a horse that shows up best in the spring, and it is on this fact that the Morris stable based its hope of victory.

For many months the trainers had been preparing for this race, and, despite the fact that the past season has been one of the most trying yet experienced, all the horses that took part in the Handicap appeared to be in excellent condition when they went to the post. Appearing to be, and being, are, however, two different things, and a great many animals belied their appearance, as their performance showed.

Judge Morrow has certainly won a great victory, and his owner should be congratulated. Let the talent, however, beware and, when the Suburban comes, not rush madly to the bookmakers, and place all their money on the Judge, simply because he has won the Handicap. It has yet to be recorded when the winner of the Handicap has also proved the winner of the Suburban. Remember last year's lesson, when the great Tenny, the easy winner of the Handicap, "dumped" the talent by being badly beaten in the Suburban by a rank outsider—Loamika. Tenny this year did not run in the Brooklyn, but he will be in the Suburban, and so will Longstreet—two dangerous horses.

The question has been asked, what is a handicap horse-race? For the benefit of the uninitiated, the following few remarks will explain: Handicapping is the term used in various games and sports to denote the placing of competitors on such a footing that all shall have, as nearly as

possible, an equal chance of winning. Thus in horse-racing, when the speed of one horse has been ascertained to be greatly superior to that of another, the swifter of the two, in a handicap race, is made to carry extra weight to an amount that shall be deemed sufficient to reduce his speed to a level with that of his antagonist. The weights are adjusted so that the poor horses will have as much chance as the good ones. In a perfect handicap twenty horses would finish with their noses together. The theory of handicapping is that, if two horses are exactly equal, a pound more added to the weight one will have to carry than the other will cause that other to win by a head, five pounds will cause him to win by a length, ten pounds by two lengths.

The condition of nearly every handicap provides that a horse winning a race after the publication of the weights shall carry a penalty, which must be added to the weight originally allotted by the handicapper, and the incurring of this penalty is often the reason of horses not starting. To decide upon the weights horses shall carry, is no easy task. The handicapper must be a regular attendant at race-meetings, and able to form his own judgment on what he sees; for the position a horse may occupy at the termination of a race is not necessarily any criterion of his true form. He may be out of condition; or, when a jockey finds he cannot win with him, a horse is almost invariably eased, and finishes seventh or eighth when he might have been third or fourth; and the handicapper must also possess sufficient perception to see when an attempt is made to throw dust in his eyes. The handicapping at the late Brooklyn race was excellent.

## AN AUSTRIAN VISITOR.

FOREIGN governments are rather shy of sending their men-of-war to our ports, because foreign ships, when they have once landed on the free soil of the United States, have a trick of never returning to their ships.

The *Aurora*, an Austrian corvette, which has been recently cruising in these waters, and has visited Annapolis, New Orleans, Pensacola, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, lost five of her crew by desertion at Pensacola. Now the guards have orders to shoot down any man who attempts to leave the ship without permission, and when a boat is sent ashore a cadet always accompanies it as a precaution against desertion.

Austria-Hungary is not a naval power, and has but one port, Trieste. But small though Austria's navy is, it is for its size one of the most efficient in the world, its officers and men being most carefully trained. The total number of her ships of war is seventy-two, which includes five first-class battle ships, seven second-class, and three third-class. She has nineteen belted cruisers and nine gun-boats. She has, besides, ninety-six torpedo-boats.

The *Aurora* is a single-screw composite vessel of 1,340 tons displacement, and her engines are of 1,000-horse power. Her battery consists of two 15-centimetre Wardorff breech-loading rifles; four 9-centimetre, and one 7-centimetre breech-loading cannon, and two Hotchkiss rapid firing guns mounted at the stern. Her commander is Captain Gustav Flewartz. Her officers and men number four hundred and twenty, and she has thirteen cadets on board who, having completed their four years' course at the Austrian Naval Academy, are now on a two years' cruise preparatory to becoming commission officers.

The discipline on board is very strict. A square cage of netting is used as a cell, and in it, during the *Aurora's* visit to this country, was confined a sailor who had four months before stolen some money from another sailor. He had still a month longer to remain in duance vile. Outside the cage hung a document giving the prisoner's name, age, and the crime for which he was locked up. It also gave a list of the days on which he was to have nothing to eat. These days averaged about three a week. On other days he was furnished with the regular fare. Once a week he was allowed to go on deck for a brief space for exercise. No one was permitted to speak to him.

During her present cruise the *Aurora* has touched at Algiers, Gibraltar, Tenerife, and various ports in the West Indies. When she leaves this country she will go to the Azores. A picture of the *Aurora* will be found on page 120.

## THE DANGER ON THE LAKES.

IN several recent numbers of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN the defenseless condition of the Great Lakes, our enormous commercial interests on them, and the danger



ERIE ELEVATOR, BUFFALO.

that threatens have all been set forth. A new feature of the matter is presented here.

Glancing even carelessly over all that has been said in regard to the conditions existing in relation to navigation of the Great Lakes and the population and traffic of the cities depending upon them, it will easily be seen that the whole representation is one of vast monetary and social and political importance to the entire country. In this connection any possible intrusion by a foreign power upon American sovereignty over these great interests could not be viewed otherwise than very seriously, and therefore the following quotation from a report of the House of Representatives Military Committee, published in 1862, is to be considered significant.

The United States and Great Britain are equally prohibited by treaty stipulations from building or keeping afloat a fleet of war-vessels upon the lakes. At the same time, on the shores of these lakes the United States have many wealthy cities and towns, and upon their waters an immense commerce; these are unprotected by any defence worthy of special notice, but are as open to incursion as was Mexico when invaded by Cortez. A small fleet of light-draught, heavily armored gun-boats could, in one month, despite of any opposition that could be made by extemporized batteries, pass up the St. Lawrence and shell every town and city from Ogdenburg to Chicago. At one blow it could sweep our commerce from the entire chain of waters. To be able to strike a blow so effective, Great Britain constructed a canal around the Falls of Niagara. By this single stroke the entire chain of lakes was opened to all British light-draught ocean vessels. Perceiving our ability to effect

works upon the St. Lawrence that might command its channel, and thus neutralize all they had done, Great Britain dug a canal from the foot of Lake Ontario on a line parallel to the river, but beyond reach of American guns, to a point on the St. Lawrence below, beyond American jurisdiction, thus securing a channel to and from the lakes out of our reach. Occupied by our vast commercial enterprises and by violent party conflicts, our people failed to notice at the time that the safety of our entire northern frontier has been destroyed by the digging of two short canals. Near the head of the St. Lawrence, the British, to complete their supremacy on the lakes, have built a large naval depot for the construction and repair of vessels, and a very strong fort to protect the depot and the outlets of the lake, a fort which cannot be reduced—it is supposed by them—except by regular approaches. The result of all this is that in the absence of ships of war on the lakes, and of means to convey them there from the ocean, the United States, upon the breaking out of war, would, without navy yards and suitable docks, have to commence the building of a fleet upon Lake Ontario, and another upon the Upper Lakes. At the same time, England, possessing a naval depot at the entrance to this system of waters, can forestall us in all our attempts, both offensive and defensive.

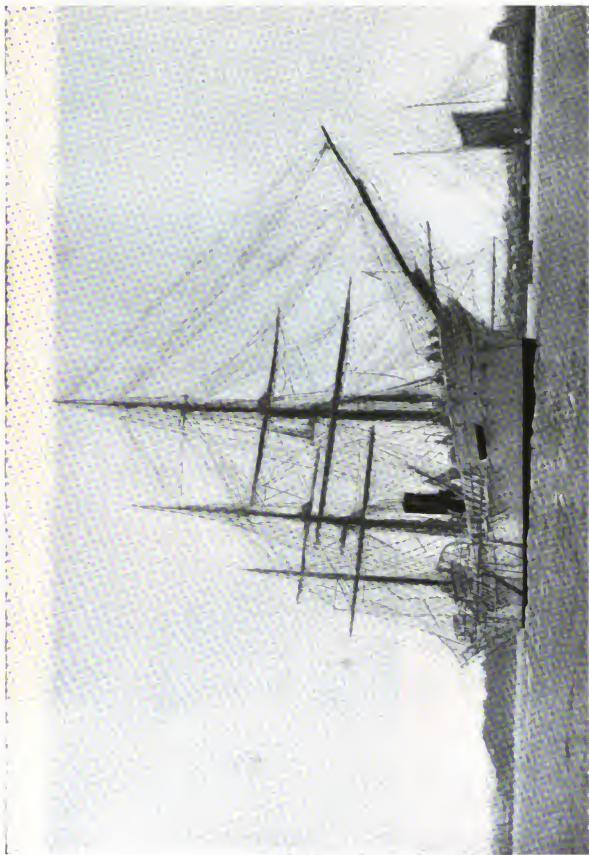
The difference in the condition of British power between what it was in 1862 and what it is in 1892 sufficiently points the moral of this quotation. The 2,073 vessels which carry on the vast traffic of the lakes represent a floating capital of \$63,000,000. These vessels are generally of large capacity and great power, steamers which bear their cargoes into ports a thousand miles apart, with the precision of railroad trains, each of them transporting at once more than ten ordinary freight-trains.

From what has been published it is very clear, first, that we have enormous interests on the Great Lakes that are worth protecting; secondly, that, as matters now stand they are utterly without protection against forces that Great Britain could easily muster.



A WHARFEDOCK BARGE LOADED IN BUFFALO RIVER.





AN AUSTRIAN VISITOR. THE NAVAL SCHOOLSHIP "AURORA" IN NEW YORK HARBOR. (See page 118.)



## IX. THE HOHENZOLLERNS.

THE Hohenzollerns are very firm believers in the right divine of the Hohenzollerns.

The present representative of the family has not been crowned either as German Emperor or King of Prussia. The probabilities are that if he condescended to go to Königsberg, he would place the Prussian crown on his own head. In this he would only be following the tradition of most of his ancestors. His grandfather was proclaimed first German Emperor at Versailles, and was never crowned King of Prussia. His father, we believe, did intend to have a coronation ceremony at Königsberg, had not that fatal disease prevented one of the most liberal-minded women in Europe from being crowned with him and helping him to guide the affairs of Prussia.

We do not pretend to know why the present head of the Hohenzollerns has never gone through the ceremony of a public coronation since he ascended the throne of Prussia. The following extract, taken from the Edinburgh *Evening Courant* of Saturday, September 9, 1786, may supply our readers with a clue. After noticing the death of Frederick II., King of Prussia, which had occurred a month before, the article says:

The King of Prussia is never crowned, if the word "never" can be applied with propriety to a kingdom which has yet had no more than two kings, and just seen a third ascend the throne. The affectation of thinking lightly of the pomps of a coronation was not the motive which induced the last two monarchs of that country to dispense with that ceremony. It was pride and haughtiness. They resolved to show their subjects they did not think they held the crown from them, and consequently that they held it unconditionally, which could not be because if they were

crowned, as an oath on the part of the sovereign to observe the laws and maintain the rights and privileges of the subject is always an essential part of the ceremonial of crowning kings. This is carrying matters with a high hand, and denying any such thing as an original compact between the prince and the people. In Prussia the king takes possession of the throne on the demise of his predecessor by causing all the great men and the army to take the oath of allegiance to him; this is at least, but a bare inauguration. There are two other sovereigns in Europe who reign without being crowned—the King of Spain and the Sultan of Turkey or Grand Signor. The latter is invested with sovereign power by the girding on of a sword in the principal mosque. The King of Spain is merely inaugurated, because he does not like to assemble the Cortes or states of the kingdom, the speaker of which would address the new sovereign in a style very little suited to the pride of those who affect to reign by the grace of God, and not of the people.

After the Hapsburgs, the Hohenzollerns are the most snobbish of the royal families in Europe. But this is natural, for snobbery is more rampant in Germany than in any other part of the world. That is, the snobbery of rank;

for from whatever part of the world we come we are snobs by nature, and the more we protest against the impeachment the more we prove our snobbish nature.

The Hohenzollerns have not been German Emperors—mark we well, they are not Emperors of Germany—twenty-one years; they have been Kings of Prussia but one hundred and ninety-one years. True it is, they became electors as far back as the beginning of the fifteenth century, but then they were the very smallest of the electors for a long time. And yet to-day their representative, who was but thirty-three last January, can safely tell the deepest thinking people in the world that he rules them by a right he has acquired from the Almighty, that God has given him leave to order them to slaughter father, mother, brother, and sister, for his divinity's sake; has conferred upon him a sort of walking deputation which allows him to look after their morals and interfere with their religion.

*Lex suprema voluntas regis est!*

Prussia first, and Germany later, accepted the Hohen-



*Georgius Wilhelmus by der gratien Gods  
Choor Voort Hartoch van Brandenburg  
Prussen Guelick Cleeff Boech en der Marck*

• GEORGE WILLIAM, DUKE OF PRUSSIA, FATHER OF THE GREAT ELECTOR.

(From an old Dutch print.)

\* Previously published in this series: I. The House of Holstein, in No. 312 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; II. The House of Bourbon, in No. 313; III. The Romanoffs, in No. 314; IV. The House of Savoy, in No. 315; V. The Hapsburgs, in No. 316; VI. The House of Portugal, in No. 317; VII. Petty German Sovereigns, in No. 318; and, VIII. The Houses of England, in No. 319.





FREDERICK WILLIAM, THE GREAT ELECTOR.

The whole of his reign offers a curious picture of refinement and religious toleration, mixed up with the grossest superstition of the Middle Ages.

zollern legend because, with a few exceptions, the representatives of the family have, for four hundred years and over, proved themselves remarkable men, and when they did not happen to be so, married remarkable women, or were served by remarkable men. Then the head of the Hohenzollerns has never allowed the vulgar crowd to leap over "the divinity that doth hedge a king." Of course, scandals have arisen within the hedge, but, take them all in all—such as we have been allowed to know—they have been very clean scandals compared with those that have startled London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Florence—we were going to say Paris; but nothing startles Paris.

Who ever heard of a Hohenzollern being dunned by his creditors? The fact is, there is an excellent law in the Prussian royal family, which we strongly advise their European majesties, regent and otherwise, to adopt. No royal prince or princess of the House of Hohenzollern is allowed to borrow, and no one is allowed to lend money to any. The gentleman or lady who does lend him or her money cannot recover by law. Acting on this, Frederick the Great never repaid any Prussian who had lent him money when he was heir to the throne, for he thought that such a person had not only violated the law, but ought to lose his money for having done an improper action.

There are times when it pays one's conscience to prick. Who ever heard, too, — ? But let us go back and find whence the Hohenzollerns got their good repute.

The Hohenzollerns take their name from the heights of Zollern — *Hohen Zollern*—where their ancestors seated themselves in the Suthian Alps. One hears of them first—that is, historically—about the time that Emperor Henry IV. made his penitent pilgrimage to the papal court at Canossa. Before that time one is told by their chroniclers a good deal of mythical Hohenzollerns, of some gentlemen who followed Aeneas from Troy, and others who were mixed up with the great Italian family of Colonna. Then one reaches eventually Frederick, the first Elector of Brandenburg. He was but a petty elector, the most insignificant of the seven other princes who elected the Emperor of Germany. Formerly Burggraf of Nuremberg, he was in

1417 formally invested with the title of Margraf, and became Frederick I. of Brandenburg.

In the sixteenth and even in the seventeenth centuries the Hohenzollerns were not extraordinary geniuses, or even great heroes. They patiently bore the yoke which the Austrian had placed on the neck of the whole German nation. They bent to the storm until the time of the Great Elector.

The first five Electors of Brandenburg, from the time of the Reformation till that of the Great Elector, were not remarkable for any great intelligence, but they had the good fortune to be served by men of distinguished abilities.

When Frederick William succeeded his father in 1640 he was just turning twenty, and found himself at war with the Swedes. How he made peace with them is to be found in any history of Germany, but the social condition of Prussia in his day is less easy to discover.

The whole of his reign offers a curious picture of refinement and religious toleration mixed with the grossest superstition of the Middle Ages. He was much addicted to the study of alchemy. He had a laboratory of his own, and bought up all books and manuscripts relating to the secret arts. He had the most implicit belief in devils, ghosts, witches, sorcerers, and astrologers. He was very fond of alluding to the story of the White Lady—the *Witzze Frau*—whose appearance is supposed to portend calamity or death to some member of the House of Hohenzollern. She is said to have been seen in the ominous years of 1640, 1740, 1840, and just before the late Emperors William and Frederick died. She is said by some to be the shadow of the mistress of Joachim II., one of the early Electors of Brandenburg, while others say she was the love of one of his ancestors. Whoever she might be, the Grand Elector's favorite—one Kurt von Burgsdorff—who professed incredulity about her and a strong desire to meet the spectre face to face, was gratified in his wish. After seeing the Elector to bed one night, Burgsdorff was going down the back stairs to the garden when he saw the White Lady standing on the steps before him. A little disturbed at this unexpected encounter, he quickly collected his senses, and, after addressing some harsh epithets to the spectre, asked her if she had not already had enough of the blood of the princely House of Hohenzollern to satisfy her. The White Lady answered never a word, but seized him by the throat



"THE LITTLE DRUMMER."

From the portrait of Frederick the Great and his sister Wilhelmina as children, by Anne-Pierre Penne, and now at Charleston.

and hurled him, half-throttled, down the stairs. The White Lady was not seen again for many years, but in 1709, when the old palace at Berlin was repaired, the skeleton of a woman was found under the stairs where Burgdorf had met her. It was supposed that this could be none other than the skeleton of the White Lady, and it was buried with due ceremony in the cathedral. It was then hoped that the ghost was laid, but it has turned up several times since.

Von Burgdorf, who belonged to an old Brandenburg family, fell into disgrace with the Elector for opposing a standing army scheme which his master advocated. From a work published in Dresden in 1705, "Touching the Disgrace of the Prime Minister and Favorite at the Court," etc., we learn:

This minister had risen so high that he was allowed to clap his electoral highness on the shoulders, and was looked upon as a father by that heroic prince. If his electoral highness wore a suit worth four hundred rix-dollars one day, on the next the minister must needs have one worth five hundred. But a great fortune built upon an ill foundation of wickedness is sure to decay; and thus it soon fell out with this minister, who had chiefly prospered in wealth and power by wine babbling; for the late elector was a singular lover of drinking, and this Borgstorf could drink eighteen pints of wine at one meal—nay, he could gulp down a whole pint at a draught and without so much as drawing breath. Now the elector, Frederick William, of blessed memory, lived more soberly, which much displeased this minister, who once said to him at table: "Please your highness, I don't understand your way of living. Your highness' father's times were much merrier; we drank a boat bravely then, and now and then a castle or village was to be won by hard drinking. I myself remember the time when I could drink eighteen pints of wine at a sitting." Hereupon the electress, a princess of the House of Orange, and the example of every virtue, did not let his words pass unnoticed, but replied: "That was fine housekeeping, truly, when so many fine castles and villages were given away to reward beastly and riotous drunkenness."

Burgstorf was guilty of greater crimes than drunkenness. He tried to make a breach between the Elector and Electress, and the woman tripped him up so that he fell.

It is time for the Great Elector to go. With immense energy and determination, with intrigue and by the force of arms, he has done a great deal toward the founding of the power of Prussia. He has proved himself a great soldier and a still greater administrator. He has received with open arms the French driven from their country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and has given a power-

ful impulse to industry and commerce in his country by encouraging the settlement of Flemings. But his day is past, and he joins his ancestors to make way for his son, Frederick III.

The ruling passion of Elector Frederick III, was pomp and display. The electoral hat was too small for him. He must needs change it into a kingly crown. Several fortunate coincidences enabled him to gain his object in 1700, and Dr. Velsse tells us how he solemnized the event:

Frederick was so rejoiced at the successful issue of his favorite scheme that he could not even wait for fine weather for the ceremony of the coronation, but started in midwinter, just one month

after the attainment of his object on the 17th of December, 1700, with the whole of his court on his way to Königsberg. The cavalcade was one of the grandest ever known in Germany. The whole court travelled in three hundred carriages, besides wagons. The royal company, which journeyed in four divisions, was so large that, in addition to the horses taken from Berlin, not less than thirty thousand were required to draw the carriages. The king only travelled during the forenoon, and the journey lasted twelve whole days. Wherever halt was made, dinners and festivities took place from mid-day till evening. The queen was driven by her dashing brother-in-law, the Margrave Albrecht; spite of the bitter cold, he sat on the box, dressed in a gala costume of embroidered satin, silk stockings, and a huge wig.

After two months of festivities, their Majesties of Prussia returned to Berlin with equal pomp to a court which, as Niebuhr has said, "like that of almost all German courts of that period, was unspeakably odious—it was at the same time both coarse and frivolous." And frivolity during the latter part of the



QUEEN FREDERICK LOUISE, WIFE OF FREDERICK WILLIAM I.

(From an old engraving.)

seventeenth century was as bad as it is possible for frivolity to be.

There was one exception to this sweeping condemnation of Niebuhr. That was the separate court of His Majesty's wife, Sophia Charlotte, sister of George I, of England. She was a brilliant woman who had been so intimate terms with Leibnitz ever since her childhood, and was always chaffing him after she was married about the causes of things. He complained that she was never satisfied with any answer, but always wanted to know the "why and wherefore" of everything. She had no sympathy with her husband's love of pogeneity, and it is said that, during the coronation services at Königsberg, she so far forgot the dignity due to her position that she actually made grimaces behind His Majesty's huge wig, and took a pinch

of snuff at every moment when Frederick had a right to believe she would be on her best behavior.

Even when she saw nothing she could not refrain from cracking a joke at His Majesty's expense.

"Do not pity me," said she, almost with her last breath, to a sorrowing attendant, "for I shall soon gratify my curiosity on several points which Leibnitz could not explain to me." Moreover, I procure for the king the pleasure of a funeral in which he will have the opportunity of displaying his love for pomp and ceremony."

The king was inconsolable over her death; but, like many another inconsolable widower, found consolation a year later, and married a Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who, not having been quite as good as she ought to have been in the days of her youth, became *devotee* in her maturer years and developed into a half-crazed woman. The king, who was ill, and had long been separated from her, was for some time ignorant of the real state of her health. One morning the queen escaped from her attendants, ran through a gallery leading from her room to the king's,

Stanislaus Leszczyński, King of Poland, and Francis of Lorraine, the husband of Maria Theresa.

The servants were dismissed, so as to be freed from all restraint. Toward seven o'clock the king paid a visit to the queen, where a cover was always laid for him; but he stayed there a very short time. Such of the guests as had not yet dined found cold meats on the side-table. At about eight the young princes came in to wish the king good night. The members of the smoking club, decorated with their several orders, sat round the table and smoked long pipes [*juken stæf*]; the day may come when pipes shall not be tabooed in American clubs; before each of them was placed a white jug full of Hachstein beer, from Königsbrunn, in Hunsrück. Those who could not smoke, such as the old Prince of Prussia and Seckendorf, took their pipes cold and made a show with their lips, as if they were smoking. The king, who liked coarse jokes, was delighted when foreign princes were either intoxicated with the strong beer or were made sick by the tobacco, to which they were not used. . . . In the smoking club the coarsest and roughest jokes were played off upon Gündling [a coxcomb who read out the papers and explained their contents to the company]. Soldiers were the only people whom the king held in any respect;



SANS SOUCCI, AS IT IS IN OUR OWN DAY.

hurled through the glass window, and rushed, with bleeding hands, dishevelled hair, and in white undress, into the king's apartments. The sudden apparition of this bleeding spectre, which he took to be the White Lady, was too much for his sick majesty, and Frederick, the pomp-loving, died of fright a few weeks later.

The second Prussian monarch, Frederick William I., took after his mother, Sophia Charlotte, and hated anything like pomps and ceremonies. He had two ruling passions: money and tall soldiers. Nothing but soldiers were to be seen during his day around the court. Here is an account of the *tabacnic*, or club, where Frederick William I. was to be found every night surrounded by his counsellors and generals:

The *Areopagus*, in which matters of domestic and foreign politics were discussed, was the famous *Tabacks Collegium*, or smoking club. . . . Large silver beer-cans, out of which the beer was poured by means of a cock into the jugs and glasses, were placed on the table.

Then comes a list of some of the guests, which includes

learned men he called pedants, paper stainers and sneakers; these were to be taught how superior soldiers were to them in everything. It was, as we have already said, the king's great pleasure to make his guests drunk, and Gündling was pined with liquor until he was insensible. When they had thus gained the victory over learning, poor Gündling was exposed to the heavy, coarse jokes of the king and his officers. Figures of donkeys, asses, and even were pinned to his coat, and his upper lip was adorned with a cork mustachio. He was made to read the most atrocious libels on himself, which the king had caused to be inserted in the newspapers. . . . At Wusterhausen some tame bears were kept in the courtyard, and some of these were placed in Gündling's bed; then hug made him keep his bed and spit blood for several days. . . . Frequently when Gündling got home he found the door of his room bricked up, and he was hunting for it all night.

The unhappy Gündling got sixteen quarterings and the title of a count for being made a butt of. He died in 1731, at the age of fifty-eight, of an ulcer in the intestines caused by too much drink. The king did not spare him even when dead. For ten years or more a huge wine-butt had been



STATUE OF THE GREAT ELECTOR IN BERLIN.

prepared for "the Learned Fool's" body, and in this case he was hurried, in spite of the expositions of the clergy.

Frederick William's subjects were so frightened of him that they would run away when they saw him coming along the road or street. One day he overtook a Jew who was trying to get out of his way, and, while he was beating him, said: "You are to love me, I tell you, and not to fear me." He had Dr. Johnson's idea of bringing up children, and so, his son, who was to become Frederick the Great, knew, to the cost of his life.

Of Frederick the Great, of his intimacy and quarrel with Voltaire, of his *Sans Souci* and his weakness for the French, of his war with Maria Theresa, and the six and forty years of his brilliant rule we shall say naught here, but pass on to the reign of Frederick William II, and deal with a lady who played a prominent part in his day, and of whom little is said nowadays.

The Mme. de Pompadour of Frederick William II's court was a Mme. Kietz. She was the daughter of a trumpeter in the Prussian Army, named Encke. The crown prince fell in love with her and sent her to Paris to be educated. Frederick the Great, to stop her intrigues, married her to the son of one of his gardeners at Potsdam, named Kietz, who, unluckily, however, never to live under the same roof as his wife. Having got her married, Frederick did not consider the woman so dangerous, and a house was taken for her at Potsdam, where the crown prince visited her with his uncle's consent. When Frederick William ascended the throne she was all-powerful, but this did not prevent the king from making two morganatic marriages, although he was already legally married. Mme. Kietz, who has been described as "large in her person, spirited in her looks, loose in her attire, . . . a true idea of a perfect bacchante," caused many a young man's heart to flutter. Lord Templetown, a fiery Irish peer of twenty, made such violent love to her that he was ordered to quit Berlin. The letters of the Chevalier de Saxe to the royal favorite breathe the most ardent affection. The archaeologist Hirt, who had been a monk, and was acting as a guide to strangers in Rome, deserted his post and followed her to Potsdam. Lord Bristol, the Bishop of

Londonderry, met her in Munich on her way to Italy, and, at the age of sixty, offered her his hand.

When Mme. Kietz, armed with sixteen quarterings and the title of Countess of Lichtenau, visited Italy, all the minor courts vied with each other to do her honor. She was called back to Berlin by the sudden illness of the king. When he died she was arrested, and all her property confiscated. At length she was released, and at the age of fifty married Franz von Holbein, a well-known dramatic writer, who was then twenty-eight. He deserted her, and she died in Berlin in 1820, in the eighty-first year of her age.

While in Frederick William II's court were being enacted scenes of debauchery only equalled by those of Louis XV's court, the crown prince and his excellent wife, Louise of Mecklenburg, were leading an exemplary domestic life. Their story was fully told in No. 86 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN. One thing about Louise, we believe, is not very generally known. Our readers will recall that in most of her portraits, including the famous one by Gustav Richter, in which she is represented as coming down some steps, her neck is swathed in muslin. The fact is, the queen had a very bad *gotter*, and just as the Princess of Wales to-day hides some telltale scars on her neck with a dog-collar, so Louise hid her defect with folds of muslin.

Frederick William III. had many private virtues, but was not fitted to rule in such troublous days as the early part of this century. He had a strong sense of duty and justice; he was pure-minded, and a great lover of truth. But in public life he showed indecision of character; was diffident, and narrow in his views. But for the patriotism of his noble-minded wife, Queen Louise, he would have reduced his country to even greater straits than he did. He died in 1840, and was succeeded by his son, Frederick William IV., who proved to have the same vacillation and instability of purpose as his father.

The reign of Frederick William was one long struggle between the people of Prussia and the king for a constitutional form of government. He began by granting minor reforms, and promising radical changes of a liberal character, but he always evaded the fulfilment of those pledges. He had very high ideas about the divine right of kings; somewhat more vague, perhaps, than those possessed by his great-nephew, the present German Emperor, but more dangerous for a sovereign to hold fifty years ago than they are now. Many people, besides the rulers of the earth, then believed in it seriously. Nowadays no one in Europe outside of Russia and Turkey, except the German Emperor, treats it otherwise than a fantasy—a fantasy which is not permitted to express itself outside of speeches.

Frederick William showed, too, a strong tendency toward mystic pietism. The Lutheran Church, with its lack of pomp and ceremony, did not suit him, and he was very anxious to make the Church of England the state church of Prussia. He went so far as to join the English Government in establishing the Protestant Bishopric of Jerusalem. The bishopric was instituted in 1841, and was placed under the joint protection of England and Prussia. The right of appointment lay alternately with the protecting governments. The first bishop, Alexander, was a converted German Jew, who had taken orders in the Church of England. In 1886 the Prussian Government retired from the agreement.

In the year 1857 the king was seized with remittent attacks of insanity, and resigned the management of public affairs to his brother and heir, who acted as regent until he ascended the throne on the death of Frederick William, in January, 1861.

Here we will take leave of the elder branch of the Hohenzollerns, for the later members have performed in the world's stage so recently to require that the tale should be recounted now. With regard to the younger branch, in the thirteenth century the Sualban branch of the Hohenzollerns separated from the Nuremberg branch, to which the Kings of Prussia belong. This Sualban branch was later subdivided into two lines—the Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen and the Hohenzollern-Hechingen. In 1850 they were reunited. The present king is a member of the family, and to it also belonged the late Prince Charles, whose candidacy for the throne of Spain caused the Franco-Prussian War.



THE great centre of attraction in Batavia seemed to be a large building situated about the centre of the High Street; in front were erected a number of booths, and in and out of these, and among the carriages and conveyances of all descriptions, Chinese and Javanese fruit-vendors made their way, offering for sale fragrant and juicy merchandise. In the large, gloomy building itself, a public auction was going on; not of imported European wares, damaged goods, or of inland produce, such as was often held there, but of a collection of curiosities, the property of a Dutch merchant lately deceased.

In and out of the spacious rooms were the noisy, careless crowd, staring at the accumulated treasures, few knowing how to appreciate their value. Two white men, one a Dutch captain lately arrived in port, and the other an English merchant, resident many years in Batavia, were making their way with some difficulty in order to obtain a nearer view of the articles for sale. They at length reached a table covered with a variety of weapons, especially kris. At this moment, a Frenchman also approached, and requested that these might be the next articles put up for sale; which was accordingly done, and he purchased many at tolerably high prices. Some among them were very handsome, being inlaid with gold and precious stones; others simple or rudely carved, the sheaths made of wood,

and occasionally ornamented with feathers. A native Javanese, who stood near, attentively examined each kris, drawing it from its scabbard as he did so, but did not bid for any; and as soon as the Frenchman had moved off with his purchases, appearing to have satisfied his curiosity, he drew his sarong, or cloak, more closely about him, and also quitted the room.

A minute or two afterward, the Chinese attendant, in arranging the other things on the table from which the kris had been taken, discovered one which had accidentally remained hidden, and laid it before the auctioneer.

"Here is just one more dagger," exclaimed the latter. "Who will bid for it? Our purchaser for these things is unfortunately gone. We will commence, say, with thirty florins. It is a beautiful weapon, the handle set with garnets; and what a splendid blade—it is worth at least one hundred florins."

The Dutch captain, after several bids by others, at length secured the article at eighty-seven florins. He seemed, however, to care little for his purchase, stuck it in his pocket, watched the progress of the sale some short time longer, then, looking his arm within that of his companion, left the close, but atmosphere of the crowded room for the open air.

"He ought never to go into an auction-room unless with the purpose of buying something one really requires," he remarked to the English merchant, drawing out and looking at his dagger. "I was so determined before going in not to part with my good money, and here have I allowed myself to be tempted into buying this thing. I am richer by a piece of iron, and poorer by eighty-seven florins."

His companion took it in his hand, and said, laughingly: "My dear fellow, what has just occurred to you happens every day; and you and I are among the last who ought to wish it otherwise. Why, what on earth would become of all the commerce and trade if people restricted themselves to buying only necessities? By the way, the kris is an indispensable article in a Javanese family; some are handed down as heirlooms, and the owners would prefer starvation to parting with them for any sum, so great is the superstition regarding them. However, during the late war many of them came into possession of the whites; and some of the chiefs have been known to give enormous sums to reclaim these penalties, on discovering them in the hands of strangers."

"I say, Goodwin," laughed the captain, "I wish one of those chiefs would take a fancy to my kris; I would willingly part with it for a reasonable percentage."

"Why, there stands one, I declare," replied his friend.

"If I am not mistaken, the very one who in the auction-room was so closely examining the weapons bought by the Frenchman; he, at least, can tell us the real worth of this knife, and you can ascertain whether you have made a good bargain. Hallo! friend, come here and tell us how you like this kris."

The person thus addressed was a tall, stately young man, who leaned carelessly against a stone pillar not far off. He might have been twenty-two or twenty-four years of age, was dark-skinned, and possessed fine features. However servile in general his countrymen might be, this young man apparently formed an exception, for he took no notice of the words addressed to him, though he must have heard them, but turned away his head, after a rapid and not very amicable look at the two strangers.

"No! Ho! my boy; independent, eh?" laughed the Englishman. "We must go to him if we want our information."

"Here, friend," he continued in Malay, taking the kris and approaching the Javanese, "can you tell me what this article is worth?"

The latter contracted his brows, drew himself up with a proud, almost defiant aspect, and was about to walk away without replying, when his eye fell on the kris. His arm was involuntarily stretched toward it, the blow mounted to his face, and he fixed a searching look on the face of the stranger as if to read his intention. This lasted but a moment; his arm was again folded within his sarong, and he resumed his former position. His look alone remained fixed on the weapon; and the Englishman had to repeat his question before he seemed to comprehend.

"I do not know," he replied at length, turning his head gloomily to one side; "it is an old kris. Is it your wish to sell it?"

Without giving an answer, the Englishman, a long resident in Java, and well acquainted with the manners and customs of the natives, turned toward his companion and said in Dutch: "I say, old boy, I guess the yokner here knows more about the kris than he would have us believe, and therefore pretends great indifference; and, now I look at him, I reckon he is not one of the common sort, as I first thought; he wears a valuable sarong, and his cap is embroidered with gold. Hum! if he means to have the knife, he will have to pay for it."

While all this, which was unintelligible to him, was being said, the Javanese looked from one to the other, without, however, altering his position, and when the Englishman stopped, seemed about to repeat his question, but changed his mind, and remained silent.

"Do not ask too much," suggested the owner of the knife, "for it may frighten him out of buying it, if he has any intention of the sort."

"Don't you be anxious," replied his friend. "Either he is bent on possessing the kris—in which case we may demand any price—or he does not care a straw for it, which last, however, I do not believe. At all events, we can find out the state of the case—only let me manage him." Then turning to the young man, he at the same time drew out the dagger, and showed it off to great advantage, the bright blade and jewels glittering in the sun. "Cannot you at least tell us what such a thing could be made for in your part of the world—or, perhaps, it comes from one of the other islands?"

Slowly the Javanese stretched out his hand for the kris. Giving only once glance at the handle, he fixed an approving eye on the chasing of the steel blade, and then returned it, without otherwise showing he took any particular interest in the weapon.

"Well, what is it worth?" asked the Dutchman, impatiently.

"Fifty florins would pay for the materials and workmanship."

"Fifty florins!" exclaimed the owner, in Dutch. "The deuce take all questions, for I have thrown thirty-seven florins to the dogs. I say, Goodwin, you were rather mistaken in supposing our friend there wanted to purchase."

"Well, I'll be sworn at first he mistook the kris for another; but there's no harm done. It is a good and well-finished specimen of the sort of thing, and for which you will always get your price in the old country." And, without taking any further notice of the native, they turned away, and were about to move off, when the Javanese said quietly: "Is it your wish to sell the kris?"

"Yes," answered the Englishman, turning half-round, "provided we get a good price for it."

"And what do you call a good price?"

"Ask a hundred florins," said Hoffman, who understood a few words of Malay.

All this time the young Javanese had been getting impatient, and, thinking they had not understood his question, he repeated it.

"Say what you will give," rejoined the Englishman, once more producing the knife, and then repocketing it. "I have just bought it, and feel no anxiety to part with it so soon after obtaining it."

"Was it sold up there?" asked the native, pointing to the auction-room. "I did not see it there."

"Ha! ha! He was looking for it, eh? I say, Hoffman, that remark of his will cost him something. Well," turning to the Javanese, he continued in Malay, "what will you give?"

"The kris is worth fifty florins; I will give that sum—"

"And I gave eighty-seven," broke in the Dutch captain.

"Now, Hoffman, don't be impatient, my good fellow. Friend, you know that is an absurd price. Why, for that you would hardly get the sheath. You must put several similar sums together if you wish to possess the kris—your must offer more."

The chief did not seem inclined to do so; and it was only as the white men were turning away, apparently with the intention of going, he asked, slowly: "And what may you have given for it?"

"That's neither here nor there, though it was more than you seem to fancy."

"I'll give you seventy-five."

"That's not enough yet," replied the Englishman. The Javanese again asked to look at the kris, examined it minutely, especially the tracing on the blade, and then bid one hundred florins.

The Englishman well knew his business, and drew on his customer without himself naming any price till he had made him offer, first two hundred, and then three hundred florins. Here the Dutchman interfered and wished the bargain to be concluded, being perfectly satisfied with the profit he should make on his purchase; but his friend informed him he intended the youth to bid as many thousands as he had done hundreds, and even then he did not know whether he should have it.

"But that is madness, Goodwin."

"Your notion, not mine," answered the Englishman.

"Then," continued Hoffman, "he will at last refuse to give anything, and I shall have the thing on my hands."

"Oh," replied the other, "if that is what you fear, I'll give you the three hundred florins, and whatever more I can get out of him will be mine."

"I wish," he said, "I would rather have nothing more to do with the affair."

"Done!" exclaimed Goodwin.

"Do you accept the three hundred florins?" asked the Javanese, biting his lip, and casting a gloomy look on the white men. "I know the family who once owned this kris, and I would wish, if possible, to return it to them."

"You have not yet proposed to give my price," replied Goodwin, shaking his head.

"Name your price!" almost shouted the Javanese, impatiently stamping his foot.

"Well, would you like to expend three thousand florins on this bit of steel?" and the Englishman turned away, not caring to look the Javanese in the face.

"White man," replied the latter through his hard-set teeth, "you are dreaming. But I will give you one thousand, and you will then have received twenty times its value."

"Ha! ha!" sneered the Englishman. "Such a sum would make me neither rich nor poor; but I see you have no love for bargaining, so let's end the matter," and turning, he and his companion walked away.

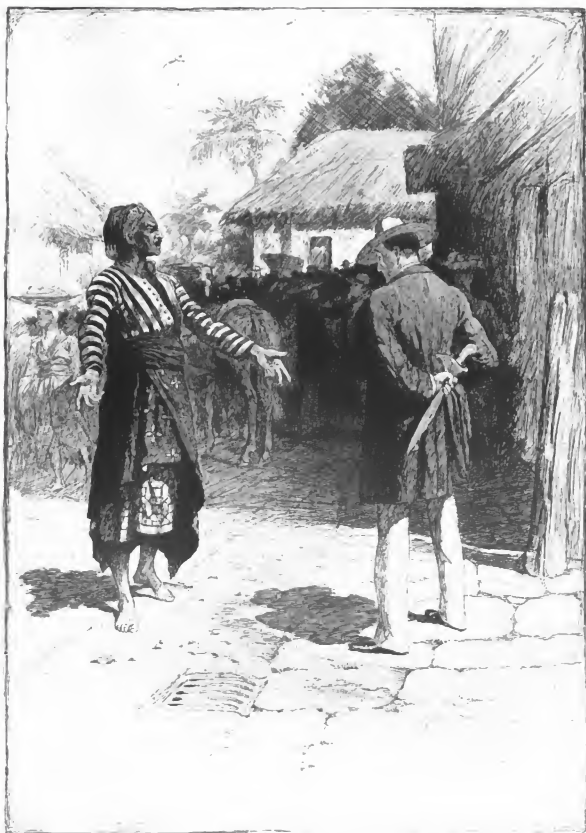
"And you won't let him have the thing at a thousand florins!" exclaimed Hoffman. "Why, I think you ought to be satisfied with making seven hundred florins in five minutes."

"It's not so bad," replied the English trader. "But fortune in this instance has favored us; that fellow yonder must have the kris, and I may secure any sum for it."

"Must buy it? Who can force him to do so?"

"The custom of his country, which I told you of before. I was once present when a Javanese chief paid two thousand florins for one with a good enough blade, but the handle was of no value; and he would have given more rather than not have secured it. This is a similar case, or the youth would never have bid a thousand florins. Had he been on his guard, he might have got it for one hundred, and then he could have used it as a shield against the wall? but, now he has let the cat out of the bag, see if I don't squeeze the fellow hard."

"Take care he does not leave you in the lurch," replied



THE JAVANESE CHIEF AND THE ENGLISH MERCHANT.

"WOULD YOU LIKE TO GIVE THREE THOUSAND FLORINS FOR THIS KRIS?" ASKED GOODWIN.

his friend; "but, independently of this, I feel for the poor man. If the kris once belonged to his family, why make it so confoundedly hard? I declare I don't think it is just."

"Oh, never mind the dog; I hate his very color, and he gives himself so many airs. He and his fellows never lose a chance of cheating us, and, when the game is in our hands, why should we not take advantage of it? Besides this, the Dutch Government not only feeds and supports the lary drones, but in many cases pays extravagantly high salaries, which they waste in trinkets and useless finery for their numberless wives—why, it is only one's duty to get some of it from them."

"Well, only take care you never hear from him again, as you refused his last offer."

"There he comes already," laughed the Englishman, "and I'm convinced he will be on my track till the knife is his." And as the two men turned the corner of the bridge they had crossed, they observed him following.

The young chief had remained on the same spot for some minutes after the others had left him, expecting them to return; but, finding they did not do so, he followed quickly, keeping them in sight. The Englishman had rightly guessed that the dagger had belonged to his family. The native had discovered this on examining the peculiar characters traced on the blade, and had resolved that get it back into his possession he must—but how? The ambitious and grasping whites had robbed him of all he held most precious. He was now almost a beggar on the very spot where his fathers had ruled as princes. He well knew that, in consequence of his former position, he was watched and looked upon with suspicion by the government; he had had much influence among his own people, and, besides this, he had obstinately refused to follow the example of some of his equals, and quietly submit to the rule of strangers. His horse, a beautiful creature, and a handful of jewels, were all he could now call his own; but even the immediate sale of these would hardly realize the sum demanded by the avaricious white; and then, what would remain to him? Brooding thus, he followed the two men, who, without appearing to take any further notice of him, stopped before one of the stores on the quay, their backs still toward him. The Englishman had just handed over the three hundred florins for which he had bought the weapon from the captain, and was looking at the knife with a contemptuous air, when the Javanese, who had approached, laid his hand on his shoulder and said, softly:

"I will give you two thousand florins and a better kris than this; let me have it—I have set my heart on possessing it; and, even if it is a whim, I must gratify it."

"You are a persevering bidder," laughed Goodwin, "but my heart is also in the affair, and we must now see which of our wills is the stronger; you cannot have it for two thousand florins."

The young man bit his nether lip; he knew now that the stranger had found out the hard necessity he was under of obtaining the kris at whatever sacrifice, and intended to take advantage of his position to extort the sum of money. Nevertheless, he tried reasoning, telling Goodwin he would beggar him if he persisted in his demand. His expostulation was all in vain. No choice was now left him—the prized relic of his forefathers was in the possession of a stranger, and his faith told him that their spirits would revenge themselves on him should he allow it to remain so.

"Then, so it must be," and he heaved a long-drawn sigh. "He here at this spot an hour before sunset, and I will bring you the money." And without another word he drew his sarong close round him, and strode away.

The Englishman gave a glance of triumph at the captain, but the latter did not share his feelings, and said, earnestly: "Goodwin, you have gone too far; the poor fellow will find it difficult enough to get the money; and, had I known what has now come out, I would not have allowed the transaction."

"I quite believe you," returned the other. "But he won't get it even for that!"

"Not get it for three thousand florins!"

"No; and he will give me more, the haughty fellow, now that I have him in my power. I'll squeeze his last florin out of him. Such an opportunity won't offer again in a hurry. I should be an idiot not to take advantage of it."

"I tell you what, Goodwin," said his friend, seriously; "I like to make money as well as you, and I need it as much as most people; but in this manner——"

"Bah!" interrupted the trader, turning away; "you have taken more than two hundred per cent. for your money, and I intend making my thousands; the only difference between us lies in the amount. It is absurd to pretend to allow qualms of conscience to interfere. But let us drop the subject. When do you go on board ship, for you know I shall have some goods to send to the ship?"

"At sunset. My papers are all in order, the wind is favorable, and there is nothing to prevent my setting sail to-morrow morning."

"By the way," continued the American, "you promised to sell me another set of the chessmen you brought from China."

"They are at your service; but I have none on shore."

"I will accompany you on board this evening, and fetch it; and now I must be off, for I have some business on hand."

They then separated. The young Javanese chief, after leaving the white men, hastened to his temporary abode in the city, collected his few jewels, and, leading his well-beloved steed from the stable, proceeded to dispose of both. This he found no easy matter to accomplish in a short time; and at length had to part with them below their value, with difficulty obtaining the sum named by the Englishman. In breathless haste, and perspiration falling from his brow, he returned to the spot where he had appointed the meeting. Goodwin was there before him, walking up and down the river side.

"Have you the kris?" asked the Javanese, eagerly, taking a roll of bank notes from his belt.

"Ah, my brown friend, here you are at last. A minute or two later you would not have found me."

"How much have you given me?" again asked the chief, without attending to the other's remark.

"The kris? Of course. Here it is."

"And here is your money. Give it me," and he extended one hand for it, offering the notes with the other.

"Hold! Not quite so fast," answered the Englishman calmly. "How much have you given me?"

"What you demanded—three thousand florins," replied the Javanese, knitting his brows; "it has been hard enough to obtain it."

"Possibly," returned his tormentor; "but I don't mean to part with the knife for three thousand florins."

"Did you not sell it me for that sum?" cried the young chief, his eyes flashing, and with his right hand trying to grasp the weapon.

"Softly," replied the other, thwarting his intention, and giving a contemptuous laugh. "I only asked you if you had any wish to give three thousand florins, but I did not tell you you should have it for that sum; but give four thousand, and it is yours."

"Four thousand!" shouted the enraged Javanese, grinding his teeth. "The clothes I wear are all I possess. I have not a thousand cents to add to what I have offered."

"I am sorry for that; then I fear I shall have to keep the kris," said the Englishman, shrugging his shoulders.

"The kris is mine," hissed the native between his clenched teeth; "you dare not keep it from me! Here is your money—it is my all, but I do not grudge it to you, and will even thank you for the relic of my ancestors."

"Hum! I thought you only wanted it for a friend," sneered the Englishman. "Had I before known what has just occurred you, you should not have had it for four thousand; but I have passed my word, and you shall have it for that sum, but not a farthing less."

"Give me the kris and take your money," urged the excited youth. "By Allah! I can give you no more—don't drive me to extremity."

"Where you got the three thousand, you will, no doubt, be able to procure the fourth. That's all I have to say; and now leave me, for I am going on board one of the vessels in the harbor. If you can get the money, you may bring it to-morrow morning to the Amsterdam Hotel."

"And you positively refuse to give it to me for these three thousand florins?" said the Javanese, in a choked, husky voice.

The Englishman thought the game was now secure, and,





END OF GOODWIN'S BARGAIN.

GOODWIN HAD JUST TIME TO DRAW THE KNUF FROM HIS POCKET, BUT NOT UNSHAKEN HE, WHEN THE JAVANESE CHIEF CLUTCHED HIM BY THE THROAT AND SEIZED THE KNUF.

taking no further notice of his victim, walked away. At a short distance a carriage was waiting; the coachman, in a showy livery, as soon as he saw his master approaching, drove to meet him. Goodwin slowly got in and turned to take another look at the Javanese, but the latter had already disappeared, and he drove off, reflecting with inward satisfaction on the profitable bargain he was making.

On arriving at the canal which led to the harbor and which was covered with boats, he could nowhere discover one belonging to his friend, and for some time he strode impatiently up and down the bank. Soon a small skiff was seen descending the stream, rowed by four natives, while a fifth lay at the bottom wrapped in an old sarong.

The Englishman observed this skiff, but took little notice of it; and at length, the expected boat arriving with the captain, he got on board. As it only contained some necessary provisions for the ship they were going to, they soon cleared the custom-house. On their way toward the harbor, they passed the boat with the five Javanese; the sick one retaining the same position, and the others seeming to take it very coolly, letting their boat drift.

The sun was now setting. Goodwin remained on board the Dutch vessel for some time, waiting the turn of the tide and the rising of the moon. The captain, in the course of conversation, asked the result of the interview with the young chief, but he received an evasive answer; and soon after the Englishman took leave of him, and quitted the ship, accompanied by two Malays, to return to Batavia. The wind being contrary, they had to take to their oars, Goodwin steering. The moon shone brightly, and danced on the rippling water; the boats, which were engaged all day in conveying stores to the different vessels, were now assembled in the canal, except a few of equivocal appearance, probably smugglers. One of these was now approaching the Englishman's, but so softly and swiftly that he did not observe it until a collision had nearly taken place, and which he only prevented by a dexterous turn of the rudder.

"Hallo!" he shouted; "what are you about there, you blockheads? Keep clear, will you?"

But the boat did not alter its course, and followed close on the other, until it made a sudden dart alongside; a dark form sprang on board, and made toward Goodwin, while two others held the boats locked together.

"We are met once more," said a deep voice, whose tone made Goodwin shudder. He had just time to draw the kris from his pocket, but not unsheath it, when the Javanese chief threw himself upon him, and clutched the knife. "Murder! murder! help!" shouted the now helpless Englishman.

"I have come for the kris, and have it I will," said the Javanese, in a calm, determined voice. "Give it me, or you are a dead man."

The Englishman, infuriated, exclaimed: "You scoundrel, I'll part with my life first. Wait, you brown beast, see if I don't make you pay for this insolence!" and he called on his Malays to help him bind the villain. But these seemed paralyzed with terror, and moved neither hand nor foot.

At this moment the practised ear of the chief distinguished the distant sound of oars approaching; and at the same instant Goodwin again shouted for help. The Javanese, in a deep, hoarse whisper, said, "Then take your fate"; and the next moment a long, sharp cry of agony pierced the silence of the night. The Javanese sprang into his own boat, the oars were seized, and it quickly disappeared.

"Hallo!" shouted a loud voice, from a guard-boat coming in an opposite direction. "What boat is that?" But perceiving the fugitive was making ahead of them, and receiving no intelligible answer from the Malays, the new-comers followed in pursuit.

As soon as the Javanese saw that he was followed, the oars were abandoned and sails were hoisted; this occasioned the delay of a minute or so, and allowed the pursuer to approach nearer, when a voice from the latter shouted: "Down with your sails, or I fire!"

"Fire away!" was the prompt answer. At the same moment the young chief seized the helm, every inch of canvas filled with the breeze, and away flew the light skiff, dashing the spray from its bows. Three or four shots were fired, but failed in reaching it. For two hours the pursuit

continued; at the end of that time, as the boats were approaching the Thousand Islands, and knowing that he would have no chance if once within their intricate channels, the officer of the guard-boat gave up the chase and returned.

He then discovered that he had arrived too late to assist the Englishman—the Malays were bending over the corpse of their master.

## T. JEFFERSON COOLIDGE.

MR. T. JEFFERSON COOLIDGE, who has been appointed to succeed Mr. Whitelaw Reid as United States Minister to France, has never been prominently connected with politics. Brought up in the Republican faith, he at one time joined the Independents, who organized the Young Men's Democratic Club in Massachusetts. At that time he was charged with having Mugwump tendencies, but he repented of hav-



T. JEFFERSON COOLIDGE.  
Our new Minister to France.

ing erred from the Republican fold and soon deserted his new political friends.

Mr. Coolidge was born in Boston on August 26, 1831, and came of an old Massachusetts family that had long made the Hah's home, and had given it many prominent citizens. After having been graduated at Harvard, he went to Europe and spent several years abroad finishing his education. On his return to Boston he entered into partnership with the late Joseph Gardner, and under the name of Gardner & Coolidge the firm embarked in the East Indian trade. He then accepted the presidency of a cotton manufacturing concern, which owned a number of mills at Lowell. About the time the Civil War broke out in this country he went to France, and after remaining there three years returned to Massachusetts to take charge of the Lawrence Manufacturing Company. In 1880 he resigned all his manufacturing interests and entered the railroad business. He became president of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, but resigned that to accept the same position in the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company.

At the Pan-American Congress Mr. Coolidge represented the interests of Massachusetts.

## OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS.\*

### XLIX. EDWIN BOOTH.

THERE is a great degree of satisfaction experienced by the American people in contemplating the later years of the last of America's greatest tragedians. During the continuance of the recent Actors' Fund Fair, at the Madison Square Garden, New York, amid all the diversity of rare objects there exhibited, and with full allowance for the adornments and attractions of the place, making it like a fairy palace; giving due emphasis to the marvellous display of feminine beauty, the extraordinary exhibition of art-work in dress, the special attraction of seeing so many of the more important members of the dramatic profession, both ladies and gentlemen, *en famille*, as it were—after all this, it may be fairly said that there was no attraction offered by the fair so universally interesting as the presence of Edwin Booth.

Among all the great players of America, Edwin Booth deserves and holds a place among the very first rank. Of a family of players, he has been a magnificent representative of the best powers of dramatic representation. While his father, Junius Brutus Booth, had, possibly, spasmodically made efforts upon the stage displaying greater tragic power, it is certain that Edwin Booth exhibited throughout his professional life no less general ability, while often rising to the highest elevations of genius exhibited in the impersonations of his father. For all of this, and, besides, for the interest attached to his personality, Edwin Booth deserves and will have one among the highest niches in the Walhalla of American dramatic art.

Mr. Booth was born in Bel Air, near Baltimore, Md., and was the son of Junius Brutus Booth the elder, an English actor, who obtained his reputation, however, mainly in the United States; he was named, Edwin Thomas out of compliment to his father's friends, Edwin Forrest and Thomas Flynn, both great actors. The boy Edwin had but few opportunities for education, but he took the best possible advantage of these, with the result that he gained for himself an excellent education while still a lad. It is interesting and not a little pathetic to know that there was always a deep sympathy existing between Edwin and his father, so long as the latter was living, while it was from his erratic but brilliant parent that Edwin Booth imbibed the early lessons in dramatic art which he afterward turned to such excellent use. Although the elder Booth at first objected to his son's going on the stage, he did finally consent, and the young man's first appearance in any part occurred in 1849 at the Boston Museum, when he appeared as Tresselt in "Richard III." He made a success in this small part, and from that time forward no question was raised as to his continuing on the stage. His capacity, indeed, so demonstrated itself that he was presently playing Cassio in "Othello," and Winkford in "The Iron Chest," his performance of the latter character being, even at this time, highly commended. During two years Edwin continued to play with his father in different cities, making his first appearance in New York, September 27, 1850, at the National Theatre, Chatham Street, in the character of Wilford. The following year he took the most important step in his dramatic career, up to that period, by playing "Richard III." at the same theatre, in place of his father, who had been taken suddenly ill. This performance gave him at once the reputation of being an actor of unusual promise. At that time the elder brother of Edwin, J. B. Booth, Jr., was manager of a theatre in San Francisco, Cal., and one went thither and played with him in the popular pieces of the day. In the latter part of 1852 the elder Booth died

while on his way from New Orleans to Cincinnati. Edwin was now left to rely upon his own intellectual resources; but though he was only twenty years old, and was, moreover, deeply grieved and broken on account of the loss of his father, who had been at once his parent, his friend, and his only teacher, he continued to travel through the State of California, playing, amid a great deal of poverty and many hardships, whenever opportunity offered. Even at this early period of his life he had already added to his *répertoire* the characters of Shylock, Macbeth, Hamlet, and his great part of Sir Edwin Mortimer in "The Iron Chest." In 1854 he played in a company with Miss Laura Keane in Australia, but returned to the United States the following year, and originated in San Francisco the character of Raphael in "The Marble Heart." He also at this time made his first appearance in Richelieu, which afterward became one of his most noted characters.

By this time the name and fame of Edwin Booth had travelled to the Atlantic cities of the United States, and there was experienced everywhere, between San Francisco and New York, the greatest possible desire to witness the powerful impersonations of America's new and obviously great tragedian. Accordingly, in 1857 Mr. Booth went to Baltimore, and played at the Front Street Theatre, playing afterward through the principal Southern cities with the greatest success. In April of that year he played, in Boston, "Sir Giles Overreach" in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and created a furor. In the following month he appeared at Burton's Metropolitan Theatre, New York, where he aroused the greatest enthusiasm, and within another year he had achieved, by sheer power, intelligence, and art, the highest position on the American stage—a position which he never after lost, so long as he regularly followed his profession. The incident of Mr. Booth's magnificent extrajudicial interest in dramatic art in causing the erection of that superb structure, Booth's Theatre, in Twenty-third Street, New York, and the financial ruin which fell upon him thereafter, because he permitted his splendid art-instinct to carry away with it his business judgment—all this is well known and appreciated by the Americans in art public and by the common-sense friends of Mr. Booth. Yet for thirteen years Booth's Theatre ran a splendid career, having presented within its walls, in the most superb manner known in America, all the great plays in his *répertoire*. Yet this brilliant artist left his theatre, crushed under a terrible load of debt, which, however, he succeeded in entirely paying off within a year, by his own performances in different parts of the country. During his past professional career Mr. Booth has appeared a number of times in London, where he played with Henry Irving, and also in Germany, where he was highly praised by Emperor William I. As is well known, for a number of years Mr. Booth made starring excursions throughout the United States, in partnership with the late Mr. Lawrence Barrett, and which continued until the latter's death, early in 1891. Since that time, Mr. Booth has appeared infrequently, having led a retired life, eminently needed after the exhausting labors of so many years.

Mr. Booth has impressed himself in the affections of Americans, and especially New Yorkers, on account of his personal kindness and generosity, as illustrated in his thoughtfulness in regard to the members of his own profession. In 1889 he caused to be restored, at his own expense, the monument in St. Paul's Churchyard, London, to the great actor, George Frederick Cook, which, although previously twice restored, had become defaced and time-worn. And in 1888 he had opened in New York the club for actors, known by the name of "The Players," and whose entire expense was paid by Mr. Booth. This building, supplied with every luxury and convenience usual in gentlemen's clubs, must ever be a monument to his liberality and the charming solicitude as to his profession of Edwin Booth. His portrait appears on page 110.

\* Portraits already published in "Our Gallery of Players." Pauline Hall, in No. 71 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; Fanny Davenport, in No. 72; Mrs. Langtry, in No. 74; Fay Templeton, in No. 75; Marie Jansen, in No. 76; Marie Tempest, in No. 77; Laura Moore, in No. 78; Ada Rehan, in No. 79; Georgia Cayvan, in No. 80; Della Fox, in No. 81; Anna O'Keefe, in No. 82; Roma Vain, in No. 83; Marion Manola, in No. 84; Helen Bertram, in No. 85; Isabelle, in No. 86; Ellen Terry, in No. 87; Annie Myers, in No. 88; Julia Marlowe, in No. 89; Mrs. Helen Modjeska, in No. 90; Mrs. Agnes Booth, in No. 91; Marie Burroughs, in No. 92; Joseph Jefferson, in No. 93; Henry Irving, in No. 94; Jane Hading, in No. 95; Adelaide Arthur, in No. 96; Mrs. F. C. Jones, in No. 97; Thomas Salvini, in No. 98; Emma Eames, in No. 99; Sarah Bernhardt, in No. 100; Frederic Coquelin, in No. 101; Edward H. Sothorn, in No. 102; Sarah Bernhardt, in No. 103; Lillian Russell, in No. 104; Helen Dwan, in No. 105; Adelaide Russell, in No. 106; Effie Ellsler, in No. 107; Francis Wilson, in No. 108; Louis Jans, in No. 109; Joseph Hawthorn, in No. 110; Robert B. Mantell, in No. 111; Adelaide Ristori, in No. 112; Mrs. George Davenport, in No. 113; Mrs. George Davenport, in No. 114; Miss Lili Lehmann, in No. 115; Anne Russell, in No. 116; Jean Lassalle, in No. 117; Rose Coghlan, in No. 118; and Emma Eames Story, in No. 119.



## ON THE FASCINATING WHEEL.

THERE are few more delightful sports in the world than cycling, and the rapid strides it has made in popular favor in the United States during the past four years is something astonishing. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that it is a pastime which is not actually confined to one particular season of the year, like base-ball and tennis, nor to one class of individuals. On pleasant days during the months of spring, summer, and autumn, and, in fact, in winter when the ground is not covered with snow, our country roads and, in some instances, city streets and parks are thronged with hundreds, nay, thousands of enthusiastic wheelmen. It is a sport which is not confined to young men alone, but can be also enjoyed with equal pleasure by older men, women, and children. Therefore, by its intrinsic merits the cycle has become the vehicle of outdoor recreation; the willing beast of burden of lovers of nature; the muscle-making, health-producing, and nerve-calming medicine of the many; a sweet restorer and producer of nature's greatest gift—dreamless sleep. It has become the poor man's carriage and the rich man's hobby in more senses than one. There is, furthermore, the multitudinous army of clerks who fight off dyspepsia, indigestion, melancholia, and general incapacity by a ride in the park or on the road after office hours. Utilitarian to a high degree, health-giving to a measure that causes many of the leading medical men to recommend its adoption to both sexes in nearly all cases where organic disease is absent, cycling, if rationally pursued, may unquestionably be regarded as one of the boons and blessings of the nineteenth century.

Besides those who cycle for constitutional purposes, there are others whose chief enjoyment on the wheel consists in extended tours through the country, and still others whose whole pleasure rests entirely in racing on the cinder-path or road. Touring is one of the most pleasurable features of the pastime, as it affords the tourist a chance, at little expense, to learn much and to see and admire nature in all her glory, face to face, and not dimly through dirty car-windows, as is generally the case when travelling by rail. At the present day long-distance journeys on the wheel no longer command astonishment, as any rider of ability can tour any distance if he has the time. While speaking of touring, mention might be made of the big relay bicycle race from Chicago to New York that started May 18th. The schedule was arranged, provided for a uniform speed of ten miles an hour the entire distance, which brought the riders into New York in five days. The distance covered is a full thousand miles. The following was the schedule: May 18th, Chicago to Elkhart, Ind.; 18th, Elkhart to Toledo, Cleveland; 20th, Ashtabula, Erie, Westfield, Dunkirk, Buffalo, Batavia; 21st, Rochester, Lyons, Syracuse, Rome, Utica, Fond du Lac, Schenectady; 22d, Albany; 23d, New York.

The ride from Chicago to New York had been made before. It was accomplished by a Mr. Charles Neilson; and the ride from Boston to Chicago has been made by Mr. W. Van Wagoner, of Newport. More conspicuous is the tour round the world, undertaken by Mr. Thomas Stevens, who started from San Francisco on the 22d of April, 1884, travelling to Boston, then shipped to England, again embarked for the Continent, passed through Germany, Austria, Hungary, the Balkan Peninsula, Asia Minor, Armenia, Persia, Afghanistan, India, and China, whence he sailed for his starting-point. This was a ride occupying three years, and involving an enormous amount of endurance, pluck, and energy. The American continent has also been crossed by other enthusiastic cyclists.

Upon first thoughts, a cycling tour across the country from ocean to ocean certainly seems a remarkable feat, but it must be confessed that such a journey is cast into the

shade when compared with the remarkable task performed last year by Miss Zoe Gayton—that of walking from San Francisco, or rather Oakland, to the city of New York. Cycling has become such a favorite pastime in this country that road-books are now published, which name the principal roads that are best fitted for cycling. Some of these in the eastern part of the country are those about Boston, Brookline, and Longwood; the Lancaster Pike, which runs from Philadelphia to Reading; nearly all in New Jersey, particularly those about Orange; and those in the Berkshire Mountains. One of the most famous rides in the country is the ride down the Shenandoah Valley from Hagerstown, Md., to Staunton, Va., and the National bridge; distance, nearly two hundred miles. The roads of Canada are excellent; those of England and France, superb. The roads of Europe are much superior to those of America, and faster time is accordingly made.

It is asserted on the best authority that a person of average capabilities can, upon the wheel, travel at least three, and frequently six times as far as he can walk in a day, and this with even less fatigue. The possibilities of the machine in able hands will be admitted when it is pointed out that a mile has been ridden upon a bicycle in less than two minutes and a half, and that twenty-one miles have been travelled well inside the hour, fifty miles in a little over two hours and a half, and one hundred miles in considerably less than six hours. At the last great bicycle race which took place at the Madison Square Garden in March, the total distance traversed was 1,022 miles in seventy hours; and this record was made by four men, which proves the wonderful endurance a man is vested with while on the wheel.

As is stated in the former part of this article, cycling is not confined to the men alone, but is also largely indulged in by women and children. In fact, the following this sport is having among the fair sex is developing into vast proportions. It was not so very long ago that a person would stand in open-eyed wonderment if a woman should chance to pass upon a cycle; now it is not an uncommon sight, particularly in the city of Washington, to see hundreds of pretty girls modestly seated upon their silent steeds, flying rapidly over the ground and, judging from the expression on their faces, enjoying every rod of the road. They may have questioned the wisdom of cycling for women. Some say that it is too much of an exertion, that it is liable to injure a woman internally, besides being unfeminine and immodest. Of course, cycling, carried to excess, is as bad for women as for men, but that argues nothing. There are some invalids who bless the day when first they seated themselves on the leather saddle, who smile happily and step lightly out to their evening spin upon the asphalt or macadam roadways, and by steady pulse and sparkling eyes give ample assurance that their wheels and they agree with each other. Women play tennis, which is certainly injurious as played at the present day; they climb mountains, they row, and they drive—why should they not cycle? Of all these out-door sports none is healthier than wheeling. Although cycling is steadily growing in favor among the women of the United States, it has not yet been adopted as the "correct thing." In Paris, however, it has become quite fashionable, and on any pleasant afternoon on the Bois de Boulogne may be seen hundreds of young women elegantly attired, riding on safety cycles. In America and England some of the women who have been the pioneers in cycling have done much, unconsciously at times, to make it unpopular, and have gained a notoriety which has prejudiced the majority of women against the wheel. Ladies' bicycles have only been in fashion a little over two years. The first one built was a "Dart," or, as it is now called, the "original safety." This was taken to Buffalo by a well-known enthusiast, for his sister, the first girl in Western New York, or truly, in any part of the country, to use a bicycle. Now all the leading manufacturers turn out excellent safeties for women.

The possible speed of a cycle has always been, and probably always will be, a question of much discussion. Some remarkable records have been made by cyclists all over the world, until it has become almost impossible to keep track of them. Cycle-racing, by both amateurs and professionals, has developed into a fine art, and bids fair to rival in

popularity all but horse-racing. Cinder-paths specially constructed for this purpose exist in nearly all the more important centres, and amateur race meetings are of frequent occurrence during the summer season. Trick-riding is an art which American riders assiduously practise, and in which they naturally excel; so much so, that many "professors" thereof have from time to time visited Great Britain and Continental Europe to exhibit their prowess to the multitude. Trick-riding aside, however, it is generally conceded that the typical Englishman makes the most enthusiastic cyclist; partly because the bicycle was first systematically made and ridden there, and partly because he possesses an inherent love of athletics.

The introduction of the cycle into America dates back to 1865, when Pierre Lallemont constructed at Ansonia, Conn., his bone-shaker or wooden bicycle, and rode on it from that town to New Haven. In 1870 the wooden bicycle, or velocipede, disappeared almost absolutely, and there is a blank in the use of the cycle until 1876, when John Kren and Dave Stanton brought over their bicycles and gave exhibitions throughout the country. At the Centennial Exhibition the same year there were some bicycles exhibited. The beginning of modern American bicycling dates from the spring of 1878. As soon as cycling commenced to become popular, strange to say, the public began to wage war against the machines. They were looked upon as toys and playthings, and the men who rode them were laughed at and declared insane. In Boston, where cycling had become a favorite pastime, and where the first bicycle club in the country was organized, the police began to intercept the riders and warn them off the streets. Adverse ordinances were revived against them in Newport, New York, Brooklyn, Princeton, Hartford, almost everywhere, indeed, where in 1878 or 1879 the bicycle made its appearance. But those who rode were now of such character and standing that their example made a comparatively good impression on the community, and they were able to defend their chosen recreation to good effect in the public press. And it was not long before the "travel vicar" and "gained their denied rights of cycling on the public streets. These rights were virtually obtained through the untiring efforts of Mr. Isaac B. Potter, of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, who successfully framed and passed a bill through the Legislature which legally recognized the rights and privileges of cycle-riders in New York State. The immediate effect of this bill was the opening of Central Park, New York City, to riders, and the ultimate result was the passage of "liberty bills" in almost all the States of the Union, under which cyclists are given the same rights and privileges as are accorded vehicles, the value of this recognition lying chiefly in the fact that city and town authorities are prevented from passing ordinances which are often unjust, unreasonable, and inimical to the interests of cyclists. The wheel has now become known on the boulevards of the most populous cities, and also on the country by-paths and the sandy stretches that span the prairies.

Cycling has now created an impetus that nothing can stop it. It is not a craze like that of roller-skating, but an established sport, and has come to stay and grow in popularity as the years roll on. Prejudice has been swamped; narrow-mindedness and prudery have been crushed out. The machines, as now made, enable every one to ride, from the small boy to the bishop. It is true that in this country the sport began very modestly, but it has attained great proportions. The number of meets throughout the country has multiplied; the men ride more; new clubs are being organized every week; and all over the United States the wheelmen are becoming more numerous and more powerful as a factor.

The League of American Wheelmen, founded at Newport, R. I., in 1880, is certainly the greatest athletic association or organization not only in America, but in the world. It is the duty of this organization to protect and advance the interests of cyclists, and is governed by a national assembly corresponding to the Senate, from which are elected the president, first and second vice-presidents, and treasurer. The present officers of the Association are: President: Col. Chas. L. Burlett, of Hartford, Conn.; First Vice-President: Thomas F. Sheridan, of Illinois; Second Vice-President: I. B. Potter, of New York; Treasurer: Wm. M. Brewster, of Illinois.

The league is divided into State divisions, each self-governing. These divisions cooperate with the national body, and accomplish a deal of work.

From the last report of Secretary Bassett, submitted at the annual meeting of the league at Columbus, O., it appears that this organization has now a membership of 23,680 cyclists, showing a gain of 5,367 members over the figures of a year ago. They have enrolled 2,312 new members, and received 13,438. Besides these, there are thousands and thousands of cyclists throughout the country who do not belong to this organization. The following table shows the membership to February 12, and that of April 30, 1891, the date of the preceding report:

## MEMBERSHIP TOTALS.

	Feb. 12, 1891.	April 30, 1891.
California.....	549	568
Colorado.....	67	53
Connecticut.....	2,212	1,452
Delaware.....	53	59
District of Columbia.....	229	237
Illinois.....	2,206	1,530
Indiana.....	356	275
Iowa.....	247	194
Kansas.....	159	154
Kentucky.....	338	275
Louisiana.....	147	149
Maine.....	247	232
Maryland.....	612	623
Massachusetts.....	3,315	2,324
Michigan.....	811	616
Minnesota.....	103	161
Missouri.....	510	475
Nebraska.....	227	247
New Hampshire.....	355	248
New Jersey.....	1,486	1,050
New York.....	3,127	3,137
Ohio.....	1,770	1,211
Pennsylvania.....	2,459	2,081
Rhode Island.....	668	567
Tennessee.....	152	138
Texas.....	173	77
Vermont.....	104	76
Virginia.....	118	64
West Virginia.....	84	70
Wisconsin.....	353	234
Georgia.....	31	17
Montana.....	31	7
North Carolina.....	27	8
Utah.....	53	42
Alabama.....	23	10
Arizona.....	3	3
Arkansas.....	4	10
North Dakota.....	9	6
South Dakota.....	4	2
Florida.....	7	9
Idaho.....	1	1
Mississippi.....	1	1
Nevada.....	8	15
New Mexico.....	10	9
Oregon.....	8	0
South Carolina.....	5	13
Washington.....	5	13
Wyoming.....	6	3
Oklahoma.....	1	1
Germany.....	0	1
Australia.....	0	1
Mexico.....	1	1
France.....	1	0
Bermuda.....	2	1
Canada.....	10	10
England.....	4	3
Nova Scotia.....	6	6
Total.....	23,960	15,504

From the above it is plain to be seen that cycling has come to stay. In days gone by one-half the opposition already conquered would have been fatal to the exercise, and the silent street would have stood unshaken, unshowered, and unsung. Now, the cyclist who feels that the sport is quite on a par with yachting has only one argument for those who belittle the exercise, namely, "Try it yourself."



**M**RS. CHARLOTTE EMERSON BROWN, president of the National League of Women's Clubs, is a tall, well-formed woman. When she called the recent convention at Chicago to order, she did so in a magnificent costume of lavender gray. A great bouquet of white roses was a feature of the decorations of the president's desk, and the gavel, so important at a convention of men, was almost a superfluity.

**T**HE Duke of Rutland has ample means of entertaining his guests at Belvoir Castle. Chief among these is a monster cask of ale, called after the founder of the castle. Its capacity is one thousand three hundred gallons, and twelve people have dined in it. There is also a silver punch-bowl, resting upon four massive eagles' claws, which is used on the occasion of a family christening. At the foot of the wooded hill is stabling for one hundred horses.

**W**ILLIAM KELLY, of Lenox, Mass., has put in seven years of work upon a picture which he has christened "Sunset," now that it is finished. At a little distance it is hard to distinguish from an oil painting. It is composed of minute pieces of wood. The whole of this most remarkable work is made up of one hundred and fifteen thousand pieces—one thousand six hundred pieces to each square inch, each piece being but the one-fortieth of an inch square. The effect of colors is produced by the variety in the hues of the different kinds of woods.

**M.** CARNOT, President of the French Republic, is beyond praise as a family man. He never misses going to the grave of his father and adorning it with flowers on the anniversary of his death. As regards his sons, knowing the frailty of fortune, he has brought them up to honorable callings, so that they may be able to earn their livelihood under no matter what circumstances. One peculiarity about him is that he dislikes domestic animals; neither dog, cat, nor bird is to be found at the Elysée. He has thirteen horses, but they have a very easy time of it, since it is only on great ceremonies that he makes use of them, his favorite, Turleurette, being the only horse which he employs constantly. He is assiduous in attending to the duties of his office.

**G**EORGE CLINTON CROSBY, the "universal genius" of the Berkshire Hills, has become insane and is now in an asylum. Crosby was born in Stockbridge sixty-seven years ago. More than a quarter of a century ago he built himself a hermitage on East Mountain, near Great Barrington, Mass., and thereafter led the life of a recluse. His motive is not known, although there are the usual romantic rumors of a disappointment in love. It was his habit to busy himself by day in doing odd jobs, such as repairing shotguns and rifles for local sportsmen, or sharpening scissors for the housewives of the town, while far into the night, in a room always securely locked from prying eyes, he worked at gun-making, turning out rifles with his crude machinery that vie with those made by the best manufacturers. He sold but few of his guns, as he

valued them too highly to part with them. Lock, stock, and barrel are of his own make, and long before twist barrels were brought to perfection at Springfield and elsewhere Crosby had fathomed the secret of making them by hand.

**A**LEXANDRE DUMAS fils has decided to leave Paris, and to take up his abode in a cottage next door to his old friend, Victorien Sardou, at Marly-le-Roi. Dumas has long threatened to give up his charming house on the Avenue de Villiers; but the rumor was so often spread, and as often proved a *canard*, that the Parisians have lately come to regard it as a delusive cry of "Wolf!" Now, however, Dumas' Paris house is announced for sale, and his fine collection of pictures have been knocked down by the auctioneer at the Hôtel Drouot. Dumas is now sixty-seven, but he has for many years lived a most methodical life, and appears to be in such good health that there is no reason why he should not live many years longer, and turn out from his country retreat more plays and novels.

**G**EORGE W. KIRKBRIDGE, of Big Rapids, Mich., is a rival of the Massachusetts man who has just completed a picture of a sunset in mosaic constructed with woods of various kinds. He is making a map of the United States out of different-colored woods. The map will measure 6 feet 3 inches by 5 feet 6 inches when completed, and will show everything a well-regulated map should. Some of the pieces of wood are of historical value. Thus, Connecticut is represented by a genuine fragment of the Charter Oak; and Massachusetts is represented by a piece of the old Block House, near Lowell. On the reverse side of the map is a scene representing America when discovered by Columbus. The map is to be exhibited in the art gallery at the World's Fair. To make his task the more difficult, Mr. Kirkbridge has restricted himself to the use of a jack-knife.

**B**YRON ADONIS, the first and only Buddhist, so far, to be cremated in the United States, was as eccentric in his will-making as in his creed. He bequeathed his property, amounting to about five hundred dollars, to Miss Marion Bruce. "on account of the noble and beautiful friendship that exists between us, a friendship sanctified by years and by moral and intellectual ties." The will further provided that Miss Bruce shall pay the Masonic Relief and Charitable Society of this city the sum of twenty-five dollars, "in consideration of the noble friendships manifested for me, a non-Mason, by Masons, wherever I have wandered; and place in a savings-bank twenty-five dollars, to draw interest until a regularly organized Buddhist society is established in this city, when the principal and interest may be drawn and devoted to the sacred cause of Gautama Buddha, which is the cause of all humanity, and even in its great mercy extending to the animal world."

**D**R. TANNER, who started the practice of fasting forty days and nights, is engaged in a new project for the amelioration of the human race. He proposes to put one hundred orphan children on a big

ranch in New Mexico, and to bring them up in ignorance of alcohol, tobacco, narcotics, and the evil ways of the wicked world generally. When any of them reach a marriageable age they are to be shown the world. They will be allowed to remain in and of the world if they choose; but if they return to the colony, it will be with the understanding that they can marry only among themselves. Dr. Tanner expects that in time their descendants, free from hereditary taint, will be as nearly perfect as men and women can be made upon this earth. He is not without hope of seeing their perfection, because he believes that by fasting forty days once in ten years he will be able to reach the age of one hundred years without difficulty.

**WILLIAM O'CONNELL BRADLEY**, Republican National Committeeman from Kentucky, was the hero of the hardest fought canvass ever conducted in the Blue Grass State. It was in 1887, and the Democrats have not ceased talking of it yet, for Mr. Bradley reduced their majority from more than forty thousand to less than five thousand, which is about all a Republican could be expected to do in Kentucky. His great physical strength more than once proved of exceptional advantage. Once while driving along the edge of a precipice and going down a declivity one of the horses became unmanageable. The driver lost control of him. The vehicle was about to be carried over the cliff. Bradley was sitting beside the driver, and without a word reached over, grasped the lines, and absolutely raised the horses from the earth so that only their rear feet were on the ground, and pulling them aside, prevented what would otherwise have been a fatal accident.

**JAMES GOUDIE, SR.**, who recently died, aged eighty-three, at North Evansville, Ill., built the *Royal William*, the first steam-boat to cross the Atlantic. The son of a Canadian ship-builder, he was sent when a lad in England to learn ship-building, and served his apprenticeship at Varmouth and Greenock. In 1830 he was sent to Quebec to superintend the building of the *Royal William*. She was built to run between Halifax and Quebec in the summer, and in winter to the West India Islands, but as it proved a non-paying business the stockholders made up their minds to send her across the ocean to London, for sale. She left Quebec in August, 1833, and arrived in London's river in twenty-five days, and in due time was sold to the Spanish Government to be made a transport. She was the first steam-ship to fire a cannon in war. In 1836, when there was a chance of the United States going to war with France, Mr. Goudie was employed in the New York Navy Yard to rebuild the old *Natchez*.

**GENERAL GOURKO**, the Russian commander-in-chief in Poland, is governing the inhabitants of that unhappy country with remorseless severity. Although a successful officer, he has the appearance of a thoroughly embittered man. His harshness and severity to those under him are said to be due to the fact that the only disgrace which he ever suffered in his life was in consequence of an act of leniency of which he rendered himself guilty. It was during the latter part of the reign of Alexander II., while he occupied the post of military governor of St. Petersburg. A nihilist had attempted to assassinate the chief of police, General Drenten, and was condemned to death for the crime. Gourko, moved by some sentiment of humanity which even his warmest admirers are unable to this day to explain or to account for, commuted the sentence to one of life-long banishment to Siberia. The late czar was greatly incensed by this display of "sentimental weakness," as he described it, and removed Gourko from his office, and from the active list of the army. Nor did the general succeed in recovering his military rank until after the accession to the throne of Alexander III.

**FRIEDERICH BODENSTEIT**, who recently died in Germany, was one of the last of the older German poets. In 1851 there appeared "The Songs of Mirza-Schaffy," feigning to be translated from Tartar. They dealt with the praise of war, women, and wisdom, the virtues of hospitality and friendship, all written in delightful rhythm. For many years the authorship of these charming

songs remained a mystery, but at length, after they had been translated into many languages, including Hebrew, and gone through nearly a hundred editions, Bodensteit confessed that he had written them. In 1844 he had found himself employed in the gymnasium at Tiflis, where the influences of Oriental life had a great effect upon his poetic personality. Tartar being the chief language of the people of the Caucasus, he engaged a man named Mirza-Schaffy to teach it to him. His tutor was a poet, whom he found immensely sympathetic, and who taught him those Tartaric and Persian legends and rhymes which stirred Bodensteit's nature and moved him to poetry. When he had made the name of Mirza-Schaffy famous he tried to find its owner, but learned that the Tartar poet had long left Tiflis, and whither he had gone no one knew. Bodensteit visited this country in 1879 and delivered a few lectures, which were not very successful.

**M. VISHNEGRADSKI**, the Russian Minister of Finance, owes his recent breaking down to his habit of working day after day from eight o'clock in the morning until after midnight. He has accomplished wonders in Russian finance; and, when the difficulties he has had to overcome are taken into account, he may be ranked as one of the ablest financiers in Europe. His rise has been remarkable. The son of a village priest, friends of the family helped to pay the expenses of his education because he early showed unusual mathematical ability. He began active life as a teacher, drifted into railway enterprises, and gathered a fortune. When the finances of Russia sank to such a low level a few years ago, friends of Vishnegradski recommended him to the czar as the only man who could save Russia from bankruptcy. He has the reputation of being cruel and heartless, and of caring only for his own ends. Yet he is looked upon as an excellent and useful official. A story illustrative of his character and disposition has been current for some time. A few years ago, it is said, his own brother lay dying in one of the hospitals of the capital. He was a drunkard, and had squandered his money as drunkards usually do. But the poor fellow was in want, and the few friends who had remained true to him appealed to the influential and wealthy minister for aid. But the appeal found no response, and the unfortunate man died within a few blocks of his brother's home. Strangers paid the expenses of placing his body in a grave.

**M<sup>R</sup>. JOHN WOODHULL MARTIN**, the husband of Victoria Woodhull, who announces that she intends to run for the Presidency, comes of an old Quaker family that has for many centuries held its head very high in England. He is a partner in Martin's Bank, the oldest in the "City" of London—that is, in that part of London which was formerly surrounded by walls, and is governed by the Lord Mayor and corporation. There is in London proper one older bank—Childs—of which the senior partner is the Earl of Jersey. It was at Childs's that Nell Gwynne kept her banking account. Mr. Martin, who is generally known as "J. B." in his family, was in his bachelor days a great traveller and contributed many interesting accounts of his journeyings to the London English magazine. He is a forcible writer and a man of great cultivation. During one of her visits to London, Victoria Woodhull-inherited the partners of the private banks and the heads of the joint-stock banks to visit her in order to discuss bimetalism. Mr. Martin accepted the invitation, and ended by marrying the lady. There never was such a family for holding together as the Martins. The first article in their creed is the Martin family. They are principally to be found in the West of England, in Herefordshire, Gloucestershire, and Worcestershire, where they are among the county swells. Tewkesbury was for many a long day a Martin pocket borough, and it is not that any one, but a Martin should represent it in Parliament never seemed to strike its citizens. A very proud family are the Martins, and a very honorable name they bear. Members of it have frequently taken brides from the titled aristocracy, but the Martins have preferred to remain among the untitled aristocracy of England. Although they are all wealthy they have never made a splash in society, and have never condescended to join the smart set in London.



## II. AT PALOS.

WHEN Christopher Columbus left Santa Fé, after having made the agreement with Ferdinand and Isabella, on April 17, 1492, he carried with him a letter of recommendation from their majesties to the Grand Khan of Tartary. Columbus had a vague sort of notion that if he steered westward he would eventually reach Tartary, or the land of the Mongolians, and the King and Queen appear to have had the same impression. Their letter to the Khan is charmingly naïf. How they learned that he and his subjects were so fond of Spain we are not informed. They relieve the Grand Khan's presumed solicitude about them and their country by the benevolent assurance that they are well and happy.

"The Spanish sovereigns," they write, "have heard that You and Your subjects have a great affection for Them and for Spain. They are further aware that You and Your subjects are very desirous of information concerning Spain. They accordingly send their Admiral, Christopher Columbus, who will tell You that they are in good health and perfect prosperity."

This letter is dated Granada, April 30, 1492.

From the very outset Columbus had declared to the king and queen that the conversion of idolaters ought to be regarded as the primary motive of the expedition. Ferdinand was not of an enthusiastic temper and was more disposed to look after the earthly results, but Isabella was quickly affected by Columbus's apostolic zeal and showed herself anxious to promote the cause of the Almighty. But even she could not then appreciate that the purpose of Columbus's life was the recovery of the holy sepulchre. How tremendously in earnest he was about this we can gather from his will, in which he says: "As at the time that I undertook to set out upon the discovery of the Indies, it was with the intention of supplicating the king and queen our lords that whatever moneys should be derived from the said Indies should be invested in the conquest of Jerusalem, and as I did so supplicate them, if they do this it will be well; if not, at all events, the said Diego, or such person as may succeed him in this trust, to collect together all the money he can, and accompany the king our lord should he go to the conquest of Jerusalem, or else go there himself with all the force he can command."

In this project of his we find the key to his lofty demands of life-regal dignity and a tenth of all the profits.

The port of Palos, from which Columbus was, according to the instructions of Ferdinand and Isabella, to start on his explorations, is not far from the monastery of Rabida, where Columbus received the first real encouragement and aid which resulted in the carrying out of his intention to cross the ocean in search of lands which he believed to lie west of the European continent.

As a vagrant, we hear of Columbus begging for a little

bread at the gate of this Franciscan monastery. He has with him his little son Diego, whom he is taking to Huebra, there to be left in charge of his wife's sister. The head of the monastery is Fray Juan Perez de Maitelencu, a man of considerable scientific attainments, who has been confessor to Queen Isabella. He has long been dreaming of the discovery of new lands where Christ may be preached to more men, but has begun to doubt the practicality of a voyage across the *mare tenebrosum*, when Columbus appears at his convent gate. The doubt of an alleged impossibility gives place to the ardent desire of an actual accomplishment.

Of Columbus's stay at La Rabida with the good friar we know practically nothing, for the archives of the monastery perished in one of the revolutions of the present century. The library was pillaged and the manuscripts destroyed. When the religious houses were suppressed in 1834, the convent was abandoned; but, twenty years later, the Duc de Montpensier, upon his marriage to ex-Queen Isabella's sister, undertook the restoration of the monastery and the church, and the cell of the Father Superior was especially cared for, but, until lately, it has been allowed to fall into disrepair again. A reproduction of the building will be one of the sights of the World's Fair at Chicago, and



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

(From a painting by an unknown Spanish artist, in the Museum of the Ministry of Marine, Madrid.)



people are now at work on the old monastery restoring it.

A recent visitor to Andalusia thus describes it: "You enter through a kind of yard or rookery of stables. Here, perhaps, Columbus saddled the mule for the prior to make his hard ride to Granada. Passing through these sculleries you come to a kind of cloister, open in the middle to the sky, but covered at the sides, so that on the brick tiles the monks and their guests could walk in heat or in rain. Various cells and bedrooms open upon that area. A little beyond it is a much finer and more elaborate cloister, and as the two cloisters are diagonal to each other, the face to the left of the first one is taken up by the church, which has an old iron pulpit in it, possibly the same which existed there four hundred years ago. This church is said to have been remodelled after the time of Columbus. . . . The two rooms in Rabida which are most interesting are the office of the prior and his sanctum or parlor. The office is

been because, owing to some local trouble, the inhabitants had been condemned to support at their own expense two caravels, with their crews and arms, and these were to be kept ready for the use of the state during one year.

In some parts of Europe any vessel of large tonnage was, in those days, called a caravel; but in Spain and Portugal the term was generally applied to small craft rigged to carry lateen sails. Naturally, these vessels were by no means the most desirable for a voyage such as Columbus was about to undertake; in fact, they were designed mostly for coasting purposes.

Orders were sent to the authorities of Andalusia, instructing them to furnish all necessary supplies for the vessels indicated, and exempting from all imposts and duties whatever might be purchased for that purpose, and at the same time threatening severe penalties to all who should fail or neglect to obey the orders of their majesties. The wages of the crews were ordered to be the same as those of ships of war, with four months' pay in advance; and it was also ordered that all civil and criminal actions against such persons as should take part in the voyage should be suspended during the expedition and for two months after their return. This order has been, by some persons who have written on the subject, attributed to the fact that Columbus himself was heavily in debt at this



THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA.

right over the gate, and in that office, according to legend, Columbus sat down and described to Juan Perez, the prior, what his little scheme was. On a table in that room is a stone inkstand, said to have been the same in which Columbus dipped the quill with which he made his sketches for the prior and for Pinzon and Herfandiz. That office-room . . . has a good deal of rubbish piled around it, including some curious pictures, painted fifty years or more ago, of the principal chapters in Columbus's life there. The prior's parlor overlooks the river, and also looks up the river toward Palos. No doubt, from that room the good prior saw in the dim of the morning the three small vessels skimming along, the biggest of them only one hundred and sixty feet in length by about twenty feet beam. The room has a flat ceiling with sloping sides, and light open work of timber to hold the roof in place. It is a very agreeable apartment with its tile floor, and at one end are two small rooms. We may imagine that in one of these rooms Columbus slept, and that the prior slept in the other."

At the same time that Ferdinand and Isabella addressed their letter of recommendation to the Grand Khan, they issued an order to the authorities of Palos to have two caravels ready to sail in time, and to place them and their crews at the disposal of Columbus.

The reason that preference was given to this little port over the larger and richer ones of Spain is said to have

time; but there is no real evidence to prove this. The instructions included positive orders to the crews that they should obey Columbus under all circumstances as the lawful representative of the authority of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, and that they should sail in any direction which he should command and for any length of time that he should order. Exceptions were made, however, as to this, having due regard to the possessions and claims of other countries; and Columbus was forbidden to approach Guinea, or any of the possessions of Portugal on the western coast of Africa and in the Atlantic, which had been recently discovered. It was further set forth in the orders and instructions that Columbus, as admiral and commander of the expedition, could give a certificate of good conduct to any individuals engaged in the expedition, which, on their return, would be a valid discharge of their obligations to the crown.

It was on May 12, 1492, that Columbus took leave of the king and queen and went to Palos to prepare for his depart-

ure. Two days before he started from the court, Queen Isabella executed a decree, as a peculiar proof of the affection she bore for him and his, appointing his son, Diego, page to Don Juan, the heir to the crown. This office was considered a great honor, and only the sons of the most distinguished people in Spain were appointed to it. Isabella, in formulating the order, said to Columbus:

"Señor, you have a son already grown up, but he cannot accompany you to sea. He shall, therefore, remain with us. You must intrust him to our care; we will appoint him page to Don Juan."

It is said that, on hearing of this promise of Queen Isabella, Columbus fell on his knees before her and said:

"I shall henceforth be the servant of your Majesties; I am indeed the subject and the servant of the Sovereigns of Spain. My heart and my arm are devoted to Them, and to Them belongs my life."

Once more did Columbus become the guest of the generous-hearted prior of the monastery of La Rabida, and once more did Fray Perez use his influence to assist the discoverer in his plans. In the latter part of May the alcaide and regidores and many of the noted inhabitants of Palos, having been duly notified, met in the Church of St. George, in Palos, and the royal order was read to them by a notary public, commanding the authorities of the port to have the two caravels ready for sea within ten days after that notice, and to place them and their crews

at the disposal of Columbus. In the same reading Columbus was empowered to procure and fit out a third vessel, at the expense of the crown. Orders were likewise read, addressed to the public authorities and to the people of all ranks and conditions in the maritime borders of Andalusia, commanding them to furnish supplies and assistance of all kinds at reasonable prices, for the fitting out of these vessels, penalties being appointed which should be inflicted upon such persons as should place impediments in the way of the proper enforcement of these instructions.

Not unnaturally, the orders sent by the crown were viewed by the general public of Palos and of Andalusia in a very serious light. The prospect of the husbands, sons, and brothers

of the inhabitants venturing into foreign lands, by unknown waters, was by no means favorably received.

Not only the town of Palos, but all the people otherwise concerned, rose up in opposition to the entire scheme. The ships and crews demanded for what was considered a desperate service came to be regarded in the light of sacrifices; the owners of vessels refused to furnish them, and the boldest seamen shrank from setting forth upon a cruise into the wilderness of unknown seas, and such as seemed to them wild and chimerical. In those days, sailors who had been on long voyages returned with their minds filled with strange stories of monsters of the deep, and these had been added

to by such writings as had been made public concerning foreign countries. The discoverers of Portugal, in particular, which had been the most adventurous of all countries in the way of explorations, had brought into notoriety a vast number of tales, which were like those of witchcraft in the statements which they made of mermaids and horrible objects which had been supposed to be seen by sailors engaged in explorations. Weeks elapsed, after Columbus reached Palos, without a vessel being procured or anything else being done in fulfillment of the royal orders.

At last it became necessary for further and more stringent orders to be issued by the sovereigns—ordering, in fact, impressment into service of such vessels as the authorities of the coast of Andalusia should choose, the property of Spanish sub-

jects, and to force the masters and crews of these vessels to sail with Columbus in the direction he should elect. The decree ordering this was dated the 20th of June, and at the time of its issuance an officer of the royal household, Juan de Peñasola, was charged with the execution of this order, his expenses, besides other penalties specified in the decree, being ordered to be paid by such ship-owners as should prove obstinate. Even after this stringent and arbitrary order, Columbus still found it difficult to obtain the vessels and the men required; and the result of the extraordinary powers given to Peñasola amounted to the seizure of the caravel *Pinta*, which belonged to two citizens of Palos—Gomes Rascón and Cristóbal Quintero.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

(From the bust by an unknown artist, in the Capitol at Rome.)

Even after the seizure of the *Pinta*, it was found no easy matter to fit her out. Materials were not forthcoming, shipcarpenters were opportunely indisposed, and every obstacle which human ingenuity could devise was thrown in Peralola's way. If it had not been for the active help of Fra Perez, Columbus might have seen his cherished project fall through, not for want of letters patent, but for want of men. Perez introduced Columbus to Martin Alonso Pinzon, one of three brothers, all experienced mariners, who lived in the best house in Palos.

The stories which are told of the connection of Pinzon with the great enterprise of the discovery of America are essentially romantic. Pinzon was one of the most prominent personages not only of Palos but in all the country of Andalusia near that port. It is related that he had seen in Rome (probably in the library of the Vatican) a manuscript, which contained an account by an historian of the time of Solomon, which stated "that the rich and extensive country of Cipango would be reached by sailing ninety-five degrees to the westward." Pinzon copied this and held it in his mind, with the design, as an adventurous mariner, of some time sailing in that direction; and it is alleged that when Columbus went to Palos with his project of discovery he was shown this statement by Pinzon. It is not in the least regarded that Columbus was any more than forwarded in his original intention by this exhibition; but it is quite reasonable to suppose that he was greatly encouraged by it as to the performance of his intention.

Martin Pinzon entered heartily into Columbus's scheme, agreed to accompany him, and to provide a beautiful little caravel, the *Niña*, which belonged to his brother, Vicente Yañez, afterward famous as the discoverer of Yucatan. Columbus had engaged to pay one-eighth of the expenses of the journey of discovery, and the brothers Pinzon enabled him to fulfil his engagement. Public opinion now began to change, and the town of Palos offered Columbus an old water-beaten but seaworthy vessel, called *La Gallega*. He accepted, had it blessed, changed the name to *La Santa Maria*, and selected it for his own command.

It is a curiously interesting incident in regard to this excursion of Columbus that—as it was in the case of the Pilgrims sailing out of Southampton—there was tampering with one of the ships. In this instance, Columbus found that the rudder of the *Pinta* had been fixed in such a position that, while appearing to be perfectly secure, it could be easily unshipped by the least effort. It was intended by this scheme that the vessel should be brought back to port before sailing many miles. The discovery having been made, the rudder was properly placed, and the men who had done the work fled from the ship and were replaced by others. The admiral's flag was hoisted by Columbus on the *Santa Maria*, the banner displaying the image of Christ crucified. The principal officers of the fleet embarked on her. These were Diego de Arana, high constable, and a relative of Beatriz Enriquez, the mother of Fernando Columbus; Pedro Gutierrez, chief accountant; Rodrigo Sanchez, of Segovia, comptroller; Rodrigo de Escovedo, royal notary; Ibernadino de Tapia, historiographer of the expedition; and Luis de Torres, a converted Jew, who was skilled in many languages, and whose connection with the expedition was designed to be that of an interpreter. The men on board the *Santa Maria* numbered in all sixty-six persons, of whom the larger number were from Seville or from the Province of Huelva, but among whom were two Genoese, one Englishman, one Irishman, two Portuguese, and one Majorcan. Not one of these sailors was from Palos. Of the others who engaged themselves with the expedition, the most notable were pilots and seamen who had been on numerous voyages and were accomplished sailors.

The *Pinta*, on the contrary, was wholly manned by sailors who were inhabitants of Palos and Moguer, and who were nearly all relatives and friends of the Pinzon family. It was this vessel which was commanded by Martin Alonso Pinzon; and his pilots were Francisco Martin, his brother; Juan of Hungary, his cousin; and Christobal Garcia Xalmito. Gomez Rascon and Cristobal Quintero, who were owners of the *Pinta*, went out with the vessel as part of the crew. Altogether, including officers and sailors, there were not more than thirty on board the *Pinta*, all told.

The *Niña* also was manned from Palos and its neighbor-

hood, and its crew comprised friends and acquaintances of the Pinzons. It was commanded by Vicente Yañez Pinzon, who was a clever pilot, and the youngest of the three brothers. The entire crew of the *Niña* numbered twenty-four. The whole expedition comprised one hundred and twenty persons.

At this time Diego, the son of Columbus, was studying in the Monastery of La Rabida; and, prior to sailing, Columbus took him from the monastery, and placed him in charge of Juan Rodriguez Cabezero and a priest, one Martin Sanchez, to be instructed in the duties which it would be necessary for him to perform at court as page to the Infante Don Juan.

This act concluded all that Columbus had to do which was initiatory to his sailing from Palos, so far as practical affairs were concerned. These having been thus completed, the explorer made his confession to his friend, Father Perez, who had so far strengthened him, and had in truth enabled him to conduct his enterprise up to this point.

## WEATHER AND THE MOON.

MODERN astronomical science denies that the moon has an influence upon the weather; that it is, however, been able to discover any affirmative proof. Folk-lore, which is often wiser than science, asserts, on the other hand, the influence of the moon. On this question the following extract from an article written by D. J. Macgowan, a gentleman long resident in China, will be of interest:

"More than a score of years have elapsed since the weather was subjected to tests, extending through the period of half a century (at Greenwich), the result being that the influence of Luna in meteorological phenomena is nil—statistical observations have been made elsewhere with the same result. It is by no means certain, however, that Chinese prognostications of the weather can be so readily disposed of. Peoples who reckon time by moons instead of by months, naturally hand down lunar traditions with greater facility than peoples who number them by months. Reduced to simple statements of observed physical facts, what is the outcome of the foregoing? It is that, at a certain phase of the moon, the Chinese here (on the south as far as Ningpo, and on the north beyond Tientsin) say gales may be forecast leaving an amplitude of five days, the eighth, the central—being the birthday, *i.e.*, eighth of the second moon. Chinese prognostications of weather may be approximately made by paying attention to these birthdays. Occasionally a time occurs when there is a considerable disturbance in the weather, coincident with that phase of the moon, occurring on the eighth day of the second moon, when the junks recommence their voyages following the retiring ice-fields. While the junks were leisurely dropping down the banks of the Yangtze and its affluents in time to be at Woosung, soon after the ceremonies of thanking the sea-gods for the conclusion of the period of danger, a foreign fleet of steamers were panting and fuming to break their leashes to be off to the North. They started two days before the birthday of Chang-lee, but the Chinese, instead of going out to sea in a hurry, waited till two days after the birthday, and consequently they had no stormy weather, whilst the foreign steamers were wasting and straining and consuming coal, and fighting hard against a strong head wind and sea. The Chinese, who knew of Chang-lee's birthday and really expected a storm, did not go out to sea, while the foreigners paid no heed to it, or were in ignorance of it, went out, and had to pay the penalty. I witnessed, too, recently, the almost incredible intrepidity of these half-frozen mariners, the impression they made on me was so vivid that I cannot forbear taking this opportunity of expressing my admiration for the nobility of character which foreign officers and daring native crews display in opening the season to northern navigation. Now the question naturally arises whether all this year, year, and waste of men and material might not have been spared, had the foreigners known and trusted to Chinese weather-lore? Certainly the tribute junks had a comparatively serene voyage. Is it not possible that unknown, unexpected, and electric magnetic conditions of the earth synchronously or irregularly act with certain lunar phases?"



BY MABEL QUILLERCOUCH.

It was a mild, spring-like day in January when I first paid a visit to Cumnor, a day which made one imagine that winter was really over. The country was bathed in sunshine, with a lovely haze softening and beautifying everything.

Driving thence from Oxford, we crossed the Thames by Osney Town, and entered Berkshire, going on along the flat Seven Bridges Road until we came to Cumnor Hill, with the village of Bottley lying at the foot of it. Bottley is not beautiful, by any means, but it contains several houses that impress one with the idea that in bygone days they have been the habitations of some of the leading gentry-folks of the place. One can imagine the doctor living in one, the lawyer in another, and a third occupied by a couple of maiden ladies. It is primmer and stiffer than the rest. One can almost picture the junketings and tea-drinkings, the calling and general exchange of civilities, which went on. But now, alas! nothing of the sort remains. Interspersed with these highly respectable-looking houses are a few charming little thatched cottages, and, sad to relate, a few terrible-looking red brick erections, tall and narrow, and hideous in the extreme.

Cumnor Hill is the hill of the neighborhood, and is talked about as an uncommonly stiff one. Perhaps coming from Cornwall, and being accustomed to the hills of that county, makes it less formidable, but to me it seemed a very ordinary ascent, though certainly long; not too long, though, for one to take in all the beauties of the scene on the right-hand side: the charming valley in which Deincourt Farm is so prettily situated, the Wytham Woods crowning the hill on the other side, and the road leading to the village, winding along through meadow after meadow.

As we were crawling up Cumnor Hill, drinking in its delights, and exclaiming continually, "How lovely, what a beautiful view," etc., until we got weary of the sameness of our remarks, a lark burst into song in a field on our left, supplying the only charm lacking on that afternoon. Up and up it went, trilling away as if, like ourselves, it was enraptured, but, unlike ourselves, it was able to find fit language with which to express its appreciation.

Cumnor, whose name is familiar to every one as the scene of the tragic death of beautiful Amy Robsart, is a pretty little village situated on the brow of a hill. It was formerly a seat of the abbots of Abingdon, and was used by them as a place of rest in sickness. After the death of the last abbot, Thomas Pentecost, or Rowland, it was sold, and in 1560 was purchased by that much-abused individual, Anthony Forster, Esq. Soon after it came into his possession occurred the tragedy which has made Cumnor's name so familiar, and Anthony Forster's so hated.

The version of the story given by Sir Walter Scott in "Kenilworth" is by far the best known one, and has done more to rouse sympathy and pity for the unfortunate lady than any other, or all the other accounts ever written. Of course, license is always allowed a novelist, and in this case we have been rewarded by one of the most thrilling novels in the English language, but, at the same time, we must not accept it as a true and correct account of the affair.

Anthony Forster, instead of being an ignorant, grasping, morose old *servant*, was a gentleman highly esteemed by his neighbors, a musician, politician, architect, and lover of plants.

Old documents tell us that Robert Dudley (who was not made earl for some years after his wife's death), being a perfect courtier and a great favorite with the queen, had every imaginable favor and dignity heaped on him by his royal mistress, until, pampered and spoiled, he even aspired to her hand. In such case, his wife would be an insurmountable obstacle. To overcome this he sent her, under false promises and excuses, to Cumnor, to be under the care of his kinsman, Anthony Forster, at the same time giving orders to Sir Richard Varney to rid him of her by poison, and, in the event of that failing, to kill her by other means.

This report was proved by Dr. Bayly, whom the earl afterward tried to remove from court because he refused to help in the destruction of the unhappy lady. The report says that the lady being sad and low-spirited—having a presentiment that they were trying to encompass her death—they tried to persuade her to take a potion they had there, but, suspecting something, she refused. The next thing they did was to send to Dr. Bayly, without the knowledge of their mistress, to induce him to order her some potion, to which they meant to quietly add something they had with them; but the doctor, seeing how inconsistent their great eagerness and anxiety was with the very slight indisposition of poor Amy, suspected foul play, and refused.

The day she died Sir Richard Varney remained alone with her, only Anthony Forster and a man named Michael Lambourn being in the house besides, the servants having been purposely sent to Abingdon Fair, three miles off. As



AMY ROBART.

(From a painting.)

soon as they were alone the murderers went to her apartment, whither she had retired, seized her, and carried her to a room situated at the head of a flight of stairs. There, as soon as night fell, they went, and, after strangling her, bruising her, and breaking her neck, they flung her down the stairs, thinking that the world would put the poor creature's death down to an accidental fall.

As soon as the deed was accomplished they hastened to bury their victim, not allowing time for a coroner's inquest. Sir John Robsart, hearing of his daughter's death and the mystery surrounding it, hastened down from Oxford, caused the body to be exhumed, and an inquest held; but it is said that the earl got him to hush up the matter; and, to prove to the world his innocence of the crime in which they did not scruple to call him a participant, and also the love he felt for his dead wife, he caused her to be buried with great pomp and solemnity at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin in Oxford.

The old documents point out, as worthy of note, that the

ments. He has evidently got his idea from Mickle's ballad, which says:

Full many a traveller had sighed—  
And pensive were the countless' fall,  
As, wandering onwards, they espied  
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

For a long time a room called the Dudley Chamber was pointed out as the scene of the murder, but in 1811 the house was pulled down, and the door-ways and windows were taken by Lord Abingdon and used in restoring the church at Wytham; three arches remained standing for some time after the rest of the house had disappeared, but now every trace has gone excepting the low wall adjoining the churchyard.

The church, which is generally the chief object of interest to the curiosity-seeking tourist, contains a chained Bible, one of the few left, and in the south end of the chapel,



CUMNOR CHURCH.

The low wall seen in the picture is the only remaining trace of Cumnor Hall, scene of Amy Robsart's death.

Babington, the earl's chaplain, did once or twice trip in his speech during his delivery of the funeral sermon, and recommended to their memories the virtuous lady so "pitifully murdered," instead of saying "pitifully slain."

From the time of the murder Sir Anthony altered entirely; formerly hospitable, good-hearted, and musical, he became morose and melancholy, and lived a most wretched life for several years after. Sir Richard Varney died a terrible death in London, cursing and blaspheming God, and declaring all the devils in hell were tearing him in pieces.

The other accomplice, Michael Lambourn, being taken prisoner for felony and offering to confess all the details of this cowardly murder, was privately made away with by the Earl of Leicester's orders.

The walls of Cumnor Hall touched the west end of the churchyard. The hall itself was a small quadrangular building surrounding a small court, and not, as Sir Walter Scott has it, a mansion with lofty towers and spacious apart-

ments which was built by the abbey in the fourteenth century as a mortuary chapel, dedicated to St. Catherine, are two mutilated stone tombs, under which two of the abbots of Abingdon are said to be sleeping their last long sleep.

The tomb to the memory of Anthony Forster is a very elaborate Elizabethan structure in gray marble, with brass plates representing himself and his wife. The inscription in praise of Forster, if it is to be believed, ought to leave no doubt that he was not as black as he was painted, but was one of the most noble, learned, and amiable men, whose lot it has been to be grossly maligned for generations.

The epitaph was probably written after 1549, when his wife died. It is in Latin, but a translation of it hanging by the tomb runs as follows:

Meet scion of a gentle ancestry  
The Lord of Cumnor, Berks, was Anthony.  
As Richard Forster, his departed sire  
Of Felth, Salop, so he too Esquire.  
Four branches sprang from the parental tree,  
He, Anthony, the last therefrom to be.





EDITED BY MARY L. BISLAND.

**THE GIRL AND THE CAT.**—The modern witch was a pretty, slender, blue-eyed young woman in a very smart frock, who drove, of a spring afternoon, in Central Park, New York, with a handsome black cat snuggled cosily up between her shoulder and the soft, drab-colored cushions of the open cabriolet. For a time the odd fancy of the young woman in the cabriolet excited quite a deal of genuine enthusiastic curiosity even among the stout dowagers in their roomy victorias, and the round-faced young men who gingerly tooled tandems, or double pairs of frisky steeds on the park drive. The picture was truly a quaint one, for the young lady was exceeding youthful, and fairly abloom in cheeks, hair, lips, and eyes with that delicious, half-unreal radiance of color common only to children and roses; while the cat—well, the inky Tommy seemed not averse to the seat given him, or the interest he aroused. Unlike the common house-cat, every long black shining hair on his large body sat aristocratically erect, and, like opaque topazes, his great eyes stared stolidly at the gay panorama on the eastern drive. A broad crisp rose-satin ribbon, knotted in a very stiff bow behind his left ear, further accentuated his uncanny beauty and caught the attention of even careless observers.

For a week the cabriolet, the cat, and the girl were seen at intervals on Fifth Avenue and in the park. Suddenly they disappeared, to the infinite relief of orthodox dowagers and superstitious coachmen. No one seems to know whence they came or whither they have gone, though inquiries have been quietly made by curious individuals.

"I am sure the cat was a witch in disguise and has spirited the girl away; and she was so *chic*, too," sadly observed a gentle *débütante*, one of the many admirers of the pretty tableau.

"Then, it served her right," severely rebuked the *débutante's* mother: "it was a most conspicuous thing to do, and I should not be at all surprised if the whole affair found its way into the newspapers."

**HOW TO MAKE A GENIUS.**—To musical prodigies Miss Amy Fay has reference, when not long since, in a discussion on the great art-science as studied by women, she gave it as her opinion that three earnest lives must be devoted in all their energies to the development of one genius, or even great talent. "Music," said she, "is, without doubt, of all arts the most exacting, and only the composer knows the joy of a permanent achievement. The instrumentalist and vocalist toil unremittently and enormously from the hour they touch the very outskirts of their profession until their last successful note is struck. And not ordinary labor is theirs—that never earns the right of repose. Justly famous professionals must constantly work to keep hands and brain in exquisite union. It is with no great surprise that one reads of pianists practising eight and ten hours a day when undergoing courses of self-imposed study, and devoting from six to seven hours to the piano daily when playing professionally; yet the average man and woman in an audience would be interested to know of the vast amount of human energy and intelligence, patience and untiring endeavor, that are the price paid for the rare agility of finger, that marvellous shading in expression, with which the musician interprets the classical compositions.

"At the most, the concentrated energies of four minds have brought about those wonderful harmonious results, and at least two minds have added their forces to the develop-

ment of genius in one single person. Here is a case that illustrates the making of a genius. A little girl is my pupil, a small child not yet thirteen years of age, whose talent for music is already so pronounced, her parents brought her to me for instruction. Her little legs won't yet permit her feet to reach the piano's pedals, and already two minds are giving their best energies for the development merely of her musical talent. I am teaching, endeavoring to make clear to her all that is intellectual and romantic in music, teaching fingers and brain, while her ambitious mother not only fulfils for her the tender mother's duties, but supplies to the child all the steadfast devotion and will-strength needed to perfect the musical education.

"As the child grows to a woman, and if she fulfils all the promises of her youth, the duties of the teacher and mother will be doubled, and a third person must be added to the group of gardeners tenderly nurturing this delicate plant. For the pianist's fingers must never know other labor than the touching of ivory keys, and not for many years will those fingers begin to earn by their skill. Therefore, some one must contribute the support of the genius, and the mother may never relax her vigilance, and the teacher ever feels the responsibility of her pupil. The pupil herself leads somewhat of an artificial life, for all the impulses, physical and mental efforts, all her hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, are centred in her music. She studies, learns, and practises, sees little of the real outside world, and lives much within her own thoughts, is flattered and cruelly disparaged, and, therefore, while fulfilling the exactions of her art, becomes very different from the rest of the world.

"On the other hand, if she is left by her mother to accept her music as her childlike inclination dictates, and if in the outside world she lavishes half her physical and intellectual force on various pleasures and interests, she would never in public be able to demonstrate the beauties and powers of her noble art. Authors, artists, architects, and poets may grow of themselves, may develop from the commonplace into the genius without any premonitory signs or efforts, may labor alone, and alone achieve their triumphs, but music demands more than all the other arts, age, happy is the musical woman who has a devoted and ambitious mother.

"Maud Powell, the violinist, is acknowledged to possess uncommon musical gifts unusually cultivated, and yet she will tell you that, had it not been for her mother, she would never have accomplished all she has. When a little child she gave signs of musical talent, and it was her mother who not only arranged for her proper instruction, but, with the devotion of pure unselfishness, encouraged and compelled the child to study. Her mother relieves her of every duty, social and domestic, and of the thousand and one trifling matters of life on which a vast deal of feminine energy is uselessly expended. Those who knew Mrs. Emma Eames Story in the days when, under the first masters of Europe, her charming voice was undergoing careful cultivation, attribute full one-half of her operatic triumphs to her mother. No sacrifice of personal comfort and pleasure, no business task however discouraging, could daunt Mrs. Eames from her determination to gain for and give to her daughter all honor and success possible. Physical comforts were provided by the mother, and carking care was hid from the daughter's gaze, that lines might not disfigure the beautiful face, nor a tremor mar the lovely voice, destined to win a first place on the modern operatic stage."



As all the world, or, at least, the feminine half, is sure to be interested in French confections of the toilet, and more especially when the art of fashion is sublimated for the benefit of royal personages, it may be worth while describing a number of exquisitely pretty gowns just completed for the Empress of Russia.

One of the most beautiful of this dozen or more of costumes was composed of a rich white *crêpe de Chine broché*, made with a demi-train and flounce of white *pointe d'Angle*, terre all round, headed with a mixed row of satin and net. The bodice was high and slightly draped, the yoke being embroidered with pearls of various sizes, some nearly as large as peas, and others much smaller. A deep row of the same lace as on the skirt formed falling epaulettes, ending in front with a satin bow on each side, and going around the back *en berthe*. The long sleeves were full at the top, with deep cuffs embroidered like the yoke.

A high dinner-dress was of pale steel-gray Pekin taffeta. The bodice was slightly pointed, and crossed over and fastened by three small bows of heliotrope velvet. A small crossway band of this velvet outlined the edge of the bodice, and at the back fell two very wide ends to the very edge of the dress. The upper part of the bodice was half-open, with heliotrope velvet revers covered by handsome guipure, and a Directoire collar covered by the same lace. All around the edge of the skirt ran a tiny flounce of gray satin over an equally small one of the velvet.

A third distinguished-looking dress was of the new shot *moiré*, blue and pink, made with a long train and trimmed at the foot with cluster bows, each four loops of blue satin ribbon lined with pink. The silk was so charming that, while the front of the gown appeared to be rose, the train looked softly blue. The low bodice was draped with blue *crêpe* and full sleeves of the same. On each side of the front was a three-quarters length panel of rich *pointe de Venise* over blue satin. The sash, which was also of satin, held to a point in front by a large diamond buckle, went under the arms and up to the top of the low corsage at the back, from whence it fell to the ground in what is called the round *Watteau*.

Among the midsummer materials sure to be in favor is the new puckered muslin striped in various colors. A very charming model frock is made of this muslin, lined in white and fawn. The skirt is plain and lined with thick muslin, which gives it the required body, and if the two are shrunk together, will come from the laundry tubs in excellent condition. The bodice is full, pointed, and outlined with the mauve ribbon velvet, ending in full loops immediately in the back. The sleeves are high on the shoulders, tapering

to the wrists, and are finished with cuffs of the ribbon.

Dustcloaks are one of the needs of the season, and a useful one is shown made with a white woven border which serves as a triple cape, the rest falling to the feet. *Moiré* mantles are richly embroidered in jet and plaited at the back, and are well suited for elderly wearers, while young women prefer capes of fawn cloth or bengaline trimmed with gold and fawn beads and passementerie. Larger mantles in this mixture have *Watteau* lace backs.

Ked out-door garments, with waterfalls of lace at the back, are well worn. Some are semi-jacket form, while others of much the same shape have a couple of plaits of silk introduced at the back, showing jet passementerie between. It is difficult to answer the question as to what are the fashionable styles in mantles, there are so many. A new and handsome kind has full bishop's sleeves gathered in to a broad jet *galon* band. This has *Watteau* plaits at the back, and a long fringe as well. Bengaline is found to be a peculiarly becoming material for stout people and middle-aged matrons.

Of the devising of parasol models there is no end, and the new fancy, puckered cotton sunshades are extremely popular. One of the most serviceable varieties is of black *moiré*, with horizontal satin strips, unlined, and showing very simple handles. Chiffon has been used in several soft and charming mixtures, and lace parasols are certainly the fashion. Rows of baby ribbon in contrasting tones edge many silk ones, but the great novelty of the season lies in the sticks. Some of the newest specimens show cocks' heads carved and painted in a mixture of red and green on the handles; others of Scotch fir, or natural ash, have a silver fox that seems to be creeping through them. Others again, more grotesque, have three men's faces, types of humanity; the black man, and red and white men. Gnomes cluster about some, while squirrels, pigs, and lizards are made to serve as fantastic ornamentation.

Belts are a necessity



NO. 122. HAT WITH HIGH WELSH CROWN AND WIDE BRIM.





## DRESSES FOR THE COUNTRY.

NO. 123. TENNIS SHIRT OF FINE WHITE FLANNEL.

NO. 124. GARDEN DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

NO. 125. TENNIS DRESS OF MOUTH FLANNEL.

with shirts, which never go out of fashion, however often they change their style. Some of the belts are made of Russia leather, others in suede, some in basket-woven leather, and many more in crocodile skins. They assume various forms. The very narrow bands are well liked, decorated with tiny silver figures, dots, stars, crosses, etc., sunk into the leather. These have small old silver buckles, and are frequently used with small, convenient shopping bags. Lawn-tennis players will be glad to learn that many feather capes are to be made which just cover the shoulders, formed like a pointed yoke, and have upstanding collars.

As for hats, they are just what the individual fancy dictates, no two alike in form or coloring; large or small, bent or plain, they are contrived to become the age and face of the particular woman that wears them.



NO. 121. BATH-ROBE OF WHITE TURKISH TOWELLING.

A gold bonnet with a sunk crown has a wreath of red roses without foliage, and a charming veil placed well forward, formed of ivy leaves and black and gold berries. The shapes are all close and small, and most of the strings are made of reversible ribbon, moiré on one side, satin on the other, or entirely of moiré shot in two tones. Some of the ribbons have moiré centres and satin edges. The osprey aigrettes are often shaded, and the bows introduced on these bonnets are all closely plaited in quite a new style; the trimming in nearly every case appears on the front of the bonnet rather than the back. A curious combination of yellow and mauve jessamine covered one bonnet, which was trimmed with mousse velvet, and had the striped moiré strings. The double crowns are a new feature in Parisian hats. A perfectly flat circle of fine black straw was laid over a green hat liberally trimmed with clover and grasses. Not only are the crowns fluted, but the brims, and a black one was trimmed with green ribbon, and the most natural lilac peeping from amid black lace and white satin bows. In every case the flowers approach so near to nature they appear to be growing, and all the materials are of the best.

Nine gowns out of every ten made at this present are girdled about the waist in one way or another. In the big importing houses, where hundreds of costumes are received every season, it is difficult to find a summer dress, other than those with Russian blouse or long coat, but what has

some sort of sash festooned about the waist. In many of the frocks coming from Paris, with the skirts ready made and waists cut to be fitted to the buyers, this fact is distinctly emphasized. They nearly all have broad satin ribbons arranged to fit the hips, and are carried back to end either in long ends, or, after the newer design, in a bunch of loose ribbon loops. The Watteau bow has already been vulgarized to such an extent that most women prefer the conventional streamers from the waist.

Many smart gowns made of rich shot and striped silks have their skirts folded back into a sharp point reaching high up between the shoulders, to give a long stately sweep of the glowing stuff, and when this is done, a simple flat bow of ribbon to match, finishes it at the back. True, this fashion may not be attempted save by an expert *modiste*, and on a woman with a slender, well-moulded figure.

The shirts women are wearing this season are far more dainty and becoming than anything they have heretofore appeared in. Pretty striped linen lawns, showing a combination of colors, are made in shapely blouse waists with fine-plated frills down the front, and are deliciously cool to wear and pleasing to look at. Others, in pale blue and delicate pink cotton, have high turn-over collars and broad, stiff cuffs that serve to brighten wonderfully the dark chevot and serge suits worn for skirts and coats.

NO. 121. This sketch gives an idea for making a bath-robe of white Turkish towelling. It is cut like a loose wrapper, with wide Japanese sleeves. The trimming is formed of the fringed border of two small colored Turkish towels; one is cut to make the deep collar and lapel; the other trims the sleeve.

This would not be a difficult garment to make, and would be much prettier than one bought ready made. The towelling can be had in double width at \$1.25 per yard, and it would take five yards to make an ample robe. The small-sized towels are fifty cents apiece.

NO. 122 pictures a fashionable and very becoming hat, with a high Welsh crown, and a low lace straw. It is trimmed with a beautiful bunch of mimosa and loops of pale blue ribbon velvet. A barbe of reseda crêpe lisse is fastened in front with a hummingbird, and, folding round the edge of the hat, it is secured at the back with a gold pin, and either hangs down or is drawn in soft folds round the throat.

NO. 123 portrays a tennis shirt of fine white flannel, with cuffs and collar of dark blue, dotted with white. It should be worn with a plain skirt of blue, having a border hem of the dotted goods. A leather belt, and a charming *tout ensemble*.

To make the skirt, it would require two and a half yards of white tennis flannel and one yard of blue. The cost would probably be sixty-five cents per yard.

NO. 124. This drawing shows an attractive style for making a garden-dress for a young girl. It would be pretty either in silk, wool, or linen. If of silk, it should be of the kind that washes; and if of flannel, let it be a pretty stripe or figured, with the collar and cuffs to match the color of the stripe. White linen would be pleasing if trimmed with blue cambric.

For a silk dress, the following would be the probable cost:

Wash China silk, white, 10 yards,	\$1.25.	\$12.50.
Pale blue silk, 3 yards,	.65.	1.95.
		\$14.45.

NO. 125. Twelve yards of Scotch flannel, of some pretty combination stripe, white and blue, or pink or cream and mauve, will make a dress for tennis in the style here pictured. The only ornament required would be a belt of silk ribbon to match the stripe, or one of the many pretty novelties in leather zone. It would be a very serviceable dress, for the durability of Scotch flannel is too well known to need recommendation.

The usual price of Scotch flannel is sixty-five cents per yard. The waist should be lined with white mill, while the skirt goes unlined.



1. Hereafter all correspondence should be addressed to "Editor, Correspondence Department, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

2. Questions sent by our readers will be answered in the order in which they are received. Owing to the large number of letters which reach us asking advice, and to the fact that answers to many of the questions involve considerable research, replies can rarely be given in the same week the letter is received. Our readers should not enclose stamped envelopes, with requests for private correspondence, as questions can be answered only in these columns.

3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

**COW-SLIP.**—You make a great mistake to let him out every day. Of course, he likes the freedom, but so much liberty is never good for a caged bird, and particularly for a canary. I long ago learned that to let one of these hardy little birds out for a day or two was a distinct detriment to its temper and health. Once out of the cage, they wish to be always at liberty, and the pleasure of exercising their wings makes them forget to eat, bathe, or plume themselves. A plump, happy bird, allowed to fly about a room, will soon lose his flesh, voice, and feathers, and degenerate into a vulgar little tramp. Very soon, for the sake of your bird's health, you will be forced to cut off the daily excursions around the room, and then you will discover by his shrill cries for liberty how quickly and completely he becomes spoiled. You can best shut him up at once, and, notwithstanding his plaintive appeals, do not let him out again. In the course of time he will become reconciled to captivity, and will resume his old, regular, healthy habits, growing fat, clean, and good-tempered. You might make occasional changes in his diet. Once a week give him a few feathers left; again, half of a hard-boiled egg mashed; and once in a long time put a nail in his water-cup, for canaries demand iron in their food. No, the bread-and-milk diet is injurious except as a rare treat; farinaceous foods are said to induce fatty degeneration of lively canary hearts.

**HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.**—I laughed heartily over the detail of your tragical experiences, that, though as oft repeated as the lover's confession, never lose their semi-pathetic interest. I, too, have conned over those receipts and books of advice to young house-keepers, wherein 'tis explained that from one old knuckle-bone, and a handful of parsley, a feast for the gods should easily be evolved. To read of such miracles and to attempt to perform them are two widely different matters. I advise you to give over reading any of these "house-keepers' handy books," and devote your energies to the practical study of cooking. Here are two easy dishes on which to try your hand. Buy a small veal steak, about three-quarters of an inch thick; cut it into pieces about as large as the palm of your hand, sprinkle over each piece pepper and salt, then drop into a batter made with a couple of well-beaten eggs, and roll in a dish of crisp bread-crumbs. A deep frying-pan on the stove should be quite ready, half-full of boiling grease. In the grease the bits of meat should remain until cooked a clear golden brown. Serve very hot on a dish garnished with parsley. This second dish is for dessert. Prepare half a box of good gelatine by the receipt that comes folded in every box. After the liquid has been strained and has become quite cool—in fact, just before it becomes jellied—sift into it the whites of four or five eggs, beaten stiff. For fifteen minutes beat the gelatine and eggs together, and then pour the mixture into a jelly mould, set on the ice to harden, and serve with cream or cold boiled custard.

**JENNIE AND JAMES.**—This is so unusual and difficult a task that I very much fear, even with the sketch on one hand and the list of articles on the other, I shall not be able to successfully acquire myself either on the artistic or practical score. However, for two so amiable correspondents I feel inspired to extraordinary efforts to please. Now, ordinarily one displays one's silver plate on the dining-room sideboard, and in the china pantry, or in cupboards with clear glass doors, all the fragile glassware is placed for safe keeping. Let us suppose that your glassware is silver plate, and let us arrange it on the fol-

lowing plan: The tall beer pitcher in the middle of the long top shelf as I see it in the drawing. In a circle round the pitcher, and almost touching it, set those goblets or tumblers which you use for beer. Toward the ends of the shelf two other pitchers, if you have so many, and if they are smaller than the beer pitcher, might find a place in a half-circle of goblets. In the space between the central and end arrangements set your vases, or glass bowls if you have them. I think the eucalyptus stands, two of them at least, will look best on the small under-shelves, while on the lower shelf set a row of water bottles back against the panelling. The wine decanters might occupy the outside ends of the lower shelf, surrounded with an appropriate selection of wingedlasses, and the cordial set disposed in the central part of honor. The cups and saucers are so inharmonious an element in combination with the glass, and, were I in your place, I would either relegate them to the china cupboard or arrange them in this way: Place them in wire frames, especially designed for hanging, such china articles on the wall, and fasten them along the panel space under the top shelf. If, for instance, the cups are now in wire stands, fitted with back supports for standing, merely remove the back brace, screw a few gilt hooks into the panelling, and so suspend a double row of the china. I know the objection you will demur to—less urge—that the hooks will injure the wood of the sideboard. Very well, then, put the cups away in a cupboard, or place a large silver or lacquer waiter on the lower shelf, and on this waiter spread out the array of cups. To my mind, the plan for hanging them is by far the best, and the hooks, if handsome and carefully screwed in, need not injure the wood. Then, at any time you wish to take the cups down, on those same hooks you could hang a double row of unique pewter beer mugs, or ale cups of the handsome inexpensive blue Austrian ware. Here is a second suggestion. If you find it looks best, place two decanters, with their wingedlasses, on both ends of the upper shelf and, for convenience sake, bring the glass water pitchers down to the ends of the lower shelf. Then, taking for granted that the china is to be suspended from the panelling, bring the beer pitcher and glasses down to the centre of the lower shelf, and let the cordial set occupy its place on the top shelf.

**W. H. M.—(1)** Write to the Scott Coin & Stamp Co., at 112 East Twenty-third Street, New York City; you can there, doubtless, secure a more satisfactory result than I can for either side or willing to give. (2) Give up combing your hair and begin to brush it. Every night and every morning, with a brush the bristles of which are not so stiff as to irritate your scalp, give your hair fifty good strokes at the back, front, and sides of your head. Do not even pass the comb through your hair, a brush is the thing that is needed. In conjunction with the brushing, use Harry's Tricopherous. This will soften your hair, promote a luxuriant growth, and act as a tonic for your scalp. Once every two weeks wash your head with a little of the Sutherland Sisters' scalp powder. Don't put any water on your hair, unless to wash it. Tricopherous will take the place of the morning dash of water with which the average man plasters down his hair. Read with attention the very sensible receipts for care of the hair in the printed wrappers that come with the Tricopherous. Another precaution, wear your hat as little as possible—so many men contract the habit of wearing their hats in their offices. Men's hats, after all, are more abominably constructed than women's, for the simple reason that they entirely exclude the air from the scalp, which becomes overheated.

**HULGARIA.—(1)** You will do very wisely to model yours on the style of your sister's, for lace wraps promise to be worn as much this spring and summer as last year. The lace shawl, it seems to me, could be very easily converted into a most charming mantle. Let two corners of the square extend from your chin to your knees in a semi-jabot drapery; over the shoulders a portion of the lace should be gathered and draped as far as your elbows, while in the back the remainder of the lace could be drawn into a double box Watteau plait falling from the neck to a level below with the long front ends. Use only the richest watered-silk, and broo with the lace. Broad ribbons crossing the hips from under the back plait might accentuate the length of your waist by knotting in a long point in front. On the shoulders, collar, and at the top of the Watteau plait a touch of jet could appear; lace and ribbons, however, if rich in quality and well disposed, do not need jet for ornamentation. Before giving the shawl to your dress-maker have a professional cleaner put it in good order. A few dollars will be the cost of the renovation that any old lace needs when it is made over. (2) I've never seen so well executed a shawl as you describe. It is known as the corner pattern, is in every way distinct from the old style sloped skirt, and is even more rigid in line and scant in fold than the bell skirt. The corner skirt is only in two separate pieces. The front and back constitute the pattern, and the skirt is made by drawing the skirt all by means of a series of short darts. The back is shaped like a great V; the pointed end, of course, is the upper portion. You can

scarcely believe it on first description, but this method of skirt-cutting proves eminently successful. In the corset skirt, sufficient fullness is given about the bottom for grace and comfort, while the hips and back are relieved of the heavy, hot, bungling plaits, and felons that women have so long patiently endured. I think you might secure a pattern of the corset skirt by writing to the Hutterick Publishing Pattern Co., No. 11 West Thirtieth Street, New York City.

**OBSCURE.**—If I must not bathe, you run a great risk in forcing him into the water. The compulsory bath never yet taught a canny the virtues of water, but the best you can do is to remove the seed and water-cups from his cage in the morning, and on the cage-floor set a well-filled china bath-tub. Hang him in the window, and leave him alone at least an hour to attempt the bath. Perhaps four or five mornings he will ignore the tub, but persistent presentation of the bath usually conquers the disinclination; and directly he has taken a good dip, remove the tub, spread a fresh paper on the cage's bottom, and restore the seed, etc. When coaxing him to the bath, never deprive him of his food but an hour and a half. There are some canaries that cannot be forced or coaxed into the water, others will only bathe an ablation twice or thrice a week. Doubtless you know that a bird can only remain in health and cleanliness when its cage is carefully cleaned every morning. A fresh sand sprinkled paper on the cage-floor, fresh water, good seed, and well-washed perches are a few of the simple precautions that insure to the gentle little captives a tolerably enduring life.

**M'LIS.**—I would not dare to reckon the number of times I have given most explicit replies to your queries. No doubt you have. Add the initials R. S. V. P. to an invitation card for any other function but a dinner. To so request a reply of your guests is, in the first place, a slight insult offered and lamentable ignorance revealed. Persons possessing even a vague knowledge of the conventionalities of life know enough to reply promptly and positively to a dinner invitation without having a reminder of the pleasant necessity thrust under their noses. Therefore, a man or woman honored with an invitation to dine at your house is somewhat shocked at your ignorance and lack of confidence in his or her social instincts. Be sure to avoid the fatal initials on your dinner cards, and, if any one fails to respond to your invitation promptly, you can easily conjecture that the postman has misdelivered your letters.

**GARDENIA.**—The above answer to "M'Lis" settles question number one in your letter. (2) *A déjeuner à la fourchette* is the French for "most breakfast"; and as an entertainment forms a pleasant variation from the usual round of luncheons and heavy English breakfasts. The French *déjeuner à la fourchette* is usually served at half-past twelve or one o'clock, and half the invited company are usually men. Delicate relishes, fruit, coffee, broiled meats, green salads, green vegetables, small breads, claret, and Rhine wine, coffee, and a frozen peach are the prominent elements in the breakfast menu. Persons bidden to a breakfast prepare for such a meal by eating very lightly in the forenoon that their appetites for the dainty breakfast dishes may be pleasantly sharpened. A few flowers only ornament a breakfast table. The fruits usually form part of the decoration, and, though the linen, silver, and china used should be elegant and ornamental, no arrangements as elaborate as for a dinner should be permitted at breakfast.

**AL FRESCO.**—It seems to me you might be satisfied with Greenwich. This is a small town on the Connecticut shore on Long Island Sound, but a few minutes' ride from New York, yet quite set apart from the roar and dust of the city. The town itself is set at least a mile back from the shore, but within a stone's throw of the blue water. A colony of nice homes stands on a rising slope, the families on the shore or in any one of the nice, neat hotels, it seems to me you should very easily find just what you want. The roads back from the Sound and along shore are beautiful indeed; bathing, boating, and sailing are to be had in the Indian Harbor, as that portion of the Sound is named, and complete quiet can be enjoyed along with excellent physical recreation. I only cite Greenwich as one of the many nice places along the Sound shore where you can get good board and fresh air very cheaply.

**EX-GRADUATE.**—(1) You are far too easily discouraged; you are too timid, and your third and greatest fault is your self-consciousness. Do you know, if you could persuade yourself to forget all your imaginary faults and shortcomings in looks, dress, and deportment, you would at once feel far more at ease and become at once interested in others; then your difficulties would smooth out with surprising rapidity. I quite understand all the mistakes of your childhood, and now, as a natural result, have made you a shy, awkward girl. I am sure, however, from the little glimpse into your character your letter gives me that you are not nearly so abnormal a monster as you are pleased to picture yourself. It is always hard for a young girl, surrounded by gay companions, while

herself of a serious nature, to catch up and sustain the spirit of youthful frivolity. And that you may not need to attempt. Do not make an effort to assume an air and manner exaggeratedly different from your natural deportment. Be these three things if you can; 1. Be amiable, sympathetic and discreet. If you are dignifiedly sweet and gentle, interested in others, and careful in your speech, you will win friends, though your frock may be of print, your hair red, and your nose the most aggravated snub. These three qualities cannot but attract and hold the attention of men, women, and children, and will be loved and sincerely friendships. (2) Yes, indeed; write me whenever you like, and I will be always delighted to read your letters and give them the fullest answers.

**CORRECTION.**—(1) Three dollars is a good price for an ordinary corset that one can expect to last a year, but your complaints are truly not without foundation. Only once or twice in a lifetime does one find the perfect corset, comfortable in fit and elegant in shape. The trouble is that one can never be fitted properly to one's stays. A woman who would not dare to purchase a boot, bonnet, gown, or even a glove without first carefully enduring numerous fittings, will, on the strength of a fictitious number, buy and wear a corset that in no way suits her figure. The proper way to buy a corset is to be fitted to it. For instance, when you go to a shop, insist that half a dozen pairs of corsets be sent home on trial, or that you fit yourself in the dressing room. Try on twenty pairs of stays, if necessary, until you hook up the one that you can in an instant feel fits your body. The French corset I recommend above all others; it is, of course, more costly than those of American make, but there is no comparison in its shape and wearing qualities. The French stays are long in the waist and short on the hips, and whether the laces are drawn taut or are left sensibly loose, the body is well and properly supported. A good French corset can be had for four or five dollars; those of exceptionally beautiful shape and composed of superior bones and can cost eleven and twelve dollars per pair. (2) I don't agree with you; corset covers are necessary garments that properly dressed women cannot afford to dispense with.

## THE MART AND EXCHANGE.

1. Letters to Mart and Exchange must be marked "Mart and Exchange" in the left-hand top corner of the envelope, and addressed, "THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

2. Append initials or nom de plume to all communications for this column. Private addresses will be withheld at the office of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, through which all correspondence should pass, in order to insure the good faith of those making use of the department.

3. No letters will be forwarded unless accompanied by stamps.  
4. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

## WANTED TO EXCHANGE.

**MAGAZINES.**—By purchase or exchange I wish to procure the following magazines, in good condition: *The English Magazine* for August, 1891; *Strand* (English), of September, 1891; *Sage's*, of January, 1891; and *Harper's Monthly* for January, 1891.  
—FRANK E. FOSTER.

## WANTED TO BUY.

**GUIDE BOOKS.**—A complete set of Baedeker and other guide books, such as are used by Cook's tourists on a trip through Great Britain, the Continent, and Holy Land. Books must be in good condition, and in price a reduction of the original valuation. Guide books for cities such as Paris, London, and the Lake districts of England wanted; will buy in sets or separately.—Address, JAMES.

## WANTED TO SELL.

**Violin.**—A fine imported violin, in excellent condition; will sell cheap for cash; box and bow complete; instrument has fine tone.—Address, VIOL.

**Books.**—Bulwer's works, thirteen volumes, bound in cloth; prime condition; for sale at purchaser's own price. Also, tin-type camera and complete outfit, including extra plates.—F. E. FOSTER.

**Mounted Heads.**—A very fine mounted buffalo head; handsome specimen of male mountain sheep, mounted life-size; albino deer, mounted life-size. All the above at a bargain.—LARAMIE.

**Fowl.**—One pair domesticated wild geese; the pair, male and female, a year old. Price of pair, ten dollars.—GRESH.



## GRAPHOLOGY.

BY L'INCONNUÉ.

## RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. Persons desiring to test character-reading by handwriting should send at least fifteen lines of original composition in the subject's handwriting, and signed by an assumed name, under which the reply will be given.

2. Letters must be marked "Graphology" in the left-hand top corner of the envelope, and addressed "L'Inconnue, care of Editor, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

HEB.—Replies given this week are to studies received in the early part of November, 1891. You therefore understand the delay in your delineation.

E. S.—You are wasting your time and energies in writing to this department more than once. Letters are all carefully filed and answered in turn. By referring to the reply given "Bee" you will see how congested is this work, owing to an unprecedented press of correspondence.

STB ROSA and ANNIE BROWN.—Are also referred to the explanation given "Bee."

C.—You were answered in the issue of May 14, 1892.

HESSIE.—"L'Inconnue" regrets that it is quite impossible to give a second delineation, on account of the great accumulation of letters on hand.

EXTRACT.—New Haven. No. The reply was to a correspondent in Pennsylvania. Your study not yet reached.

MANDOLIN.—It is quite impossible to give any information when a correspondent asks such vague, unintelligible questions. You must state the date and postmark of your first communication.

A BRITISH BEAUTY.—You enclosed a coupon. The "British Blonde" referred to is a correspondent in New Jersey. Impossible to answer queries that have no bearing on the "Graphology" department. You had best address the "Correspondence" editor.

CATO; VAL DAINCOURT.—Both neglected to enclose the necessary inquiry coupons.

TOM.—Auburn, N. Y. On lines. This study is significant of a simple, straightforward, ingenuous individual, with a contented, unselfish, thoroughly kindly nature, having plain, practical ideas, not one particle of vanity or self-consciousness, no special ambition, but willing to make the best of the world as it comes, think all the good possible of the people in it, be plucky and cheerful under all circumstances, never be led away by sentiment, but love and live according to the rules of common-sense.

ALVCE.—This correspondent has a buoyant, aspiring, ardent nature, very emotional, sensitive to strong impressions, with complexity and vividness of interests. She never feels anything half-way, but is fervid and, notwithstanding her ability to reason logically, is often driven to act purely from impulse. Grave inequality of disposition is observed, showing a want of self-discipline and the keying up and tuning down of her temperament. An excess of imagination, a strong, reliant, independent will, stubbornness, an imperious temper hard to subdue, physical and mental virility, spontaneity, warmth and unselfishness of the affections, are easy to read, betraying an unusual combination of virtues and failings sure to attract sympathy and liking from all brought in contact with this vivid personality.

SUE.—Pseudonym used before; postmark, New Brighton. On lines, and wholly commonplace, suggestive of egotism, an imperious, sanguine will, lack of system and order, limited culture, capricious, conventional tastes, interest in the opposite sex, and much good humor.

AGUE HUNT.—This example denotes unbounded ambition, with sufficient energy and persistence of will to second and realize all the writer's high hopes. She is a woman eager for and absolutely determined to win success in whatever she essays, has rather a haughty, overbearing carriage, abundant self-esteem, possesses no small affections, is generous to a fault, is stubborn and unyielding in a position once taken, is not capable of sustained mental effort, and does not suggest any original talent or intellectual

force. She is fond of creating a good impression, rather studies effect, is herself often imposed upon by superficial appearances, has refined, luxurious tastes, is high-bred, versatile, needs more composure of manner, is never ill tempered, but often imprudent in speech.

MOLLIE BAWN.—A lady born and bred, with much personal attraction and not one single touch of originality to redeem her elegant but conventional cleverness. She has enlightened and fastidious tastes, a romantic and graceful imagination, is devoted to society and the refined details and luxuries of life, is considerate, open-handed in giving and spending money, is critical and correct in her polished way, cares for literature and art as a dilettante, is very susceptible to admiration and the influence of the opposite sex, is passionately tender and demonstrative to those she loves, is absolutely reserved upon private matters, maintains an admirable composure under all circumstances, holds her temper and emotions well in hand, despises ostentation, is very obstinate when she chooses to be, and talks most entertainingly.

CLIO.—Now here is a person of strong literary tendencies, who loves and dabbles in literature, is studious, fond of books, and very probably has creative talent. She certainly is ambitious, and highly sanguine of success, has an active and alert mind, thinks clearly and directly, indulges in few vagaries or prejudices, is reflective, possesses excellent imaginative qualities, shows capacity for sustained mental effort, an admirable equanimity of temperament, observes closely, and has some intense enthusiasms, though as a rule she discourages the emotional side of her character and studies practicalities. In conversation she is concise, exact, reserved, and usually with listening to her temper is imperious and resents the smallest opposition or interference, she is arbitrary, vigorous, and fairly persistent in accomplishing her ends, is unquestionably sensitive to the influence of the opposite sex, and with all her real intellectuality is more materialistic than ideal in nature. Immense sensitive powers are disclosed, also careful attention to detail, independence of view, natural caution, and rather a caustic wit.

MAY MARGARET.—This specimen is not significant of the least literary ability, but, indeed, it scarcely seems possible that so conventional and conventional a mind could ever generate such a thing strongly original. Concerning the artistic power it is more difficult to speak, and as claim is laid to talent in that direction also, it is inferred that the writer has possibly mistaken taste for talent. Refinement, love of beauty, adaptability, a correct eye for form, and a vivid and pretty imagination are discernible, with many excellent virtues, crowned by a happy lack of self-consciousness.

SIRIUS.—A singular mixture of genuine ability and the cheapest affectation. Instead of checking and correcting his eccentricities, the writer has nursed his odd conceits, cherished each badling idiosyncrasy, and is consequently as curious as "Dick's Hatband." He is full of odd whims, humors, is capricious, clever, attractive, unreliable, amiable, absurdly conventional in some things, never holds to the same opinion two minutes consecutively, is refined, and mentally cultivated.

LITTLE TUESDAY.—Is commonplace to the last degree. She is aspirant and courts and pursues success, but has not much prospect of rising above the humdrum plain she now occupies. Dignity, good breeding, a sweet yet spirited temper, energy, vigorous determination, liberality in the use of money, generous sympathies, love of system, integrity of purpose, candor, conservative ideas, a vivacious fancy, and slow but steady affections may be reckoned upon as compensating virtues. The writer is quite certain to question the accuracy of this delineation.

OLIVE.—Such uncontrolled impulse must always militate against high intellectual development. This is indisputably the case here, where the emotions dominate reason, insist, and every other faculty. Many vagaries of mind and manner are observable and show an unfortunate degree of self-consciousness, the habit of self-analysis and introspection, affection, an excitable, sentimental, and romantic imagination, a close study of effect, real refinement, decided personal attractiveness, and no talent whatever.

WALDEN.—A charming handwriting, eloquent of its author's numerous graces and highly pleasing personality. The nature is genial, friendly, hospitable, gregarious, and shows vigor of mind and body. The will is earnest, energetic, and consistent, temper peppy if intruded upon, but otherwise unobtrusive and unobtrusively fond of material delights, yet appreciative of ideal altitudes. Talent is disclosed, the mind is active and cultivated, thought liberal, views broad and independent, perceptions quick, feelings deep and ardent, prejudices strong, love of beauty correct and intense, speech vivacious and entertaining, impulses liberal, with capacity for devoted and unselfish affection.

JUDGE.—This handwriting is elegant, and suggestive of more than ordinary personal charm and grace. Aspiration, a vivid and

romantic fancy, passionate love of beauty, harmony, and color, is noted, with luxurious and enlightened tastes, keen and generally accurate artistic perceptions, freedom to the verge of extravagance in the use of money, impulsive generosity, a sweet temper seldom aroused, a positive though gentle will, dislike for ostentation in every form, close attention to detail, warm enthusiasms that not infrequently lead the writer too far, a very susceptible and demonstratively affectionate nature, fluent speech and yet the utmost circumspection in alluring to private affairs, indifferent critical ability, only moderately good judgment, a bright, cultivated mind that displays no strong creative powers, breadth of sympathy, with, nevertheless, rather conservative views; also, a fondness for admiration. This correspondent will recognize an exception to the prevailing rules.

NEPTUNE.—You are quite as refined and thorough-bred as the subject above, but lack the imagination, the romantically poetic temperament, the impressionability and tenderly devoted nature, that make her interesting. You have a clearer, quicker intellect, that is admirably disciplined, is fastidiously yet justly critical, shows decided literary tastes and ability, with creative powers of no mean order. Your temper is sensitive under opposition, and very sharp at times; you have considerable ambition, a very even disposition, are wonderfully discreet, possess an excellent sense of humor, show an utter lack of pretence, and emotions all held well in hand.

THE ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE.—While this composition is written with a stub-pen, and is totally unlike in substance to the one above, the handwritings do not discover sufficient differences to make a separate criticism worth while giving.

LOAFER.—Handwriting identical with that of "Admiral of the Blue."

MIMI.—The ways of the correspondent are inscrutable and past finding out. You wrote November 3d, and are answered above under the pseudonym "Neptune." This letter is quite uncalled for, even though the handwriting is rather carefully disguised.

MACY.—On lines. This example denotes a quiet, conservative, amiable, thoughtful, and conscientious woman, who seldom neglects a duty, is ever ready to expend herself in the service of others, is rather old-fashioned in her ideas, has deep feelings that seldom show on the surface, is tenderly and unselfishly devoted to a few people, is not very quick at making friends, but has the gift of holding those virtues dear to many, her tastes cultivated, refined, and of a domestic nature; she is candid, unpretentious, loquacious, determined and consistent of purpose, and very obstinate.

EXCELSIOR.—Study enclosed with the above; is extremely clever, indicative of decided talents, with sufficient energy and ambition to develop the writer's full possibilities. The author has an active, well-trained intellect that reasons clearly and connectedly, holds independent and usually correct views on every subject, is not stubborn, yet moves resolutely toward a desired end, is close-mouthed in speaking of personal matters, but candid on indifferent questions. He is quick and imperious in temper, resents opposition, and will not tolerate interference; he uses money thriftily, is a keen observer, critical, bitterly prejudiced, not the least susceptible, and really fond of the pleasures of the table.

J. A. C. K.—Pseudonym used before; postmark, Auburn, N. Y. A despondent disposition easily cast down and discouraged, and fluctuating energies that fail to supplement the writer's aspiring will. She firmly and enthusiastically means to accomplish great things, but will have to discipline herself to realize all that her ambition reaches out after. She is cultivated, well bred, has a lively poetical fancy, is nervous, restless, devoted to travel and excitement, is not particularly amiable, and takes offence easily. Lack of consistency is observed, with too easy sensitiveness to outside influences, a ready yielding to flattery, and capacity for passionately fond attachments.

APHELION.—Correspondents are expressly desired not to give any hint of their personality, either in jest or earnest, when writing to this department. No matter what delineation is then given, they are scarcely persuaded it is done by means of the handwriting alone. It is best to make the communication as non-committal as possible.—You show the student in every line of your chirography, that is also significant of the analytical faculty, the love of pulling things to pieces, close dissection, and at the same time a fondness for connecting and reasoning upon ideas thus obtained. You are totally devoid of pretence, affectation, or self-consciousness. Indeed, you are inclined to be abrupt, careless of detail, absent-minded, and spend much energy in speculative research. You think independently, despising conventional limitations, have a few very bitter prejudices, but are usually open to conviction on most subjects. Your suggestions are not impetuous, you are capable of practising *finesse* to gain a greatly desired end, are diplomatic, skilful in argument, have a receptive mind that digests and uses

its knowledge with rare ability, possess an arbitrary, impatient temper, very little physical activity, show considerable self-esteem, yet no vanity or conceit; scarcely any tenderness of sentiment, though the feelings are deep, sincere, and constant.

ALYS.—If your friends find your character difficult to read, it is because you are full of affectations that are not of the superficial, commonplace kind, but rather mental poses you carefully cultivate for effect. Being ambitious, original, fond of admiration, and of creating startling impressions, you assume certain mysticisms; you are very self-conscious, and yet cluster enough yourself to see through your numerous whimsical assumptions. Aspiration, determined and consistent effort, an exhaustive care for outward appearances, a shrewd and prudent tongue, quick perceptions, passionate love of luxury and material pleasures, observance of system, keen sense of humor, liberality in the use of money, equanimity of temperament, great interest in the opposite sex, and fastidious personal refinement.

MARY M. PENDLETON.—Presumably a pseudonym. This subject is given over to theories, is speculative, idealistic in many of her notions, is original, imaginative, physically indolent, is chiefly guided by her instincts and impulses, has an inquisitive, singular mind, very highly developed in certain directions and actually childish in others. This inequality runs through the whole nature, showing both nervousness and self-reliance, an undisciplined and vivid fancy, an ambitious, inconsistent will, a sweet but variable temper, a disposition to exercise *finesse* on occasions, no critical ability whatever, sensitive sympathies, good breeding, indifference to appearances, and demonstrative affections.

FRA TRIANGLE.—An example signifying a conventional mind that must be very poorly cultivated, in view of the natural talent and yet absolute commonplaceness of taste and ideas here disclosed. It is suspected that chronic laziness is at the root of all this, and, if so, more the shame, for surely a little effort might have overcome the narrow conservatism of the character at present. Discretion and good temper are seen.

V. C. MALLOCK.—A really delightful handwritting, illustrative of a thorough-bred, cultivated man, with elegant, literary, and enlightened tastes. He is a stickler for etiquette, system, and all the niceties of life; is accustomed to the luxuries and refinements of society; is liberal in his use of money, fastidious, critical, and exact. Capacity for sustained mental effort is shown with independent ideas, liberal sympathies, clever yet guarded speech, high sense of honor, a graceful, romantic imagination, intense prejudices, a strong, determined will, considerable hauteur, and intolerance of the smallest familiarity. The manners are simple and pleasing, disposition inclined to despondency, though sufficient vitality is noted to combat the blue devils. No sentimentality is observed.

ALAMEDA.—This specimen is more than ordinarily interesting, in that its author is full of virility, has any number of active and varied interests, is ambitious, very determined, and yet suffers constantly and seriously from attacks of mental depression. Talent is plainly manifested, with marked versatility, capacity for lucid and logical reasoning, considerable ability in argument, a resolute and persistent will, a short temper disposed to be dictatorial, ready and unstinted generosity, fluency and absolute candor in speech, liberality in the use of money, quick thought and impulsive action, strong and deep feelings, high ideals, a disciplined fancy, admirable culture in all things, some violent prejudices, attention to detail, and warm affections.

CHASHAM.—Still another subject who looks on the dark rather than the bright side of life, is easily discomforted, and needs to cherish the virtue of contentment. This is doubtless a young person, who may hope to conquer his pessimistic tendency in time. Just at present his temper is high, quarrelsome, and uncertain, his will shifty and lacking any settled purpose, cultivation indifferent; he shows a decided fondness for the opposite sex and susceptible affections. Speech is discreet, his fancy lively and undisciplined.

BENEDICTA.—An entirely commonplace and uninteresting example, disclosing the writer's hopeless conventionalism, her lack of mental discipline or culture, her intuitive recognition of self-consciousness, variable disposition, and dependence upon the affection of others.

AUGUSTA.—This is certainly a curious chirography, denoting decided eccentricity of tastes and ideas. The author is a whimsical person, with a number of vagaries that have been cherished rather than corrected. Evidently little self-discipline is exercised, possibly because all whims and fancies are easily gratified. The mind is original, despises conventionalism, is cultivated, often stupidly stubborn, and is frequently attacked by and succumbs to fits of moroseness. Sufficient vigor of mind is observed to fight off the blues, but where self-indulgence is carried to such an extent, of course the nature must yield. The will is aspiring but

erratic, temper kind yet very obstinate, fancies capricious as the wind, temperament nervous, easily discouraged, candid, devoid of critical insight or forethought, speech always entertaining, sometimes amusing, and well worth attention. Versatility, attention to detail, a morbid hatred of pretence or egotism, inactivity, and interest in the opposite sex are seen.

**SWEETHEART.**—Newport. A conventionally clever woman, who is quick, facile, and very entertaining in conversation. She has no real talent nor originality, but is versatile, very amusing, with a keen sense of the ridiculous, an attractive personality, an amiable, companionable disposition, abundant self-confidence and self-esteem, vivacious manners, an aspiring will that is generally successful in achieving its ends, a lively and graceful fancy, material yet elegant tastes, physical and mental energy, a wonderfully cautious tongue, love of society, luxury, and beauty in every form, with very little sentiment of nature.

**SAGAHOCK.**—This study suggests an ambitious and sanguine disposition, cheerful under almost any circumstances. The writer is emotional, is chiefly swayed by her feelings, thinks and acts quickly, is hot and sensitive in temper, lacks persistence, is inclined to a little amateur egotism, does not discipline her imagination, and consequently often makes a mountain of a mole-hill. She is critical, observes closely, has some romantic ideas, is open to reason on most subjects, is susceptible to admiration, and also to the influence of the opposite sex.

**M. C. P.**—Tekoa. A commonplace specimen, eloquent of extreme adolescence, and a limited intellect, incapable of high culture. The will is feeble and easily discouraged, tastes and ideas wholly conventional, disposition sanguine, speech devoid of interest and disconnected, manners refined though uneasy, the whole character being crude, lacking any steady or settled purpose, obstinate, careless, kind-hearted, affectionate, and sweet-tempered.

**SELVICE.**—Steady enclosed with the above; is very like it in a hopeless sort of narrowness, a mistaken assumption of cleverness, with plenty of real dulness and shortcomings. This correspondent thinks more of superficial appearances, usually hopes to create an impression, is very high-tempered, and possesses not talent or apparent charm.

**KENDAL.**—It seems singular that your friend should refuse to read your handwriting, and contain nothing of special interest, and shows no very marked characteristics either for good or bad. You are cheerful, hopeful, rather determined, slightly nervous, are restless and fond of change, show decided self-appreciation, no egotism, refined and conservative tastes, a lively fancy, ordinary mental capacity, and demonstrative affections.

**JESSIE MARTIN.**—An extremely clever example, illustrative of an agreeable, quick-witted, and likable woman. She is always cheery, is talkative, and often amusing in conversation, is emphatic, exact, practical, thoroughly well bred, has a strong, persistent, contentious will, a short temper when roused, will not stand interference, is both talented and cultivated, knows when to hold her peace, and possesses good judgment, an intuitive sense of justice, and is bitterly prejudiced. She is critical, thinks clearly and independently, has not one particle of affectation, is generous, hospitably inclined, honest to a fault, hates sentiment, and is devotedly fond of a small circle of friends.

**NANCY.**—It is impossible to render a sweeping judgment upon all other graphologists. As in every other profession, some are honest, and others rank charlatans. You, at least, are frank in demonstrating your characteristics through your chirography, which suggests rather a melancholy, suspicious, down-hearted temperament, a vivid, uncontrolled imagination, strong emotions, a nature governed by impulse instead of reason, refined and gentle manners, an even temper, an obstinate will, commonplace tastes and ideas. You are young, and may hope to overcome your faults in time.

**KAAP.**—This study is significant of a loquacious, outspoken, often imprudent, and very conventional person who never gives much or deep thought to any subject, is unaffected, contented, kindly, superficial, a little capricious as to temper, very careless of detail, youthful, highly cultured, easy-going, socially inclined, thoroughly likeable, not one bit ambitious and mildly, unemphatically affectionate.

**BET.**—This character is interesting in its frank portrayal of conflicting virtues and shortcomings. The writer is a person with abundant vitality, who feels vividly, is capable of intense pain and pleasure, whose mind is vivacious, will aspiring and inclined to aggressiveness, temper hot and quarrelsome if once fully aroused, who is active and indolent by turns, hearty, and in need of severe and consistent self-discipline. She is generous to a fault, loves luxury, and is fond of material pleasures, is fond of change and excitement, is restless, versatile, not wholly straightforward, nor averse to indulging a little *finesse*. The mind is

bright and responsive, understanding clear, perceptions quick, manners unaffected, and capacity for passionately tender attachment is seen.

**BUCKY.**—SUIFART.—A very common pseudonym; postmarked New York City. Love of system and order, the most minute attention to detail, a great desire for cultivation and self-elevation, a sweet, even temper, equanimity of disposition, marked self-control, and discipline are all defined here. The writer has neither a quail nor original mind; is conservative and conventional by nature, is contented, circumspect, honorable, reliable, and fairly energetic and persistent.

**YELLOW.**—This subject is critical, inquisitive, and fault-finding to the last degree, and it is therefore all the more surprising that she has not done more to correct her own faults and failings. She shows a tendency to exaggeration of speech and manner, to an unpurged imagination, unfettered impulse, and emotions that often threaten to override her reason. Nevertheless, she has a bright mind, some cultivation, physical and mental vigor, warm enthusiasm, plenty of honest vitality, vivacity of manner, lively interests, is ambitious, not the least self-conscious, has a firm will, a pleasant disposition; in fact, so many admirable virtues as to make it well worth while correcting her several serious shortcomings. She is unfortunately disposed to moodiness.

**RAINY SUNDAY.**—On lines; is a study enclosed with the above, and suggests a clever but inaccurate mind, quick wit, fluctuating energies, limited culture, amiability, decided aspiration, frank speech, love of physical ease, loquacity, and material tastes.

**GLADYS.**—Postmark Philadelphia; on lines. A careful, painstaking individual, discreet, rather timid, one who never held an independent idea, but moves in safe, quiet, conventional channels, is gentle, ever good-humored, indulges in day dreams, is imaginative, capable of considerable sustained effort, reasons shrewdly and logically, never neglects the small things of life, is sympathetic, secretly fond of a bit of sentimentality, cares greatly for the highest opinion of others, and is warmly and demonstratively affectionate.

**CAROLINE.**—Memphis. A refined, well-bred, sweet-tempered, conscientious, commonplace character, passionately fond of beauty, grace, and harmony in every form, cheerful, cautious, methodical, observing, dignified, and completely conventional. There is not the slightest indication of talent. The culture is limited, the feelings sincere, but without any intensity or demonstration.

**NEURSTHENIA.**—This correspondent is an ardently ambitious man, who works earnestly for and sanguinely expects to achieve success. His vigorous and sustained, even though slightly erratic, will second the enterprise he possesses and gives promise of a complete, well-rounded development. His intellect is alert and active, his faculties disciplined, his tastes studious and cultivated; he reasons lucidly and logically, is systematic in his habits, is quick and generally pretty accurate in judgment, and has a simple directness of manner. Speech is carefully considered and usually shows hearing, temper inclined to caprice and dependent upon the writer's mood; he is never stupidly obstinate, but cherishes a number of intensely strong prejudices, shows no sentimentality whatever, and yet has the capacity for passionate, tender attachments when he will and love is felt.

**SKINNEY.**—So candid a confession of extreme adolescence renders it unnecessary for "L'Inconnue" to dwell upon the impossibility of satisfactorily delineating an unformed character. The potentialities are fairly good, but show need of severe self-discipline to overcome the caprice betrayed, and higher mental culture to broaden the present narrow conventionalism. Moodiness, a variable disposition yielding alternately to high and low spirits, a pleasant temper, commonplace tastes and ideas, prudence, energy, pluck and warm-hearted sympathy for others should be mentioned, as giving promise of an admirable maturity.

**J. H. W. D. I.**—On lines. A chirography suggestive of an agreeable personality, not very original or interesting, it is true, but showing the writer's equanimity, cheerfulness, easy contentment, and fair abilities. He is reliable, moderately determined and persistent, is a bit irritable if vexed, lacks all ambitious career, has clear, practical ideas, no imagination, is fond of the good things of life, yet self-forgetful, kindly, unaffected, and straightforward.

**ATHENS.**—Henry Frith's "Guide" would be found to answer the purpose if you are only going into it as an amateur. For professional purposes, the French authorities are much superior.—You are a clever, well refined individual with a keen intellect, a lively and a vivid imagination that often threatens to run away with your good sense. Your temper is agreeable, your reasoning powers clear and reliable; you are orderly, cautious, have some quiet self-esteem that is never permitted to become obtrusive, are consistent, conservative, capable of sustained effort, and not in the least susceptible.

# THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

VOL. XI.

New York.

For the Week ending JUNE 11, 1892.

Chicago.

No. 121.



THE WASHINGTON ARCH, NEW YORK. (See page 174.)



## THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

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Single copies, 25 cents.

Payment, which must be in advance, can be made by cheque, postal notes, money order, or registered letter, payable to THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth street, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., BREWSTER BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C., AGENTS FOR THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM.

RENTANO'S, 17 AVENUE DE L'OPERA, PARIS, DEPOT FOR THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN IN FRANCE.

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## Current Comment.

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**THE TROUBLE IN WYOMING.**—Things seem to be going from bad to worse in Wyoming. The stockmen who started out to put down the Rustlers are getting doses of their own medicine, administered with unsparing hands. The machinery of government, in some counties at least, seems to be completely in the hands of their enemies, and it is reported that the Rustlers have taken advantage of the tangled state of affairs to do a great amount of branding, which is one of the grievances the stockmen sought to redress with the assistance of Winchester repeating rifles.

From the vari-colored reports that are received from the scene of the trouble, it is impossible to determine which

side is most to blame. It seems clear that each side has committed illegal acts, and has resorted to illegal methods to defeat the other. It seems equally clear that the Rustlers have been subjected to some undeserved abuse. They have been represented by the stockmen to be cattle thieves and desperadoes who made a practice of branding, cucks to which they were not entitled, and of stealing cattle outright when they could do so with impunity. The facts seem to be that many of them are, on the contrary, small stockmen, who have as much interest as their wealthier neighbors in maintaining the integrity of cattle brands, but who have suffered from being crushed by the power and resources of the cattle barons. They have therefore been led to cast their fortunes with the Rustlers proper, although many of these are unscrupulous.

Rightly or wrongly, public sympathy in this country is apt to side with the poor man who is trying to raise himself in the world, as against the man who is merely trying to increase large possessions. The cry of monopoly is also apt to carry greater weight with people than it sometimes should. Under the circumstances, it is likely enough that the Rustlers may continue to have things their own way in Wyoming for some time to come, and that the eventual outcome will be, that the State will cease to be one in which the operations of cattle raising can be carried on upon a large scale. That this last consequence is desirable, no one will dispute: it is the small proprietors, not the big ones, who make up the chief strength of a country.

**ADVENTURES OF AN EMPEROR.**—The German Emperor continues to haunt the newspapers with the persistency with which the head of Charles I. obtruded itself into the memorials of the luckless Mr. Dick. To twist the comparison around slightly, William II. also seems to exhibit the same mixture of good sense and lack of understanding that characterized the pet of Miss Betsey Trotwood. His reported utterances on the subject of Jew-baiting, for example, are those of a wise and broad-minded monarch. What loftier sentiments could one ask than these: "I do not recognize Jews and Gentiles among Germans. The Jews have been good friends of former rulers of Germany, and they give us their money in peace and their blood in war. They are, moreover, loyal to me." Such views are almost American in their liberality, and are the more surprising when one considers that the emperor's last previous performance was to confer extraordinary honors upon a sentinel who shot down some of his subjects who chose to run away instead of submitting calmly to arrest.

Then, after speaking out for the Jews, this many-sided monarch exhibited himself in a new light by trying to drive "four fiery black horses" to a carriage, and getting himself pitched into a ditch for his pains.

**NEW YORK'S BIG DAM.**—The new aqueduct conveying water to New York City is generally placed among the seven modern engineering wonders of the world. The new dam which the Aqueduct Commissioners propose to build, to store water for the city, promises to surpass the aqueduct as an engineering wonder just as much as the aqueduct itself surpasses other similar water-ways. No other dam of ancient or modern times can be compared with it; while as a monument of human labor and skill, it will surpass the Great Pyramid of Egypt. The cubical contents of the Great Pyramid are roughly estimated about twice the cubical measure of the earth and masonry that

will be excavated and built during the construction of this wonderful dam. We are told that the building of the Great Pyramid occupied the labor of one hundred thousand men during twenty years. The Croton dam will be built in seven years by a number of men vastly fewer, although very difficult feats and problems of engineering are involved. A river must be turned into a new channel, for one thing; and the dam itself must be built as solid as a mountain, so that an earthquake shall not make any impression upon it.

The dam, when completed, will be a solid mass of stone and cement, 1,800 feet long on top, 285 feet high from rock bottom, and 180 from the bed of the stream; from 180 to 215 feet thick at the bottom, and 30 feet thick at the narrowest portion of the top. It will cost eight millions of dollars, and it is estimated that it will permit the storage of 44,000,000,000 gallons of water—a six months' supply.

All Americans will have the right to feel proud of so wonderful a monument of American engineering skill and daring.

**A CASE FOR JERSEY JUSTICE.**—One William J. Thompson has been indicted by the Grand Jury of Camden County, N. J., for the offence of maintaining a disorderly house in operating the Gloucester race-track. This so-called race-track is a very small affair, and the horses that run upon it are practically unknown to the turfmen of the United States. Nevertheless, the news of Thompson's indictment is of deep interest to the whole country. Insignificant as is his race-track, it is one of the mainstays of the system of pool-rooms, that threaten greater harm to young men than the lotteries, policy or gambling rooms, ever worked.

The Gloucester track, like the Guttenburg, has been used solely for the purpose of affording something to bet on. All the elements of true sport have been lacking. The horses have been sent around the track just as the roulette gambler or the lottery manager whirled a wheel, and not otherwise. The Gloucester track has enabled innumerable gambling shops to be established throughout the country in the guise of pool-rooms.

Thompson has been as bold as the proprietors of the Guttenburg track in the iniquitous trade. Could he be convicted, it would be a notable victory in the cause of sound public morals. Unfortunately, he seems almost as secure as the Guttenburg offenders. Like them, he is a political magnate, and controls not only the political machine of his county, but in a large degree the administration of justice as well.

Jersey justice, which was famous in past years, has been falling into disrepute. A vigorous prosecution of this man Thompson would help to rehabilitate the reputation of the State in this respect.

**FAITH CURES AND RELICS.**—Christians are apt to regard with contempt the gifts which the heathen bear to the temples of their gods. Protestants often feel a mixture of pity and indignation at the ex-votos that adorn many a famous shrine of France, Italy, and Spain. Protestants and Catholics alike unite in denouncing as humbugs the various forms of faith cures, unless they happen to believe in such things themselves. Some scorn has been evoked by the devotion manifested by thousands of afflicted persons when what was said to be a relic of St. Anne was exhibited in New York.

Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that persons have been restored to health by faith cures who have been treated in

vain by physicians. Neither can it be denied that under similar conditions cures have been effected at shrines. It is true, furthermore, that certain persons have a power of healing that is not possessed by people generally. Undoubted cures have been accomplished in certain cases by Father Mollinger, if we may believe testimony that would be accepted in courts of law. One of the German cardinals has the same gift. It is not asserted that the proportion of cures to failures is large, or even that the aggregate number of cures is large.

The commonest comments made by sceptics upon such cures are that there has been fraud, that the ailment was caused by imagination or by hysteria, or that the improvement is only temporary. It does, indeed, happen sometimes that the improvement is only imaginary; but except in such cases the explanation offered is no explanation at all.

Is there, then, about each of us some mysterious *doppelgänger* which so far we know dimly only through some of its obscure manifestations; which appears, shadow-like, in hypnotism and kindred phenomena; of which the Indian fakirs have perhaps a better knowledge than we; which helps the negro witch in her hoodoo incantations; and which has a strong control over our bodily and, perhaps, our mental health? A most interesting field of inquiry has been open in this direction since man was created, but most progress even toward defining first principles has not yet been made.

**THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.**—It is difficult to surrender opinions that have been carefully cherished, not for generations merely, but for centuries. It is difficult for Catholic France to realize that the republic has actually been established on a foundation as secure as the ancient kingdom was built. It is not surprising that Cardinal Richioud, Archbishop of Paris, and so many of the French bishops should look with surprise and alarm upon the course which Pope Leo XIII. has adopted. The idea of giving loyal support to the existing government seems to them so monstrous that six of them have preferred deprivation of their salaries to submission, and doubtless others may yet be found who will go to prison with the joyful spirit of martyrs rather than surrender their convictions.

Their anti-republican sentiments come not only from royalist opinions, but are also nourished by the belief that they are fighting for the very existence of the Catholic Church in France. The republic did overthrow the Church once, and many of the extreme radicals would be glad to repeat the feat. It is extremely probable, as matters actually stand, that before many years pass the divorce of Church and State will have been accomplished, and that the State will cease to make the liberal appropriations now allowed for the support of the Church and the clergy. Yet, even with this prospect confronting them, there is nothing for the French bishops to do but to accept the republic. There will doubtless be royalists in France always, just as there are Jacobins in England, and as there are alleged to be Tories among us who still lament the overthrow of British power in the colonies and the Declaration of Independence. But these royalists will be of contemporaneous interest, merely on account of the picturesque.

The chances of the Bourbons in France have probably



CARDINAL RICHIOUD.

vanished forever. The Comte de Paris has abandoned the fight; his son, the Duc d'Orléans, prefers the pleasures of this world to the exercise of divine right. If there is ever another king in France, he will be the founder of a new dynasty, not of the Bourbon line.

**POOR HOP SING.**—If one could only understand poor Hop Sing, he would tell a very pitiful story. But his English is very limited, and his Chinese is unintelligible to us of the Western world, so that he must break his heart in silence, just as though he were of the brute creation, and not a human being.

Hop Sing is a leper, and an object of horror. Physicians and health officials do not know much about leprosy; but they are very certain of two things: one, that it is incurable, and the other that it is so terrible a scourge that no chances must be taken about its spreading.

When they find a leper they first try to ship him off somewhere; if they cannot dispose of him in this way, they shut him off absolutely from intercourse with uninfected human beings, and watch his living death. If there are other lepers to associate with, isolation is not so bad. We are told that the lepers at



LONELY HOP SING.

Molokai, in the Hawaiian Islands, are contented enough. But there is not a single human being upon whom Hop Sing can look as a companion. He is utterly alone with his awful disease.

When he was first discovered, an attempt was made to send him back to China; but the steam-ship companies refused to transport him, and after having been a shuttlecock between Canadian and American officials, he has been placed on North Brother Island, near New York, in absolute solitude. He is one of the loneliest beings in the world. His loneliness is greater and more awful than Selkirk's, for he can see ships going to and fro, and his fellow-men passing and repassing in pursuit of business or pleasure, and he is by them reminded constantly of a barrier that can never be overcome.

He has had one predecessor, Moy Sing, also a Chinaman. The health officials judged that Moy might live for years, in spite of his disease. The solitude killed him in a few months. From Moy's fate Hop Sing's sufferings may be realized.

**THE POISONING OF ORME.**—It is to be regretted that the Duke of Westminster should have seen fit, after all, to "scratch" his great race-horse, Orme, for the Derby. Had he refused to do so, and insisted upon starting the horse at all hazards, there is a possibility that he might have inflicted pecuniary loss on the despicable scoundrels who poisoned Orme.

That Orme was really poisoned, and was not suffering from some ailment incident to training, scarcely admits of a doubt, although it is growing more and more improbable that the truth about the conspiracy will ever be known. The Duke of Westminster has offered a large reward for information, in regard to the crime, that would lead to the

detection of the criminals; but it looks as if the principals had even greater inducements to remain hidden.

It may be, also, that they have stronger means of defence than even the Duke of Westminster has means of attack. The poisoning of the favorite for the greatest betting race in England is not the kind of crime committed by ordinary criminals. It is a kind of offence outside of their sphere. Besides, the obvious motive is a desire to preserve large sums of money which would be lost if Orme won. Ordinary criminals do not possess large sums of money. Was the crime instigated by bookmakers? Whatever may be said about the profession of bookmaking, it is generally held that those who follow it successfully are men of their word, and incapable of such a crime.

There remain persons of the Duke of Westminster's own rank in society. In most countries it would be ridiculous to suspect gentlemen by birth and breeding of such an act. The revelations of the last few years as to the manners and customs of the higher society in England make it far from improbable that the miscreants who poisoned Orme may be men of good position.

**SUMMER TOURS AT HOME.**—One trip to Europe is an aid to education. It broadens the mind, inspires new ideas, and gets rid of provincialism. The United States being comparatively a new nation, we have not got everything to rights yet. It is like moving into a new house. It takes time to straighten out the household economy. And settling a new country is a task vastly more difficult than arranging a new house. So that they still do some things in Europe better than we have yet learned to do them here. A trip to Europe is useful in teaching this fact, for the things we have to learn relate chiefly to the details of life, and are extremely serviceable in enabling people to get along comfortably.

But this lesson once learned, there is no reason why people should look forward year after year to a trip to Europe as the most desirable way of spending a holiday; and there are plenty of reasons why they should travel at home. If it is scenery they are in search of, there can be no comparison between the United States and Europe, so great is the superiority of the former. Whether magnificent, smiling, or strange, America can suit all tastes in superlative measure. Is it the pleasure of shopping that is sought? The shops of New York and Chicago, Philadelphia and San Francisco, contain the choicest products of the factories of Europe, in addition to those of our own land. The waters of our health resorts are pronounced by European physicians themselves to be without superiors for their various uses. In the variety of climate offered, from Florida and Southern California to Alaska, any taste can be suited. As for means of travel, our railroads and steam-boats offer unexcelled comforts.

Besides all these attractions afforded by our country to tourists, it is the duty of all patriotic Americans to make the acquaintance of the wonders of their land during the coming summer, so that they may be enabled to discuss them intelligently with the foreign visitors to the great Columbian Exposition.

**SALISBURY AND FREE TRADE.**—Lord Salisbury's protectionist speech came upon Great Britain like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. English statesmen, writers, and expert economists have been preaching free trade as the gospel of the commercial salvation of the world. When the McKinley Bill was passed, they viewed it more in

sorrow than in anger. They regretted it, more for the sake of the United States than of England. They feared that it would work injury to the commercial interests of Americans, and felt assured that it could never harm Great Britain's commerce or manufactures. Now comes Lord Salisbury, the very head of the government, and shatters this truly British dream. "Despite the prophecies of the free-trade advocates," he said, "foreign nations are adopting protection. They are excluding us from their markets and are trying to kill our trade. And this state of things appears to grow worse."

With such heretical utterances, it is no wonder that Salisbury has been catching it on all sides. He has shattered the idol, he has proclaimed the weakness of Great Britain. Yet it is undeniable that there is a great deal of truth in what he says. Trade has been growing worse and worse year by year; market after market has been closed against English merchants by the operation of protective tariffs, or has been rendered less lucrative than formerly in consequence of increased competition. The outlook for Great Britain's trade is very gloomy, and even her commercial supremacy on the sea is being threatened by half a dozen nations. Lord Salisbury is right when he declares that there is an ailment in the nation demanding a prompt remedy.

But will the remedy that he proposes be effective? England has prospered under free trade because she had manufactured articles to sell to all the world. If her trade is declining now it is because other nations have learned, or are learning, to manufacture what they need themselves; that is the main trouble. The protective tariffs which they have adopted are only secondary causes. Suppose England should adopt a policy of protection, what has she to protect? There is little or no competition in her own markets between home and foreign goods, and her principal imports are the raw materials she requires to feed her own manufactures. There is, consequently, little upon which retaliatory taxes could be imposed.

There is one effective remedy which Lord Salisbury has not mentioned. Let England go to war with any nation that refuses to accept her goods. That policy was carried out successfully toward China in regard to the opium trade, and would doubtless succeed equally well with other nations—were England only a military power.

**FREE ART.**—The National Art Association, which held its first congress in Washington recently, is a curiosity in its way. It counts among its members many of the prominent artists, architects, and lovers of art in the United States. The chief ends of its existence seem to be to secure the removal of the tariff on art, and also to promote the establishment of a national commission on art and architecture.

To consider the second object first, it may reasonably be asked: Are artists competent to pass upon questions of art? In New York, as in London, as in Paris, there has been the same story with regard to the committees on admission of art exhibitions. They have uniformly rejected painting after painting which the public has afterward declared to be a masterpiece; and in the end the rejections have been so numerous and so flagrant that the rejected have been able to give most attractive and successful shows with the assistance of the despised paintings. In New York, as in London, as in Paris, rival associations flourish, composed of the rejected and the accepted. Under these circumstances, could a national art

commission be expected to do any better work than is now performed by the casual man in office?

The duty imposed by the McKinley bill upon works of art is fifteen per cent. *ad valorem*. The association is at present, it is announced, carrying on a campaign of education in the United States, which it is expected will result in the ultimate accomplishment of the removal of "the barbarous duty." The association might pause in its campaign to study the question we have suggested in relation to a national art commission. In the meantime, if it is desirous of accomplishing something of real, practical benefit, let it agitate for the abrogation of the rule forbidding the importation of photographs by mail. The existence of this rule, it is safe to say, is the cause of one hundred times more annoyance and inconvenience than the so-called "barbarous tax" upon paintings.

**A NAVAL PROBLEM.**—When the monitor *Miantonomoh* undertook recently to steam from New York to Annapolis, she was obliged to put into Delaware Bay by the leaking of her turrets. This incident gave point to the debate which was held in the Senate just before, as to the type of fighting vessel needed for our new navy. It was a practical demonstration of the long-admitted fact that monitors are unseaworthy, and it was of greater importance as furnishing an argument against building ships of the monitor type. It is obvious that a vessel unable to make so short a voyage without mishap could not be implicitly depended upon for coast defence in time of war. If the *Miantonomoh* were at one port and her services were needed at some other port, there would be a large element of uncertainty about her ability to make the voyage and encounter the ordinary perils of the sea. Can this argument be answered?

There is little dispute among experts as to the fighting capabilities of vessels of the monitor type. The monitor is intended for harbor defence. In rough seas the guns in the turrets could not be worked; but in smooth water, such as is found, as a rule, in a harbor, it is generally agreed that between a monitor and the best type of battle-ship yet designed the chances of victory would lie with the former. The monitor has been described by Lord Brassey as giving "the maximum of invulnerability with a maximum of armament." Will not the superior fighting qualities of the monitor compensate for inferior sea-going qualities?

The conclusion reached by the Senators seems to be that of Secretary Tracy and the Navy Department; namely, that no one type of vessel can answer fully the many requirements of the navy, and that different types of vessels are needed for the various duties they may be called upon to perform. It was this view that influenced a majority to vote for the new ships provided for in the Naval Appropriation bill just passed.





OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS: I. MISS VIOLA ALLEN. (See page 151.)

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CONLY, BOSTON.)



## THE CANDIDATE MAKERS.

THE bosses select. The people elect.

The citizens of the United States are allowed to vote for their Presidents and Vice-Presidents, but not until the leaders of the political parties have decided among themselves for whom they shall be permitted to cast their votes. The wire-pulling that goes on behind the scenes while Presidential nominations are being made, the public has nothing to do with, nor even hears of. Behind closed doors trades are made and delegates are captured. All the outside public know is that bargains are made, and that when concluded satisfactorily to the political bosses it is permitted to learn for whom they may vote in the following November.

The Republican candidate makers commenced their bartering in Minneapolis on June 7th. This is an opportune

time, therefore, to give our readers sketches and portraits of some of the important bosses. Their friends and admirers, of course, refer to them as leaders, which, indeed, means the same thing.

It is probably as hard for a political boss to enter the Kingdom of Heaven as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle; therefore, if Matthew S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, is guilty of one-half the crimes laid to his account by the Democrats, he will meet many congenial spirits in the next world. He is a United States Senator, and has made a profession of politics ever since 1856. He is not an imposing looking man. He never strikes attitudes for the benefit of the multitude, nor tickles their ears with fine rhetoric. In a convention, while he is directing the movements of his followers, he is apparently the most uninterested man in the assemblage. He never appears bothered or in a hurry. He never betrays perplexity or agitation. He rarely loses his temper. Mr. Quay is fifty-nine years old, and is the son of a clergyman of Scotch Presbyterian stock.

A very different man is ex-Senator William Mahone, of Virginia, the black sheep of the Republican party. He is, *par excellence*, a *barbar*. He imagines he resembles John Randolph, and dresses like him. Dark olive is his favorite color, and he usually wears a frock-coat with gathered skirts. His waistcoat is generally of some broadcloth material. His trousers are always very tight, nearly three or four inches too long, and gathered in folds over his very small feet. Summer and winter he wears highly polished shoes, tied with a silk bow over the instep. His voice, as John Randolph's was, is high and squeaky. He was born about sixty-six years ago, and usually registers his name at the hotels as "Mahone, Virginia," as if further particulars were unnecessary. In this he is right, for there is only one Mahone.

Mr. James S. Clarkson was First-Assistant Postmaster-General in the present Administration until the fall of 1890, when he resigned the position. While he held it he was very successful, for, as ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt remarked at a dinner given to him at Coney Island, after he had paid a visit to the "effete monarchies of Europe": "We love him for his stalwart republicanism. We love him for

the heads he has cut off." It is calculated forty thousand was the number of postmasters Mr. Clarkson decapitated during his short tenure of office. He was born in Indiana fifty years ago, became a compositor, then an editorial writer, and later part owner of the *Iowa State Register* of Des Moines, his interest in which he has since sold. He has a very handsome wife, who is a power in the political society of Washington.

Charles Addison Boutelle, of Maine, has controlled the *Daily Bangor Whig* since 1874. A seaman by profession, he volunteered for active service in the United States Navy in 1862, and commanded the *Ayanza* at the capture of Mobile. "Sailor Charley," he is called at Washington, where he has represented the Republicans of the Fourth District of Maine during the last four Congresses. He can tell stories of Southern outrages, to fill a modern "Book of Martyrs" which would shame the late John Foxe's work both in size and horrors. He does not particularly like a small Representative from Alabama, known as Joe Wheeler, because that gentleman has a bad habit of standing up on a chair in the House so as to reach the Speaker's eye, and saying in a squeaky voice, "Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to allow the gentleman from Maine to print his remarks." That generally destroys the thunder of the gentleman from Maine. Mr. Boutelle was born in 1839, and is very well informed.

Ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt, of New York, is one of the most useful and valuable members of his party. He is a wonderful organizer. His friends call him "Tom," his enemies "Me too," because when Roscoe Conkling resigned from the United States Senate in a huff, he did the same. He is wealthy, but no laborer works harder than he, for he worships power. Night and day he is at it. No one knows better than he what move his opponents are making. Nobody knows whom he favors. He looks like a Methodist deacon of small size.

Warner Miller, the other Republican boss of New York, is the very antithesis of Mr. Platt, both in appearance and manner. "Wood Pulp" Miller, as he is familiarly called, is a great big, hail-fellow-well-met man who has a hearty greeting for every one. He is the only man New York has sent

to the United States Senate who took part in the Civil War.

All the others were busy at that time taking care of the widows and orphans. He has made a large fortune in the manufacture of paper, is fifty-four years of age, and has a very charming wife, who has great belief in her husband.

John C. New, specially imported from London, where he is United States Consul, to look after President Harrison's interests at the convention, is one of the most conspicuous men of Indianapolis. He was born sixty-one years ago at Vernon, Ind., and settled in 1851 at Indianapolis as a lawyer. He was quartermaster-general of his State during the Civil War; has been register and assistant secretary of the United States Treasury. In 1878 he purchased the *Indianapolis Journal*, the Republican organ of the State, which he still owns. He acted as President Harrison's chief engineer at the Chicago Convention of 1888. He is a sturdy man of five feet eight, is very popular, and is very rich.

M. H. de Young, familiarly known as "Mike," is a younger brother of Charles de Young, who was shot and killed in San Francisco by I. M. Killoch in 1880, during a sort of vendetta between the Killochs and De Youngs. Four years later, Mr. de Young, too, was shot and badly wounded by Adolph Spreckels, son of Claus Spreckels, on account of an article which had appeared in the San



JAMES S. CLARKSON.

Chairman of the Republican National Committee, and famous as a headman while First-Assistant Postmaster-General.

Francisco *Chronicle*, of which Mr. de Young was the editor, respecting the affairs of the Hawaiian Commercial Sugar Company. In both cases the jury acquitted the shooters. The paper which Mr. de Young edits was started by his brother Charles in 1850, and was then known as the *Dramatic Chronicle*. It became so successful that the founder of the paper found it necessary to take



COLONEL ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD.

some one into partnership, and he selected his brother. Soon after the close of the war the name of the paper was changed into the *Daily Chronicle*, and it rapidly gained a reputation all over the United States.

Col. Powell Clayton is a native of Pennsylvania, who settled in Arkansas at the close of the war, being then about thirty-three years of age. In 1868 he became governor of the reconstructed State, and got into the United States Senate after he had succeeded in evading an impeachment by the Arkansas Legislature. He is a one-armed man, having lost the other by amputation after an accident he met while shooting rabbits. His empty sleeve was used in 1884 by the supporters of Mr. Blaine to impose upon the sympathy of the old soldier delegates as the badge of a wound gained in fighting for his country. Republicans paint him as a saint—Democrats represent him with a cloven foot.

Joseph B. Foraker, ex-Governor of Ohio, was only sixteen when he enlisted at the breaking out of the Civil War and took part in all the battles of the Cumberland excepting Chickamauga. When he enlisted, he was so afraid that the muster officer would rule him out because he was so young, that he took his place in the middle of the line and held himself up very straight in the belief that he would appear taller and older. The officer's only remark to him was, "Do not stand up so straight, or you will fall over backward." When he returned home, young Foraker turned his attention to study, and was graduated at Cornell in 1869. He was then admitted to the Cincinnati bar, and ten years later was elected Judge of the Superior Court of that city. In 1883 he was defeated in the gubernatorial race, but was elected governor by a large majority in 1885, and by a still greater one in 1887. He is a man of distinguished appearance, nearly six feet high, and has a fine, intellectual face.

Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, is a Bostonian.

Although trained as a lawyer, he preferred to take up literature as a profession, and to that and politics has devoted most of his life. He is an authority on American history, and his "History of the English Colonies" is considered the best epitome of the period with which it deals. Having served two terms in the Massachusetts Assembly, his thoughts turned toward Congress, and in 1886 he was returned, and is still there. He is a good speaker, and can make an excellent after-dinner speech. He can lead a German, handle the gloves, and pull the wires. He is a man of large means, and a gentleman. He was forty-two last month.

Senator Eugene Hale, of Maine, was born in that State fifty-six years ago. He was Postmaster-General under Grant, and was offered an appointment under President Hayes, but refused it. While in the House of Representatives, where he served about ten years, he was noted for the storms of controversy his bitter speeches usually aroused, for he was a very "offensive" partisan. He went to the Senate when he was little over forty, and that dignified body has heard but little from him. He was very poor until he married the daughter of Zach Chandler, and found a fortune in cash and the deeds of a big Washington house under his bride's breakfast plate as her father's contribution to their start in life together. When the old Michigan Senator died, his immense fortune went in the same direction.

Joseph H. Manly, Mr. Blaine's leading henchman in Maine, is chairman of the Republican State Committee, and occupies many important positions in Augusta. He was twice returned as a Representative, but the House knows him no more. He is about sixty years of age, and what



HENRY CABOT LODGE.

He is a good speaker, and can lead a German, handle the gloves, or pull political wires, with equal facility and equal success.

he does not know about politics is believed to be hardly worth learning.

Senator James Donald Cameron, better known as Don Cameron, succeeded his father, the venerable Simon, who for so many years had been the political boss of Pennsylvania. He has proved himself a worthy son of his sire, but he lacks the genial, social nature which was of such



Warner Miller, of New York.



Senator Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois.



Senator Edward O. Wolcott, of Colorado.



Senator J. Donald Cameron, of Pennsylvania.



Senator Matthew S. Quay, of Pennsylvania.



Powell Clayton, of Arkansas.



Senator James McMillan, of Michigan.



Senator William P. Frye, of Maine.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE MAKERS.



assistance to the older Cameron in his campaigns. He has been in the United States Senate since 1877. He is fifty-nine years of age, and married *en secondes nocces* the beautiful daughter of Judge Sherman, and niece of Senator and of the late General Sherman. Don Cameron never makes a speech, but his invisible hand is felt in every county of the State of Pennsylvania.

William P. Cannady, who was sergeant-at-arms of the United States Senate during the last Republican Administration, is a North Carolinian. He was born forty-seven years ago, and in 1873 found himself Mayor of Wilmington, Del. He is proprietor of the Wilmington (N. C.) Post and is one of Senator John Sherman's nearest friends and warmest admirers.

John Dalzell, one of the Pennsylvania Representatives, hies from Pittsburg, but was born in New York City a little over forty-seven years ago. He adopted Pittsburg as his home, or, rather, it was adopted for him, as he had no say in the matter, when he was two years old. He graduated from Yale in 1865, and then became a lawyer. He is one of the attorneys for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, never held any public office until he was elected to the Fifth Congress, and, apparently, so well pleased the voters of the Twenty-second District of Pennsylvania that they sent him back to Washington to represent them at the Fifty-first, and again at the Fifty-second Congress. He is distinguishing himself at present by carrying on energetic warfare against Mr. Quay.

Congressman Julius C. Burrows, of Michigan, is a citizen of Kalamazoo, but was born in Pennsylvania. By profession he is a lawyer. He was an officer in the Union Army, 1862-64; was Prosecuting Attorney of Kalamazoo County, 1865-67; was appointed Supervisor of Internal Revenue for the States of Michigan and Wisconsin in 1867, but declined the office; was elected a Representative to the Forty-third, Forty-sixth, and Forty-seventh Congresses; was appointed Solicitor of the United States Treasury Department by President Arthur in 1884, but declined the office; was elected a Delegate at Large from Michigan to the National Republican Convention at Chicago in 1884; was elected to the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses; was reelected to the Fifty-first Congress as a Republican, and to the Fifty-second Congress. It is said he can talk longest and loudest of any man in the National Legislature. He has been a candidate for the Speakership, and is much admired in Kalamazoo. He is ex-Speaker Reed's chief lieutenant, and a skillful parliamentarian.

Col. W. O. Bradley, of Kentucky, was born near Lancaster, Ky., in 1847. His father is the ablest and most distinguished lawyer the State had ever known, while his great-grandfather fought through the Revolutionary War, and was with General Washington at Yorktown. Thrown on his own resources at the age of seventeen, he applied to the Kentucky Legislature for a special act authorizing two judges to examine him and grant him a license to practice law; if competent up to that time no one had been or could be licensed to practice law in Kentucky until he was

twenty-one. The law was passed and the license granted. When he was twenty-five years old, Colonel Bradley had taken rank with the best lawyers in his native State, and now, at the age of forty-five, he is considered the ablest lawyer there. He ran away from home to join the United States Army during the Civil War, and was honorably discharged. In 1887 he ran for Governor of Kentucky, and succeeded in largely reducing the Democratic majority.

Ex-Governor Percy Bysshe Shelley Pinchback, of Louisiana, is a mulatto who was born about fifty-five years ago. His first master was a wealthy Mississippi planter who had a passion for Shelley's poems—the ex-governor's long-winded Christian name—as well as for poker. One day, on a Mississippi steam-boat, that master having staked and lost every dollar he had in his possession, in a last effort to retrieve himself threw Pinchback into the pot, and the future governor was reared in by New Orleans merchant.

His new master educated him, and in the days of reconstruction he easily stepped to the front. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana in 1871, and during the imprisonment of Governor Warmouth served as governor. He was twice elected to the United States Senate, but was never admitted. He is very rich.

Senator E. O. Wolcott is the son of a New England minister and is the youngest of the United States Senators. He is brimful of talent and one of the most brilliant lawyers in Denver, Col. His brother Henry is one of the richest men in the State, and is said to aspire to be "Ed" in the White House. But, unfortunately, Senator Wolcott's name has been used as an advertisement by a gambling house, and this will probably interfere with his ever reaching a higher position than the one he now occupies. He is a strong alter man, and a bitter opponent of the President. He was married a few years ago to the widow of Lyman K. Bass, ex-President Cleveland's former law partner.

Senator W. P. Frye, of Maine, is one of the ablest men in the Senate and a strong supporter of Mr. Blaine. He was born at Lewiston, Me., sixty-one years ago, and has been in politics since 1861, when he was elected to the State Legislature. He was

first elected to the United States Senate to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Blaine, appointed Secretary of State in 1881, and has since been twice reelected. James J. Belden, of Syracuse, N. Y., was born in Fabius, N. Y., September 30, 1825. He was elected to the Fiftieth Congress, to fill the unexpired term of Hon. Frank Hiscok—elected to the United States Senate—and was reelected to the Fifty-first Congress as a Republican, and again to the Fifty-second Congress. He is an ex-factor in the New York Republican, because of the suspicion that he helped to defeat J. Sloan Fassett for Governor last autumn.

Although Col. Elliot F. Shepard is a man of the most marked activity in many fields, from Presbyterianism to politics, he is so well known that it is unnecessary to say more than that he married a daughter of William H. Vanderbilt. He is editor of the New York *Mail and Express* and proprietor of the Fifth Avenue stage line.



M. H. DE YOUNG.

Noted as a newspaper editor, as well as being a foremost Republican in California. He wields great influence in politics.



## IN THE CEDAR SHELL.

THERE is no disputing the fact that one of the most popular of summer pleasures is rowing. As a pastime it is inferior to none of the class to which it belongs. In fact, its votaries will not hesitate to claim for it even the chief place by reason of the pleasure and emulation to which it so readily ministers as a healthful exercise and as a means of competitive effort requiring both skill and endurance.

Not only is it followed as a relaxation and an amusement, but it may almost be said to have become a part of the physical discipline which is now on all hands admitted to be not incompatible with, but positively conducive to, that

limb occasioned by long service at the office desk. Occasionally a brawny oarsman will row by; he is actively engaged in hardening his muscles and improving his wind in anticipation of some coming important racing event.

Rowing may be considered a very ancient sport, although boat-racing was not much in vogue until the latter part of the eighteenth, and the beginning of the present century. This character of sport was never indulged in by the mariners of early days. The propelling of vessels by oars was, of course, adopted long ago. Greeks and Romans and other nations made use of vessels having banks of oars. The boats of the Britons were no doubt urged on by the oar; the Saxons are known to have been most expert in its management, and it was thought by no means derogatory in those days for a nobleman of the highest rank to row or steer a boat with dexterity and judgment. The adoption of rowing as a pleasure and a pastime may be said to date back to the time when historians tell us that Edgar, surnamed the Peaceable, King of England, was conveyed in



A PARTY IN THE EIGHT-OARED HARGE.

mental and moral training in view of the more serious business of life. Rowing as practised at the present day combines more completely than any other open-air sport the best features of physical training. Its preeminent value as an exercise consists in its bringing into play a great number of muscles and bodily organs, thus imparting vigor to the whole frame; and since the art is acquired only by long-continued and assiduous practice, it is the more susceptible of being influenced by a judicious system of bodily preparation and training.

To be convinced that rowing has become a favorite pastime, it is only necessary to visit any lake or river on a bright summer's day, and you will be astonished at the picture which will burst upon your view. You will see myriads of boats of every kind of description, from the old clumsy flat-bottom to the trim and speedy shell, all darting hither and thither on no mission except that of pleasure bent. Some are propelled by skillful oarsmen, while others are handled by novices. You will see those who are simply enjoying an hour's outing, while others are straightening out the crinks in the back and limbering up their stiffened

great state along the River Dee, from his palace in the city of Westchester to the Church of St. John and back again; the oars managed, it is said, by eight kings, and himself, the ninth, sat at the stern of the harge and held the helm. It was not, however, until 1715 that boat-racing began to become popular, and, of course, the first impetus was given to it in England. Here the watermen on the Thames began testing their superiority in rowing in the clumsy boats then built.

In this year Thomas Doggett, a well-known actor of the time, looked upon the sport as a manly pastime, and to encourage it gave annually a coat and badge to be rowed for by six young watermen whose apprenticeships had expired the year before. Upon his death he left a legacy appropriating annually a sum of money to provide for this coat and badge, and consequently this race has been rowed each year up to the present day. The race was first instituted in honor of the accession of George I., for it appears that Doggett was so attached to the Brunswick family that Sir Richard Steele called him a Whig up to the head and ears. The course used to be from London Bridge to Chelsea

against the ebb—a severe test of stamina—and formerly six only of the many applicants for competition were allowed to row, being selected by lot. The race is now reformed. It is managed by the Fishmonger's Company. The course is changed so far, that it is now rowed on the flood. This makes it fairer: on the ebb it is hard to pass a leader who hugs the shore in the slack tide. Trial heats are now rowed, to weed off competitors till the old standard number of six are left. Doggett's prize is the oldest of its class of all established races. From that period down to the present time rowing has steadily grown popular, but it was not much before 1850 that the sport came into favor in the United States.

For some time prior to 1825 eight-oared rowing had been in vogue at Oxford: the first eight-oared boat at Cambridge belonged to St. John's College, and was built in 1826 at Eaton, which organized its boat club in 1825. On June 10, 1820, the chosen eights of Oxford and Cambridge first met on the course, two and a quarter miles long, from Hambleton Lock to Henley Bridge on the Thames, and Oxford won easily by sixty yards. The next two meetings took place in 1836 and 1839, and since then these now famous crews have met each year in friendly contest. The races are now rowed on the Thames. Up to the present year altogether forty-nine races have been rowed, one of which, that of 1877, terminated in a dead heat; and for the twenty-sixth time since the inauguration of the Oxford-Cambridge boat race the crew of the Oxford University Boat Club passed the winning line ahead of their opponents on April 9th last.

The Henley-on-Thames royal regatta, which is rowed each year late in June, has flourished since 1839, and is the principal English regatta open to amateurs of the year.

Racing in the United States is not indulged in to the same extent as it is in England. The important event of the year, as every one knows, is the annual regatta in July, at New London, when the principal interest is always centered in the race between Harvard and Yale. There are hundreds of club regattas annually held, but with the exception of that on the Passaic, generally held on Decoration



LAUNCHING A SINGLE SHELL.

Day, they are not of much importance. We are not referring to professional scullers in this article.

In 1850 there was no boat club in the United States of more than a local reputation, and there had been no racing of importance. The boats of that day were half as wide and not much longer than the English wherry, though not so heavy. There was no distinctive class of watermen, and little rowing except in the harbors of the seaboard places, where only heavy boats could be used; and among the stevedores, longshoremen, and others plying those racing was not popular. Apart from the credit due a few professionals and to local amateur clubs, the most interesting, if not the most important, racing records belong to the Northern and Eastern colleges. Rowing as a pastime began at Yale in 1843, and at Harvard in 1844. The first intercollegiate race took place on August 3, 1852, at Centre Harbor, Lake Winnepesaukee. It was for eight-oared barges carrying coxswains over a two-mile course. Harvard in the *Oncida* defeated the *Halcyon* and *Undine* of Yale, leading at the finish by two lengths. The boats averaged about thirty-seven feet in length and three feet in breadth. In 1855 Yale again challenged Harvard, and on July 21st on the Connecticut, near Springfield, over a three-mile tide-way course, the six-oared *Nereid* and *Nautilus* of Yale, each carrying a coxswain, were beaten by the Harvard four-oared *Y. Y.*, with no coxswain, and the eight-oared *Iris*, with a coxswain. The *Iris* took twenty-three minutes; the *Y. Y.*, after deducting an allowance of eleven seconds an oar, twenty minutes three seconds; the *Nereid*, twenty-three minutes thirty-eight seconds; and the *Nautilus*, twenty-four minutes thirty-eight seconds.

In 1858 Harvard proposed to the undergraduates of the principal New England colleges and those of New York City to establish an annual intercollegiate regatta. Delegates from Harvard, Yale, Brown, and Trinity met at New Haven, May 26th. The course was fixed at three miles. An allowance of twelve seconds an oar was to be given to smaller boats, and the prizes were to be flags, not to exceed twenty-five dollars in value, and to be paid for by the entrance fees of the boats. A week before the time appointed for the first race, the Yale boat was overturned by a collision, and her stroke drowned. This broke up the race. The next contest was at Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, Mass., July 26, 1859. All the boats were six-



ON THE LANDING STAGE.



AT THE CLUB-HOUSE.

nared, Brown sending the lapstreak *Atlanta*, Yale the shell *Yale*, and Harvard the lapstreak *Avon* and the shell *Harvard*. The Yale and Brown boats carried coxswains. The boats were several feet longer than in former years, but had narrowed to about two feet in beam, and had been naturally lightened. Harvard won easily in nineteen minutes eighteen seconds, Yale being sixty seconds later, and the others far behind. Next day, in a regatta thrown open by the citizens of Worcester, Harvard was beaten by Yale by two seconds. There was no rudder in the Harvard boat, while Yale had a coxswain; but the next year Harvard introduced a device which, by dispensing with coxswains, practically revolutionized American rowing. The bow oarsman, by touching with his foot a strip of wood or iron moving horizontally on a pivot, worked wires running to a parallel strip on top of the rudder, and so steered the boat. This contrivance probably won Harvard the match in 1860, by twelve and one-half seconds, while Yale carried a coxswain weighing one hundred and twelve pounds.

The breaking out of the war stopped these races till 1864, when Yale won, and again on July 28 and 29, 1865. Harvard then took the days for the next five years. The boats were still being lengthened and narrowed till the climax was reached in 1866, when the Harvard craft was fifty-seven feet long and but nineteen inches wide, while each rower, instead of sitting close up to the side of the boat farthest from his oar blade, sat in the middle, thus rendering her much steadier. In 1868 Harvard rowed the three miles on Lake Quinsigamond in seventeen minutes forty-eight and one-half seconds. In 1869 Harvard challenged both the Oxford and Cambridge crews to a friendly race over their own course on the Thames, from Putney to Mortlake. Cambridge declined, but Oxford accepted, each crew to

consist of four men and a coxswain. When the day, August 27th, came, Harvard was obliged to supply the places of two of her best oarsmen with comparatively new men. She was also overmatched by Oxford forty-four pounds in the total weight of crew, yet in a course of four miles three furlongs, Harvard led for more than two minutes, Oxford finally winning by one and a-half lengths in twenty-two minutes and a fraction over twenty seconds. In 1870, owing to some dissatisfaction with regard to the umpire, Yale and Harvard resolved to row no more races on Lake Quinsigamond, and the twelfth college regatta took place on the Connecticut River, above Springfield, July 21, 1871, at 6 P.M. On this occasion Harvard and Brown were both beaten by Amherst. In 1872 the number of college crews increased to six, in 1873 to eleven; in 1874, when Columbia won in sixteen minutes thirty-two and three-quarter seconds on Saratoga Lake, it fell back to nine; and in 1875 increased to fourteen. In the intercollegiate race on Saratoga Lake, July 14, 1875, twelve colleges competed over a three-mile course, Cornell winning in sixteen minutes fifty-three and one-quarter seconds, Columbia coming in second in seventeen minutes four and one-half seconds, and only half a length in advance of Harvard. These meetings formed the foundation of the present yearly intercollegiate racing.

It cannot, however, be conscientiously said that college racing, in the strict sense of the term, is the acme of pleasure. There is too much hard work about it. What constitutes pleasure is propelling some trim little round-bottomed rowboat of light draught, having as your companions one or two agreeable persons, the fair sex, of course, preferred. It is truly delightful to quietly glide along the placid waters, using just enough exertion to give a momentum to the boat, instead of taxing your strength and muscle to their utmost



IN A SINGLE SHULL.

in the vain endeavor to reach the goal first. It is also pleasant to make up a large party, to row for an hour or two on the river

in the moonlight, and, upon returning home, to partake of a hearty supper and a jolly dance.

The prospects for a brilliant season in the rowing world this year is most encouraging, and from all over the country come reports that the various clubs will make strenuous efforts to put fast racing crews in the boats.

The affairs of the Long Island Rowing Association are now in better shape than ever before. For the past three

years but three clubs have comprised the association; namely, Crescent Athletic Club, Varuna, and Seawanhaka Boat Clubs. This year, however, there are strong indications that the association will be strengthened by three other large Long Island clubs.

Around and about Philadelphia the various clubs on the Schuylkill promise great things, while the clubs on the Harlem River, New York City, are already actively engaged in preparing for the several regattas to be held in the near future.

Boat building, like everything else, has improved wonderfully since the days of such men as Harry Moore, William Cole, Alf Godwin, and other old-timers. Twenty-five years ago it was considered an art to sit in a racing boat, much less row one, and many were the ludicrous spills and duckings received by the learner ere he could venture to put his sculls into the water. "Outriggers," as the lightest boats were called, weighed between forty and fifty pounds.



DOUBLY SCULLING.



PHASES OF THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS (See page 176.)



THE GREAT BRIDGE AT MEMPHIS, FROM THE TENNESSEE SHORE.

THE LENGTH OF THE MAIN TRUSS IS 790 1/2 FEET, MAKING IT THE THIRD LONGEST OF THE KIND IN THE WORLD.



## MEMPHIS' MIGHTY BRIDGE.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., can boast to-day of one of the greatest bridges in the world. It has the longest spans of any truss bridge in the New World, and only two in the Old—the Forth Bridge in Scotland, and the Lansdowne Bridge at Sukkin, in India—surpass it in this respect.

the great States west of the river, and had no direct railroad communication with them. The new bridge now connects her with these States. The result is that Memphis becomes the railroad centre of the lines joining the States east and west of her, and of those lying north and south. What an enormous advantage this must be to the city, a glance at the map of the United States will show. It is no wonder that her citizens foresee in the opening of the bridge an era of prosperity denied to Memphis as long as she was cut off from direct communication with the Arkansas side of the river.

The building of the bridge had been agitated for many years, and the charter granted some time before work was commenced upon it late in 1888. The plans were drawn up by Mr. George S. Morrison of Chicago, and he has acted as superintending engineer of the whole work.



THE LOCOMOTIVE THAT LED THE FIRST TRAIN.

This great bridge, which, with its approaches, is about a mile and a half long, was built by the Kansas City, Memphis and Birmingham Railroad Company, and was opened on May 12th with considerable ceremony.

Over three hundred and fifty years ago Fernando de Soto and his company of Spaniards, lured on by the hope of finding gold somewhere in the interior, reached the eastern bank of the Mississippi. They first looked down upon the Great River, to whose waters De Soto's body was afterward to be consigned, from the Chickasaw bluff. From that bluff the bridge starts, and stretching across the river to the Arkansas side, continues through the forest, in the form of a viaduct, high above the low, swampy ground which during the spring is generally overflowed by the waters of the Mississippi.

The advantage that Memphis has of being the geographical centre of the Southwest has been hitherto nullified to a great extent because she was cut off by the Mississippi from

The greatest difficulty encountered by the engineers was the placing of the caissons, and in the work of sinking and settling them in the bed of the river four lives were lost. This work was begun in December, 1889, and the coping of the last pier was laid May 15, 1891.

A caisson or chest used in laying the foundation of piers consists of a strong platform of timber or of metal plates. The site of the pier having been levelled by dredging, the caisson is moored over the spot. Two or three of the lower courses of masonry are then built upon the platform of the caisson, and the water is slowly admitted by means of a sluice in order to cause it to settle in its place. There is a metal column in the caisson, at the bottom of which is a chamber for the workmen employed in excavating. The column is open at the bottom, but the water is prevented from occupying the working-chamber by means of compressed air. Communication between this chamber and the atmosphere is effected by means of an air-lock, which



serves as a means of exit and entrance for the workmen and the material they have to use. Before men or materials are admitted the air in the lock is raised to the pressure of the air in the working chamber; on the contrary, before the chamber is opened to admit their coming out, the air in the lock is lowered to the pressure of the atmosphere.

The caissons used in the building of the Memphis bridge were from forty to ninety-two feet long. There are five piers to the bridge, not including the anchor pier, and there are five spans. The east shore or cantilever span is 225.83 feet; the main span, consisting of two cantilever arms and one intermediate span, is 790.42 feet; there are two continuous spans 621.06 feet long, and one deck span 338.75 feet, making a total of 2,597.12 feet in the bridge proper. The viaduct, which stretches into the forest on the Arkansas side of the river, is 2,500 feet in length, and is followed by a timber trestle 3,100 feet long, and nearly a mile of embankment, to a junction with the track of the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis Railway.

In July, 1891, the building of the false work for the central span was commenced, and in the following September was commenced the erection of the superstructure. On October 15th the central span was swung clear of the false work. The building of the false work for the span between piers 3 and 4 and the erection of that span followed next in succession, and were completed in December, 1891. The span between piers 4 and 5 was raised in January, and after that work was pushed on the cantilever span between piers 1 and 2 without false work, all the remainder of the bridge having been completed superficially. The two sides were joined in and the complete chain formed between Arkansas and Tennessee on April 6, 1892.

The following table gives the longest trussed spans now in existence or in the course of construction:

	Feet.
Forth, two spans, each.....	1,710
Landowee, one span.....	890
Memphis, one span.....	790.42
Memphis, two spans, each.....	621
Colorado River, one span.....	660

The principle of the cantilever used in the Memphis bridge has for centuries been practised by the Japanese bridge builders. A cantilever is the name of the bracket used in architecture for supporting balconies, cornices, and sometimes staircases. It is a structure overhung from a fixed base. The old Japanese bridge builders, when they wished to span a stream of considerable width, would imbue a great beam of timber on each bank with the ends projecting over the stream. These formed the cantilevers. A centre beam was then stretched across from one to the other, and there you had the crude idea of the cantilever bridge. In India there is one of these ancient bridges across the Sutlej, the side beams of which, a hundred feet in length, are imbedded to the extent of fifty feet in the masonry of vertical abutments, leaving fifty feet projecting. On their ends rests a centre-beam with which the span is made up to about two hundred feet.

At the opening of the Memphis bridge, before the dedicatory exercises began, eighteen great locomotives were sent across to test its strength. Upon a signal being given by the chief engineer, Mr. Morrison, the shuttles of the locomotives were simultaneously opened, and the engines began to move slowly across the bridge, keeping close together in order to concentrate the weight as much as possible. When they reached the Arkansas side a tremendous cheer arose from the thousands gathered upon the Memphis side.



TENNESSEE END OF THE BRIDGE.

It sounded like an expression of relief over the engines not having broken through and dived into the Mississippi.

The orator of the day was Senator Daniel Voorhees of Indiana, and he paid to the South all the tribute it could well stand in one afternoon for its recuperative power. "You have," he said, "removed the rubbish left by the most destructive tornado that ever swept the earth, and on their old foundations you have rebuilt States, now more powerful, progressive, and full of present and future greatness than ever before. You have risen superior to the most unjust and injurious system of National legislation that ever cursed a people, not excepting English laws for Ireland; and that system has totally perished, leaving only its memory, despised alike throughout the North as it is throughout the South. It is not a new South; it is the old South moving in connection with the revolution that has taken place. The old blood and brain power of the South, transmitted from generation to generation, are now aroused and working out the problem of her destiny. The old South is young again; she has renewed her mighty youth, and henceforth she will tower in her pride of place, regardless of the mousing owls that may hawk at and seek to destroy her. The world is looking in these closing years of the nineteenth century at the American Republic. The enemies of free government have made loud predictions that one section of the Union has been ruined by the other; that chronic aversion, strained relations, and ill-disguised hostility between the United States and the people of the States would follow the close of the war, never to be superseded by mutual esteem, affection, and a common prosperity. These predictions have been already proven false."

Memphis is expecting great things as a result of the enterprise she has shown in building her bridge. Among other things she hopes to have an open waterway to the sea, and become a port for transatlantic and other steamers.



How few of the travelling public, calling at the ticket agencies of our several railroads for information respecting different routes, and being presented with handsomely illustrated pamphlets brimful of information as to hotels, picturesque scenery *en route*, time of arrival, and other details, and entering a luxuriously appointed drawing-room car, give a thought as to how or by whom all this information has been compiled, or by whose thoughtfulness these luxurious drawing-room cars have been provided for travellers' accommodation.

Philadelphia, being the home of two vast systems of railroads, is also the headquarters from which all of the railroad literature and convenience for the public on these roads emanate; and the photographs and a short biographical sketch of the men most prominently connected with these roads, and whose indefatigable industry, clever management, and intuitive knowledge of what the travelling public demands, have made the Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad systems the best in the world, may be of some interest to the general reader.

Broad-minded, generous, full of *bonhomie* in every sense of the word, to know them is to like them, and few men have a wider circle of friends and admirers than these gentlemen.

The writer had great difficulty in obtaining their biographies, as none of them is fond of newspaper notoriety, and it was only through the aid of mutual friends that he could get the following sketches of their lives; and they furnish conclusive proof how ability, steadfastness of character, and earnest devotion to duty will in every instance reward its possessor.

#### JAMES R. WOOD.

James R. Wood, the general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was born in Auburn, N. Y., in 1843. After engaging in other pursuits, at the age of twenty-six the railroad world attracted his attention, and he entered the service of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad at Creston, Ia., as secretary to the superintendent. From that he was promoted to the position of train-master, which he held until 1871. The executive and administrative ability manifested in these important positions marked him for further advancement, and he was next appointed general Western passenger agent of the same road, with office in Chicago.

In 1873 he became general ticket agent of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad in Nebraska, and subsequently Western land and passenger agent. At this time the Michigan Central Railroad Company was strengthening its staff of officials, and Mr. Wood received the appointment of general agent at Grand Rapids, a position which he relinquished after a little more than a year's holding to become assistant superintendent at Jackson, Mich. In 1878 he returned to the passenger branch of duty as assistant general passenger agent, and in September of the same year was chosen general passenger agent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad.

In this position his success was conspicuous. By conscientious effort and sagacious management he soon placed the passenger service of the Burlington in the front rank of Western railroads.

His tenure of office with the Burlington continued until April, 1881, when he was appointed general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad to succeed Mr. L. P. Farmer, resigned.

As an evidence of the high appreciation of his ability and his work in the Trunk Line Association, the members of that body tendered him the temporary chairmanship of the committee, upon the retirement of Mr. Lucius Tuttle from its office in the spring of 1890. He held this important

position for six months, and was the unanimous choice of the members for the permanent chairmanship, which he declined, preferring to remain with the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The present high standard of the passenger service of the Pennsylvania Railroad owes a great deal to his energy, perseverance, and foresight. Under his management the Pennsylvania Railroad Company was the first Eastern line to establish limited express trains in the true sense of the term, and the present Pennsylvania Limited was the pioneer in that field. The dining-car service was inaugurated through his instrumentality, and the general improvement of every branch of the passenger service is in good measure due to his constant care in this behalf.

His wise judgment in anticipating the wants of the travelling public by providing the comfort, convenience, and luxury of the express trains of to-day has been justified by the popularity which the Pennsylvania as a passenger line now enjoys.

Having entered upon his railway career in the vigor of youth, and having served in so many and varied capacities in the different branches of railroad work, it is natural



JAMES R. WOOD.

General passenger agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

that a man of Mr. Wood's intelligence and energy should be thoroughly equipped in his profession. He is not only familiar with all the complex matters that pertain to passenger traffic, but from his early experience in the operating department he acquired knowledge which stands him in good stead as the passenger head of the most important railway system in America.

He is considered by his contemporaries one of the ablest, best informed, and most broad-minded passenger officials of the time.

#### GEORGE W. BOYD.

George W. Boyd, assistant general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is one of the best known and most popular passenger men of the country.

He was born in Indianapolis, August 1, 1848, and entered upon his railway career in the freight department of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis Railway at the age of fifteen. Indianapolis was at that time the greatest railroad centre of the country. All the east and west bound freight was transhipped there, and the practical experience which he gained during his service in the freight-yards there was an excellent foundation for the

wide knowledge of railway affairs which he has since secured in wider fields. In June, 1872, when his brother, the late D. M. Boyd, was general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, he removed to Philadelphia to accept the position of cashier of the passenger department



GEORGE W. BOYD.

Assistant general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

of the same line. In January, 1874, he became chief clerk of the passenger department of the Pennsylvania, which position he held until January 1, 1882, when he was promoted to his present post.

As chief clerk during the Centennial, an enormous amount of work devolved upon him incident to the great volume of passenger travel drawn to the Pennsylvania lines from all sections of the Union. No American railroad had ever before been subjected to so great a stress of travel, and the making and promulgating of the varied and diversified rates involved stupendous labor throughout the entire period of the exposition. As the executive officer of the general passenger agent, Mr. Boyd was in direct charge of these matters, and the skill with which they were handled attracted the admiration of the entire railway world.

His record as assistant general passenger agent has fully borne out the promise of his work in a subordinate position. His policy has always been in the direction of liberal passenger rates, and a conscientious maintenance of them when once established.

Mr. Boyd has been particularly active in his efforts to bring passenger travel on the Pennsylvania up to the highest possible standard. He believes in the finest and most comfortable equipment for all trains, and is ever on the alert to suggest and promote new features of comfort and convenience for the patrons of his road.

He has accomplished more than any other man in popularizing pleasure-tours under personal escort. He developed the celebrated system of pleasure-tours of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and was the first to introduce the chaperon as a guide and companion for ladies travelling alone.

The special features of the Pennsylvania Limited, such as stenographers and type-writers, ladies' maids, observation cars and mail-boxes, owe their origin to his progressiveness.

Mr. Boyd has increased his reputation as a railroad man by the success with which he has planned and conducted special movements of great magnitude. The tour of the delegates to the Pan-American Conference throughout the country in a palatial special train, drawn over ten thousand

miles by one locomotive, reflected great credit on his skill and ability; and the planning and management of the tour of the President of the United States to the Pacific Coast was the most successful movement of the kind ever made in any country.

Mr. Boyd is just in the prime of life, vigorous, and wonderfully active. He is an ardent sportsman, a patron of athletics, and a member of a number of clubs.

FRANK NELSON BARKSDALE.

Unquestionably, no man in the Eastern railroad section of the country is brought closer, by his clever writings, in contact with the public than Frank Nelson Barksdale, advertising agent and chief of the literary bureau of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The exceptionally high standard of literary productions and general advertising emanating from the Pennsylvania Railroad naturally directs the public attention to the chief of the department from which such work comes, and to the one intrusted with the important charge of maintaining the high dignity demanded by such a corporation in its advertising.

It was just seven years ago, when there drifted into an unimportant clerical position in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company a tall, thin, and remarkably reticent young man named Barksdale. He was from the South, which was readily distinguishable from his broad accent, and full of ambition. The same individual now, robust and business-like, but still quiet and modest in manner, is the managing chief of the Pennsylvania Railroad's advertising department and literary bureau, which, under the young Virginian's management, have been vehicles of greater usefulness to the company and to the public than the management ever dreamed of.

For so young a man—he is not much past thirty—Frank Nelson Barksdale has seen life in many phases; and, like the majority of successful men, not always with a silver spoon in his mouth. His war experiences as a boy are



FRANK NELSON BARKSDALE.

Advertising agent and chief of the literary bureau of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

very amusing, as well as his first attempts at keeping school in the wilds of Virginia. Graduating at the Law School from the University of Virginia, he started out in search of a client and a fee, and, failing to find either, took up a birch rod again, and for some time taught a lot of

ragged children in the Virginia backwoods. His experience here was indeed ludicrous, and not without its roughing side, either.

The "Judge," a title justly earned, or "Colonel," another given him for passing through a shower of Yankee bullets, is not often personally reminiscent, but when the mood strikes him it is a genuine treat to hear him recall some of his early days in the old log school-house, whose sieve-like roof allowed wide opportunities for the convenient study of astronomy as well as ready access for the elements. From the school he jumped into politics, and was elected sheriff of Charlottesville. Next he engaged in journalism, being the Pooh Bah of the Charlottesville *Jeffersonian*. In those days Southern journalism was not the highly remunerative profession of the present age, and it was no uncommon thing for the editor of the *Jeffersonian* to "casually" absent himself from the office on pay-day rather than greet his employees with empty pockets. The "Judge" tells a good story on his journalistic rival of those days. The latter was even more impecunious than himself; his credit, moreover, being so weak that he could not afford to pay for his composition. So Barksdale consented to allow him the use of the composition of the *Jeffersonian*, after the latter was through with it, provided full credit was given the lender for the borrowed matter. In consequence of this novel arrangement, the Charlottesville *Readjuster* was practically a duplicate of its more powerful contemporary, with the explanatory line accompanying each article, "From the *Jeffersonian*." With such an arrangement existing, it was less than six months when the "Judge" picked up the Mahone organ, the *Readjuster*, for a mere song.

It is not strange that the Pennsylvania Railroad management were quick to appreciate the talent they possessed, and practically created the literary bureau for his guidance.

Barksdale is a master hand in the art of advertising, being brimful of originality and enterprise, a forceful and fluent writer, and possessing, moreover, a happy mingling of the artistic and commercial in his ideas. He is always alive to something new. One of the latest productions from his pen is the booklet on the "Limited," which has caused such remarkably favorable newspaper criticism. Memory and decision are two of his strongest points. He never forgets a name or a face, and when he has once reached a conclusion in a matter, that is the end of it. These two qualities are of inestimable value to the company. Entirely lacking in false enthusiasm, appearing rarely sanguine, yet always industrious in the endeavor to fathom new ideas, he is a striking departure from the typical Southern character, to which, however, in other respects he naturally adheres, being a chip from the stanch old Barksdale block of Virginia and the blue-grass country of Kentucky, which has furnished the South with some of its brightest statesmen, bravest warriors, and eminent writers. Thomas Nelson Page, recently appointed editor of *Harper's*, comes from the same family. In this literary work, besides his direct assistant, he guides a force of ten men, all thoroughly trained in their respective branches in the advertising art.

#### CLINTON G. HANCOCK.

The general passenger agent of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad system, Clinton G. Hancock, was born in Philadelphia, November 18, 1845.

His father, the late Samuel P. Hancock, was a member of a prominent and well-known Quaker family, whose settlement at Salem, N. J., antedated the arrival of William Penn and his colonists in Pennsylvania.

He was a highly respected citizen, having served as comptroller of Philadelphia with honor and credit.

Mr. C. G. Hancock was educated at the public schools of his native city, taking a two years' course at the Central High School, and on August 2, 1864, while in his nineteenth year, he entered the employ of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company as clerk in the freight auditing department, remaining in that position until July, 1869, when he was made the general ticket agent, which title he held until July, 1879, in which year he was made general passenger agent as well, and has capably and acceptably filled the position to the present time.

Mr. Hancock is an indefatigable worker, conservative

and methodical in his business habits, yet constantly on the alert to be up with the times in his branch of railroading; and his genial manners and pleasant bearing win for him not only the hearty cooperation of his subordinates, but most agreeably impress those patrons of the road who have business relations with him, while his thorough knowledge of the details of his department insures him a



CLINTON G. HANCOCK.

General passenger agent of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad System.

respectful hearing when brought in contact with the able men who fill similar posts with the other great transportation companies, at the frequent meetings of the passenger agents of the trunk lines of the country.

#### CHARLES R. DEACON.

On October 1, 1890, President McLeod, of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, appointed Charles R. Deacon to the position of press agent of the company, made vacant by the death of Horace M. Porter, a son of Gen. Horace Porter, vice-president of the Pullman Palace Car Company, for whom the place had been created. Upon the appointment of Mr. John Russell Young as fourth vice-president the title of "press agent" was abolished, but Mr. Deacon was continued in the same line of duty, and was appointed chief clerk to the fourth vice-president, with charge of the details of the office. He will still be the medium through which the newspaper men will transact their business with the company, and will continue to represent the company in the matter of furnishing items of news concerning it.

Mr. Deacon's long connection with the newspaper business has made him well known in Philadelphia, while his work as secretary of the Clover Club has brought him into close contact and intimate relations with a great many prominent men from different parts of the country.

Mr. Deacon is of pure English descent, his ancestors on both paternal and maternal side having been among the early Quaker settlers in South New Jersey, whose coming to this country antedated the arrival of William Penn and his colonists in Philadelphia. He is in the prime of life, and was born in Burlington County, N. J., where his father was extensively engaged in horticulture, and was educated at the schools of that locality; at the Friends' School at Westtown, Pa.; and at the Academy at Downingtown, Pa., until his sixteenth year, when he came to Philadelphia, and learned the printing business in the office of the *Saturday*

*Evening Post*, then partly owned by his uncle, Edmund Deacon, and shortly after reaching his majority was employed in the office of the *Public Ledger*, but subsequently, at the suggestion of Mr. Childs, accepted the agency at Baltimore of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, remaining there until the middle of the year 1878, when he returned to Philadelphia and again entered the employ of Mr. Childs on the *Ledger*. In 1884 he became



CHARLES R. TIFACYN.

Chief clerk to the fourth vice-president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and secretary of the Clover Club of Philadelphia.

business manager of the *Daily News*, but shortly afterward withdrew and took the management of the American Biographical Publishing Company, and completed the publication of a valuable work, entitled "Prominent Pennsylvanians," universally conceded to be one of the most creditable series of contemporary biographies ever issued in the commonwealth. He is the Philadelphia correspondent of the *Baltimore American*, and is a frequent contributor to the newspapers.

## THE WASHINGTON ARCH.

THREE years ago last April the hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington as first President of the United States was celebrated in New York. Among the street decorations was an arch, which was erected at the junction of Fifth Avenue and Washington Square. It was built of wood, painted in imitation of white marble, and attracted much attention on account of its simple grace. The festivities over, the idea was mooted of having the arch duplicated in marble, and a subscription for this purpose was started. The arch is now almost completed, and how it looks at present our readers can judge from the frontispiece. It is not an exact copy of the wooden arch, for the architect, Mr. Stanford White, found it necessary to make some alterations in the design when it was decided to build an arch of marble. It stands, too, a little farther south of where the original arch was, and on the opposite side of the north road of Washington Square. The arch, without being in any way comparable to the great triumphal arches of the Old World, is a decided ornament to the city, and does great credit to its architect.

## PERSONALS.

**D**R. HARPER, of the Chicago University, is giving special attention to the biological staff of the new college, in the belief that a great school of a modern city should be strongest in the most practical of sciences.

**V**ERESTCHAGIN, the celebrated Russian painter, has been most grievously bitten by a mad dog. He is now on his way to Paris to consult with M. Pasteur and undergo treatment. It will be remembered that a collection of Verestchagin's paintings was on exhibition in New York City for some months last year, and were finally sold at auction.

**M**R. HEINRICH CONKRIED, the American Commissioner to the big theatrical and musical exhibition now being held in Vienna, has sailed for Europe in company with Mr. Maurice Stenert, of New Haven. Mr. Stenert has contributed to the exhibition a valuable collection of antique string instruments, which include larpichords, spinets, and clavicords.

**P**RINCE GEORGE OF WALES has been burdened with more titles. His royal grandmother has conferred upon him a peerage, with the titles of Duke of York, Earl of Inverness, and Baron Killarney. It seems only just that, after receiving these favors lavished with such a liberal hand, he should, in return, gratify the Queen and please his parents by taking to wife Princess Mary of Teck.

**M**RS. EDWARD S. STICKNEY, of Chicago, has donated to the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. James of that city the sum of thirty thousand dollars without condition. The money will be used in building a suitable parish house, of which the church stands in great need. Mrs. Stickney is an old parishioner of St. James', and her name is connected with many charitable deeds. Her last gift was totally unexpected and has caused a great sensation in the parish.

**T**HE Princess of Wales and her sister, the Czarina of Russia, were taught by their royal mother, the Queen of Denmark, to always practise the most rigid economy, and they were often seen as girls making their own dresses and doing housework. The Princess of Wales has in turn brought up her daughters in great simplicity, dressing them in the simplest materials, and discouraging all extravagance and display.

**P**RESIDENT HARRISON is in active training for the Presidential race, in more senses than one. Every night before going to bed he commits himself to the mercy and vigorous treatment of an expert massage manipulator, who for fifteen or twenty minutes thumps, pounds, and thwacks the chief magistrate to his heart's content. It is reported that the President stands the punishment well, and that he will be in perfect condition.

**M**ISS E. JEAN NELSON, of Greencastle, Ind., has covered herself with glory, and has won the admiration of the citizens of her town and State, scoring a great victory in the interstate oratorical contest recently held at Minneapolis. Ten States were represented, Miss Nelson being the only speaker of her sex in the contest. Her subject was "Industrial Freedom," and she spoke with the fervor of an old-time stump speaker. Miss Nelson is only nineteen years of age.

**M**AUGUSTE VACQUERIE, M. Paul Meurice, and M. Lockroy, the executors of Victor Hugo, throw serious doubts on the authenticity of the diary and numerous letters of the great poet which have been recently purchased in England. It transpires that Victor Hugo left all his papers, manuscripts, and letters to M. Meurice and M. Vacquerie, and they alone were given the right to dispose of them as they pleased. It is, therefore, believed that all papers not in their possession must be apocryphal. It is also claimed that there may be papers in existence, which

are written conversations held by friends with the poet, and that these papers are now being passed off as writings of the dead novelist. The executors are taking measures to ascertain the truth of the subject, as the matter is important to them, not only from a literary but a pecuniary point of view.

**JOHN BRUGUIER**, of Fort Buford, N. D., is one of the best known Indian scouts and interpreters in the Government service. In his veins is mingled the blood of two races: on the paternal side, the Gallic; on his mother's, the Indian. He recently performed the responsible duty of conducting safely to Pine Ridge Agency the seven Indian chiefs who have been held at Fort Sheridan as prisoners of war. He has been in the Government employ for sixteen years, during which time he has distinguished himself for bravery on more than one occasion.

**MAX ALVARY**, the popular German tenor and idol of the fair sex, studied for many years under the tutelage of that great teacher, Lamperti. One would hardly believe, to hear Alvary sing, that when he first went to Lamperti with the idea of becoming a concert singer, his voice was a very small one. It was originally a lyric one, and he says himself that he could never have stood the wear and tear of singing Siegfried as constantly as he did while in New York if he had not kept it smooth by daily practising Lamperti's exercises. So much for a great teacher.

**CHARLES FAIR**, son of the bonanza millionaire, has decided to trust his late and fortune to the turf. He has purchased a stable of valuable horses, among them being Stanford's Princess and Floodgate, and Harry L. Thornton's Darbin—Currie C., colt. Mr. Fair has also just concluded the purchase of Yo El Rey, by Joe Hooker, a full brother to Yo Tambien, and half-brother to Earl of Norfolk, Duke of Norfolk, the Crar, and Rey del Rey. Yo El Rey was bred at the El Arroyo Stud of Theodore Winters in Nevada. The price paid for him was thirty thousand dollars.

**LADY JULIAN GOLDSMID**, well known to many fashionable Americans, particularly to those who have travelled abroad, died at Cannes, France, on May 23d. She was noted as being one of the best entertainers of Americans abroad, and her drawing-rooms were always thronged with representative people from the United States. During the summer of 1887 Sir Julian and Lady Goldsmid visited this country, and were lavishly entertained at Newport during the gay season. Lady Goldsmid was the eldest daughter of the late A. Philippon, of Florence, and was married to Sir Julian Goldsmid on March 31, 1868.

**CHRISTIAN IX.**, and Louisa Wilhelmina Frederica Caroline Augusta Julia of Hesse-Cassel, King and Queen of Denmark, have just celebrated their golden wedding. Upon this occasion they received the congratulations of nations, and were surrounded by their children and grandchildren, who happen to be kings, princesses, empresses, and queens apparent. Despite this cheer, however, there is no happier or more patriarchal family in the world, which is proved alone by the eagerness always displayed by the married children to visit home. A story is told that once when a lot of grandchildren, of whom there are thirty-four, were visiting at their royal granddad's, the measles broke out among them, and they all took it. Measles is no respecter of persons.

**ROMEO CRISTANI**, the great Italian sculptor, has been called upon to repair the nose of the beautiful statue of Paul Veronese, which adorns one of the principal squares of Verona and which was broken a few months ago by some young ruffians. Cristani declined to obey the instructions of the city fathers, upon the ground that it was beneath his dignity as a great sculptor to do patchwork. He would, however, at the small cost of a thousand lire, chisel a new head for the work of art, which the council did not feel inclined to pay. Another sculptor was called upon, and a contract made with him to repair Paul's broken nose. Signor Cristani, upon hearing this news, was a very angry man, and declared that he would break the nose of any man who dared to touch the statue

that has made him famous. Many inhabitants of the city uphold him, and declare that they will assist him in preventing the desecration of the statue. In the meantime the nose of Paul Veronese remains broken, and promises to play an important part in the local history of Verona for some time to come.

**D. R. JOUSSET**, the celebrated French physician, in a speech delivered by him at a banquet given by the homœopathic doctors of Paris to celebrate the anniversary of Hahnemann, declared that the greatest drawback to the practice of this special branch of medicine in France was that it was not officially recognized, and that homœopathic doctors are looked upon in the light of outsiders and sectarians by the medical profession. He announced that in America there were at least twenty thousand homœopathic doctors, while in fair France there were only three hundred and fifty, and this in spite of the marvelous results, during the cholera epidemic of 1848-49, of the Hahnemann method of treatment. Dr. Jousset complains that the medical hospitals are practically closed to them, and that the doctors of the allopathic school do all in their power to frighten patients from seeking relief in homœopathic treatment.

**MRS. EPSY SMITH**, or Epsy Arnsby, is one of the first of the Lincoln servants to follow the example of the innumerable retainers of George Washington, and to die. Her death occurred at Chicago, at the age of seventy-two. She was a servant in the Lincoln household at Springfield, Ill., long before Abraham Lincoln ever thought of becoming President of the United States, and was often the bearer of love messages and notes between President Lincoln and Miss Todd, who afterward became his wife. Epsy was the busiest woman in Springfield the day Robert Todd Lincoln was born. When young "Tad" had the whooping cough and measles, Epsy sat up with him many a night and fed him soothing syrup. In the summer time she wheeled him out in a carriage, and called him "her boy." It was always Mrs. Smith's boast that she made the match between Miss Todd and Abraham Lincoln. Like Washington's body servants, she was colored.

**THE** Dowager Empress Frederick, mother of the German Emperor, is a living confirmation of the saying, "Unhappy lies the head that wears a crown," even a crown by courtesy. She is just now most unhappy because she has a marriageable daughter upon her hands, the Princess Margaret. She loves her daughter, and does not consider her a mere sop to be thrown to the first nation that needs placating. On this point the empress and her self-willed son do not agree, as the emperor is most desirous that Margaret should marry the heir prospective to the Russian throne, while her mother bitterly opposes the match. The resulting rupture between mother and arrogant son will undoubtedly increase in seriousness, as the empress has declared her intention of standing by her young daughter, who she declares, and very rightly too, has a right to some of the happiness and liberty enjoyed by her plebeian sisters, even though she be of royal blood.

**LAMPERTI**, the great Italian operatic teacher, had a contemptuous idea of the musical and artistic abilities of the English as a nation. With him, as with all Italians, the explanation of the voice of an English singer was that, though flute-like, it had a cold, utterly soulless tone—certainly, the reverse of an Italian's idea of passionate thrill in the singing voice. He was most amusing in his explanations of the impressions produced on his ear by the English language, with its lack of strong vowels, and its consonants. He delighted in calling it the froth of the languages. He used to repeat the following story about the origin of the English language to every new English or American pupil: "When the good Lord was mixing the ingredients for the languages of the various peoples of the earth, he forgot all about the blond-haired English on their distant island. When reminded of them," he said, at first, that they would have to continue talking like birds, as his mixture was boiling. Suddenly he bethought himself of taking off the scum. "There," said he, "we'll give that to the English; it is good enough for them!"

## THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

MILLIONS of dollars have been spent by the United States Government in building levees to prevent the flooding of the Mississippi. Still, the dwellers on the low lands along the muddy Father of Waters are liable every spring to have their sugar plantations and cotton fields flooded, and this spring the higher lands of Iowa have not escaped. Some aspects of the floods are shown on page 167.

How to get rid of this surplus water is a question which has been puzzling the Mississippi River Commission ever since it was appointed.

As the river pours down toward the Gulf of Mexico its enormous volume of muddy water, part of the mud settles, and so raises the level of the bed of the river. A flood comes along the course of this gradually shallowing channel, and the increased volume of water has to be taken care of in some way, or the land on either side will be necessarily flooded. It has been the policy of the Government engineers in dealing with the Mississippi problem to rely almost entirely upon the building of levees. As the river-bed is raised, so these artificial barriers must be built higher, and the higher they grow the weaker they become, and the greater the danger of breaks, and destruction to life and property.

Within the past fifty years there have been about half a dozen memorable floods of the Lower Mississippi. Unless the Government discovers some new way of dealing with the problem, it looks as if more serious disasters will occur every year. In May and June, 1844, a flood covered the low lands along the Mississippi, from the mouth of the Missouri southward, to a greater depth than had been known since the settlement of the country. This flood was, as the latest one, the result of protracted spring rains throughout the West, to which was added an unusual flow from the Missouri, caused by the melting of deep snows in the mountains.

What is known as the "American Bottom," the low-lying lands extending from Alton almost to Chester, and comprising some of the richest and most cultivated acres in the State of Illinois, was so submerged that it was possible to float a steamer to the bluffs on the Illinois shore, eight or ten miles east of St. Louis. Between Chester and Cairo the farms were stripped of their fences, and often of their houses.

The next most serious flood was in 1851, when the water in the Mississippi reached a height at Quincy of 22.8 feet above low-water mark. A third occurred in 1858, which caused immense damage from the breaking of levees on the Lower Mississippi, though less disastrous above St. Louis. There was a fourth in 1876, when the rise at Quincy amounted to nineteen feet; again, in 1880 it rose to seventeen feet at the same place. Though this last rise was not as great as in previous years, the loss of property in the bottom extended from a few miles south of Quincy nearly to the mouth of the Illinois. This bottom had recently been reclaimed by the construction of the Sny Levee, fifty-two miles long, completed at a cost of \$650,000 two or three years before. Some lives were lost, there were many narrow escapes, and thousands of acres of wheat approaching maturity were destroyed. Much damage was done the same year by the breaking of the Indian Grave Levee, which projected some sixty thousand acres of newly reclaimed land between Quincy and Warsaw.

A sixth flood on the Lower Mississippi in 1882 is estimated to have submerged 585,000 acres of land, chiefly in Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana. The loss in Louisiana alone is estimated to have been not less than \$2,000,000. Thirteen parishes were flooded to a greater or less extent, and so great was the destitution among the sufferers that the United States Government was compelled to come to their relief, giving aid through the War Department to 130,000 people by the distribution of nearly 2,000,000 rations, besides supplying many with tents. The Lower Mississippi also suffered seriously from a flood, chiefly from the Arkansas and Red Rivers, which continued from the latter part of February to the middle of May, 1890. The crevasses in levees during this period aggre-

gated nearly four miles, and a very large area was submerged.

No region in the United States—with the exception of Johnston, and that was an extraordinary case—has suffered more severely from floods in loss of life and property than the valley of the Ohio. These floods have generally occurred with the breaking up of the ice in winter and spring. The most destructive flood known since the settlement of the country occurred in 1883, reaching a height at Cincinnati February 15th of 66 feet 4 inches. It inflicted great damage at Cincinnati, New Albany, Jeffersonville, Lawrenceburg, and other river towns, floating off hundreds of houses and leaving 24,000 people homeless. The loss of property in those cities alone was estimated at between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000. Shawneetown, Ill., was almost completely inundated, and a levee which had been constructed at a cost of over \$60,000 almost ruined. The highest previous flood occurred in February, 1832, the height reached at Cincinnati being 64 feet 3 inches; the third, in December, 1847, when the depth above low water was 63 feet 7 inches. In 1862 and 1888 there were great floods in the Ohio, the water rising in the former year 57 feet 4 inches and in the latter 58 feet 7 inches.

This year Sioux City, Ia., has been the greatest sufferer. The noisy little Floyd River, which empties itself into the Missouri at that point, overflowed her narrow bed, for the Missouri, filled up by a downpour of three weeks, could not carry the Floyd's waters as well as her own. The flood did not sweep down in a wall, crushing out life and homes by its very weight, as the Johnston flood did. It was expected, to some extent, for weeks of rain had poured down upon the hills at whose feet Sioux City lies, and had turned every little gutter of a stream in Western Iowa into a turbulent river; but on the night of May 7th the slow fall of the waters was hurried into a fierce downfall, and when day broke the Floyd was tearing at its banks. In the middle of the night a wild gale began, and that, with the rain, did the business of death, and many men, women, and children found a watery grave.

Last year the Lower Mississippi Valley escaped from floods. This spring, when no rain came in February, as usual, the planters thought that they were going to have another year of comparative exemption from high water, during which they could continue the work of raising the levees. In the midst of this feeling of security a succession of the heaviest rain-storms began about the end of March, and moved across the Mississippi Valley, causing the most destructive freshets everywhere. The first rains were in Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky, causing a loss of nearly two hundred lives and between two million and three million dollars in the first two States. Much of the water found its way to the Gulf via the Alabama and other streams, but nearly half of it reached the Mississippi through the Cumberland, Tennessee, Yazoo, and the tributaries to the east of the great river. A second series of heavy rains followed about ten days afterward in Louisiana and Mississippi, causing the loss of a few lives and the destruction of crops. Nearly all that rain-water found its way into the Mississippi, which was soon at the "danger point" from Cairo down, and in many places was above it.

Three other heavy rains, all within the Mississippi Valley, fell in May, the first in Illinois and Wisconsin, which did a great deal of damage there; the second west of the Mississippi, in Missouri, Kansas, and Arkansas, which caused freshets in the Missouri and Arkansas Rivers; and the third in Louisiana, which, besides pouring a large amount of water into the river, rendered the levees water soaked and soft, and, therefore, all the more dangerous and liable to destruction from the pressure of the river against them.

The total losses from overflow in the Lower Mississippi States since the war are estimated at \$84,090,000, the worst years being 1867, 1874, 1882, 1884, and 1890. The account of the Lower Mississippi Valley with the river since the war, therefore, will be: To the building and maintenance of levees, \$32,836,410; to crevasses and losses from overflow, \$84,090,000; total cost of high water, \$116,926,410. That is more than the assessed value of the property in the alluvial districts. It includes only direct damage, that is, property destroyed, and not the more indirect loss due to the interruption of business, the stoppage of railroads, etc.





## In Search of a Lost Race.

"THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN'S" EXPEDITION, SENT TO EXPLORE THE RUINED PUEBLOS OF THE SOUTHWEST.\*

### III. DOWN THE ANIMAS BY BOAT.

CAMP SAN JUAN.  
NOLAN'S TRADING-RANCH.

The most dangerous feat of river navigation attempted since Major Powell and his party floated down the Colorado River has been accomplished by three men of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN Exploring Expedition. It is no difficult matter to traverse by boat the average Eastern stream during a flood. Nor is it so very dangerous to sail down many of the Western mountain torrents. But the Animas, the San Juan, and the Colorado are streams so tempestuous—having so great a fall to the mile, and being so full of rocks and snags, quicksands, and sharp bends—that to navigate them except at low water seems like courting death.

The teams, burros, and eight men of the expedition left Camp Alféria, on the La Plata River, Friday morning, April 15th, for the great cliff region below Bluff City. Messrs. Moorehead and Cowen, accompanied by Smith, the guide, went overland to Artec on the Animas River. Before departing, orders were given to the main party to stop at Nolan's Trading Store, which, by the way, is on the San Juan, at the corners of four States and Territories—Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, and Arizona. In a straight line the distance between this trading-post and Artec would be seventy or eighty miles, but by river it is at least two hundred.

Upon reaching Artec the three men hired a carpenter, and proceeded to build a strong boat. On account of the danger of the trip, no baggage was taken except blankets and food. A camera, or drawing material of any kind, would surely be broken or lost. Mr. Cowen decided to make a few rough sketches which would serve Mr. Lane in making illustrations of the trip. Nothing more than this was permitted. Indeed, after we were fairly started there was hardly time to make even the most fragmentary notes.

The boat was made of two-inch planks, with heavy scantling sawed into proper lengths for braces at the sides and bottom. It was a clumsy, but powerful affair. Had a light and more easily guided craft been constructed the party

would surely have gone to the bottom, for the currents and eddies were so strong, and swept under the rocky walls with such velocity that it would have been dashed to pieces. The value of our bateau will be seen as the reader proceeds.

Monday morning, April 18th, we entered the boat, cast off the lines, and started upon our voyage. In one end was a steering oar twenty feet in length. For the first few miles Mr. Moorehead managed this. Mr. Cowen sat in the middle, with a short heavy pole in his hands. Guide Smith stood in the bow, holding to a strong pole some twenty feet in length. For the first five or six miles the river fell at the rate of thirty feet to the mile. From thence on to the San Juan its descent approached fifty feet per mile. The average speed of the water was about ten miles per hour; the minimum, five and a half; the maximum, sixteen.

There were several men on the bank, and one of them kindly held the stern line, and, when we were ready, cast off. The boat moved slowly through the dead water till it struck the current, then it shot forward at a good speed, and we had all we could do to manage it. For five miles we floated along very nicely. Then we came to a place where the river divided into three sections by two small islands and ran very swiftly. In spite of Moorehead's efforts at the steering oar, the boat was shot over to the east bank by the current and grounded in six inches of water. Smith got out and pulled with all his might, while the other two pushed with the poles, and by dint of hard labor the boat was dragged into deeper water. Smith leaped aboard, and away we went. The steering oar was so long and heavy that it wore one out to manage it longer than an hour at a time. So, in the course of two or three miles farther, Cowen and Moorehead changed places. Cowen is very muscular, and by far the strongest man in the party. He exerted all his great strength, and was barely able to keep the boat clear of the rocks, which now began to raise their dark heads above the white-crested waves. Faster and faster sped the craft. Our feelings of pleasure changed to fear. Smith stood in the bow, with his long pole ever ready, looking anxious and worried. All jokes and pleasantries were forgotten, and with whitened faces and watchful eyes we flew on and on.

"Great heavens, boys," cried Smith, "look ahead!" We glanced quickly down stream, seeing a tall, frowning headland. It was not so terrifying in itself, but there was a great cottonwood-tree square across its point, the butt of which extended twenty feet to the right, and the limbs and upper trunk made swirls and eddies in the water to the left. The river at the banks on either side was shallow. The deepest and swiftest current swept directly against the

\* See THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 121, 125, and 129.



tree. We knew if we struck the butt we were lost; if we lodged against the limbs our boat might be upset. It may be imagined how we worked! Foot by foot we cleared the tree trunk, and just as Smith cried out, "Look out!" we all dropped to the bottom of the boat. A moment later, the boat shot through the very top of the tree, crashing and smashing through the old dead branches. Three heads popped up when the tree was passed; three pairs of strong arms grasped the rude guiding apparatus, and we endeavored to get the boat out of the current. But our clumsy scow was unmanageable. The river carried us where it would, and we sat down to rest after our exertion, caring but little where we went. Some of the boughs had scratched Cowen's hands so that they were bleeding freely, but he hung manfully to the steering oar.

Fifteen miles had been run off in about an hour. The river became narrow and deep, and it seemed as if we

and Moorehead shoved against the bank when the boat would shoot from one side to the other, and thus it was kept from running into the bank. The banks were continually caving in, and presently the mud and water was ankle-deep in the bottom of the scow. In the last bend in this channel was a large cottonwood-tree. We did not see this one until we were within a hundred feet of it, and then it was too late to avoid it. The boat struck the limbs about one foot from where they joined the trunk. We had all fallen to the bottom of the boat. One great limb scraped along the top of the boat; another struck Smith across the back, giving him a bad wrench; smaller ones cut and scratched Moorehead's hands; while twigs and small branches bending lower in the boat dragged out part of our provisions. With the exception of one place, the water was swifter here than at any other point in the river. Had we been sitting up instead of lying down, the heavy



BUILDING THE BOAT FOR THE TRIP DOWN THE ANIMAS.

were racing along as fast as an express train. Smith would look ahead, and cry out that a rifle was near at hand. Before we could make any perceptible progress with the steering oar, the rifle would be past. We thanked heaven that the boat was made of such strong material. Had we used three-quarter inch lumber and painted the craft at each end, as we had thought of doing, the rocks over which we passed would have broken the bottom into kindling wood. Every mile or two the scow would strike on a rock with such force as to throw us off our feet. She began to leak and the baggage was getting wet fast, but we could not tarry to bail her out, for we had all we could do to attend to our poles and oar.

All at once there loomed up in the distance two large islands. We steered the boat for the smallest and deepest channel. We should have kept in the broadest. The small channel was not more than fifty feet wide, and the bends were very sharp. Standing up with the poles, Smith

limb that passed above would have surely killed us. After passing this dangerous spot we shot out into the main stream again, and for two miles had good sailing. We were perspiring freely from our exertions, and we all took a good drink from our canteens. During the interval of rest that the river afforded, Smith bailed out the mud and water.

The next dangerous place we struck about eleven o'clock. A high wall of rock, rising five hundred feet, lay on the southwest side of the river. It was composed of sandstone, and there were many hawk, eagle, and swallow nests in the crevices. We did not have opportunity to glance more than two or three times at them. The water had washed under and undermined the cliff, forming caves and suck-holes. We were very much afraid of getting into these, because the current set in strongly. The ruddier was of very little account in keeping us off the rocks, but Smith and Moorehead used the poles to good advantage.

It was very hard work. They would plant the poles against the rock as far ahead as they could reach, but by the time one could put power into the poles, to give a good shove-off, the boat would be so far ahead that it was of little use. We had to be very quick, indeed, to keep the boat from being drawn under the rocks. At the lower end of the cliff was a stone and brush dam, which extended part way across the river. Farmers had built it to get water for irrigating ditches. We could not go around the dam, as the current set right over it. As we rushed toward it there was an instant of suspense. The bow of the boat plunged down and dipped water, the sides struck on a

at the side. Cowen managed it, Moorehead tried the stern oar again, while Smith resumed his place in the bow.

Our idea in pulling the boat up-stream was to clear a great cottonwood which had fallen into the water from the bank and lay with its butt and roots embedded in the mud, while its top jutted out into the stream fifteen feet. The current set in, as in the case of the other trees, directly against this. When we cast off and started down the river, Cowen pulled too hard on the steering oar, the boat would not obey Moorehead's oar, and, of course, she lodged right against the tree. There we were, ten feet from shore, with



A NARROW ESCAPE FROM SHIPWRECK.

rock, then came a hard tug and a jerk, and she righted herself.

Just as our watches marked twelve o'clock we saw a high bank ahead. The water had washed out a little bay or inlet, and steering for that we made a landing, drawing the boat far up on the sand. Then we built a fire, and prepared dinner, with coffee, dried peaches, Armour's canned beef, and crackers. They tasted very good, as we were hungry and tired. After dinner we sat by the fire and smoked. Smith and Cowen made another steering oar out of a piece of scantling, which we hauled in the bottom of the boat. This done, we dragged the boat three hundred yards up the river, as the water near the shore was not very swift, and then entering her, we put our new steering oar

water rushing and roaring on both sides of us, afraid to stand up lest the boat should suddenly loosen and the limbs knock us overboard. At last Smith sprang out on the land by means of the tree—although not without a good ducking; Moorehead threw him a line, and he made it fast around a large stump. Then the other two climbed out, and all three held a consultation. There were strong lines in each end of the boat. We made the lower line fast to a large tree. The boat then was given five feet slack, in hopes that she would run down five feet or more clear of the tree. But as she moved with the current she slid on to a large, partly submerged tree-trunk, and there stuck with her stern a foot in the air and the water dashing over her bow with every large wave. It was ticklish business

getting into her, yet some one had to put the oars and the baggage in such a position as to prevent them being swept overboard. Moorehead stripped, climbed into the boat, and secured the luggage.

The river made such a noise and we were so excited that we called loudly to each other. A ranchman living near by came down at this moment, having heard our cries, and strongly urged us to abandon our project. He said we would surely be drowned—that no one had ever gone down the river in flood time. We persuaded him to help us a little, and, losing the upper line, we succeeded in getting the boat clear of the brush. Each line was seventy-five feet long. We let her down the length of the line, had the ranchman steady it by taking a turn around a tree, and we climbed in with fear and trembling. Manning the oars and the pole, with nervous hands it must be confessed, we cried, "Let go!" Away she flew, and luckily cleared the brush.

To give the reader an idea of the fearful velocity of the water—when the boat was released, the ranchman observed a small coil of rope lying on the bank. Before he could catch up this, run forward a few steps, and throw it to us, we had passed beyond throwing distance.

It was nearly two o'clock in the afternoon when we left the place just named. In fifty minutes we floated to Farmington, nine miles below the river. On the way we totally lost control of the boat, and bumped into headlands, rocks, and trees. There is a ferry across the river at Farmington, in a wide and comparatively quiet part of the river. Here we made a landing and set up camp, tired, bruised, and bleeding, and with aching arms. We were but half a mile from the San Juan. That stream was so high and so dangerous that it was inadvisable to attempt to go down it in our small boat. So we abandoned the boat and canoe overland in a wagon to Camp San Juan, where we joined the rest of our party. We were received with great demonstrations of joy by those who had given us up as lost.

Let it here be recorded, to the credit of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN Expedition, that no other party has successfully attempted the navigation of the perilous Animas at high water in so small a boat. Two men have been drowned and one man has had an arm broken in attempting what we have succeeded in doing. Once during high water a farmer in a skiff was carried four miles before he could make a landing, and he had the advantage of a very light boat and a good pair of oars.

## A NEW DEPARTURE.

THE constant aim of the management of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN has been to make its weekly issue alike interesting and instructive to all classes of its readers. That its efforts in this direction have been appreciated by an intelligent public is clearly evidenced by the increasing number of subscribers to what is correctly claimed to be the most attractive weekly of either hemisphere. While, however, current topics of interest are handled and illustrated in such a manner that they are photographed distinctly and permanently on the mind of the reader, thereby constituting a mental picture-gallery of life's fleeting shows and pageantry, and while the knowledge of ancient and mediæval history is intelligently stimulated by accurate details of men and things, of social conditions as well as of general antecedents; while, also, the foibles, if they may be so characterized, of the fair sex are attentively catered to by laying before them week after week the mysteries of gorgeous apparel, as well as of an economical and becoming toilet; and while, further, plays and players are impartially criticised, still there is something lacking, and the management of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN realizes that there is a business as well as a pleasure side of life, and that, it is incumbent upon it to combine "a utile cum dulce": in other words, to pay special editorial attention, hereafter, to certain business features and conditions which enter into the environment of daily life and prudent habits. The mental pabulum must nourish and invigorate not merely the sensuous and sentimental, but the practical nerves, tissues, and arteries of a business man's or woman's component structure.

Women, it must be here noted, cannot be consistently

ignored in the discussion of business questions, because while they may not be as well versed in the parlance of the street as in the language of a ball-room, a dinner party, or a sociable, still it cannot be denied that their intuition and intelligent comprehension of a business proposition are in many cases as clear as, if not clearer than, those of the sterner sex, and there are numerous instances, both in this country and Europe, of women who have been recognized leaders of society, the first among ten thousand in presiding over and extending the courtesies and amenities of their *recherché* and elegantly appointed establishments, but who, at the same time, have been leaders in the prosecution of business enterprises.

From what has been above written, it will be evident that any new departure, any infusion of fresh blood and fresh material, will be at the outset tentative, and to a great extent experimental, although no experiment would be hazarded unless under a firm belief that it would be followed by success, and that the efforts of the management would be substantially appreciated. Under this view of the case, it has been determined to take up the consideration of a factor in business which cannot fail to be interesting to all classes of readers. Old and young, rich and poor, man and wife, brother and sister, are alike interested in insurance, and its resultant benefits. It is, therefore, with insurance that the new departure in the editorial *melange* of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN will be inaugurated.

The field of insurance is so wide, and the principles involved in it are so elastic and adaptable, that its sphere of operations and its domain of usefulness are not confined to the family circle and home relations, but they are applicable to almost all the avenues of business—they are general factors in all the conditions of life; but while reference may be made occasionally, in these columns, to the general features and principles of insurance as affecting all classes of business, the main effort will be directed to educating our readers in the correct methods of insurance, as practised by the representative and leading institutions of fire, marine and marine insurance. Nowhere, perhaps, in the civilized world, has life insurance been more energetically and intelligently promoted than in the United States of North America. Nowhere has it been more extensively popularized; in fact, so wide-spread is the financial reputation of the most prominent insurance companies of this country, that they have been able to invade successfully Great Britain and the continent of Europe, and to revolutionize, in many important details, the antiquated practice of transatlantic companies.

It will be readily understood that such companies as the Equitable, Mutual, and New York Life Insurance Companies, to say nothing of the Metropolitan and Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, have their individual plans and methods for attracting business—all of which are pronounced to be equally secure from risk and equally deserving of public patronage; in fact, if they were not secure, and if there was even a remote chance of the public being wronged, the strong arm of the State Insurance Department would inevitably interpose its veto and effectually stop any action which was unbusinesslike on its face and disastrous in practice.

THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN will discuss the general principles of life insurance, pure and simple, under a firm belief that ordinary business prudence and regard for a man's family justify life insurance in its well-managed and responsible company; but it will not constitute itself, under any circumstances, the panegyrist of any special method or line of life insurance. On the contrary, it claims that each company competing for business in that line should advertise clearly in the columns of the paper its own specialties and the merits of its administration, leaving the public to be the best judges about the merits or demerits of each peculiar or individual case. The right of impartial criticism is, however, reserved in every case by the managers of the paper; and even advertisers must admit that such criticism would be salutary, because it is advantageous sometimes to know how others view us, and compare us equally with individuals who are too frequently blind to their own defects. They forget that nothing in this world, even in this nineteenth century of progress and development, can be absolutely perfect.

The above remarks apply with equal force to fire and marine insurance.



COUNT VON EULENBURG.

When General Caprivi, owing to the support he had given to the young emperor's pet Education Bill, found it necessary to resign the presidency of the Prussian Ministry, he was succeeded in that position by Count Botho von Eulenburg.

The count was born in 1831, and in 1878 he became Prussian Minister of the Interior. His name has been principally associated with anti-socialist legislation. After

Prince Bismarck, and one day the Iron Chancellor subjected him to an extraordinary snub.

Count von Eulenburg was speaking in the Prussian Upper House on a bill that had been sent up from the Lower Chamber, when an official of the Ministry of Commerce, who was seated by his side, rose and read a letter from Prince Bismarck in which views diametrically opposed to those of Count von Eulenburg were expressed. The Minister of the Interior at once drove to the emperor's palace and tendered his resignation, which was accepted.

Some years later, Von Eulenburg made his peace with Bismarck and was appointed President of the Government of Hesse-Cassel, a post which he retained until he became Prime Minister of Prussia last March. He again became Minister of the Interior in 1890, and was afterward appointed Grand Marshal of the Imperial Court at Berlin.

He is a successful courtier, and a well educated man of affairs. He is more likely to serve his master than he is to serve any party.

## OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS.\*

L. MISS VIOLA ALLEN.

MISS VIOLA ALLEN can, unlike most of our young actresses, claim a hereditary right to dramatic ability. Her father, Mr. Leslie Allen, is one of the best "old men" on the American stage, and is, besides, a remarkably clever character actor. Her mother, too, is a good actress, who plays as Mrs. Brutone.

Miss Allen was born in the South, but went to Boston when a child of three years old, her parents having joined the famous Boston Theatre Company. In Boston she has spent the greater part of her life, and there she was educated. She was quite a little thing—she is not very big now—when she first came into public notice. She took up a collection for the benefit of the sufferers by the great Chicago fire, and a Boston paper gave her a whole column notice the next morning. Shortly after this she made her *debut*—if *debut* it can be called, for she had nothing to say—at Halifax, Nova Scotia, as a boy in "Dora." Her real *debut*, however, was made in 1882, just after she had left school, in "Esmeralda," at the Madison Square Theatre, New York. She next appeared in "Alpine Roses" at the same house, but the piece had a very short run, and she was next seen supporting Mrs. Dowers in "La Charbonniere." In this play she carried off the honors after the star. After having played in "The Pulse of New York" and Steele Mackay's "Dakota"—both of which were failures—she was with William E. Sheridan, and then became John McCullough's leading lady. After his death she played with Barrett in "The Blot on the Scutcheon," and during the season of 1885-86, supported Salvini as leading lady, and showed an intellectual conception of a very high order of the characters of Desdemona and Parthenia.

After this Miss Allen went back to the Madison Square Theatre, and did the leading business until the season of 1887, when she was engaged to play in "Hoodlum Blind" with a travelling company, and in that piece she first appeared before a Boston audience. She then played with Jefferson and William Florence, and afterward appeared in "Shenandoah," in New York.

Her portrait appears on page 178.

the attempts of Hoedel and Nobiling on the life of Emperor William I., he introduced into the Reichstag an Anti-Socialist Bill so drastic that the Assembly would not pass it, and was therefore dissolved. In the next Reichstag he brought in another bill even more stringent than the first. Finding he was confronted with a very strong opposition, he persuaded Prince Bismarck to advise a fresh dissolution; but the late Emperor Frederick, who was Crown Prince Regent at the time, refused to allow this, and the bill had to be passed with several mitigating amendments. As soon as it became law, a minor state of siege was proclaimed in Berlin, and suspected socialists of all classes were expelled from the capital by hundreds.

During Count von Eulenburg's administration the anti-Semitic movement began. The Minister of the Interior was believed to view it with something more than secret sympathy. Certainly he put no stop to anti-Semitic meetings, and when mobs of Jew-haters broke up Liberal assemblies the police remained inactive.

In 1881 Count von Eulenburg left office. A curious parliamentary incident preceded his resignation. It had long been rumored in Berlin that he was too independent to suit

\* Portraits already published in "Our Gallery of Players": Pauline Hall, in No. 51 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; Fanny Davenport, in No. 72; Mrs. Langtry, in No. 74; Fay Templeton, in No. 75; Marie Jansen, in No. 76; Marie Tempest, in No. 77; Laura Moore, in No. 78; Ada Rehan, in No. 79; Georgia Cayvan, in No. 80; Della Fox, in No. 81; Anna O'Keefe, in No. 82; Bonnie Voke, in No. 83; Joseph Haworth, in No. 84; Robert B. Mantell, in No. 85; Isabelle Urquhart, in No. 86; Ellen Terry, in No. 87; Annie Myers, in No. 88; Julia Marlowe, in No. 89; Mme. Helena Modjeska, in No. 90; Mrs. Agnes Booth, in No. 91; Marie Barragans, in No. 92; Joseph Jefferson, in No. 93; Henry Irving, in No. 94; Jane Hading, in No. 95; Adelaide Arthur, in No. 96; Wilton Barrett, in No. 97; Robert B. Mantell, in No. 98; Stuart Robson, in No. 99; Tommaso Salvini, in No. 100; Benoit Constant Couperin, in No. 101; Edward H. Sothern, in No. 102; Sarah Bernhardt, in No. 103; Lillian Russell, in No. 104; Helen Dausway, in No. 105; Frederic Bond, in No. 106; Effie Ellsler, in No. 107; Francis Wilson, in No. 108; Louis James, in No. 109; Joseph Haworth, in No. 110; Robert B. Mantell, in No. 111; Adelaide Bruce, in No. 112; Minna K. Gale, in No. 113; Mrs. George Drew Barrymore, in No. 114; Mme. Lilli Lehmann, in No. 115; Annie Russell, in No. 116; Jean Lassalle, in No. 117; Rose Cobbin, in No. 118; Emma Eames Story, in No. 119; and Edwin Booth, in No. 120.



## X. THE BERNADOTTES.

*Quel dommage que tout cela ne soit pas légitime!*  
 "What a pity that with all that they are not legitimate!"  
 exclaimed an old French lady to whom the good qualities  
 of the Bernadottes were being described by an officer of the  
 court of Charles XIV. of Sweden.

The Bernadottes are not legitimate, as "legitimacy" is  
 understood among the ruling houses of Europe. They are

equals, from a subject to a king—from one who has been voluntarily elected to reign over those who chose him, everything is to be expected which may contribute to the honor and ornament of the crown. Gratitude towards his people is the first virtue of such a monarch, for, next to Providence, he is indebted to them for his royalty. A king by birth, who acts inconsistently with this character, is a satire upon himself only, but a king by election, whose conduct is unworthy of his dignity, disgraces his subjects also.

Just pausing one moment to recommend the reading of these wise remarks to the presidents of certain republics—those of the United States not requiring, of course, such advice—we hasten to state that very few elected princes in Europe ever realized even the reasonable expectations of their subjects as did Bernadotte.

Bernadotte's career was one of the most extraordinary in the whole compass of ancient or modern history. It strikes the imagination more as a legend of the Middle



VIEW OF PAU, AND THE CHÂTEAU AS RESTORED.

It is a curious coincidence that, of the two most eminent men who first drew breath in Pau, one abandoned the Protestant faith to mount the throne of France, and the other the Roman Catholic to secure the crown of Sweden. The castle has been restored since the beginning of the century.

the *parvenus* of royalty. But when Marshal Bernadotte was chosen heir apparent to the crown of Sweden, the other royal houses received him into the fold, and his descendants have by their conduct increased the respect he gained from the sovereigns and peoples of Europe.

Frederick the Great, in his celebrated letter to Stanislaus Augustus, on the latter's election to the throne of Poland, wrote:

Your Majesty is to consider that, since you have obtained your crown by election, and not by birth, the world will be more attentive to your actions than to those of any other prince in Europe. And this is but just, since the latter is only the effect of consanguinity. From such a one no more is to be expected, though much more might be wished, than what men are usually endowed with. But from one who has been called above his

ages, or a saga of the old Northman warriors, rather than the serious and unexaggerated description of real sober facts which occurred in the present century. That the son of a respectable but unknown lawyer of Pau, born at the foot of the Pyrenees and nurtured in the bosom of sunny France, should rise from nothing to be Marshal of France and Prince de Pontecorvo, should almost peril the diadem of Napoleon himself, and should at last, without a single bayonet to assert his claims, be elected by acclamation to the thousand-miles-off snowy thrones of the great Vasas and the fair-haired Harald, and should there govern in peace for over thirty years two kingdoms which he had never seen, of whose languages he knew nothing, was an event even more wonderful than the founding of Persia by Cyrus, the victories of Cæsar, or the feats of Napoleon.

\* Previously published in this series: I. THE HOUSE OF HOLSTEIN, in No. 112 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; II. THE HOUSE OF BOURBON, in No. 111; III. THE ROMANOFFS, in No. 114; IV. THE HOUSE OF SAROV, in No. 113; V. THE HAPSBURG, in No. 115; VI. THE HOUSE OF PORTUGAL, in No. 117; VII. THE GERMAN SOVEREIGNS, in No. 118; VIII. THE HOUSE OF ENGLAND, in No. 119; and, IX. THE HOHENLOERN, in No. 120.

Bernadotte was not the only man to make history, that Pau had given birth to. Over two hundred years before the future Marshal of France first saw light in the dingy little house in the Rue de Trave, Jeanne d'Albret was delivered, in the old *château* by the River Gave, of a son, Henry of Navarre, who was destined to become Henry IV. of France. When Bernadotte was born, the *château* was rapidly falling into disrepair, and when he was a lad the *sans-culottes* showed no reverence for the birthplace of the immortal Béarnais, and left it almost a heap of ruins. Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. restored it to its former beauty.

It is a curious coincidence that, of the two most eminent men who first drew breath in Pau, one abandoned the Protestant faith to mount the throne of France, and the other the Roman Catholic to secure the crown of Sweden. When Bernadotte did change his religion, he said: "If Henry IV. could change his faith to obtain the mass, surely I can do the same to get rid of it."

As the story of Bernadotte's campaigns, of his quarrels with Napoleon, and how he reached the throne of Sweden has already been published in THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, we shall, in that part of this article dedicated to him, only touch upon incidents in his career not noticed in the former article.

At the breaking out of the French revolution, in 1789, Bernadotte had been recently appointed sergeant by his captain. This captain, like Bernadotte a native of Béarn, had often reproved him for his fondness for the revolutionary ideas which were gradually gaining ground, declaring that he was *une mauvaise tête*, and in spite of his superior education—it is a mistake to imagine that Bernadotte was the ignoramus he is often stated to have been—he would come to nothing. When the troubles actually commenced, and order and discipline were banished from the army, several regiments deposed their officers or refused to obey them, and elected others out of the ranks. The regiment to which Bernadotte belonged mutinied. The colonel and



CHARLES XIII., KING OF SWEDEN.

From a youthful portrait. It was he who adopted Bernadotte as Crown Prince of Sweden, and thus instituted a new dynasty in Europe.



BERNADOTTE, FOUNDER OF SWEDEN'S ROYAL HOUSE.

(From the painting by Kinson.)

other officers were arrested, and Bernadotte was elected to the command.

Having accepted the new dignity, he assembled the regiment and thanked his comrades for their confidence, of which, he said, he would prove himself worthy.

"Above all," he thus concluded his speech, "I must impress it upon you that without discipline no military body can subsist, and, if I am to command you, you must promise me absolute obedience."

"That we will," cried the men with one voice.

"It follows, of course, then," resumed the sergeant-colonel, "that whoever does not instantly obey my orders shall be punished according to the laws of war. Do you swear this?"

"We swear it," responded the soldiers.

Bernadotte immediately took a company—the one to which he belonged and in which he could place implicit confidence—put himself at its head, led it to the prison, and brought out the officers, with whom he proceeded to the front of the still assembled regiment.

"Soldiers," said he, taking the hand of the colonel, "you have of your own accord conferred on me the command over you and sworn obedience to me; I now command you to recognize again your former colonel and officers. Let us not disgrace a good cause by rebellion and disorder. My command is at an end. I resign it to your former chief."

The colonel, however, had seen too much, and was too well informed of what was going on in Paris and throughout all France, to accept the proffered command again. He and most of the officers quitted the regiment, and Bernadotte then assumed its command.

Many years afterward, when, as Marshal of France and Prince of Pontecorvo, he went to Anspach, he there met his former captain; Bernadotte invited him to dinner and introduced him to his officers as his old chief.

"You see," he said, smiling, to him, "in spite of my being a *mauvaise tête* and your predictions, I haven't made such a bad thing of it."

But Bernadotte, in spite of his good-nature and amiable

disposition, knew perfectly well how to refuse importunate petitioners in an indignant way. He had an aide-de-camp whom he had made a lieutenant-colonel. The aide was always urging the chief to make him a colonel, and one evening, when he had taken the liberty in the presence of his comrades to make allusions to unrequited services and slow promotion, the marshal related the following story:

"When I was a subaltern I went to see some performing dogs. I was so astonished at their skill that I asked the proprietor to show me how he trained them. He told me to come round the next day at noon and he would explain the whole thing. When I arrived he began with one of the older dogs and which was already trained, but which, it appeared, needed another lesson. Showing to the animal a large, tempting piece of meat, he held it up in his hand. The dog danced capitolally, and did all that was required of it. When this had continued for some time I begged of the man not to make the docile brute wait any longer for his reward, and to give him the meat.

"'Oh, no, not yet,' he replied, 'you don't understand it. So long as I show the dog the meat, he works hard in the hope of getting it, but as soon as he has attained the object of his wishes, he flings himself down and will not stir without driving.'"

The red face of the aide showed that the marshal's story had hit hard.

Aprons of dogs, Bernadotte, in his later years, could not bear them.

The greatest and cleverest of men have their weaknesses. Peter the Great could not touch a lizard; Marshal Saxe almost swooned if a cat came too near him; and it is well known that Gustavus Adolphus had a horror of spiders. Bernadotte, or Charles XIV., as he became, felt an invincible repugnance to dogs, partly because a friend of his died from the bite of a mad dog, and partly from his having seen, on the field of battle, the corpse of another friend torn to pieces by dogs, among which was the deceased officer's own pet dog. The crown prince, Oscar, did not inherit his father's antipathy to dogs, and owned a magnificent hound, which, as soon as it saw the king at a distance, or heard the words, "The king is coming," scuttled off as hard as it could, or, if he were in a room, hid himself under the furniture as long as the king remained in it.

It was in August, 1798, that General Bernadotte, as he was then, married Mlle. Désirée Clary, the daughter of a rich and respectable merchant of Marseilles, whose family had established itself at Genoa. The young lady had been the fiancée of General Dupois, who was massacred in a general tumult at Rome before the wedding could take place, and before that of the great Napoleon himself. Her sister Julie Marie was the wife of Joseph Bonaparte. The wedding took place very quietly at Joseph's house in Paris, and as Mlle. Clary was not only rich, but exceedingly pleasing in person and manner, Bernadotte was considered to have made a very good match. Mlle. Junot (Duchesse d'Albany) then introduced the two sisters in her "Mémoires of Napoleon, his Court, and Family":

Mme. Joseph Bonaparte is an angel of goodness. Pronounce her name, and all the indigent, all the unfortunate in Paris, Naples, and Madrid [she was successively Queen of Naples and Queen of Spain], will repeat it with blessings, yet she was never

at Madrid, and knew nothing of that foreign land but from accounts of it that were given her. Never did she hesitate a moment to set about what she conceived to be her duty. Accordingly, Mme. de Sarville [this was the name adopted by Prince Joseph on the fall of the Empire] is adored by all about her, and especially by her own household; her unalterable kindness, her active charity, gain her the love of everybody, and in the land of exile [Germany] she has found a second native country.

She was fondly attached to her sister, the Queen of Sweden. The latter is an excellent, and, in my opinion, an inoffensive creature; but she has one defect which her present situation renders almost a vice—she is a mere cipher. Her character has no color. Nay, more, she may be easily persuaded to do any person an ill turn, because she is not aware of the drift of the procedure. For the rest, I recollect the Queen of Sweden being prodigiously fond of everything that was melancholy and romantic. The latter term was then unknown; since one knows what it means, it has not quite so strong a resemblance to insanity.

When she married Bernadotte she had a face of which I shall say nothing, because we were then thought to be exceedingly like one another. She had very blue eyes and a most pleasing smile. Lastly, she had not too much *compassion*, as at the time of her departure for Sweden, and she was altogether a very agreeable person. She was fond of her husband, which was natural enough; but that fondness became a downright annoyance to the poor Bernese, who, having nothing of a hero of romance in his composition, was sometimes extremely perplexed by her pouting. She was continually in tears, when he had gone out, because he was absent; when he was going out, more tears; and when he came home, she still wept, because he would have to go again, perhaps in a week, but, at any rate, he would have to go some time or other.



KING OSCAR II. OF SWEDEN.

He is a poet, has a magnificent barytone voice, is a *bonnet*, and has as skained the loyal love of his subjects. He is active in good deeds.

Joseph's wife did not accompany him to this country, but Désirée was very near coming here. Napoleon, being very jealous of Bernadotte, wanted to get him out of France, and was on the point of sending him across the Atlantic as Governor of Louisiana, when he became alarmed at the prospect of the English seizing the colony, and in 1803 sold it to the United States.

On July 6, 1799, the Bernadottes were blessed with a son, who was named Oscar. Napoleon had brought the Ossianic poems of Macpherson into fashion in France, and the great qualities attributed to Oscar by the Scottish bard induced Bernadotte to select this name for his first and, as it proved, his only child.

In some of the old accounts of Bernadotte, one finds that he was not only long employed in the East Indies, but also fought under Lafayette in the United States. As a matter of fact, he was never in either country. The origin of the story of his having served in India is explained by an incident that occurred in 1804, when he was Governor of Hanover. Among the Hanoverian officers whom Bernadotte received was an amiable old man, General von Gönheim, who had formerly served in India in an English regiment. Like most veterans, he was very fond of recounting "how battles were then fought." One day at the governor's table the conversation turned upon the wars of Kuladore in 1783. The old soldier grew animated in speaking of a young sergeant of Royal-la-Marine (Bernadotte's first regiment), who was wounded in the unfortunate sortie made by the commandant De Blussy, and made a prisoner by the English. Von Gönheim told him he caused him to be



transported to his tent, and attended to by his own surgeon, and how he grew so fond of the young Frenchman that he kept him with him until an exchange of prisoners was effected. "Sir," he added the general, with a tear in his voice, "I have been unable to hear any news of him." "I will give you some," cried out Bernadotte, with eagerness. "This sergeant wounded under the walls of Kuladere, this prisoner whose life you saved, is—the marshal who speaks to you this moment. He esteems himself happy in publicly acknowledging what he owes you, and will let no opportunity escape of proving to General von Gornheim his gratitude."

The scene that followed may well be imagined—tears, embraces, etc. Bernadotte's officers, who knew that he had never served in India at all, kept their countenances. When Von Gornheim had retired, the governor was asked what his object was in taking upon his shoulders the deities of the sergeant of Kuladere. "Did you not see," replied Bernadotte, "how happy the excellent old officer was in recalling to his recollection the obligations rendered to a soldier of the regiment in which I passed my first years of service? I wished to continue his happiness. What does it matter if an error continues it to him? Who knows? Perhaps Von Gornheim accused of ingratitude the favored prisoner of the Royal-la-Marine."

Bernadotte meant this *gacconade* in all kindness, but to ordinary mortals it will appear more heartless than kind.

Mme. Junot, in her description of the occupation of Paris by the Allies, writes:

Few persons could comprehend what was the object of Bernadotte (he was then Crown Prince of Sweden) in coming to Paris at that time; still less could they understand his eagerness to hand Napoleon from his throne. There was then no chance of a republic, as on the 15th Brumaire (when the Directory fell), and Bernadotte suspected Napoleon's designs. But though General Bernadotte had forsaken France, he still loved her. His rank as Prince Royal had only made him change his opinion. Being no longer a republican, he had become a royalist. The Princess of Sweden used bitterly to complain of the *ennui* of the frigid and gloomy Court of Sweden, which was never excited, except to shoot kings at masked balls. On hearing the princess make those complaints, M. de Talleyrand used to say: "But really, madame, this is very well for a beginning." Bernadotte thought so too. The *regnant* had unfortunately become the *end*, since the downfall of the great European Colossus, and Bernadotte looked fondly back to his native country. He offered to His Royal Highness, Monsieur, who had just arrived in Paris, his services in putting down the different factions which might still exist in the army, over which his name might yet have some influence. To effect this object, he conceived it would be requisite to be invested with some imposing title, such as Generalissimo of the Forces, or Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom—the latter, it is true, was the title which Monsieur himself held; but he thought it might be rendered more practically useful when possessed by Bernadotte. The latter, therefore, consented to abandon the government of his own states, and to remain a year in France, if necessary. The proposition was accepted. The Prince Royal of Sweden was made to Count d'Artois (afterward Charles X. of France); but, after a very brief consideration, His Royal Highness was informed that the sooner he regained his army the better.

Bernadotte did return to Sweden very quickly, and was received with great enthusiasm. When the old king, Charles XIII., died, in February, 1818, he was crowned first at Stockholm, and then at Christiansia, as Charles XIV.

Here is a description of King Charles as he was in his sixty-fourth year, given by a German officer in the Swedish army:

From his glossy black hair, his fine figure, retaining all the vigor of his prime, and the vivacity and agility of his movements, he might have passed for a hale man of fifty. His angular, marked, but extremely pleasing features, his beautifully formed mouth, and his large, brilliant eyes composed a whole, the highly intellectual, and, at the same time, amiable expression of which, was extremely fascinating. The gaze of his eagle eye, which fixed upon and penetrated any one who was conversing with him, had such a spell that I think it would have been very difficult to tell the king to his face an untruth without confusion or trepidation. I have seen courtiers and placemen whose consciences might not

be perfectly clear, stand abashed and confounded as if thunder-struck by that piercing look, which seemed to read the inmost recesses of the heart. Bernadotte appeared to be aware of this effect of his looks, and he is said to have formed beforehand an unfavorable opinion of those who could not bear their scrutiny. . . . The private life of Charles, as husband and father, was irreproachable. Even busy fame, with her thousand tongues, has nothing but good to relate, and the *chronique scandaleuse* is silent. Particularly praiseworthy was his behavior toward his adoptive parents, Charles XIII. and his consort, born Princess of Holstein, the latter of whom, it is said, could not endure him. The crown prince has the reputation of having uniformly paid them all the attentions of a dutiful son, and all the respect of an obedient subject, and of having always spoken of his adoptive father with reverence and affection.



QUEEN SOPHIA OF SWEDEN.

Like her husband, she is ever at work upon some philanthropic scheme, and is especially interested in the improvement and amelioration of the condition of women.

appointments, much ill-hill, and want of confidence in the royal word. Oscar, on the other hand, promised little and rarely. He was sympathetic, but never excited false hopes. He was a remarkably handsome man, whose eyes were once described by a Frenchwoman as being "eyes of black velvet gilded with fire."

When Prince Oscar was twenty-three years old he went to Bavaria to meet his bride, whom he had never seen, but whose fair features he knew by heart from a portrait which hung in the palace at Stockholm. The young lady was Princess Josephine, daughter of Eugene de Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg. Napoleon had intended that Eugene, the son of the Empress Josephine, should occupy the throne of Sweden, and had told Bernadotte so when he granted him permission to accept the adoption of Charles XIII. Josephine was a very beautiful woman, who, like her father's countrywomen, was *solide dans le sérieux et charmante dans les bagatelles*. She won the hearts of her husband's subjects, and when she died,



in 1876, there was universal mourning in Sweden and Norway.

When Oscar made his first speech from the throne, he said:

I promise you, good gentlemen and Swedish men, to support justice and truth, to encourage the progress of enlightenment, to further the development of those noble and genuine qualities which distinguish the serious and powerful sons of the North. From you I expect, in return, sincere cooperation with me to this great end, and the confidence which pure intention and unremitting care for the good of the country can count upon from a high-minded nation.

Almost the first thing he did was to annul an act, which had been passed during the regency of his father, forbidding any communication with any of the Vasas, the former royal family of Sweden. This was all the more generous on his part, because the Prince of Vasa had just issued a pronoun-

The present king, Oscar II., succeeded his brother. Some years before his brother's death he had been declared heir presumptive by the Parliaments of both Norway and Sweden, and for a long time before he became king had taken a prominent part in the affairs of the two countries. Being a sailor by profession, he had especially devoted himself to keeping up the strength of the Scandinavian navy.

Oscar II. had married in 1857 Princess Sophia of Nassau, whose brother succeeded to the grand-dukedom of Luxembourg on the death of King William of Holland.

As Carl XV. was a painter, so is Oscar II. a poet. Moreover, he has a magnificent baritone voice. Few sovereigns have been surrounded by such loyal love, although he has had to encounter the agitation in Norway, where the well-known writer, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, has long headed a movement to overthrow the Bernadotte dynasty; and none has deserved it better. The Swedes have been called the "Frenchmen



GUSTAV, CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN.

He is tall and dark, like most of the Bernadottes.



VICTORIA, CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN.

She is the only daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden.

ciamento in which he stated that, although he would not oppose Oscar's accession, he did, nevertheless, refuse to relinquish his right and that of his family to the throne of Sweden.

The eldest branch of the Vasas is represented by Queen Caroline of Saxony, the only child of Gustavus, the last Prince of Vasa.

King Oscar, who was surnamed "the Peaceful," died in 1859. His mother, Désirée, soon followed him to the grave. In his will he left a touching tribute to Queen Josephine, "for the tender and devoted love with which I have been hedged around by my beloved wife," and to "the patriotic ardor with which my sons have supported me in the midst of my government cares."

Oscar I. was succeeded by his eldest son, who was crowned at Stockholm and at Trondheim as Carl XV.

Carl married Princess Louise of the Netherlands, and had one daughter, Louise, who is the wife of the Crown Prince of Denmark. He was a very good artist. He died very suddenly in 1872 in the forty-sixth year of his age, and his loss was deeply regretted by his subjects.

of the North," and under the rule of the present king they have gained preeminence among civilized nations for the development of popular instruction. There is not in Europe a more polished, polite, and peasant race, nor one which takes its placid pleasures with such simple enjoyment. The king, who is a *savant* without being a pedant, delights to encourage and assist any one of special merit or aptitude in his dominions; and most of his leisure hours are spent in the company of *litterateurs*, artists, and authors, who in his study are permitted to forget etiquette in the pleasures of conversation. Oscar does not in any way affect the martial simplicity of a soldier in camp. He confesses his predilection for ease and comfort, his love of luxury. His entertainments are magnificent, and his palaces are most sumptuously furnished. But both he and Queen Sophia are ever at work on some philanthropic scheme, and she is especially interested in the improvement and amelioration of the condition of women.

The four stalwart sons of this royal pair are wonderfully united among themselves, and touchingly devoted to their mother.



## AT THE GATE OF THE INNOCENTS

**I**N the fair days of Louis XVI., when Marie Antoinette was giving her gay receptions at Versailles, two needy brothers, designated in the fashion of that time as the *Sieurs de Bonneville*, went to the court in the hope of getting a place or a pension. They were descended from the marquis who made hold but unsuccessful love to Margaret de Valois; had his ears boxed by "the tenth Muse and the fourth Grace," as that fair, frank, and witty princess herself sets forth, and fell in the Italian wars of her brother, Francis I.

Armand and Eugene de Bonneville did not resemble their ancestor, however, but were regarded as singularly prudent men by the world of Versailles. Their names had never been prominent in dangerous intrigue or family quarrel; they had incurred no glaring scandal, made no profitless friendships, committed themselves to no party, and been seen to assist with equal complacency at high mass and at the crowning of Voltaire. Their parents were long dead; the gates of a Carmelite convent had closed on their three sisters; and the inheritance which descended to Eugene, as the oldest son and heir of the house, was a large dilapidated hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain; the right to style himself seigneur of certain lands and a chateau in the country which had been possessed by a rich farmer-general's family for at least two generations; and the salary of an office created by Louis le Grand when money was particularly scarce, with him, and purchased forever by the seignior's grandfather—salad-taster extraordinary to the dauphin. Armand

was almost as well provided for by the continuance of a pension bestowed on his mother in the former reign, at the special request of Mme. du Barry and the promise of a lieutenancy in the Royal Guards. Their friends attributed it to the prudence of the Bonnevilles that they kept on tolerable terms with their tradesmen; but both were handsome, well bred, and unexceptionally aristocratic, from queue to diamond shoe-laces; and though Armand was thirty-five and his brother some years older, it was generally believed that they intended marrying no advantage.

That belief at least was true; but advantageous marriages are not to be hit upon every day, only by the most lively searchers. Perhaps upon the brothers were too prudent to succumb to a passion regarding which, "Nothing venture nothing win," is an emphatic proverb. One noble goddess and betrothed widow after another was led to the altar, while the brothers stood on, wrote complimentary verses, sent New Year's presents, and gave attendance on despoiling marriages. Armand had resigned himself to the lot of a needy teacher, who could not forget his rank, and as a free poverty no great house would become old-fashioned; but Eugene tried to soach his *fort* getting day by day more out of trouble under the administration of two very unscrupulous servants, and his ancient line of matrimony had been extinguished without either regret or remorse. Had the seignior and his brother entered into his considerations, and not long determined him on matrimony, applications to a matrimonial agent

in Paris (where, of course, chances were more numerous), with a hint that, provided the lady's fortune was satisfactory, nothing, but the most obtrusive plebeianism of birth or connections would be rejected.

Armand remonstrated with his brother on this downward step, which might connect their family with the *bourgeoisie*; but after talking the matter over in that good, brotherly confidence always subsisting between the Bonnevilles, in spite of life at Versailles, the wisdom, or, it might be, necessity of Eugene's plan became equally apparent to him; and with Armand's advice, a particularly respectable agent in that quarter of Paris called the "Cit," was engaged to manage the affair.

M. Le Blanc was a man of large business and acknowledged abilities; but he found the De Bonnevilles' requirements difficult to obtain. A dowry of six hundred thousand, or an annual income of fifty thousand livres, were mentioned as the lowest terms on which the sieur could dispose of his hand and heart, and there were only three fortunes of that amount on Le Blanc's list. The first was the daughter of a coffee merchant who had spent many years in the West Indies, and the lady's complexion had an African tinge too strong to be presentable; the second was the widow of a wealthy tobaccoist, and she had appeared in her husband's shop, and actually served customers; the third, though the niece of a silk manufacturer, rich and childless, was also the daughter of a wool-merchant, and kept up an intimacy with her low relations, which would be utterly inadmissible in Mme. de Bonnevile. At length, after seven months' search, when Eugene was beginning to despair, and the *hotel* looked worse than ever, a letter arrived from Le Blanc, announcing his hope that all the requisites had been discovered in a single lady residing at the house of a respectable but reduced advocate, near the Church of St. Madeleine. He added that the lady was handsome, accomplished, and supposed to be about thirty; that she had no known family connections, and a certain income of fifty thousand livres a year.

The brothers were delighted, but their residence never slept. Eugene wrote to Le Blanc by return of post, with suitable commendations of his diligence, an earnest exhortation to inquire after her previous history; and, should the results be satisfactory, full powers to sound the lady's mind, as well as that of her friends. Regarding the latter, he hoped some further information would also be gleaned, as their utter obscurity went somewhat beyond the Bonnevilles' expectations. Le Blanc seemed long about the inquiry; but his letter came at last. It stated that he had seen the lady, and could pledge his honor that she had a fine face, a good figure, and the air of a duchess—weighty words from a connoisseur; that her name was Catherine de Chateleine; and she had no friends except the old advocate and his wife with whom she had lived for almost two years, paying a large sum for board, which greatly assisted them, as they had been reduced almost to poverty by the failure of the Mississippi scheme. Their name was Broussel, and their relationship to mademoiselle so distant that the advocate acknowledged it only beyond her tracing; while all that he or his wife knew of her history was, that the lady's father had left France early and settled at Constantinople, where he rose to great power and trust, but without changing his religion, on account of some extraordinary and secret service rendered to the Porte; and that he perished in a great fire, which consumed not only his house, but the very street in which he lived. No document or family paper had been rescued from the flames to throw light on mademoiselle's genealogy; and the sultan, considering the estates and treasures he had amassed too large an inheritance for any Christian woman, had seized upon them all, allowing his only daughter an income of fifty-six thousand livres. With a husband she had retired to her father's country, to avoid Mussulman addresses, when the ancient Latin Convent of St. Eustachia, where she had been educated, and resided from childhood, was suppressed and pulled down by order of the grand vizier, because the nuns were suspected of attempts to proselytize his harem. Nothing was known of mademoiselle's mother but that she was of Italian origin, born at Pera, and said to be related to the princely house of Sforza, whose armorial bearings were sculptured on her tomb in the Frankish cemetery.

The story was romantic, yet the brothers could have

wished for some evidence of its authenticity. But Le Blanc's letter contained another paragraph, which at once decided Eugene. Mademoiselle, though not completely averse to a noble match, was singularly devout, and had lately entertained serious thoughts of taking the veil in the Convent of St. Catherine, whose holy sisters, as the advocate assured him, paid the heiress such court as would require an ardent and clever suitor to oppose successfully. Eugene knew that, when the nuns were at work, there was no time to be lost; and, as fifty-six thousand livres could not be expected to come often in his way, his reply empowered Le Blanc to place his noble name and, of course, his affections at the feet of the Eastern heiress and win over, if possible, the Broussels to his interest, as the only apologies for relations the lady had. Le Blanc's next communication was encouraging. The Broussels had given their warm adhesion on the receipt of a gold snuffbox, a Cashmere shawl, and the promise of two hundred louis, to be paid on the wedding-day; while mademoiselle was so deeply interested by his glowing account of the sieur's many attractions, good qualities, and exalted rank, that she consented to receive a visit from her noble lover, who might thenceforth carry on his suit in person. Eugene hastened to avail himself of that privilege, particularly as Le Blanc hinted that the nuns were still in the field.

The same post brought Armand a letter from the only surviving uncle of the brothers. This uncle was a brother of the long-deceased Mme. de Bonnevile. He had been educated at the Jesuits' College, and intended for the Church; but, having no vocation for holy orders, he went, at the special recommendation of the superior, to seek his fortune in Italy, and, after serving in one capacity or another at half its old ducal courts, had been for the last twenty years private secretary to the Doge of Venice. M. Lespeigne was supposed to be rich, and was known to be stingy. He had never married, and kept no communication with his sister's family lest, as it was believed, they might levy or expect contributions. But age had crept upon him in the midst of official duties and growing gains; and, feeling solitary in the strange and distant capital, he began to feel, he remembered that Armand was his namesake, and wrote to request a visit. Such a request was not to be disregarded, especially by the prudent Bonnevilles, for it almost involved a legacy. Armand and Eugene congratulated each other on their prospects, which now seemed pretty secure between death and marriage, and both set out in high spirits, the one for the city of the Adriatic, and the other for the neighborhood of St. Madeleine, in Paris.

Armand found his uncle all that report had painted him—old, infirm beyond his age, and, if rich, by no means liberal. It might have been his Italian life, too, or long residence in that old city of secrecy and decaying power, but Armand thought him close to a wonder regarding his pecuniary affairs, and unaccountably anxious, like one who felt some great risk or fear hanging over him. The old man was kind after his own fashion, and right glad to see his nephews. It was pleasant to talk of the country he had left so long, and the families he had known in his youth; pleasant to have a companion in the deserted wing of the ducal palace, which he had inhabited with two old servants for almost twenty years; and, though Armand soon got tired of the empty galleries and sombre rooms of the silent sea-tower, where there were no promenade, no court-gossip, and scarcely a play except at the Carnival, he remained month after month at his uncle's solicitation, endeavoring to look delighted, and employing all his eloquence to persuade the old man that his health required change of air, and he should retire to enjoy himself and his fortune among kind friends in France.

Meantime, letters of good news followed each other from Paris. Eugene had seen his bride-elect: she was charming; but Armand would judge of that for himself. Of one thing he was certain—she must be a gentlewoman, from the dignified manner in which his addresses had been received. The courtship was vigorously carried on for the winter, and at the expiration of the year, when the betrothed, and next month they were married with becoming splendor at the Church of St. Madeleine. As the fashion of these times required, Mme. de Bonnevile immediately went home to her husband's *hotel*, which had been

repaired and refurnished on credit. Half the court, and most of the old families resident in Paris, paid visits of congratulation to the happy pair; and the Hôtel de Bonneville, with its new mistress's dresses, jewellery, and equipage, not forgetting her romantic history, became the theme of all tongues at Versailles.

These things made Armand wish for the termination of his visit, that he might share in the family splendors and hospitable attentions of his wealthy sister-in-law, to whom he had determined to make himself agreeable, having already paved his way with all manner of written compli-

the doge. The latter was a man as old, as heirless, and more infirm than himself, who spent an hour every day locked up with him in the library, and all the rest of his time between his chamber and the palace chapel. The two months' leave was granted, and Armand and his uncle journeyed without hindrance or adventure to Paris. They arrived at the Hôtel de Bonneville late at night. All things were prepared for their reception, though madame had retired to rest; and Eugene received them with expected demonstrations. Armand thought his brother looked less free and easy than in their poorer days; "but doubtless



ARMAND FOUND HIS UNCLE ALL THAT REPUT had painted him—OLD, INFIRM BEYOND HIS AGE, AND, IF WITH, BY NO MEANS LIBERAL.

ments. Armand had, however, his private interest to secure with Lespeigne, and to leave him in the present frame of mind would have been decidedly unprofitable. The old man's family pride, which had always been peculiarly strong, was flattered by the brilliant alliance Eugene had made, all the more that both brothers thought proper to avoid his antiquated scruples by sinking the entire romance of the bride's history, and announcing her merely as an orphan heiress of the illustrious house of Chatelaine. The magnificent doings in Paris, and Eugene's warm invitations, supported as they were by those of his niece-in-law, and Armand's eloquence, finally prevailed on the private secretary to request two months' leave of absence from

it is a natural effect of matrimony," said the self-complacent bachelor.

Knowing the value of first impressions, he was particular in his toilet next morning. His aristocratic tastes were thoroughly gratified by the general style and appearance of the *hôtel*, and he descended to the breakfast table with an inward conviction that Eugene had done a good thing. There sat the bride in a becoming morning-dress, really a magnificent woman, and something more than Le Blanc had reported. She was tall, finely formed, and queenly in her carriage. There was an Oriental look about her dark complexion and jet-black hair. Her features were as fine, Armand thought, as those of a Grecian statue; and her

manners had the graceful cordiality of genuine high-breeding. All was soft and winning in the first glance; but Armand felt, before he was fairly seated, that there was something strangely disagreeable about the lady's brow and eyes, which looked hard and fixed, as if somehow cut out of solid marble. This impression was deepened by his uncle's look when first introduced to her. It was one of pretentious acquaintance, mingled with something like absolute horror, and the bride responded with a glance of mocking triumph. But both were composed in an instant, and saluted each other as affectionate uncles and nieces ought to do.

Eugene did not seem to observe the circumstance, and Armand did not care to speak of it. It was so strange, so sudden; and his brother appeared to have grown so close and uncommunicative, even when they met in private, that he considered it prudent, as well as polite, to keep silence, and to maintain a strict though concealed watch on his uncle and sister-in-law. That day they all lived like a happy family; the old man praised his niece, approved of the whole establishment, and tried to look well pleased and paternal; but he often relapsed into brown, or rather black, studies; and once, when about to enter the *salon*, where madame and he had been left alone for a moment, Armand heard their voices in low but fierce altercation, which ceased the instant he opened the door.

A *soirée* was to be given in honor of the rich uncle; but, early in the afternoon, Lespigne walked out to visit the Venetian ambassador; and when the company were assembling, a *laquais de place* arrived with a brief note, charging Armand with the presentation of his regrets and apologies, as he had just received a message from the doge, commanding his immediate attendance on business of the highest importance, and was already on his way to Venice. Armand knew not what to think, but he could not help keeping a more vigilant eye than ever on his sister-in-law. Her conduct was a model of dignified propriety. She had been presented at court with great brilliancy, and was now at acknowledged belle in the gay circles of Paris and Versailles; but the lady had no intimates, and never encouraged admiration. She had acquired considerable influence over her husband, but it was founded on deference and not love. Eugene was proud of her beauty, of her high breeding, and of the splendid style in which her fortune enabled him to live. It was natural he should give his friends frequent opportunity of seeing all these, and his house was one of the gayest in Paris. In its good company, high play, and brilliant evenings, the mysterious events of his first day almost faded from Armand's recollection. Though less familiar than he could have wished, Mme. de Bonnevillie and he continued on the best of terms. An affectionate correspondence was kept up between him and his uncle; but Lespigne declined, under one pretext and another, all invitations to renew his visit, and carefully avoided asking Armand to Venice. That was not a good sign for the legacy; and Armand was beginning to wonder if he could not find an heiress to marry under favor of his brother's correspondence. The first ball of the carnival time was given by the eccentric countess, Mme. Penhièvre. Her house stood in a street which had been considered fashionable about the period of the Fronde, and was close upon the Faubourg St. Antoine.

The known rank and wealth of the countess atoned for the out-of-the-way situation of her *hôtel*. It was her boast that the best society in Paris had assembled there for one hundred and fifty years; and her carnival ball was always reckoned the grand event of the season. Half Paris was invited, and among the rest the Bonnevilles. Madame had purchased a magnificent dress for the occasion; but, the same evening, a slight though sudden indisposition made her resolve to remain at home, much to the disappointment of Eugene, who had anticipated the general enthusiasm his wife's appearance must have called forth in the ball-room; and only at the lady's earnest request did he consent to accompany Armand, and express her regrets to Mme. Penhièvre.

The ball was brilliant, but Eugene missed the prestige of his wife's presence, which had now become in a manner indispensable; and, by way of consolation, retired to the card-tables, in the furthest apartment of madame's splendid suite, where the play was deep, and continued far into the

morning. Armand, after many endeavors, found a good opportunity of paying special attention to a young dowager and her plain but well-portioned daughter, on whose sensitive heart the experienced sieur flattered himself some impression had been made, as he handed the ladies to their carriage at four in the morning. The work had been hard, however; Armand felt fairly exhausted; and, as Eugene was still at cards, he determined not to wait for the carriage, but go home alone by the shortest way. Having informed his brother of his intention, and wrapped himself up in a Spanish cloak, borrowed from madame's son-in-law, Don Francisco—he proceeded through a narrow street of the Faubourg St. Antoine, which then skirted the ancient cemetery of the Innocents. No modern carriage could find room in it. The houses dated from the days of Anne of Bretagne, and had been mansions of the old nobles. They were still strong structures, from seven to eight stories, with turreted roofs and sculptured doorways, particularly on the side next the cemetery; but the lapse of centuries had raised the soil to a level with their second floors; and the people of St. Antoine had taken along the street sights and sounds which nobody could account for. It was said that no young children could be reared there; and some out of every family of new-comers were sure to die within the twelvemonth; in short, even the Jews did not care to live in it, and most of the houses had been deserted for years.

Armand was thinking of his chance with the dowager's daughter when, midway in the street, he was startled by a low voice, speaking, as it seemed, from the pavement. There was not a sound in the neighborhood. At that hour, St. Antoine was all asleep; but a lamp burned hard by before a great wooden crucifix set up to commemorate the massacre of St. Bartholomew—at the entrance of a narrow alley leading to the gate of the cemetery. By its light Armand saw a black figure rise from the ground nearly at his feet, and he stepped instinctively behind the great cross. The figure stood for a minute in the lamplight. It was a black nun, with veil and hood. It was as if there was something in the moon which he knew, and as it turned away into the dark alley, the veil fell aside, and Armand saw the face of his sister-in-law.

Overwhelmed with astonishment, he stood in silence till she passed, and then followed, resolved not to lose sight of her; but never had the courtly sieur so rapid a walk. Whether with the knowledge that she was pursued or not, her steps grew quicker every moment; and, after following her track through a labyrinth of lanes and alleys utterly unknown to him, she at length disappeared round the corner of the Rue de Marais. There he lost all trace; and weary work it was finding his way home through those low, neglected quarters, but he reached the Hôtel de Bonnevillie as day was breaking. The sleepy porter stared when he inquired if madame had yet arrived. Did not monseigneur know that madame had been indisposed that evening, and declined going to the ball?

Armand was discreet enough to admit the mistake, but his faith in the testimony of his own eyes remained unshaken, and he could not sleep for wondering what his sister-in-law could find to do at such a place and hour. It was not a likely scene for an intrigue, but she might be a lady of peculiar tastes, and all he had observed between her and old Lespigne rose in Armand's memory. Was the porter in her secret? Jacques was an elderly, discreet man. He would take him into confidence, and trace out the affair without informing his brother, as it might endanger family peace and give rise to scenes which the well-bred bachelor could not relish.

At their late breakfast madame appeared, as usual, in an elegant morning-dress, declaring herself quite recovered, and all solicitude for intelligence of the ball. Armand gave her a full account, suppressing only his own walk through the faubourg, and no hint or glance betrayed their mutual concealment. Armand made the porter a present that very day, in preparation for madame's next illness; but she accompanied her husband to every succeeding assembly, and he had business of his own on hand, for the dowager's daughter had to be looked after.

The license of the carnival week always brought queer faces and costumes from hidden corners of Paris among the gay promenaders in garden and boulevard. They seemed

to Armand more than usually numerous that year, and he could not help noting that some of the lowest and strangest-looking creatures cast looks of recognition on Mme. de Bonnevillle as she passed in the splendor of plumes and diamonds. Wild rumors concerning the Cemetery of the Innocents, too, were growing rife among the populace, and mysterious lights had been perceived in a deserted house of the faubourg.

Armand had been doing his devoirs on the last night of the Carnival at a masquerade in which his sister-in-law created quite a sensation by her superb acting in three different characters. Going out next noon on a permitted visit to the dowager, he perceived that something extraordinary had befallen Jacques. Mindful of his plan, Armand paused and hoped his wife was well. "Thank monseigneur, she was." And himself? Jacques hesitated; he was quite well, but there was a trouble in his mind. Would monseigneur speak with him a moment?

Armand assented. Jacques led the way to his own dormitory, close by the gate, and, having carefully closed the door, said: "Monseigneur, my wife and I have kept the Hôtel de Bonnevillle these thirty years; thank God for the good fortune that has come into it! But we can't keep silence on a matter which concerns the family. You know we had but one daughter; we called her Marie, for the Virgin, and maybe the Virgin took her out of this bad world, for her mother found her dead and cold in her own bed on the morning of Ash Wednesday, when she was to have taken her first communion. All our people had lived in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and been buried in the Cemetery of the Innocents. We laid Marie there, too, and to comfort our poor hearts made a vow that we would go together every night in the carnival week to pray an hour at our child's grave. Don't laugh at me, monseigneur, for God knows, I speak the truth. Three times last week we both saw a woman in black clothes, once in the street, once in the alley, and last night looking in at the gate. I saw her face as plain as I see yours now: monseigneur, as I am a Christian, it was Mme. de Bonnevillle."

This revelation put the last fine edge on Armand's curiosity; besides, when servants began to observe, it was time to take active measures. On Armand's return he found madame gone to mass, and Eugene alone in the library. The opportunity was not to be neglected; and with proper circumspection he told him all he had heard and seen of his wife. To his surprise, Eugene was prepared for the revelation.

By their direction, the old porter that evening requested leave to visit his only brother in the North, who was said to be seriously ill. The leave was granted; Jacques assumed his travelling trim, took leave of his wife and fellow-servants, but walked straight to a poor inn near the ill-reputed street of St. Antoine, where he put on a workman's blouse, a red wig, and a patch over his right eye; handed the landlord a louis in advance, and said he would remain as long as things pleased him. Next day, the brothers went to hear the bishop's Lenten sermon; and on their return, pretending to be seized with one of those sudden fits of devotion, incidental to the Parisian *bon monde*, declared their intention of joining during Lent the Order of Repentant Sinners, lately introduced from Italy, and then in considerable vogue among the wealthy devotee. Madame, who pretended to devotion herself, warmly encouraged their pious intent; and, properly provided with sun rays and staves, they set out on the following Saturday for Versailles. Once in Versailles, each purchased the dress of a workman, and thus equipped, they returned to Paris the same night. Armand joined the porter at his inn, while Eugene repaired to the narrow lane behind his own mansion, where he took lodging with a widow who had one room to let and was seldom sober. This woman had put her only support, though he followed no legitimate trade, and was from birth a dwarfish creature, with two equal humps before and behind. But nature had also endowed Jules with a keen sight, extraordinary agility, and a power of avoiding observation which made him a valuable assistant to the secret police; and it was known that they kept him in constant employment.

The best information on such matters at that time understood that this dreaded foe was particularly active on some secret known only to itself. Eugene had heard nothing of it, but he took Jules into partnership in watching the chapel

window, promising him twenty louis if he could follow and guide him to the destination whither whoever came out. The window was high and narrow, and opposite was an angle formed by a projecting house, where, after dark, Eugene and his companion took their station, each provided with a dark lantern; while, according to agreement, Armand and old Jacques posted themselves behind the cross in the alley leading to the gate of the Innocents. All the first night they saw nothing; but Jules found that madame had been at midnight mass in the Capuchin Convent. On the second night she had a serious *stroke*, to which the company brought their rosaries, and supped on a salad; but, as the clock of St. Germain chimed twelve, Jules perceived a black figure slide noiselessly down from the chapel window and speed up the lane. He followed as quietly, and Eugene followed him, imitating all his motions. It was a wonder to the sieurs, in after-days, what turns and windings they made through the obscure lanes and alleys of old Paris. But the figure never slackened its speed, and neither did the pursuers pause, till they almost reached the gate of the Innocents. Here Eugene perceived his companions cower in a corner, and he followed their example, as their quarry paused and looked round. He did not see the face, but he could have sworn it was madame. Satisfied that all was safe, she stooped over the massive grate of an old cellar which he had not seen till then, and thrust her fingers through the bars. Eugene heard a bell ring, then a voice, which she answered with some words in a strange language, and the grate slowly opened inward. There was a sound of whispers far below, and a red light, which showed a stone staircase and the wicked-looking foreigner near its top. The new-comer's foot was on the first step, when Armand, rushing from his hiding-place, seized her by her black robe. Eugene and old Jacques were close behind him, but they caught a gleam of steel in the woman's hand, and, with the sound of a stunning blow, Armand fell back upon them as the grate banged after her; while Jules, stepping out, flung a box of portable fireworks high into the air, and the next moment they were surrounded by a company of mousquetaires.

Provided with flambeaux, pickaxes, and crowbars, the mousquetaires forced open the grate and descended, calling on those within to surrender in the king's name. No one replied; and when fairly below, they found it was not a cellar, but a burial-vault—the house above occupying the site of an ancient abbey. There were some scores of stone coffins there; and in the farther extremity a complete furnace, on which a crucible of base metal in a state of fusion still remained; while a coiner's outfit stood on the lid of one granite coffin, and a forger's tools were left on another. Close by the furnace another grate opened on a low-arched passage, leading far under houses and across to a long-ruined mansion on the other side of the faubourg. No individual, coin, or note could be discovered; but after that there was great and public search made for what was called the coining company whom the secret police had traced through every city of Europe, especially Venice, by the number of counterfeit notes and coins they put in circulation, which were said to have been so well executed that they deceived the most experienced bankers. Some of its members were long afterward taken in the towns of Hungary, but Catherine de Chateleine was never more heard of.

Armand bore the mark of the lady's hand in a deep scar on the brow till his dying day. The surgeon said it must have been inflicted by a Turkish yataghan, and he believed it the chief obstacle to his final conquest of the dowager's daughter. The Hôtel de Bonnevillle lost all its gayety, and, though a more splendid residence than it had once been, relapsed into the keeping of old Jacques and his wife. The brothers continued to live there, but in a sober fashion, and paid more attention for the rest of their lives to mass and sermons. Armand's hope of inheritance failed with Eugene's marriage; for, when the inquiry waxed warm in Venice, the private secretary of his Sublime Highness obtained leave to enter a Franciscan convent, and the only light cast thrown on that strange confederacy was conveyed in the grand vizier's answer to an ambassador's question regarding the Convent of St. Eustachia: "It was destroyed because the Christians learned to make bad sequins there."



EDITED BY MARY L. HSLAND

**MESDAMES DE RESZKÉ.**—When the popular and gifted tenor, Jean de Reszké, appears in New York again next winter for another season of triumphs at the Metropolitan Opera House, it is semi-officially announced that he will bring with him his wife; for, in the early summer, 'tis said that he will marry Mme. de Maby. The lady is at present a resident of Paris, though whether a native Parisian, or even a Frenchwoman, gossip does not tell. She had been but a short while married when divorce proceedings separated her husband and herself. That she is fair her pictures show, and, though she has never appeared professionally, competent critics vouch for it that her rich, full, and superbly trained voice would on any stage create a sensation, and those who have heard the truth from M. de Reszké's own lips are assured that she has inspired the handsome tenor's most earnest and devoted affection.

Though they have earned almost world-wide renown, and are entirely devoted to their artistic profession, it is to be remarked with interest that neither one of these gifted brothers has cared to associate his private with his professional life; and, in imitation of his brother Edouard, Jean de Reszké prefers to marry a woman who has no connection with the stage. Mme. Edouard de Reszké, as every one may not know, is a lady of noble family, and strongly prejudiced against the art her husband follows with so great success. So strong are her feelings upon this point that on professional tours she refuses to accompany him, and except for her brother-in-law and a few of her husband's most devoted professional friends she refuses to acknowledge the acquaintance of anyone connected with the stage. An eyewitness tells that at a great and fashionable reception in Paris Jean de Reszké approached his haughty sister-in-law with a handsome and gifted *prima donna* on his arm, with the intention of introducing the two women. As he made known the singer's name, Mme. de Reszké regarded her for an instant with a chilling, insolent stare, inclined her head never so little, and slowly turned on her heel.

**FOR THE DINNER TABLE.**—The day of the *frou-frou*, of tissue paper, useless silver bric-à-brac, of rarities in dolies and eccentricities in table scarfs, and surprises in floral decoration, is quite over, so the authorities announce—and the era of elegant simplicity is arrived. Perhaps good taste, perhaps economy, or more probably the love of change, has dictated this greatly to be rejoiced at revolution. At any rate, fashionable house-keepers and hostesses of great private dinners are rapidly packing away all the silly little odds and ends that a bit ago gave dining tables rather more the expression of bargain counters at fairs than anything else, and old silver, glass, and nappy are about to be brought from hiding.

In this wholesale condemnation of trifling over elaborate table furniture are included the countless bouillon dishes, olive boats, and almond baskets, gorgeously repoussé and carved and etched, the little candlesticks and the big braunching affairs, heavily weighted with floriated silver patterns, and the counterfeit antique spoons and colored glass. In their place is found the simple and solid. The bride of this spring asked as a wedding gift of her parents a silver dinner service, to be made on order and after the pattern of colonial silver, whereon rich mouldings and beadings play the most important part, leaving the greater portions of every dish absolutely unornamented. Only the vulgarian asks for bow-knots, *flour-de-lis*, or a design in garlands and ribbons. The artificial ideas of the regens of

the Louis are to be abhorred in silver, while the more English theories of the Georgians almost find favor.

The new branching candelabra have from each column three or four long fluted arms twisting round the central column, and among the cast-iron table silver are the small vases, and stately centre flower or fruit pieces. The best idea of the most modern dinner table is given in the following description: "The great round oak table, nearly five feet across, was covered by a cloth of undamasked Belgian linen, without other gloss or crispness than the flat-iron conveys, and by some mysterious method it had to be so pressed before spread that not the vestige of a crease or wrinkle marred its white surface. In the very centre of the table sat a huge silver wine cup, its top up and filled with a bunch of pink roses, set into the cup without any attempt at arrangement, and no foil of greenery save the roses' own foliage. At proper intervals were placed the fluted, curving silver candelabra, each holding eight candles, without shades. The small silver was absolutely plain, and bore the family crest; all the glass used was clear and splendidly cut. A more pronounced revival of colonial custom was made, when the butler set before the host a great silver soup tureen, as big as a washbowl, and produced a ladle equally monstrous. This portion of the drama seemed, however, to have been carefully rehearsed; for the host arose to his duty, served the guests gracefully, and again gathered unexpressed honors from his masterly treatment, in carving gymnastics, of the spring lamb and duck set before him."

**THE ONE-DAY DRESSMAKER.**—It can actually be done in New York. The feat of making a ball gown in one day has been and can again be accomplished by a dressmaker of resource and ability. A countrywoman came to town and woke up one morning at her hotel to receive an invitation to a ball. She promptly accepted the invitation, and then turned her attention to that matter of serious importance, her costume for the evening. In her wardrobe she found only street costumes—absolutely nothing suitable for the dance at nine o'clock that night. Getting into a cab, she drove about the city in the district of ready-made gowns. Nothing suited; alterations of any desirable frocks could not be arranged in the time specified. At length, about to dissolve in tears, she decided to go and order a gown. Boldly she confronted the dressmaker with this amazing proposition. Twice the wielder of scissors and needle refused an exercise of art and working-girls on so short notice; but the refusals were at length reluctantly withdrawn, and measurements were taken for a white silk petticoat and bodice, to be covered in white chiffon.

"I will try, but madam must not be sure. Will madam come at six o'clock in the afternoon for a fitting?" At six o'clock, madam, who had ordered the gown and given measurements at ten in the morning, drove to the dressmaker's and was fitted; two hours afterward a lay in huttons carrying a brown dress box delivered the costume, that at nine o'clock swept into the ball room and won for itself as much sincere feminine admiration as the carefully compiled Parisian creations.

"Shall I call it," murmured an enthusiastic young man, "the embodiment of life-like—er—er—" "American enterprise will do," gayly retorted the wearer of the wonderful frock, as she swept off to dance and left the young man wondering as to the connection between chiffon flounces and enterprise.



ALTHOUGH the general kind of fashion for the present season was settled some time ago, small novelties appear from day to day, full of interest to womankind. For example, there are the pretty Russian corselets of fine suede that run up under shoulders and bust, are laced up the front, have buckled straps crossing the shoulders, and are handsomely embroidered in a self-colored cord outlined with gold. They look remarkably well, not only with the ever-popular blouse, but also when worn over the stiff masculine shirts many young girls prefer. A corselet of this sort adds a dressiness when the blazer is removed, and seems to form a harmonious link between the contrasting skirt and waist. Empress belts are also pretty, and by clever fingers may be contrived at home in endless variety. They consist merely of a double band of five-inch ribbon drawn round the waist and fastened in front under a short rosette bow. This dainty detail of the toilet affords an opportunity for using some of the exquisite ribbons offering at present on shop counters. Watered, shaded, shot, brocaded, and plaid, they are multiplied in endless beauty, and no woman who really assumes to be smart dares neglect ribbon in trimming and adorning her summer costumes.

Nor is it impossible to gather new ideas concerning fashionable parasols, that bloom and bourgeon this season as never before. From the severest silk sun-shade to the airiest chiffon canopy, they are equally charming. Every woman finds it necessary to have at least one simple sun-protector for morning use, and in a smart furnishing shop in New York they sell exceedingly handsome ones, mounted with navy blue, dark red, old gold, gray green, or deep violet silk, having straight, thick handles of polished wood, roughly corrugated in horizontal lines. For country driving or walking they are invaluable, and even in town this sort is preferred for all save full-dress use.

Among more elaborate parasols, possibly the newest and certainly the prettiest is of shot satin, trimmed with shot chiffon that has an appliquéd edge of black lace. The satin canopy is finished at the border by a very full ruffle of the chiffon set on with a tiny heading, while from the top fall fluffy jabots of the light material, and a rosette of the same surmounting the whole where the stick appears. Far and away the most becoming in this line are those of pale heliotrope satin and chiffon liberally shot with rose. With a carved ebony stick and edging of black lace, no more charming trifle could be devised.

Another attractive novelty is noticed: the dyed crocodile shoes for summer wear. This new process for treating the leather invests it with a dozen and one different

shades, at the same time retaining brown as the leading color. For instance, a brown crocodile leather shoe, with its pattern strongly marked in illusive blues, looks *chic* with a blue crepon or serge yachting gown. As the shoe is cut low, stockings also to match exactly should accompany them, comfort and beauty being successfully united, as the

hose are of heavy ribbed silk and the shoe has sturdy heels, broad flaps and buckle, and is capable of enduring any sort of usage. A capital boot for wearing with a light dress has a Russian leather vamp and a white buckskin top, while an evening shoe which demands attention is made of tan Russia leather elaborately embroidered in jet. For picturesque effects, a black suede tie may be had, sparkling with jet beads and showing a scarlet heel.

While the mantles of the present season are many of them distinguished for their pronounced ugliness, it is possible to avoid the whole-back atrocity and get taut, trim, close-fitting coats and lace peleries that are altogether graceful and becoming. A very smart jacket is one made of nacre bengaline, catching every tint of pearl. The sleeves are huge, made of velvet irradiating the same delicate tints, with a yoke-piece and hatimented collar of the velvet. Bordering this yoke-piece was a very fine edging of point edelweiss. The front of the jacket had long tails, while the back had a rilled lasque; round the armholes were graduated frills of the bengaline, and a band of ribbon curiously patterned in the same delicate shade was drawn round from the back and fell in long ends in front.

Women of all ages and sizes appear to be fonder than ever of skirts and blazers designed for the various styles of shirts worn this summer. The really smart sort are made of navy-blue serge, with a wide wale and wiry enough to throw off dust particles. The skirts are bell-shaped, very slightly trained in the back, entirely devoid of ornamentation, and lined throughout with a handsome shot silk, of which the balayouse is also made. With this a dark or black-tinted silk shirt is worn, when the woman is elderly; or in fancy stripes and pale tints, if the wearer happens to be fresh of face. Nothing is prettier for such a blouse than the butterfly ruffle embroidered in scallops on the edges, beginning very narrow at the belt and widening over bust and shoulders like two broad butterfly wings. The sleeves are usually huge, having deep cuffs and a stiffened collar. Of course, the blazer is lined to match the skirt; is cut down very nearly to the knees, fits tight in the back, and half-loose in front. Handsome black silk braid trimming aids to the turn-over collar, narrow revers and straight fronts, that are slightly weighted to hold them in place. A dress of this sort is absolutely invaluable,





## FASHIONS IN HATS.

NO. 126. HAT DESIGNED FOR A BRIDESMAID.  
 NO. 127. BONNET WITH TINY CROWN OF GREEN STRAW.

NO. 128. HAT WITH CROWN OF WHITE FELT AND LACE BORDER.  
 NO. 129. THE NEW SHAPE KNOWN AS THE LILLIAS.

whether one's summer is passed in the whirl of Newport gaiety or at some quiet mountain retreat.

Another frock that is well worth including in one's wardrobe is an afternoon gown of some soft cream-tinted silk of light weight, and decorated with satin stripes of tiny figures. The newest mode for making would be to have the skirt lined with rather thick white or pale pink silk, and dragging possibly a foot in the back. A pinked ruche of silk, or a two-inch braid of silver, answers nicely to finish about the foot. The waist is an exorbitantly long Russian blouse, the scant bias flounce falling fully to the knees below the belt of silver braid that accentuates the point back and front. The sleeves are gigantic, not so high on the shoulders as used to be two big balloons. The cuffs fit closely up to the elbow, and are bordered, like the collar, with silver. Now the bodice is arranged after the new mode, which draws the fronts of the silk away to show a yoke beneath of lace. Being carried up to a jaunty knot in the centre on either shoulder, the lace is exposed around the arm-holes as well as in back and front, and everywhere at the edges are set ruches of narrow cream-satin ribbon.

The Russian blouses are preeminently the fashion of the hour. Women wear them as outside jackets made of navy-blue, brown, or scarlet cloth, usually having black collar, cuffs, and belt of either cloth, silk, or velvet. They look wonderfully chic on thin, graceful figures, and have undoubtedly superseded other summer wraps. But this modish blouse is duplicated in wool, silk, lace, muslin, and gingham, irrespective of the stuff, only requiring some kind of flounce to be set on below the waist-line.

Quite a number of crimson cloth dresses are being made for country wear, and look exceedingly gay and suitable when seen against a background of dense greenery.

A dainty trifle in the way of head-gear is being shown in fashionable shops, that is sure to find favor among young and pretty women. The hat is a broad-brimmed, low-crowned wire frame over which is shirred iridescent or shot-silk chiffon, in crisp, *chir* ruffles. From the back rise smart Alsatian bows projecting from right and left toward the front, while that part of the brim shading the face is covered with field-flowers. A deliciously pretty model was of pale golden brown chiffon shot with red, the flowers being a mass of scarlet poppies. Another was of blue and gold, decorated with forget-me-nots, daisies, and a tiny crimson flower mixed with field-grasses. Some of these airy structures have big chiffon bows and strings that meet in a fluffy rosette under the chin, and from thence hang to the hem of the dress.

Satin hats are the height of the fashion, and a most bewitching example is a light delicate pink trimmed with poppies and black lace, the brim covered tightly above and below, and finished with a cord. Edges are much regarded at the present moment, and a black straw, having a full plaited lace edge, is charmingly decorated with green ribbons and honeysuckle and with many jewelled pins thrust through it. Many new rough straws are worn, with the Marie Stuart point over the face, and then there is the new befeater hat with a double crown, the lower one played into the brim. Provence roses, buds, foliage, and full-blown flowers decorate these styles very advantageously when combined with the popular shot moiré ribbon of two shades; in this instance, black and pink are preferred. Leghorn is frequently combined with black chip, and open or transparent crowns are fashionable, as well as spangled crowns. Velvet ash berries are one of several novelties this season in millinery.

Although it is late in the season and novelties have ceased to be novel, there are still some very charming designs in summer hats that, as yet, have not been seen out of the hands of the milliners, but they will find their way in all their prettiness at the fashionable summer resorts.

NO. 126 is a hat designed for a bridesmaid, but would be suitable for any occasion where a smart hat can be worn. It has the wide floppy brim of Leghorn, that is always so picturesque in outline, and the trimming is simplicity itself, consisting of one large bow of wide satin ribbon, shaded from cream to rich mauve; and slipped through the knot of the bow are several long-stemmed roses of bluish pink and maize yellow. One dew-laden rose droops over the edge of the brim.

NO. 127 shows a bonnet with the tiniest possible crown of green straw rising out of a wreath of purple heather, a perfect imitation of the beautiful heather that at this season of the year gives to the hills of Scotland such rich coloring. Out of this nest, or wreath, rise two green wings of a bird upright in front, while strings of moss-green velvet tie on the bonnet.

NO. 128. This hat has a crown of white felt. This sounds incongruous in a summer hat with a lace brim, but it is, nevertheless, very light and pretty looking, and it is trimmed with two white ostrich plumes coming from the back, and the strings of lilac satin ribbon, fastened with a buckle of rhinestones, the tips of the feathers meeting another bow of lilac ribbon in front. The brim is of white chantilly, run on white silk covered wires.

NO. 129 portrays a new shape, called the Lillias. It has a high, narrow crown, and a turban brim. The brim is velvet-bound and covered with *écru* needle-run lace; and an Alsatian bow, of the same, trims the base of the crown, which is of alternate rows of Neapolitan and Milan straw. The new Mephisto plumes are placed upright in the front, curling over to the right and left.

SHOES. Oxford ties are here this summer, and their variety is legion. In ornamentation and in material there is a great difference, if not in shape. Nothing could be neater than the dark Russian tan, well cut, and ornamented with just a simple design stamped in the leather.

Dark white is much used for yachting, and, with black patent-leather tips, for walking shoes.



FASHIONABLE FOOT-WEAR.

American mothers always see that their children are well and comfortably shod in well-fitting but heelless and broad-soled shoes, so that there is little variety to describe, only just now there is a great run on cloth tops, buttoned.

The riding boot is not a thing of beauty on the feminine foot, but its suitability to the riding habit makes it necessary to be so equipped. They are now made of stiff patent-leather throughout, and have military heels and rather pointed toes.

From the saddle to the bath-room, it is to glance from the sketch of the riding boot to the dainty slipper of rose-pink suede braided to the point of the toe with silver ribbon braid, and strapped across the instep with the twin strap and coral-pink buttons.

For description and illustrations of millinery, thanks are due to Lillias Hurd, 332 Fifth Avenue; and for shoes and riding boots, to William Arnold, also of Fifth Avenue, New York City.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

1. Hereafter all correspondence should be addressed to "Editor, Correspondence Department, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

2. Questions sent by our readers will be answered in the order in which they are received. Owing to the large number of letters which reach us asking advice, and to the fact that answers to many of the questions involve considerable research, replies can rarely be given in the same week the letter is received. Our readers should not enclose stamped envelopes, with requests for private correspondence, as questions can be answered only by column.

3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

T. R. T.—(1) I trust you will pay not the slightest attention to such ridiculous assertions. How else can one keep one's nails clean and in good order but with the aid of a stout-bristled nail-brush? If my nails continue your use of the brush. (2) Lubin, I think, puts up delightful toilet soaps of various odors. *Lait d'Iris* is a delicate toilet-water at least worth a trial. Both the soap and the milky toilet water you can procure at any perfumery.

BAKTER.—The sample gives me the impression of an uncommonly charming goods pattern, and without any hesitation I advise you to make up the amount you have on hand as a bedroom wrapper. I suggest the wrapper of flannel, as you mention using the delaine for that purpose. A delaine wrapper on the Maine coast will be of as little service as a fur-lined cloak on the Mexican coast. What you will need in that crisp summer air on that northern shore is a light warm wrapper for chilly mornings and evenings. The pretty flannel is eminently suited for this purpose, and the four yards will quite suffice if another material is combined in its making. This is my idea. From gray bengaline, or gray velvet that will exactly match the gray ground in the flannel, cut a yoke pointed at back and front and gather the flannel on to it; make half of the sleeves of solid gray, having a deep puff of flannel from shoulder to elbow. At the waist line, gather in the full flannel skirts with belts of velvet. If you do not think gray an appropriate combination, why do you not in silk, or velvet, match the rose color in the flower pattern, and of the prettily tinted goods make the yoke, sleeve cuffs, and belts? I am sure you have enough material to fill out the above design, and if you will make such a garment and line it with thin silsies you will be sure to enjoy much comfortable wear in it.

SEANEE.—Why, pray, did you not also take the trouble to enclose with your inquiry the necessary coupon? Reread the instructions at the head of my columns, and, if you choose, write me again according to the very simple regulations.

A NINERE WILL-WHISPER.—Though your kind letter contained no query, I cannot refrain from replying through these columns to express my sincerest thanks for your charming words. Friends and champions so enthusiastic and honest as yourself are to be highly prized and heartily recognized. I can only trust that the magazine will never fail to truly merit your flattering estimation of its qualities.

L.L.B.—(1) No, the Astor Library does not permit the lending out of any books. You need not pay any fee for the privileges of the library. From nine to five o'clock any day but Sunday you can pursue your investigations in the reading-room, but neither for love nor money will you be permitted to take any volume home with you. (2) Yes, I think there are persons who do professional reading in the libraries. I am not at all sure that there is any great need for such readers, or that those who spend their time looking up dates and data realize sufficient remuneration for a livelihood at the tedious duty, but I cannot speak at all authoritatively on the question. It seems to me you are particularly well fitted for such work, and mayhap up to the present time no man or woman has made a well-directed effort at procuring employment of the above nature. My advice is, that you first make inquiries of the librarians. Go to the Mercantile, Astor, and Lenox Libraries and see what is being done, if anything at all, in that direction. If you see an opening, go about the business of securing patronage in a sensible manner. Lawyers, authors, inventors,

etc., are the persons who are more frequently in need of library facilities; doubtless from them you can obtain orders for work. I fear, however, you have come to New York at the wrong season. In the autumn you should begin to work, not in the spring, just as every one is leaving town.

CHATEAU DE L'ESPAGNE.—For the trouble of which you complain, many efficacious remedies may not be used without a physician's consent; for, under certain circumstances, it is dangerous to check the flow of perspiration. However, you may, in all safety, follow this course: Bathe your feet twice a day in a tub of water in which borax is dissolved. Afterward powder your feet with the dust of lycopolium. Many persons put a few drops of ammonia into every foot-bath. Afflicted as you are, be my advice that you put your feet in water not less frequently than twice a day and change your stockings as often, if possible. For your hands you may also use borax in the water and employ the following excellent preventives: Rub between the palms several times a day a cloth soaked in this preparation—Cologne water, seventy grammes; tincture belladonna, fifteen grammes. Alum dissolved in water forms an excellent wash for moist hands. These receipts are taken from "My Lady's Dressing Room," which I advise you to consult for any good hints in the toilet. The stamp was quite unnecessary; for, if possible, I give all answers in the columns, and never break through my rule against private correspondence.

LATLAMP.—(1) From so lovely a foundation as the brocade and chiffon you should surely evolve a "deck of a gown," not less charming in the make-over than one quite new. Suppose you compose the skirt wholly of brocade. I mean, of course, a bell-skirt with a moderate graceful train, without crinkle or seam in front, and ornamented at the foot by a very full and narrow ruche of white satin ribbon. Either buy broad ivory satin ribbon, and plait it into a thick double quilling, or buy cheap ready-made ruche. They sell it in shops, of narrowest satin ribbon looped on a flat band. Or, if you think the gown justifies the expenditure, set on a narrow white ostrich-feather ruche. There is my idea of the skirt, that is, I can assure you, on the orthodox plan. Now for the waist. On a close-fitting white silk under-bodice gather at the shoulder line your chiffon. This must be done both at back and front. From the shoulders draw the chiffon full to the waist line at back and front, here tack to a silk bodice, and the remaining length of chiffon fall down as far over the skirt as it will extend. Clasp your waist with a neatly fitting, deeply pointed Swiss belt of brocade. This is designed to give the chiffon over bust and shoulders something to clasp, and, in effect, while the soft chiffon flounces fluttering about the hips relieve the severity of the skirt's lines. Open the throat of the waist to suit your taste, and for sleeves have huge puffs of chiffon hanging over the shoulders. Outline the edges of the Swiss belt, if you wish, with a quilling of satin ribbon. Let in the back might tie in a bow with long floating ends. (2) I don't know whether the green gown is for day or evening wear, so am a bit puzzled to give any really helpful advice. In any case, I would combine black lace and two shades of ribbon to match the colors in the brocade, with the gown in the making of it. With the pink, use coarse cream lace and spangled pink ribbon. Had I the space I would give you a suggestion for the pink gown, bringing into combination the guipure lace and ribbon dotted with silver spangles. With the gray, use fine quillings of colored ribbon. Nothing is more popular than elaborate ornamentation of quillings. Or, if the quillings are not to your mind, trim with lace beading, through which run narrow colored ribbons. (3) One, two, three, five, up to ten dollars, are the quoted prices. For a more exact reply you should have specified about what you wished to pay, and the particular style of girle you desired. If you like, write me again and more fully on this point.

HAWKEYE.—By all means, carpet each one of the rooms to suit their individual decorations. If, for instance, your drawing-room is done in red, the library in brown, and the dining-room in green, carpet each floor in harmony with the walls and curtains. The best arrangement I have yet seen for the carpeting of three rooms *en suite* as yours, was with the red drawing-room and brown library floors covered in flannel. This is, you know, an excellent mixture of wool and cotton, and does not wear out, and is solid in color. It costs all the way from ninety cents to a dollar and seventy-five cents per yard, and when used on a floor with Eastern rugs gives a body to the flooring and a color background to the rugs not to be lightly esteemed. Were I in your place, I would cover the floor of my two first rooms with a red and blue tiled, and on the drawing-room floor would spread medium-sized, handsome rugs, in which the prevailing tone is red; while for the second room rugs in brown and dull blues and yellows will be appropriate. For the third, that I take to be a small room, I would provide a very large rug to nearly cover a hard-wood floor, and reflecting in its coloring the predominating tone of the wall-paper, curtains, etc. If in your city there is no firm that can supply you

with rugs, let me advise you to write to A. A. Vantine & Co., on Broadway, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth Streets, and ask for a catalogue of their rug department, specifying the jute rugs. From the catalogue you can discover the prices, sizes, and colors of rugs of which this establishment makes a specialty, and from the lists you can pick out cheap and give satisfactory orders. Let me highly recommend the jute rugs that, though not so handsome as those of other material, are cheap, decorative, and durable. You can get them in fine colors, and a rug that costs you four dollars will give two years, and often more, of splendid wear. You can also deal in cheap Chinese and Japanese screens of straw, silk paper, and carved wood, and for handsome screens you cannot do better than apply to him. However, if cheaper, heavier screens are desired at a moderate price, I recommend either Flint, on Fourteenth Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, or Joshua Gregg, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street.—I am afraid I cannot answer your query concerning bric-a-brac to any satisfaction. Firms dealing in the delicate articles make up their stock of rare and costly carvings, bronzes, china, and metal work. Antiques or great rarities are for sale by houses dealing exclusively in bric-a-brac, and I judge the above are not exactly what you wish. At Vantine's you can very cheaply procure fantastic and charming Japanese and Oriental lamps, vases, bowls, candlesticks, great fans, cabinets, jars, and again, at the Japanese Manufacturing and Trading Shop, on Eighteenth Street, between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, you can collect all manner of quaint and decorative trifles at moderate prices.—I confess I had quite forgotten your query concerning the strange story of "Athelwold," and I fear my criticism even when given will not please or satisfy you. For Amie River's work I have never entertained a flattering opinion, and in "Athelwold" I see less to admire than in her former monotonous romances. The attempt to imitate Shakespeare is more amusing than interesting, and the plot and design of the exaggerated story too nearly resemble the hysterical fiction of "shilling thrillers" and "penny dreadfuls" to excite serious consideration. The bits of simple verse she scatters here and there in the lengthy tragedy are, however, charming. In her songs and couplets she shows a certain real talent. It is a pity she should not confine herself to pretty, light imitations of Herrick and Suckling, and remove her heavy hand from the throat of the poor tragic muse.

MARTHA.—(1) The hot weather and the necessity of entertaining a number of young people at a dance suggested to a clever hostess last July what she chose to call a "summer german." Her favors were of china, glass, shapes, and colors, bouquets of real and tissue-paper flowers, paper parasols, and the figures, many of them, she originated for her special use. For instance, in her great hallway where the dancing went on she ranged the light cane chairs in couples, twos and twos, behind each other down the centre of the hall. On either side of the doorway hung small muslin bags, containing slips of paper similarly numbered. As the women entered the hall they were asked to select a number from the right-hand bag, and take a chair corresponding to their number. From the left-hand bag the men, when the women were seated in the double row, chose numbers. The man who drew number five then chose number five in the row of girls, and as each man found his corresponding number among the girls, he led her out to dance in the military polka round the row of chairs three times, and then for a restinterval of five minutes on the lantern-lit balcony, where lemonade was served. This figure was meant to represent the act of going to a summer watering-place. The chairs were the parlor-car seats, the numbered slips were tickets for women passengers, and the men were, if you like, conductors. Returning from the balcony, the guests found all the chairs pushed back against the wall, and one end of the hall strewn with pretty sea-shells, and a lettered sign up explaining it as a shell-strewn beach. The guests seated themselves, and the leader gave the signal for the dancing of certain couples who at a sign rushed to the beach, snatched up one shell each, and women and men went out to favor whomever they pleased, and after a while either returned to their partners, or passed out to the balcony for a moment. The third figure, each dancer called out caught up a tiny atomizer, or tin watering-pot filled with cologne, and indicated by a light spraying the individual with whom he wished to dance. The atomizers and watering-pots were placed on a table in the corner of the hall with a lettered sign, "Sea-waves," over it. For the third figure the girls were called out. An excited couple danced, a third person followed, attempting to hold over them a Japanese parasol, from which the couples endeavored to dance away. The third persons received the favors, which were tiny artificial gooseberries. The favoring partners danced, and then went to drink at the corner fountain of lemonade in the doorway. The effort, you can see, was in figures and favors to describe how the company went to the sea-shore, and followed the customs of the summer resorts. I have not the space to devote to a full description of each one of the ten or twelve amusing figures

the hostess introduced. In one, I remember a delicate satire on the manless condition of the average watering-place was given, by having the girls in one figure favor and dance with each other, while the men looked on. Small, gilded ornaments, yachting pennants, paper crabs, lobster and gold-fish, with fishnets and lines, crescent and full moons, were a few of the other favors given on the occasion. To complete the pretty fancy, a great painted sign over the hall-doorway announced that the hall was the Ocean House Hotel, the placard of a *table d'hôte* dinner hung in the door, and the guests came in tennis and beach dresses, both men and women. I trust I have given you an idea, at least, and you may reject or adopt as much of the above plan as you please to suit your needs. A careful german leader, a deft hostess, and elaborate preparations beforehand are the prime necessities for the successful carrying out of such a programme. (2) Give the young lady a pearl bracelet for her birthday. The type of bracelet I mean is a very fine thread of gold on which are strung five or six pretty round pink pearls. If you have never seen one of these, and cannot procure it in your town, write to Mr. White at Tiffany & Co.'s, corner of Fifth Street and Union Square, and order one. I do not think the price is at all high. These little bracelets are made specially for children, and are appropriate and charming.

EMILY A. CLAYTON.—Your sketches have been examined by an artist, who finds them surprisingly good and indicative of talent. In your last letter you did not tell me whether one or all of the designs were original; therefore I cannot say whether that most valuable of gifts, originality, is yours. However, this much I was assured of: that with course of careful training in a good art-school you could hope to do most satisfactory work as a professional. If, for instance, you could come to New York and undergo a severe course of training at the Cooper Union, you could achieve your desire; that is, earn a handsome living at designing patterns for metal work, wood carving, and woven materials for house decoration, painted china, and wall papers. In Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia there are also excellent schools of design, that, if you could, you should attend, in order to fit yourself for any professional work. I can, of course, only give you your capacities from the designs you send me. They indicate more than ordinary talent—talent that should be properly cultivated. I return the designs, and trust that you will be able, at least in the near future, to secure competent training, if not in New York, in some fine-art school. Write me if you think there is anything I can do to assist you.

INFANTA.—As you are a blonde, I should think purple and lavender would become you. If my supposition is correct, go as a violet in place of the suggested green. Make your skirt of violet-colored silk. The color of Parma violets and soft sarash will, I think, serve best for the petticoat, over which should fall a single thickness of lavender-colored chiffon. This veiling of chiffon gives a filmy softness to the skirt that is delightful, and, over the rich purple silk, gives a velvety violet color you can by no other scheme secure. Let the chiffon be gathered on, scantily over the front of the skirt, to fall a great deal at the back and down the train. At the bottom set on a narrow but full festooned flounce of lavender chiffon caught up with clusters of violets, the Parma and light wood violets. Those of silk and velvet are, of course, the handsomest, but the pretty muslin ones will answer. Make the low-necked short-sleeved bodice of sarash, or, perhaps, violet-colored satin would be most effective. Lace the bodice behind and about the bottom, point it at back and front, curving it high on the hips. The neck should be finished with lavender chiffon puffed fancifully and pinned elaborately with violet-headed pins. These you can buy very cheaply by the dozen at the jewelry counters of big dry-goods shops. The chiffon that finishes the front of the open bodice must be puffed high about the arm-holes, carried back and between the shoulders, fall far down the back, and on the train in great loops and soft ends, all edged and strewn with violets. Almost wings of chiffon must cascade down the back, give to the dress an effect of airiness unique and beautiful. In the shoulder puffs pin bunches of violets, dress your hair high, and with the cheap violet enamel pins stud the puffs and braids. Along the tops of your violet-colored sixteen-button gloves sew a thick row of violets, carry a big bunch of the real blooms in your hands, and a gauze fan from which violets are sewed or painted. A pretty idea is to buy violet sachets in the dress. For a day or two before 'tis worn, that the odor of the flowers may lay a gentle touch of reality to the artificial blossoms on your dress. Wear violet satin slippers, with great bunches of violets on the toes as rosettes.

VIGOR LE BLON.—I know of no more successful and skillful miniature painter to whom you could apply than Miss Georgie Campbell, whose portrait and miniature painting is a reproduction of ability. Miss Campbell is also an amiable and cultivated woman. During the summer months she is not to be found in New York; therefore, I advise you not to call at her city home, in Madison Avenue, until the autumn.



## GRAPHOLOGY.

BY L'INCOSUÉE.

## RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. Persons desiring to test character-by-reading by handwriting should send at least fifteen lines of original composition in the subject's handwriting, and signed by an assumed name, under which the reply will be given.

2. Letters must be marked "Graphology" in the left-hand top corner of the envelope, and addressed "L'Incossuée, care of Editor, The Illustrated American, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street New York."

3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

**EMPHATIC.**—Not a common handwriting but one that requires some thought in its delineation, even as the author would, were his character known by personal contact. He has much self-command, and while not self-depreciative possesses shrewd judgment, very wide-open, far-seeing eyes, and seldom permits a glamour of any kind to dim their vision. He is somewhat idealistic, has any number of queer fancies, confesses to several amiable vagaries, and follows his own way and will at all costs. He is loquacious where the companion is well known and liked, has a mild will that often deceives by its apparent easy-going methods, is not argumentative and yet reason soundly, is devoid of susceptible sentiment though sensitively jealous where deep feeling has been roused. He is quietly critical, absurdly fastidious on certain points, is high-bred, cultured, and never dull.

**SLAP-DASH.**—On lines. Is not a remarkably clever or original specimen. It proves that its author is a commonplace clever person, full of vigor, energy, and will, with considerable business ability, abundant self-confidence and self-satisfaction, inclined to indulge in egotism, prudent, unemotional, sagacious on all practical questions, and without the least bit of intellectual polish or artistic perception. His temperament is equable, his materiality of a wholesome, harmless kind; he is wholly conventional, and, it must be confessed, uninteresting.

**WARREN VALLEY.**—The most singular irregularity is displayed here, for, where the composition is elegant and entertaining, the handwriting betrays marked caprice, decided vagaries, and here and there surprising evidences of stolid conservatism. Indolence, too, is seen, together with a lagging ambition, physical and mental inertia, a strong, steady will, an equable and sweet temper, original, independent views on every subject, whimsical tastes, and much personal refinement.

**SNOOKS.**—Is a precise, up and down, practical, exact, emphatic correspondent, who will not stand any nonsense though his temper is of the most amiable description. He or she—as the case may be—is always calm and self-possessed, despises an exhibition of feeling, is positive and cannot endure contradiction, is never unduly elated or depressed, has agreeable, unpretentious manners, never speaks impulsively but holds a very prudent tongue, is honorable, cherishes a few personal peculiarities, and has decided literary tastes. His mind is clear, bright, and admirably cultivated; he is critical, and has slow, difficult affections.

**NEARKE.**—This specimen is illustrative of a sanguine disposition that insists on studying the bright side of life and is full of the mental vitality that begets this quality. Bodily vigor and activity, a resolute will seldom distracted from a course once entered upon, a reasoning, argumentative mind fond of disputation and able to hold its own in such contests, abundant natural talent that has received but doubtful cultivation, a curious mixture of candor and caution, strong prejudices, intense feeling whenever feeling is aroused, love of system, some decided personal idiosyncrasies, versatility, a very genial, kindly temper, an emphatic manner, with comparable well-sorted wits.

**HAROLD CULLEN.**—Possesses an imaginative, impressionable temperament, sensitive to influences, speculative, dreamy, and romantic rather than business-like and practical. He is idealistic, secretly cherishes a number of idle fancies, is vastly interested in the opposite sex, susceptible to the charms of women, and passionately demonstratively affectionate. He shows artistic perception, yields readily to beauty and harmony in every form, is exceedingly enthusiastic, has deep and varied emotions, is fond of ease, luxury, and the elegancies of surroundings and life, is re-

finely, gently bred, has a cautious tongue, an amiable temper, would do well to look more to humdrum details, and exercise strict self-discipline.

**CULLEN.**—You are ardent, aspiring, and hopeful, have a vivid, romantic, and graceful fancy, are intuitively cautious, very self-possessed, own to an ambitious, resolute, and persistent will, are critical of yourself and not easily satisfied, are rather arbitrary and imperious in your will, cannot tolerate opposition, and assume a lightness of manner that is merely superficial, as you are earnest in nearly everything you do. Some *finesse* is observable, also a tendency to affectation you honestly despise and try to check. You are thorough-bred, independent, have a sound and cultured understanding, are not sentimentally inclined, but can live fashionably and well.

**LOUISIANA.**—This example is indicative of a hopeful, commonplace person, without much mental force and possessed of little culture. The character displays some virtues that are admirable, including personal refinement, carefulness in little things, and amiability. Much consideration is shown for superficial appearances, the candor amounts to indiscretion, the will is not persistent, and discipline and culture are both sadly needed.

**WENONAH.**—There is an abundance of quiet humor, mental vivacity, and independence of thought denoted here, with a lively imagination, vivid impulses, and emotional temperament. But, alas! this nature, with all its quick perception, undisturbed good temper, and cultivation, is not under safe control. The feelings too often override the reason; caprice is indulged in little things; the affections are not wholly reliable, and sentiment is frequently permitted to get the better of common-sense. The will is resolute and consistent, but never hopeful; the disposition is subject to attacks of the vapors; the temperament is nervous and brooding, intellect versatile and original, tastes literary and critical, capacity for sustained mental effort doubtful, superstition and prejudice are both declined; the conversational powers are entertaining, and attachments tenderly demonstrative.

**STEFRIED.**—Springfield, Mass. Unquestionably a youthful correspondent, whose immaturity makes it difficult to give a satisfactory delineation. The advice given so many, that of exercising severer self-discipline and striving for higher mental cultivation, is needed here decidedly. Thus far, both tastes and ideas show marked conventionality, a disposition to let others do her thinking for her, and to adopt generally accepted modes and theories without an intelligent doubt on the subject. Refinement, fondness for looks and elevating pleasures, are seen; also, a very but very sensitive temper, a cheerful, aspiring way of regarding life, prudence and shrewdness in speech, clear, practical views, a quiet yet positive will, ability to make and keep warm friendships, and without sentimentality to love very deeply.

**BEFFERT.**—An odd compound this is of talent. Individuality of thought, speech, and action, of aspiration and low spirits, childish conventionality and an utter disregard for conservative standards. The writer is an interesting, reflective, whimsical person, who suffers sadly with the blues at times; has a touchy temper, a kind heart; is restless, dissatisfied, becomes nervous, and longs for change. Caprice is defined, with a general inequality of character that makes the nature at once difficult and entertaining.

**QUERY.**—New York City. Now here, on the other hand, is a charmingly rounded and completely developed woman, who is not half so clever, but is much easier to get on with; is vastly more reliable, and who, in the end, is apt to achieve better things than the possessor of much rather eccentric ability. She is cheerful, equable, amiable, dignified; has elegant and enlightened tastes, is personally attractive, intelligently generous and sympathetic, is orderly, conscientious as to her duties, holds her really strong feelings under excellent control, is cautious in her speech, possesses not a spark of mental originality, yet has a cultivated mind, with steadfast affections.

**ELENE.**—Niles, Cal. This study shows marked despondency, a vaporous tendency the writer would do well to struggle against. She is a sweet tempered, kindly person, but ill-luck or poor health must be at the bottom of this mental depression. She is loquacious and not always prudent in her speech, has plenty of will-power to overcome her faults, has a lively fancy, vivacious manners, is stubborn, socially inclined, is rather independent and individual in her way of doing things, is attentive to detail, not intellectual, and is capable of strong attachments.

**AN INDUSTRIOUS IDLER.**—This subject has been too indolent or indifferent to fully develop and cultivate the really good stuff that is in him. He is ambitious, and is always meaning to accomplish the most surprising things, but, unfortunately, shows no vigor, no persistence of purpose, is too easily led astray by sentiment, and cannot endure the strain of sustained mental effort. He manifests considerable self-esteem and self-satisfaction, is over-fond of outward show, is himself readily impressed by cheap

effects, and, as is always the case with such people, seldom cares to look below the surface. Refinement, generous sympathies, a poorly controlled imagination, hopefulness, an uncertain temper, and great interest in the opposite sex are noted.

**HETTY CRY, MONT.**—On lines. An imaginative individual, with all sorts of gracefully poetical and romantic fancies. He is passionately sensitive to beauty and harmony in every form, cherishes many high ideals, has some strong ambitions, but unfortunately lacks original force and any decided creative powers. He is too conventional by half. His disposition is admirably sweet and even; he is much impressed by superficial appearances, is candid, ingenuous, a bit sentimental; is very sensitive to the influence of the opposite sex, and extremely susceptible.

**JULIET.**—(Oakland, Cal.) Is hopelessly commonplace, has no interest in intellectual pursuits, and has conceived very limited mental culture. She possesses a number of excellent moral qualities, is modest, gentle, has any number of pretty tastes, a lively imagination, strong social instincts, is discreet, obstinate, talkative, good-humored, and affectionate.

**HATTIE B.**—An ambitious, aggressive, sanguine will, a quick, hot, but not sundered temper, indifference to detail, considerable personal magnetism, with an individuality that generally charms those with whom the writer is brought in contact. Frankness that amounts to positive indiscretion is defined, as well as lack of pretence, extravagance in the use of money, physical indolence, a broad, original, critical mind, clever, entertaining speech, and love of amusement and all sorts of material pleasures.

**GRACE SHACKLETON.**—This specimen is significant of a strong, self-reliant, and remarkably clever woman, whose mind is receptive, reflective, and sagacious. She has a good deal of materiality in her composition, but, as it is of a healthy, practical sort, it only helps to supplement the brain power disclosed. She is unpretentious, direct, self-contained, cautious, and exercises excellent judgment as a rule. Her temperament shows equanimity, her intellect breadth and cultivation, her tastes are practical and literary rather than artistic, she cares little for petty details, is often absent-minded, keeps her own counsel shrewdly, is fairly amiable, betrays not the least sentimentality, speaks the truth, hates slander, and loves a free people deeply.

**W. H. M.**—(Fort Worth, Tex.) Yes, you are ambitious, but before you can hope to succeed in any profession you must broaden your mental horizon, and try to think with liberal, intelligent independence on all subjects. Aspiration and hope, that are both discovered in your study, will avail little until by studious culture you attain a greater intellectual altitude. As yet, you are quite content with a poor sort of conventionalism, trivial accomplishments, and show a tendency to an egotistical self-appraisal that should be sharply suppressed. You are thoroughly well bred, all your tastes are refined, your disposition is agreeable and equable, you are clever, have quick perceptions, and may hope to achieve a much higher standard of general excellence. The opposite sex exercises a marked influence over your actions.

**EQUIVOCAL.**—This is not a very admirable example, in that its author thinks vastly too much of himself, is capricious, not wholly to be depended upon, and is guided almost exclusively by his impulses. He is clever in a way, is ambitious, and not easily deterred from pursuing his ends. Very possibly adolescence might explain the existence of some of the failings mentioned, in which event time might be looked for to discipline the character. His mind is vivacious, he is full of bodily activity, is inclined to be prudent in speech, has lively manners, lives all kinds of social amusements, and is changeable in his affections.

**SINNER.**—(Groton, Mass.) You are mistaken in saying your handwriting is unformed. If this example is written naturally and in good faith, it is strong and characteristic, significant of its author's imperious, intense, masterful temper, his vigorous, determined will, his numerous mental poses, amiable affections, and, withal, much virile ability. He is capricious, wilful, headstrong, self-reliant, indulges most of his whims, has a capable, original mind, good critical sense, is versatile, restless, aggressive, fond of change and stimulation, has hearty, healthy, material tastes, more than ordinary physical energy, has creative power, and should some day achieve considerable distinction.

**J. A. GRAFITE.**—This is a boyish composition, quite different from the one above, and implies greater good humor, less individuality, and almost entire immaturity that makes its delineation of little worth either to author or graphologist.

**ORLANDO.**—In this instance the mental culture is neither deep nor wide, but, considering its superficiality, makes a very fair appearance. The writer is a refined, gentle bred person, whose temper is sweet enough, but rather stubborn. He is aspiring, and always hopes for the best, talks fluently and entertainingly, is unaffected, very resolute and earnest of purpose, is systematic,

admirably disciplined, reserved when treating of personal matters, is attractive, clever at almost anything she tries to do, and has the capacity for passionately tender and unselfish attachments, and is generous, liberal, but not extravagant, in her use of money.

**CHAS. H. LITTON.**—As this correspondent asks for a reply "next week" in a letter dated November 9, 1891, it is scarcely worth while replying here. Then, the study enclosed is a very uncommon specimen of penmanship, the qualities betrayed being all dull and disagreeable.

**ROSALIND.**—Pseudonym used before; postmark, Northampton. While capacity for sustained effort is here, it can scarcely be in an intellectual line, for the writer is young, unformed, and under no condition can hope to rise above mental mediocrity. She is a cheerful, well-ordered, prudent, amiable, contented person, incapable of original thought, and therefore preserves a safe, refined, genteel conventionalism that is very admirable. Lack of pretence, and pretty, artistic tastes, are numbered among her characteristics.

**GLE.**—Another subject, who, with all manner of virtues, lacks wit and individuality. Close attention to detail, love of society, exquisite refinement, courteous, agreeable manners, and an even temper are a few of the good qualities seen. The nature of the subject to moments of severe mental depression, appreciation of beauty amounts to a passion, the imagination is disciplined and graceful, the will consistent, thought conservative, and affections tender, self-forgetful, and demonstratively devoted.

**FANSY ITTAY.**—Still a third uninteresting correspondent, whose buoyant temperament, happy, sanguine disposition, vivid imagination, warm enthusiasms, vivacious manners, loquacity, and love of amusement fail to elevate her above absolute commonplaceness. She is a most companionable young woman, full of life, ardor, and generous impulses, is uninterrupted good-humored, is not weak or easily led away, is energetic, independent, but, as has been said, is totally unintellectual. Her personal charms are abundant, she is able to attract and hold friends, has plenty of common-sense, and her affection is to be depended upon.

**HARRY MACKEY.**—A thoroughly masculine, aggressive individual, whose temper is high, imperious, and dictatorial, whose will dominates others; is ambitious, resentful of opposition, and before a little force, self-confidence, self-reliance, an alert, active mind, lucid and logical thought, quick perceptions, capacity for long-sustained effort, and very decided talent are all well defined. Fluent and convincing speech, rapid and usually accurate judgment, the gift of selection, capacity for mastering and using detail, unbounded self-esteem, no weak vanity or egotism, material, luxurious tastes, and interest in the opposite sex should also be added to the list.

**MONA GREE.**—Study enclosed with the above; it is on lines, but in general traits is not unlike the one just delineated. Here, also, the will is lofty and sustained, the temper is far from sweet, and ugly when provoked. The understanding is strong and independent, speech well considered and discreet, little care for superficialities is manifested, critical sense is displayed, also sensitiveness to the opposite sex, and very deep feelings.

**SERENAS.**—Spokane. On lines. Under the circumstances you relate, it is really very difficult to give a satisfactory delineation of your character, and beyond the equanimity, good temper, intuitive caution, simplicity of manner, persistence, earnestness, system, and warm affection disclosed the graphologist scarcely cares to go.

**ELIUS.**—Is quite right in surmising that there can be no individuality manifested in such copy-book penmanship as this. It is tiresome and absurdly conventional, and further than the fondness for superficial display, the commonplace tastes and ideas, the cheerfulness, exaggerated speech, lack of settled purpose and self-control, nothing can be said.

**GEO. WY.**—This specimen gives no hint of the pessimistic, vaporish disposition the correspondent lays claim to. On the contrary, he is more sanguine than otherwise, and is quite clever enough to hope for a realization of all he desires. Caprice and lack of persistence are his most serious faults, and, of course, if indulged, will surely annul any upward efforts. He is both candid and secretive, has a vivid imagination, a very emotional temperament, is often guided by impulse, has a strong yet unequal will, a high, sensitive, overhearing temper, an active, inquisitive, enquiring mind, is careless of detail, not a very easy person to get on with, has quick perceptions, artistic and literary tastes, is restless and rather dissatisfied, and not dependable in love, being of the kind to blow hot and cold all in a single breath.

**YENIO.**—Now here is a very clever man who is not in the least eccentric, but is wise enough to be content with an intelligent reasonableness of mind and manner. He is sanguine and very ambitious, has all manner of lively interests, loves the world, and

uses rather than abuses the opportunities it offers for advancement and amusement. His judgment is usually correct and impartial, owing to his ability to reason clearly and connectively. He is devoid of pretence, despises affectation, has enjoyed all of the advantages of cultivation and travel, has enlightened, healthy, and well-bred tastes, is never the least egotistical, is generous, knows when to hold his tongue yet is not the least afraid to speak his mind, possesses a keen sense of humor, is resolute, always able to hold his own, is an entertaining talker, fond of travel, is agreeable in temper, but may not safely be imposed upon, appreciates the luxuries of the table, and is inclined to jealousy when he really loves.

**DOUGLAS B.**—Is a humdrum, very ordinary young woman, who, it is hoped for her own sake, is as yet immature. Her chirography is indicative of very limited culture, of irresolution, caprice, egotism, carelessness, little earnestness of purpose, and an easy-going disposition.

**JOSEPHINE MARIE.**—Studied enclosed with the above; is rather better, signifying more refinement of mind and manners, pretty and artistic tastes, a correct eye for form, unsifted and impulsive generosity, capacity for passionately tender attachments, no intellectual force or originality, but good breeding, quick sympathies, and a fairly safe sense of selection.

**QUILBERT.**—Pseudonym doubtful; postmark Poughkeepsie. A mild, unassuming, discreet, self-contained nature, that suffers frequently from discouragements, is imaginative. Cherishes many ideals, is capable of great self-sacrifices, is not easily angered, holds to a number of old-fashioned theories, is conservative, sensitive to beauty in every form, is romantically inclined, fond of poetry and sentiment, is able to exercise much quiet determination, entertains a few litter prejudices, and loves a few people with genuine ardor.

**R. F. H. R.**—Is another person who is often assailed by the blue devils, and notwithstanding her virility, self-confidence, impetuous will and determination they very frequently get the best of her. She has a high, hot temper, that chafes even against the discipline of circumstance; her tastes are luxurious, fastidious, and incline to the side of materialities. She lacks a proper sense of prudence in speech, and constantly says things she has cause to regret; she is not obstinate, will generally listen to reason, for her mind is naturally logical. She is clever, very capable, has a quick and clear understanding, is liberal in her use of money, ambitious, devoid of trivial pretence, and is closely and severely critical of others.

**ARTHUR MALTBY.**—On lines, and more the pity, because, although there is every indication of extreme youthfulness in this example, its potentialities are more than ordinarily interesting. The critical faculties are well defined, also the capacity for sustained mental effort, with complete candor, natural refinement, aspiration, and much self-control for a young person.

**MOSAC.**—On lines. There is little say concerning so ordinary a composition, save that its author is a commonplace subject, who needs a vast deal of improving discipline in every direction, possesses very fragmentary culture, is amiable, easily contented, is invariably cheerful, without always having cause for his self-elation.

**FUNTUS PLATE.**—Rather a nice, clever handwriting, illustrative of a pleasant, uniform temperament, an impatient and dictatorial yet not unkind temper, of a strong, consistent will, lack of pretence, honorable instincts, sufficient vigor of body and mind, and, though no ambition is manifested, the tendency is upward, and denotes a general elevation of character and spirits. Some talent is described, yet not of a very high order; the capacities are all fairly good, the perceptions quick, sense of humor keen, speech candid, and affections slow but constant.

**J. R. F.**—New York. This study is descriptive of a speculative and thoughtful man, who always thinks more of the thing itself than the manner of doing it, who has an emotional nature very sensitive to outside influences, impressionable, of a dependent will, inclined to be suspicious, having a short, rather irritable temper, lacking all pretence or assumption, cautious and reserved, though interesting and fluent in speech, having a lively fancy, indifferent judgment, little power of selection, and feelings that are much too susceptible for his own good.

**PANCHA.**—New York City. With so finely drawn, strongly marked a character, it would be as difficult to assume a foreign handwriting as to dissemble in personal intercourse. You are thoroughly natural, and your faults and virtues have become an integral part of yourself. Broad and genuine culture and very high breeding are disclosed in every stroke of the pen, that likewise illustrates abundant brain-power, alert, active, logical thought, showing the mind's fondness for reasoning, speculation, and argument, and in disputation, with a ready wit, fluent, graceful, yet trenchant and convincing speech, a vivid,

picturesque imagination, close, almost haughty reserve, an ambitious, aggressive will, a temper that has to be constantly subdued, elegant, fastidious, intellectual, and still very material tastes, that appreciate the flesh-pots of Egypt, and the writer is far from being indifferent to the influence of the opposite sex. Equanimity, admirable self-control, careful system in all things, self-reliance, obstinacy when thwarted, critical acumen, a delicate appreciation of beauty, literary ability, and artistic perceptions are also seen here.

**LA PAIRONA.**—Presumably of the same series; is vastly clever and more interesting, showing warm and liberal sympathies, quick and unstinted generosity, a bright and polished mind, personal charm and grace, an ambitious will that never surrenders the pursuit of a desired object, a hasty temper under fairly good control, decided dignity both of character and carriage, and, as yet, usually correct critical judgment, an original, sprightly fancy, loquacity and at the same time reserve in speech, lucid and logical ideas, a keen sense of humor, honorable instincts, refined, fastidious tastes, and thorough breeding.

**STELLA STE.**—An ordinary example, of which there is little to be said one way or the other. The writer is neither intellectual nor highly cultured. She or he is of a cheery, commonplace nature, refined, unambitious, discreet enough, rather determined, having a short temper not to be lightly crossed, an exuberant imagination, and liberal impulses.

**PENNA.**—You are inordinately ambitious, aspire very high, and have abundant persistence to encourage a hope of accomplishing your aims, if only a trifle more of vigor could be infused in your efforts. Your stoking qualities are all right, and it may be you lack physical virility. Refinement is evident, you are systematic and cautious, do not neglect details, criticize yourself severely, are candid to the verge of self-deprecation, but never really give way to the blues. Your temper is short and resive under discipline, you possess some undeveloped talent, are simple and direct in manner, need to cultivate composure in many things, and show little sentimental materiality.

**DAME LUCKEN.**—Hopefulness, a high and quarrelsome temper, a dictatorial, imperious will, some egotism, very limited culture, no special mentality, restlessness, love of change and excitement, and uncontrolled fancy, considerable regard for superficialities, love a life of refinement, the refinement of life, and the small details. The writer is liberal in the use of money, and clever after a fashion.

**NIMROD.**—On lines. Studied enclosed with the above; denotes a plain-speech, straightforward, practical man, with no nonsense about him, abundant bodily vigor, a disposition sure in wear and plenty of hard common-sense, that is ample compensation for his undoubted lack of mental polish. He is shrewd, loves the good things of life in a healthy way, and may be trusted both as friend and lover.

**PRUDENCE PAY.**—Conventional, but in so thoroughly refined, ladylike and graceful a fashion, that one is almost ready to pardon his narrow conservatism. The subject is passionately appreciative of beauty, color, and harmony, has herself very correct artistic perceptions, has a sweet, gentle temper, attractive, pleasing manners, is capable of sustained effort, is quietly resolute, uniformly prudent, is neither original nor witty, but is so orderly, conscientious in her sense of duty, so warmly and sincerely affectionate, as to succeed as though by dint of wisdom.

**LIZZIE HEXAM.**—Here is less polish and more individuality, a brighter understanding that thinks with a clear independence, is well poised, and at times really achieves very clever things. True, a slight tendency is shown to get down on her back, and, again, an over-active fancy flies away with her judgment, but, on the whole, she talks fluently and amusingly, has a number of companionable qualities, and would be improved by repressing all sentimental propensities.

**TEX AMOIS.**—The leading characteristic of this is its virile, insistent, dogmatic will, that hates to be thwarted, and is very rarely persuaded to abandon a course once decided upon. The temper is not easy either, but flares up briskly when crossed, and is capable of becoming quarrelsome and ugly. It is refreshing, however, to see so much vim, energy, go-aheadness, enterprise, and determination to stand at the top. And, fortunately, all of this ambition is supplemented by mental aggressiveness and genuine ability. The sense of selection is excellent, reasoning faculties lucid and logical, nature free of pettiness, and though full of faults that are readily discerned, there is much to be learned from the deceitful. For example, he is candid to the point of breeziness and incaution, is too indifferent to the daily minutiae, which certainly implies considerable selfishness, is prejudiced, and not always tractable when approached. The temperament is healthy and stimulating, the instincts are honorable, and impulses generous.

# THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

VOL. XI.

New York

For the Week ending JUNE 18, 1892.

Chicago

NO. 122.



THE MAT-MAKER AND THE BASKET-MAKER. (See page 207.)



## THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

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Single copies, 25 cents.

Payment, which must be in advance, can be made by cheque, postal notes, money order, or registered letter, payable to THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Nos. 2 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., Brema Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., agents for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN for the United Kingdom. HENRY JACO, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris, agent for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN in France.

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## Current Comment.

### NOTICE TO EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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**ENGLAND AND PERSIA.**—English newspapers have a comfortable theory that jobbery is a peculiarity of American legislative bodies, and that American politicians have a monopoly of the practice of using public offices to advance the private interests of themselves, their relations, and their friends. A story crops out now and then which goes to show that the notorious corruption of English Parliaments and English statesmen of the past is not wholly unknown to-day.

It would be a bold American who would attempt to direct the foreign policy of the United States in an important matter so as to serve private interest; and owing to the vigilance of public men and the public press, such an

attempt could hardly result otherwise than in the disgrace of the projector and the failure of the project. In England the case seems to be different, if sufficient "pull" is possessed. Thus we are told that the recent trouble between Persia and Great Britain regarding the tobacco monopoly in the former country was due entirely to the fact that a leading man interested in the enterprise was a relative of Lord Salisbury, England's Foreign Minister and Premier. A year ago this person, a Mr. Talbot by name, and his associates obtained from the Shah a concession of the monopoly of trading in tobacco in Persia. The Persians objected so strenuously that the concession was cancelled. Here is where Mr. Talbot's "pull" seems to have proved valuable. For some reason or other the Foreign Office interfered so vigorously to obtain compensation for the holders of the monopoly that under pressure the Shah was obliged to pay an indemnity of two and one-half millions of dollars.

Think of the investigations and the clamor that would follow such action by the State Department in the United States! The English people and newspapers seem to find something wrong in the transaction, but, aside from the indignant utterances of some Radicals who would find fault with the aristocracy upon any pretence, there is a disposition to pass it over.

**GOOD-BY TO BROAD GAUGE.**—It is a good many years since the battle of the gauges ceased to have practical interest for railroad men, although at one time it was so important that prophecies of ultimate disaster were made loudly by the advocates of the broad, the medium, and the narrow gauge in case the particular system they championed should not be adopted. The transformation of the Great Western Railway, in England, from the broad to the standard gauge gives it a passing interest.

This road was constructed by the famous engineer Brunel, the author of the Thames Tunnel, the *Great Eastern*, and other celebrated works. As with most things he did, he took the broadest view of the problem before him. Although the railroad was then in its infancy, he foresaw a development of traffic and requirements which we have not yet reached even now. He laid the rails at the extraordinary distance of seven feet apart, and provided a road which could accommodate the heaviest traffic of the future and upon which the fastest trains we are likely to see could be run with safety. But practice has since worked out a different solution to the problem. Chance more than any theoretical reasoning has determined that the so-called standard gauge of four feet eight and one-half inches adopted in America is about right, and the railroads of the world, except in special instances, are approximated to it. The standard varies in different lands to the extent of a few inches, but the principle is the same. Taking into consideration the requirements of traffic and the cost of maintenance and construction, it is found to offer most advantages.

Brunel's miscalculation, due to the greatness of his genius, has cost the road between five and six millions of dollars, this expenditure having been necessary to effect the transformation. A remarkable fact in connection with the improvement is, that it was executed over two hundred miles of road with scarcely any interruption to traffic.

**IMPORTED CLOTHES.**—If not at this session of Congress, certainly at the next, the question of paying duty on clothes which travellers bring home with them from Europe is pretty certain to receive attention. For one reason, the

question has a popular side; and for another, the tailors of the United States, to the number, we believe, of twenty-five thousand, have united in a petition to Congress requesting action. When twenty-five thousand Americans agree that they have just cause for complaint, their grievance is apt to receive attention.

For a good many years to come, Paris-made gowns and hats will continue to be the dream of American women. We have developed Edisons and Moses and Singers and Fultons and many other pioneers of progress, but not a Worth yet. On the other hand, the popularity of London-made clothes is owing to two reasons—their cheapness and the fad of Angliomania. So far as style and fit are concerned, it is notorious that an American gentleman is distinguishable from an English gentleman by the most unobtrusive because he is the better dressed. It follows, that while indulgence may reasonably be granted to women who buy outfits abroad, the case is different with men.

The House of Representatives has before it a bill limiting to one hundred dollars in value the amount of wearing apparel that may be imported by returning tourists free of duty. The report recommending the passage of the bill says that it is doubtless true that many wealthy Americans save much more than the cost of a trip to Europe by purchasing abroad their supplies of wearing apparel.

All Americans, so far as possible, should bear an equal share of the burden of maintaining the republic and developing its resources. Americans who buy their wearing apparel abroad and bring it into the United States free of duty evade this obligation. Besides, as the report further says, under the present construction of the law, the wealthier person is the greater in quantity and value is the amount of goods which he can import free of duty. In other words, his exemption from taxation increases in proportion to his ability to pay the taxes.

**IRELAND AND HOME RULE.**—American friends of Ireland cannot but be discouraged when they contemplate the situation in Ireland to-day. The experience of the past teaches one lesson with the utmost emphasis. It is, that the Irish people cannot expect any redress from England for their grievances unless they are thoroughly united in demanding remedial legislation. Yet to-day, on the eve of a general election, the results of which will determine in large measure whether or not Home Rule is to be granted in the near future, we find the Irish Parliamentary party split into factions apparently as difficult to reconcile as the Gladstonians and the Liberal Unionists. The hopelessness of any plan to bring about harmony is evidenced by the return to the United States of Gen. Patrick A. Collins, with the understanding that his mission of peace was a failure.

Michael Davitt is one of the leaders who has sight clear enough to perceive that the question at issue is not one of faction or of methods, but a material, bread-and-butter issue, affecting the interests and well-being of the working population of Ireland. He says in a recent letter:

The population of Ireland under landlord government has benefited neither the rulers nor the ruled. The theory that it would be of advantage to the industrial community is falsified by the fact that casual pauperism has doubled.

Millions of Irishmen have been driven out by landlord rule. For the most part they are employed in workshops in America, and the products of their labor are shutting out British manufactures from the American markets. Others have come to England and have competed with British workmen, reducing the wage rate.

Under a sympathetic government all these emigrants would have remained in Ireland, and would have produced foodstuffs for England, taking English manufactures in exchange.

On the other hand, the landlords are practically excluded from parliamentary representation, and their prosperity is saddled with £160,000,000 in mortgages and other burdens. Clearly, landlord government is no triumph for them.

Unfortunately, words of wisdom have seldom gained the attention of those whose minds have been distracted by factional anger.

**A SUN SPOT.**—Nothing is surprising in this age of scientific discovery. In every department of science remarkable progress is being made. Astronomy has kept in step with the sister sciences. A new spot has been discovered on the sun through the medium of the new solar photo-politico telescope; and we have the honor to present to our readers the first print of the same ever published.

[Special to THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.]

POLITICAL OBSERVATORY,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

I have the honor to forward to you a print of a sun spot which has recently been secured by the new solar photo-politico telescope. From time to time the sun has been speckled with spots, which have caused agitation among astronomers and astrologers, and especially among politicians in search of horoscopes and jobs. The sun was shining for all, at a two-penny light, over, above, and about the city of New York when the photo was taken.

Astronomers report this spot to be a singular feature of the phenomenon, because, like the tail that wagged the dog, it is greater than the sun. The astrologers and soothsayers declare that during the month of June its malignant influence will cause the downfall of David, King of Rum-mania.

J. B. SMITH,  
Astronomer in Charge.

**SUNDAY LAWS.**—It is quite evident that we in the United States have come to the parting of the ways as regards the question of how Sunday should be observed. At the present time we are, unconsciously for the most part, formulating and developing our policy of the future. In a very short time it must be determined, whether openly or merely by implication, if the old American ideas on the subject of Sunday are to continue to prevail, or whether something shall be substituted of the character of what is known as the Continental Sunday of Europe.

One of the few points involved upon which there is general agreement is, that Sunday should be a day of rest. But whether rest implies recreation also is disputed. It is argued, on the one hand, that harmless enjoyment is most beneficial to the working-man, the professional man, or the clerk who toils six days; and, on the other, it is asserted that such amusement as is desirable can be obtained in the course of the week without encroaching upon the sanctity of the Sabbath.

One of the favorite arguments advanced by the advocates of the liberal policy is, that the change has been made necessary by the change in our social customs.



Whether this be so or not, it might be well for those who advance it to consider the desirability of changes in social customs which have made the United States foremost among the nations of the earth. It might also be considered in what measure the proposed change is due to the influence of foreign-born citizens who have sought and found in the United States relief from hardships resulting from other forms of social organization than ours.

In making these suggestions, it should be understood that objection is not made to the opening of museums, libraries, and similar institutions on Sundays, but to the tendency, which is growing in force, to wipe out all difference between Sunday and any other holiday.

**HAWAII'S REVOLUTION.**—The forecast published in *THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN* concerning the trend of events in Hawaii has been borne out fully by the recent occurrences in that so-called kingdom. The approach of the meeting of the Legislature made the revolutionists more active than ever, and the result was the arrest of twenty-one of the leaders on charges of treason.

This action on the part of the government can only hasten the progress of events. Were a strong government in power, it is possible that drastic measures might deter the liberals from seeking to execute their plans at once. But the throne founded by Kamehameha is upheld today chiefly through the presence of an American man-of-war in the harbor of Honolulu, and the moral effect of the knowledge that a party of marines would be landed to restore order at the first outbreak. The Hawaiian army is as ridiculous and shadowy as the Hawaiian royal house. If a conflict arose, it would be overwhelmed by the popular tide almost without a struggle. Should Queen Liliuokalani's advisers rely upon this army and the American



STATUE OF KAMEHAMEHA I. AT HONOLULU.

marines, and condemn any of the prisoners to the penalty commonly attached to the crime of treason, it is safe to predict that the result would be the prompt abolition of royalty amid most lamentable scenes of bloodshed.

A baptism of blood is not necessary to a republic. The public sentiment in Hawaii in favor of a republican form of government under the protection of the United States is so strong, and the forces opposed to it are so weak, that any other than a peaceable revolution will be unnecessary.

**STEAM I.S. CARAVANS.**—An instructive comparison between the modes of commercial intercourse of the present and the past is afforded by a letter received by the Society of Commercial Geography of Paris. It also shows the benefits which we derive from the steamship and the railroads.

Something like a year ago, a caravan of Arab traders set out from Algeria to make their way to Yola, at the head of navigation on the Benue branch of the Niger River, the principal town in that part of Africa. Their camels were laden with sugar, tea, and calico, and they doubtless ex-

pected to reap a fortune from their enterprise. Their journey across the Sahara was attended with many difficulties and dangers, chief among which were the attacks to be apprehended from the savage Touaregs, the pirates of the desert. By skill and liberal gifts they won their way past, and after many months of hardship reached their destination, only to meet ruin. Yola is now only twenty-six days from London by steam, and a corporation known as the Royal Niger Company has established a trading post there, at which goods are sold at a large profit for less than one-half the actual cost of the merchandise of the Arabs. The result was that the Arab traders, instead of making fortunes, soon found themselves cast into jail for debt. When they can raise the money, they propose to return to their home by steam.

**THE COLORED CITIZEN.**—We have a population of eight million colored people. They are increasing in number, and advancing educationally, financially, morally, and socially. For them thousands bleed. They have their friends and they have their enemies. Privileges of citizenship have, at times and places, been withheld from them. In politics they have afforded a bone of contention. What the representative of their race said in their behalf is significant and important: we recommend the article in another part of this issue to our readers' attention. As John Allen, of Mississippi, said, it "shows the difference between the negro speaking for himself and a lot of cussed fools speaking for him."

**OUR NAVAL CONSTRUCTORS.**—American naval constructors are no longer to be admitted into foreign dock-yards for purposes of study. The cadets chosen by the Navy Department to go abroad for instruction in naval architecture will hereafter be restricted to a technical education at the universities, and practical experience at the navy yards of the United States. The privileges enjoyed heretofore in England and in France have been discontinued.

This was to be expected. The United States have demonstrated that they are about to enter into the most formidable competition with other nations in building ships for war and for commerce. The naval vessels already constructed are so admirable, and each one shows such improvement upon its predecessors, that the most lively apprehension may well be felt by foreign builders. Under these circumstances, it would be unreasonable to expect a continuance of favors granted to us when we were practically beginners.

Neither is it important that our young constructors should study at foreign dock-yards. American naval architects have mastered the science as it is practised to-day, and their study now is not merely to imitate what is done abroad, but to improve the old methods and institute better ideas. American dock-yards, not those of Europe, will be the schools of instruction for the world in the future.

**SUICIDES AT MONTE CARLO.**—The profits of the gaming establishment at Monte Carlo were particularly large during the last fiscal year. This was due to the skillful advertising the casino received in the reports of how various gamblers were winning huge sums with the aid of "systems." Most confirmed gamblers believe in the possibility of a "system," and many have laboriously constructed plans of operation which they believe must yield fortunes

if only sufficient capital could be obtained to withstand runs of bad luck.

While the establishment spreads the news of these successes, it sedulously endeavors to suppress all knowledge of the other side of the affair. A great deal is said of how this man or that breaks the bank night after night; but less is made of the news that the bank has eventually broken the favorite of fortune. Still less is said of the tragedies wherein the ruined gambler loses his last throw in the Game of Life itself.

Two illustrations are reported of the brutal, cynical determination of the management to permit nothing unpleasant to obtrude itself upon the attention of the visitors. Mieczyslas Ostoia de Blochowski, who belonged to a noble Polish family, went to Monte Carlo with thirty thousand dollars and a system. When he had lost all, he killed himself. The establishment buried him hurriedly and with all possible secrecy, and then published the cruel accusation that the dead man had deserted his wife and child and was enjoying himself in some other part of Europe. The second case was that of James Welbregg, said to have been an American. He lost through his system a sum said to have exceeded one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and then shot himself. As he seemed to have no friends, the establishment had less trouble in disposing of him. His body was hastily put under ground, and it was denied that such a person had ever existed.

Such is a darker side of the story of a brilliant season at Monte Carlo.

**THE NEW YORK NATURALIZATION FRAUDS.**—It is not altogether to the credit of Senator Hill, of New York, that his first conspicuous appearance in Washington should have been to retain a Democrat in a seat in the House to which a majority of a Democratic committee had decided a Republican was entitled; that his second act should have been a sprint race against time to avoid voting on the silver question; and that the third time he has been mentioned as taking part in public affairs should have been in an attempt to stifle an investigation into the alleged fraudulent naturalizations in New York City last autumn.

John I. Davenport may be the desperately wicked person Democrats represent him to be, but it is certain that he does know a great deal about election frauds in New York City.

One fact that is undisputed is, that last autumn seven thousand aliens were naturalized in twenty days by two judges, and it is alleged that in some instances the persons naturalized did not even appear in court.

Under these circumstances, it is clearly the duty of Congress to investigate the charges presented by Mr. Davenport, Senator Hill's ill-advised activity to the contrary notwithstanding.

**THE GARZA MYSTERY.**—The one solid, tangible fact in the Garza mystery is that one Pablo Muñoz has been sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment and fined three thousand dollars upon a conviction of having violated the neutrality laws. Muñoz is described as having been second in command of Garza's army, if it ever existed, and is notable as the chief result of the incessant hunt which our troops and those of Mexico kept up for months on both sides of the Rio Grande.

Did Catarina Garza ever exist? To the general public he is a "wraith of the mist, a bubble of the stream, 'twixt a sleeping thought and a waking dream." Where is the

man who has ever set eyes upon Garza, or knows aught of him save that he was always a few hours ahead of his pursuers, his capture being constantly only a matter of time? There was a Catarina Garza once, who edited a newspaper and left memories in various parts of the country; the Catarina Garza who undertook to execute a revolution in Mexico was merely a jack-o'-lantern who issued turgid proclamations.

One would expect Muñoz to throw some light upon the mystery, but he failed to do so. In a statement made in court before sentence was passed, all that he could tell of the revolution was that he went over into Mexico once with a revolutionary force and had one fight; the revolutionists were retreating when the Mexican troops pursued and fired into them.

Meanwhile, Garza remains as misty as when he was alleged to be on the border. At one and the same time we are informed that he is at Key West, in Cuba, and a thousand miles distant from either. It would be of great interest if Garza could be captured, if only to dispel the mystery surrounding him.

**ON CLASSICAL AUTHORITY.**—Sostratos, architect of the famous light-house on the Island of Pharos, Alexandria, once numbered among the seven wonders of the world, engraved deeply on one of the stones the words,

"Sostratos of Guidos, son of Dexiphanos, to the Gods protecting those on the sea." Knowing very well that Ptolemy, his employer, would not be satisfied with this inscription, he covered it with a thin coating of plaster on which he inscribed the name of Ptolemy. In time the plaster disappeared, and with it the name of the king, so that in the end the architect had all the credit for the work.

This anecdote, recorded by Herodotus, is recalled by the trick played upon the new Public Library of which Boston is so proud. On the left-hand corner on the eastern face are chiselled in granite tablets the names:

Moses.  
Cicero.  
Kalidasa.  
Isocrates.  
Milton.  
Mozart.  
Euclid.  
Æschylus.  
Panie.  
Wren.  
Herrick.  
Irving.  
Titian.  
Erasmus.

Some one with a taste for acrostics read the first letters downward, and discovered that they spelled the names of the firm of architects, McKim, Mead & White.

The discovery shocked the architects, as well as Boston. The acrostic was constructed without their knowledge by an assistant, and they objected to the advertisement on the ground of the requirements of professional ethics as well as good taste. Consequently, the names are to be erased, and a new list substituted.



THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.



OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS: LT. MAURICE BARRYMORE. (See page 229.)

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.)



LOCATED in the Bay of New York, distant five miles from the metropolis of the new world, is the beautiful Island of Staten, an "emerald gem lying between crystal seas." Situated on this island is one of the richest and grandest benevolent institutions on the globe. It is known as Sailors' Snug Harbor.

What a world of meaning there is implied in these three words! A snug harbor, a home, a port of refuge, a place of rest and safety, where, after battling with the dangers and toils of the sea, the weary mariner may abide in peace, comfort, and plenty. And such a place is Sailors' Snug Harbor. It is, as its motto implies, a home "for aged, decrepit, and worn-out sailors," founded by a man who, himself a seaman, knew of the vicissitudes of their life, and their helplessness, as a class, when deprived of their accustomed vocation.

There have been many romantic and fascinating fancy tales written about the founding of the Harbor; but, unfortunately, being purely imaginative, they are utterly without any foundation of truth. One of the most ingenious anecdotal stories runs something after this wise: There was once a thrifty Scotch trader living in New Orleans, who, during the period of the Revolution, fitted out several privateersmen, which ships brought him lucrative returns. When this Scotch rover died, his only son, Robert Richard Randall, inherited his estates. The story goes that Randall often paid visits to New York, and that, upon one of these occasions, he met a Mr. Farquhar, a gentleman of property, but who did not enjoy the best of health. Mr. Farquhar, desirous of moving to the South, persuaded Randall to exchange one of his Louisiana plantations for a farm on Manhattan Island. In due time Randall sickened and died, and, upon opening his will, it was discovered that, with the exception of a few small bequests, he had left the bulk of his property to provide a home for seafaring men. It is said that the bequests he made were an annuity of forty pounds each to the legitimate children of his brother Paul until they reached the age of fifteen years, and at the age of twenty-one each son was to receive one thousand pounds down, and each daughter the same amount upon her marriage; to his worthy housekeeper he gave his sieve-buttons and a life annuity of forty pounds; to his overseer, his gold watch and forty pounds down; and to his servant, his knee and shoe buckles and twenty pounds down. Now, there is no evidence that Captain Randall ever exchanged a Louisiana plantation with a person named Farquhar, although, after his death, James Farquhar, a prominent citizen of New York, one of the trustees of the Randall estate under the will, leased the land that had been devised, and made many improvements thereon.

Another legend runs, that a certain grim and gloomy

Captain Randall, another Kidd, and ravager of the seas, after a dark career of prosperous piracy, during which, by countless murders and unimaginable atrocities, he amassed incredible wealth, became remorseful in his declining years, and, in the hope of propitiating Divine favor by good works, left his ill-gotten booty to found a hospital for decrepit sailors. And so can be related tale after tale about this mysterious Captain Randall.

Strange to say, there is very little known of the early life of the man who has left such a noble institution as his monument. That his name was Robert Richard Randall, and that he was a son of Capt. Thomas Randall, one of the founders of the New York Marine Society, an organization for the relief of indigent and distressed masters of vessels, their widows and orphan children, there is no doubt. There is even no evidence that he was a "captain," although he was generally supposed to be a ship-master and was always alluded to and spoken of as "captain." Neither Dr. Francis nor President King, in their genial gossip of the city at the opening of the century, nor Mr. Valentine nor Miss Booth, in their pleasant histories, has preserved any anecdote to show that he was at all conspicuous among the solid gentry of the time; nor is there any portrait of him known. Undoubtedly, he was a very quiet citizen, a hach-



A REMEMBRANCE EFFECT.

clor, who acquired by purchase a small farm of about twenty-two acres in the vicinity of Eighth Street and Broadway. There is no doubt that, according to the custom of those days, he wore his hair powdered and in a queue; dressed in silk hose and breeches, with silver shoe and knee buckles, and broad-flapped coat and vest. He, like his father, was a member of the Marine Society.

The income of this society, at this time, was small—far insufficient to provide for the many demands made upon it; and the knowledge of this fact is what undoubtedly prompted Robert Richard Randall to so frame his will that his fortune, which was considered in those days to be quite large, should go to provide a home for poor Jack.

By his will, bearing date June 1, 1801, after making some specific bequests, he left the residue of his estate in trust to the Chancellor of the State of New York, the Mayor and

inherited from his father, three and six per cent. stocks amounting to a little over seven thousand dollars, and fifty shares of stock of the Manhattan Bank. The Minto Farm came into his possession by a deed bearing date June 5, 1790, when Frederick Charles Hans Bruno Poelnitz—commonly called Baron Poelnitz—conveyed for five thousand pounds to him this property, consisting of about twenty-two acres. Fourteen acres of this land was under the Stoutenburgh patent, from Governor Petrus Stuyvesant to Petrus Stoutenburgh, April 7, 1661, and about seven acres from the Peno family; both tracts having been, in the years 1766 and 1768, conveyed to Andrew Elliot, and in 1785 conveyed to John Jay, Isaac Roosevelt, and Alexander Hamilton, and by them, July 8, 1787, to Baron Poelnitz.

Contestants to the will, of course, immediately arose when it was offered for probate, and among them was the



WANDERERS IN HARBOR.

Recorder of the City of New York, the president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, the president and vice-president of the Marine Society of New York, the senior ministers of the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches of the city, and to their respective successors in the said offices; these trustees to erect on some eligible part of the land mentioned in the will, whereon the testator lived, a building for an asylum or marine hospital, to be called the Sailors' Snug Harbor.

A charter of incorporation was granted February 6, 1806. In 1846 a new State constitution was adopted, abolishing the office of chancellor after July, 1847, and since that time the board has consisted of only seven members.

The property which Randall left to the Harbor consisted of land lying in the Fifteenth Ward, between Broadway and the Bowery, and Seventh and Tenth Streets, known as the "Minto Farm"; four lots in the First Ward which he

bishop of Nova Scotia. For nearly thirty years the legal warfare between the heirs and the executors continued, until the Supreme Court of the United States in March, 1830, sustained the will, and turned over the estate to the trustees. In the meantime the city had grown rapidly, and the value of real estate had increased so that the trustees petitioned the Legislature to authorize them to erect the proposed building elsewhere. After visiting many sites on Long Island and on Staten Island, Capt. John Whetter and William Whitlock, president and vice-president of the Marine Society, having been duly authorized, selected the present location, and in May, 1831, concluded its purchase. The property amounted to one hundred and forty acres, and was purchased of Isaac R. Housman for ten thousand dollars. Proposals for the erection of buildings were advertised for, work of construction begun, and the corner-stone of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, a name chosen by its founder,

was laid on October 21, 1831. On August 1, 1833, the institution was formally opened, and thirty seamen were installed as inmates.

No more beautiful spot on the island could have been selected for a sailors' home than that now occupied. The buildings, numbering thirty odd, stand amid great trees on beautiful grounds tastefully laid out, while shrubbery and flowers exist in profusion. The situation is healthy and commands a magnificent view of the Kills, where ships are continually passing up and down. These ships prove a constant joy and pleasure to the old Snugs, who hour after hour sit and watch them glide past. It is not an uncommon sight, as some majestic vessel under a full spread of canvas sails past, to observe the eye of some old, decrepit sailor sparkle with enthusiasm, and for the moment he imagines he is young again, and once more is treading the deck of a noble ship. But, alas! as the vessel slowly fades away in the distance his helpless condition dawns upon

"SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR"  
for aged, decrepit and worn out sailors,  
founded by  
ROBERT RICHARD RANDALL.  
"How great, how plentiful, how rich a dowry."  
Founded 1831. Incorporated 1856. Erected 1831.  
Dedicated 1833.

All the buildings of the institution are of stone or brick, with marble facing, and are constructed in a most substantial manner. Both buildings and grounds are always kept in perfect order.

A trip through the Harbor is most interesting, and a good two hours can be spent to advantage going about the beautiful grounds, over the buildings, and watching the sailors in their various amusements and occupations. Every visitor is welcome, and there is always some intelligent old sailor ever ready to act as guide. Suppose we



THE MAIN BUILDINGS OF THE SNUG HARBOR.

him, and with a shuffle and a squirt of tobacco juice from his mouth he hobbles away toward another part of the grounds.

The Harbor has a frontage of about two thousand feet. Thirty acres on the front are enclosed by a substantial iron fence with granite coping. The buildings consist of nine large dormitories, capable of accommodating one thousand men, a hospital with two hundred beds, a church, another under construction, a theatre also under construction, dwellings for officers and employees, laundry, machine shop, blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, boiler houses, ice house of six hundred and fifty tons capacity, hot-houses, bakeries, and morgue. The new theatre is the handsomest building on the Harbor grounds. It is built of white marble, topped with a dome which is said to be the largest in this country.

Over the entrance to the main building stands a memorial window of nautical design, rich in varied and brilliant color, containing the following:

rapidly pass through the institution. About the grounds, sitting on the benches in the sunlight, are the old men, smoking and talking and discussing the affairs of the nation; of the nation, did I say? Yes, verily, for these old men are as well informed about what is going on in the world as you and I, and perhaps better. As you pass along, some give you a kindly nod, others a "Good morning," while there are some who ignore your presence entirely. There is an artificial lake on the property, filled with gold and silver fish. On pleasant days the sailors sit about and watch the fish jump for crumbs which are thrown to them.

Passing into the main building, you enter the grand entrance hall, which rises to the full height of the building and is surmounted with a dome. Opening off this hall is the governor's suite of offices and reception rooms; also, the library and reading rooms. The two latter are filled with sailors, busily engaged reading the daily papers and magazines. All the morning papers and leading periodicals are taken at the institution, and the library contains



near four thousand volumes. Passing through the corridors which connect the several buildings, you observe sailors industriously at work making pretty straw baskets of various shapes and designs, hammocks, tennis nets, rugs, miniature ships, boats, etc. 'Tis a pretty picture and well worth a visit to the Harbor to see.

Let us visit the kitchen. You are struck particularly by the extreme cleanliness of the place and the total absence of any smell of cooking. But everything is in a state of bustle, as the dinner hour is approaching, and eight hundred and fifty-five hungry salts are waiting to be fed. The dinner this day consists of pea-soup, corn-beef, potatoes, turnips, and bread and butter. One hundred gallons of soup is being prepared, and hundreds of pounds of good substantial corn-beef being cooked. Everything is arranged according to a time-table: dinner is served at noon; at 11.30 the beef is served up so as to give time to

vails, for the clash of china, knives, and forks is enough to awaken a dead man from his grave. No time is lost in useless conversation and mere formalities of the dinner table; they are there to feed, and feed they do with a vengeance, for in exactly three minutes and a half from the time the last gong sounded the first man to finish his dinner left the room. Some ate their meat first, and drank their soup—actually drank it out of a cup—afterward; others, with more idea of order, partook of their soup first and their meat last. But this was a mere matter of opinion.

There is no ceremony demanded. Dinner is ready from a certain hour to a certain hour, and a sailor can dine when he chooses during that time. There is no marching in or marching out. Three meals a day are served—breakfast, dinner, and supper. The old men all range themselves side by side at long tables; each has his special place, and is served by a number of his comrades. The rations are excel-



MAKING NETS.

have it properly dished; at 11.40 the soup is sent up, followed at 11.55 by the vegetables. Punctually upon the stroke of twelve the great bell on the main building is rung. Upon its last stroke the gong is sounded, announcing that dinner is ready.

For at least a quarter of an hour before, the halls and corridors of the dining-room building have been thronged with hungry tars impatiently waiting for the bell to toll the hour of twelve. Therefore, when the doors are at last thrown open the eight hundred and fifty-five places are speedily filled. Nothing, however, on the table is touched. The deep tone of the gong once more resounds through the building, and a death-like silence falls upon the assembled crowd—a silence so deep and profound that the fall of a pin could be distinctly heard. Presently the stillness is broken by a saintly, gray-haired old salt, who with nasal twang and a sing-song manner announces grace at the top of his lungs. Once more the gong sounds, and anything but silence pre-

lent in quality, of sufficient variety, well cooked, and served without stint. The amount of provisions necessary to feed these sailors, as in all institutions, is enormous.

You are surprised when told that the qualifications necessary for admission to the Harbor amount to simply a sea-service under the American flag, in the naval or merchant marine, for a period of five years, incapacity for self-support, and freedom from contagious disease. If under the age of sixty-four, an applicant is put through a slight physical examination; he is then given a number, assigned a bed, and furnished with a suit of clothes. Everything is done to make the sailor comfortable, and if he expresses a desire to room with a friend, such privilege, if possible, is granted him. He is comfortably clothed, fed, and lodged, has all the necessary wants supplied him, is allowed a pound of tobacco a month, has religious instruction tendered him, while liberty of conscience is allowed.

The movements of the inmates of the institution are free

and unrestricted. They are allowed the freedom of the island during the day, and can do as they please. They are required, however, to be home by nine in the evening, when the gates are locked, and all coming in after that hour, unless they have a pass, are reported to the governor. No more discipline is maintained than is sufficient to keep order, and drunkenness and disorderly conduct are severely punished.

Liberty for unlimited time is allowed. Some of the more able-bodied men after entering the Harbor obtain leave of absence and ship for long voyages, reporting by letters from various ports. Others visit their friends and relations, and return after a month or so; as, having once gained admission to the Harbor, they can return at any time, and are thus placed above want for the rest of their lives through one of the most noble and unostentatious charities ever endowed. Each room is furnished with two iron beds, besides other furniture, and its two occupants are held responsible for the general appearance of that room.

The punishment of the institution is called "tahoo." A sailor under tahoo is not allowed to leave the grounds, his tobacco is taken from him, and he is made to labor on the grounds or in the gardens without pay. Other sailors, when they work, are paid. Tahoo sentences vary from one to six months.

The hospital cares for about eight hundred patients a year; of this number, about eighty die. Some old sailors, upon entering the institution, enter the hospital, and there they stay until they die.

Of course, in an institution of this character there are various types and characters of men. There are those whose experience on the sea has been fraught with peril and hardships, while there are some who have had a comparatively easy time of it; again, there are others who have taken part in some of the principal naval engagements of the late war, and who love to tell you of the exciting incidents of that time. There are men there who have grown gray on the sea, and others who are still in the heyday of manhood, but who, through some slight physical ailment, have been compelled to abandon the sea, and have sought this harbor of seclusion and refuge. As for the old sea yarns you are

apt to hear, if by chance you should pass an afternoon among the Snugs, they are so stupendous and astonishing that they surpass the mind of man to comprehend. Among the interesting old fellows is a man by the name of John Harriet—or, as he is more commonly known, "Jersey." He hails from Jersey, and is an enthusiastic admirer of John L. Sullivan. He is always willing to back his opinion with solid cash, and grieves that he can never find a taker. Jersey is passionately fond of sweet potatoes, and loves to talk to visitors, particularly if they are ladies, as he is a great admirer of the fair sex. Jersey had a most eventful experience in the late war, having been present at nearly all the great battles. The Government has recently granted him a pension, and the officials of the Harbor are fearful that Jersey will bet it all away. John Freeman, a colored man, is the oldest man in the institution, as he is at present enjoying the ripe old age of one hundred and three years.

In the numerous departments necessary to the proper conduct of the affairs of this little municipality is everywhere evidenced that systematic and harmonious action due to carefully devised method and wise administration. The prudence, fidelity, and sagacity which have uniformly characterized the management of the trustees, are, perhaps, without a parallel in the history of public charities, and is forcibly indicated by the fact that, in addition to the vast amount expended in bringing this institution to its



CONTENTED OLD AGE.

present condition of excellence and in fulfilling every requirement of the trust, the annual income, which in 1866 was four thousand two hundred and forty-three dollars, is now increased over a hundred-fold. The present governor, Capt. G. D. S. Trask, was a prominent shipmaster, and for many years in the Liverpool trade.

The general public sometimes gets a wrong idea of the work and methods of the institution through the complaints published in the newspapers, and made by inmates, of unjust treatment. It is as natural for a sailor in the castle to grumble as to eat, and the inmates of Snug Harbor are sometimes found ready to complain. The high standing of the members of the Board of Trustees should be a sufficient answer to such complaints.



THE SECOND CLASS AT WEST POINT. (See page 224.)

## HOW PARLIAMENT IS DISSOLVED.\*

THE dissolution of the mother of parliaments cannot fail to attract the attention of all people living, or wishing to live, under a free form of government.

The present British Parliament, which is the supreme legislature of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, consisting of the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal, and the Commons, has been in existence since August 3, 1886. It would, according to the provisions of the Septennial Act, die a natural death in 1893. Of Queen Victoria's twelve parliaments it is one of the most interesting, for in its dying moments the Premier and the leader of the House of Commons have thrown down their gauntlets to the Irish agitators and have given a blow to England's great political principle—free trade.

It is the latter which is most deeply interesting to Americans.

The days when free trade agitated the world date so far back that it is worth while at the present crisis to recall what led up to it, and how Sir Robert Peel carried it through.

The finances of the country were in terrible disorder in the early forties. For years past there had been a growing deficit, which in 1841 reached the sum of \$10,000,000. Attempts to supply this deficit by additions to assessed taxes and customs duties had failed. Distress and discontent reigned in England, especially among the trading and manufacturing classes. In the spring of 1842 Sir Robert



SIR ROBERT PEELE.

\* From a drawing by Alfred Crowquill, June, 1890.  
September 6, 1841, to July 6, 1845.



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

June 24, 1885, to February 6, 1886; August 3, 1886, to —.

Peel, who was then Prime Minister, boldly supplied the deficit by imposing an income-tax on all incomes above a certain amount. He accompanied this tax with a reform of the tariff by which prohibitory duties were removed and other duties abated on a vast number of articles of import, especially the raw materials of manufactures and prime articles of food. The result was that in place of a deficit of \$10,000,000 Sir Robert was able, in 1845, to present a budget to Parliament showing a surplus of \$25,000,000. But there were malcontents in Sir Robert's party. The Young-Englanders disliked him because he had hoisted the flag of Conservatism instead of Toryism on the morrow of the Reform Bill. (Our readers should understand that Toryism exists in England only in the imagination of the American correspondent.) The philanthropists and Tory chartists disliked him because he was a strict economist and an upholder of a poor law which the Tories disliked. The fatal question, however, was protection, and it was brought to a crisis by public opinion and the Anti-Corn-Law League. Sir Robert had become in principle a free trader. He told M. Guizot, Charles X. of France's minister, that something must be done to relieve the suffering and precarious condition of the laboring classes. By admitting foreign cattle and meat under his new tariff, and by admitting Canadian corn, he had alarmed the farmers, and the landed interest fondly clung to protection. Then came the Irish famine of 1845. The ports had to be opened, and once opened could not be closed again upon the same conditions. Sir Robert proposed to his cabinet the repeal of the corn laws. He met with opposition, and resigned. Lord John Russell tried to form a new cabinet, but failed.

\* Illustrated with a complete set of portraits of Queen Victoria's Prime Ministers.



VINCENT MELBOURNE.

(From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.  
April 18, 1835, to September 6, 1841.)

hours, and told his hearers some interesting details of a retiring minister's action toward the sovereign.

The measures he had brought forward were the very worst measures, he said, for party interest, but the calamity which threatened Ireland compelled him to bring the question to a settlement. He, therefore, took the earliest opportunity of tendering his resignation to the queen.

"I offered no opinion as to the choice of a successor," he continued. "That is almost the only act which is the personal act of the sovereign. It is for the sovereign to determine in whom her confidence ought to be placed."

The measure was carried, but the protectionists, goaded on by Lord George Bentinck and Benjamin Disraeli, coalesced with the Whigs, and Sir Robert was thrown out in an Irish coercion bill. He joined, however, with the Whig ministry which succeeded him in carrying forward free-trade principles by the repeal of the navigation laws.

What Sir Robert Peel so strenuously fought for, Lord Salisbury seems to intimate he is ready to throw to the winds. England, he declared recently, is suffering from the protective tariff of other nations, which are excluding her from their markets and trying to kill her trade. They are negotiating among themselves and obtaining concessions from one another, but none is anxious about the trade of Great Britain, because Great Britain was strategy herself of the armor and weapons with which the battle is to be fought. England's attitude "in regard to loyalty to the glorious and sacred doctrines of free trade to levy duties on goods for the sake of the gold we get thereby is a war policy." He sarcastically observed, "it is not free trade." If England waits in local her own in the corner of herself, she must be prepared to meet nations that have made the trusts access to her markets. At this point Lord Salisbury took a reel. He was not prepared to admit that such dangerous wounds as some have caused by cutting the arteries of wool and raw materials and by making it was not practicable to exclude the products of the United States. Still, he seems to have thought it not unwise to administer some moderate cuts and slashes. Duties might be imposed upon wines and silks, gloves and laces, and in

Sir Robert again came into office, and in January, 1846, brought the repeal of the corn laws before the House of Commons in a great speech.

The debate lasted twelve nights, during which time forty-eight Members of Parliament advocated free trade, and fifty-five protection. Sir Robert spoke for three

this way access might be secured to neighboring markets.

Such a speech, made by a Prime Minister of England a few years ago, would have meant political suicide. But a great change has come over English public opinion since 1846 in reference to free trade, and Lord Salisbury may go to the country on the question of what is called fair trade.

Mr. Louis J. Jennings, formerly editor of the New York Times, and now Member of Parliament for Stockport, who, although a Conservative, does not wear the Salisbury collar, writes on this subject:

"More than once I have ventured to call your attention to what is coming in the recent offer of Canada to receive English goods on favorable terms. If England would treat Canada in the same spirit it would lead much to bring the question into the field of practical politics. That offer called for an answer. Lord Salisbury, as the head of the Conservative party, advises the people to accept it; and observe the time he chooses for this new departure—the eve of the general election. He practically is willing to make retaliatory duties one of the issues on which his appeal to the people is based.

"Why is this? Because a great change has passed over English public opinion in reference to the whole subject.

Working-men see that we have not got free trade and that we are not likely to get it, while all foreign nations are allowed to pour their goods into this country duty free, and not one of them will take in English goods until a duty of from fifty to one hundred per cent, has been clapped upon them. That, as Salisbury says, 'is not business,' and English traders see it.

"The power which we have most reason to complain of," says the Prime Minister, 'is the United States,' and then he puts out a very skillful feeler.

"The United States sends us food and raw materials. As manufacturers we cannot tax them. 'No,' will be the answer from Lancashire and Yorkshire, 'not generally, but we can in individual cases.' Canadian and Indian wheat, Australian cattle and dead meat, we can take in free of all duties, and they will be enough for our purpose. The commodities from the United States must have a duty



LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

July 5, 1846, to February 6, 1861; November 6, 1865, to July 5, 1866.

levied upon them just as English goods are dealt with over there. Lord Salisbury could not well go into all this, but he says perfectly well what his argument leads up to. The United States cannot expect to put her trade to the side of England with McKinley's tariff, and the British markets left perpetually open to her. There



THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

(From the painting by A. Wivell.)  
December 28, 1852, to February 10, 1855.

must be some sense of reason in commercial dealings. England hoped for fair play, and now she sees she can never get it by persuasion. She will try other means. I, for one, shall go to my constituents largely on this trade question. So will a good many others."

"I find the working-men profoundly agitated about the prospects of their various trades. Statistics show that the gross volume of our business has not fallen off. No, but where are the profits? They have almost reached the vanishing point, and presently wages must fall. Market after market is being closed to English goods, but all the world can send what they like here. Our working-men cannot be persuaded that this is what Sir Robert Peel and Cobden meant by free trade. English industries are being bled to death. Foreigners stand and laugh at us. Now for a change."

"Of course, Lord Salisbury's declaration will create a frightful din. Professors and statisticians will come out and curse him with hell, book, and candle. But the die is cast, and the Conservative party is at last committed to a policy of retaliation. England is wealthy and can fight it out. Her colonies, as Canada has shown, are eager to join her. Without them she would be helpless, for food supplies from the outside she must have. With them she can do anything."

"What you will now see is a most determined movement in favor of duties on certain imports from the United States and other countries. It may not succeed just yet, but it is a winning policy, for the great bulk of the working classes are resolved to have it. Let the farmers of the West and your business men generally take note of the fact."

Whether Lord Salisbury has really gauged public opinion, or whether his case is one of *quædæm* *Deus vult perdere prius dementat*, we shall not know till July.

In the meanwhile it will be interesting to learn how the last Parliament was dissolved, and how the last elections were carried on in England.

In the early morning of June 8, 1886, Mr. Gladstone's government was defeated on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill by a majority of thirty. The House of Commons was filled from floor to ceiling. The Peers' Gallery overflowed with members of the Upper House, and beside and behind were serried ranks of spectators in the galleries assigned to ambassadors and distinguished strangers. Mr. Gladstone, having spoken in favor of his

bill for an hour and three-quarters, sat down a few minutes after one o'clock. The Speaker immediately put the question, and a tremendous shout went up when he asked those in favor of the bill to say "Aye." This was followed by even a louder cry against the bill. The Speaker had no hesitation in declaring that the "Ayes" had it, but his decision was challenged, and it was announced amid tremendous excitement that the bill was defeated on Lord Hartington's (now the Duke of Devonshire) amendment. The decision having taken place, Mr. Gladstone moved the adjournment of the House to June 10th. That day he announced to the House, and it was also

announced in the Lords, that the Cabinet had advised the queen to dissolve Parliament. This is how Mr. Gladstone made the announcement to the Commons:

"Her Majesty's servants met on Tuesday and humbly advised Her Majesty to dissolve the present Parliament without delay. Her Majesty was pleased graciously to assent to that advice. We shall accordingly ask the House to wind up the business of the session with all practicable despatch."

On June 26th the first session of Queen Victoria's eleventh Parliament was prorogued by Royal Commission. The Lords Commissioners, attired in scarlet and ermine robes, entered the House of Peers, and, having taken their seats, directed the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod to request the attendance of the House of Commons. In a short time the Speaker, attended by the Sergeant-at-arms, his chaplain, and about one hundred and fifty members who scrambled and pushed like a lot of school-boys, made their appearance, and were told by the Lord Chancellor

that the Queen, not finding it convenient to attend in her royal person, had directed a commission to issue under the Great Seal, empowering himself and other Lords to give her assent to bills. The Clerk of Parliament then declared the royal assent to these bills in ancient Norman French: *La Reine remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur bonté et ainsi le veult*. In the case of private acts the assent was given as follows: *Soit fait comme il est désiré*.

The Lord Chancellor then read "Her Majesty's gracious speech," in which she told "My Lords and Gentlemen that I have determined to release you from your high duties before the full accomplishment of the regular work of the session, in order to ascertain the sense of my people upon the important proposal to establish a legislative body in



THE DUK OF DEVONSHIRE.

February 27, 1852; to December 28, 1853; February 21, 1855, to June 28, 1859; July 6, 1866, to February 27, 1868.



Ireland for the management of Irish as distinguished from Imperial affairs. Parliament was then prorogued till the following July 15th. As soon as the Speaker got back to the House of Commons he read the Queen's Speech, and then shook hands with all the members present.

The next day (Saturday) writs were posted. On the following Monday they were received by the returning officers, who had to give notice of the day of nomination: in counties within ten days after receipt of the writs; and in boroughs, on the day of receipt or on the following day. The nominations had to take place in counties or district boroughs not later than the ninth day after the receipt of the writ, Sundays

being excluded in the computation. But there must be an interval of three clear days between the day of notice and the day of nomination. In boroughs the nomination day must be not later than the fourth day after the receipt of the writ, with at least two clear days between the day of notice and the day of nomination. Supposing, for instance, that the writs were received on a Monday, and all diligence was used, the first nominations in the English boroughs would be on the following Thursday, and in the counties on the Friday. Where county seats are contested the elections must take place not less than two nor more than six clear days after the nomination, and elsewhere not less than three clear days after the nomination.

They do not, therefore, take place all over the country on the same day, as our Presidential elections do, and it is possible for a man to vote for a dozen or even more candidates. Thirty-five days, at least, must elapse between the date of proclamation and the day appointed for the meeting of the new Parliament.

Mr. Gladstone was beaten at the polls, and on July 20th, the cabinet ministers having resolved to immediately place the resignation of the government in the hands of the Queen, the Prime Minister forwarded a "dutiful communication" to that effect to Her Majesty, who was staying at Osborne. The Queen accepted the resignation, and summoned Lord Salisbury from France to the Isle of Wight.

The *Court Circular* of July 26, 1886, announces, "The Marquis of Salisbury had an audience of Her Majesty and kissed hands as First Lord of the Treasury." A few days later Lord Salisbury's Cabinet was announced, and on August 5th the newly elected representatives of the English, Scotch, and Irish constituent bodies reassembled at Westminster.

Now and then the Queen opens Parliament. In her absence it is opened by royal commissioners, and as she is in deep mourning for her grandson, it is not likely she will open the next one.

"The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod having summoned the faithful Commons, the Clerk of the House, followed by the members, will proceed to the bar of the Lords," and the Lord Chancellor will inform them that Her Majesty will, as soon as members of both Houses have been sworn, declare the cause of her calling Parliament together. It being necessary, however, that the House of Commons should first choose a Speaker, the members

repair to their house and make their choice. This the Commons proceed to do without any delay. The clerk takes his seat at the table—the Speaker's chair being, of course, empty—and immediately a prominent member on the ministerial side proposes a candidate, as a rule the former Speaker, and his election is rarely opposed. The Speaker having been elected, he is conducted to his chair, whence he returns thanks for his appointment, and after some congratulatory speeches the first day's proceedings wind up. It is one of the curious forms of this first day's proceedings that the members from the City of London are entitled, by an ancient privilege which is always exercised, to take their seats on that day on the Treasury Bench, where the ministers sit.

The next day the members of the two Houses meet about noon. Black Rod again summons the Commons, and this time, headed by their Speaker, they go to the Lords' bar. That gentleman informs their lordships that Her Majesty's "most faithful

Commons," in the exercise of their undoubted rights and privileges, have proceeded to the election of a Speaker, and the choice has fallen upon him. He accordingly presents himself for Her Majesty's approbation. This is duly accorded by the Lord Chancellor, and Mr. Speaker, expressing his gratitude, proceeds to discharge his first official act—to claim all the ancient and undoubted rights and privileges of the House of Commons. Standing at the bar, he "petitions" Her Majesty for freedom of speech in debate, freedom from arrest, and, "above all," access to Her Majesty when occasion may require. After a pause, the Speaker adds a request that a favorable construction may be put on all proceedings of the House over which he is to preside, and that any error which may be committed may



LORD PALMERSTON.

February 15, 1835, to February 25, 1851; June 18, 1859, to November 6, 1865.



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

February 27, 1868, to December 9, 1868; February 21, 1874, to April 28, 1880.

be imputed to him and not to the faithful Commons. The Lord Chancellor confirms all the rights of the House of Commons, and assures Mr. Speaker—"although he stands in no need of such an assurance"—that the most favorable construction will be put on all their proceedings. The Speaker and his fellow members retire, and then the Peers are sworn in.

On reaching the House of Commons, the Speaker, in the most formal and matter-of-fact manner, states what has transpired in the other House, the new members generally receiving with great enthusiasm the announcement that Her Majesty has been pleased to grant and confirm in the most ample manner all the rights and privileges of the House of Commons. The Speaker is then sworn, and signs the virgin roll of the new Parliament. The other members are then sworn in due order, and when that is over, Parliament is adjourned for a few days to await the re-election of the ministers. On its reassembling the Queen's Speech is read.

When King William IV. of England died, Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister. Queen Victoria retained him in office, and from him she learned the first lesson of her high vocation.

Melbourne, or William Lamb, as he was before he succeeded to the title, had no claim to ancient lineage or illustrious descent. His ancestors were prosperous solicitors in a country town, and managed to so feather their nests that the future Prime Minister's grandfather was made an Irish peer. William was a second son, and had just finished eating his dinners for the bar when his elder brother died, and he became heir to a peerage and a very large estate. A seat in Parliament was procured for him, and shortly afterwards he married one of the most eccentric women of her day.

"What do you think of Mrs. Felix Lorraine, Miss Manvers?" asked Vivian Grey.

"Oh, I think her a very amusing woman, a very clever woman, a very—but—"

"But what?"

"But I can't exactly make her out."

"Nor I, nor I. She is a dark riddle; and, although I am a very *Edipus*, I confess I have not yet unravelled it."

Mrs. Felix Lorraine was, it is said, intended by Disraeli for a portrait of William Lamb's wife, Lady Caroline. She may have been a "dark riddle" when Vivian Grey appeared, but to-day the solution is a very easy task.

A direct descendant of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, she inherited ready wit, a strong but whimsical will, a fiery temper, and something nearly amounting to genius. Her mother, the Countess of Bessborough, was, when Lady Caroline was three years old, ordered to Italy for her health, and she took her little girl with her. Lady Bessborough soon returned to England, and for six years Caroline remained in Italy in charge of a servant. This ill-assorted companionship, amidst the romance of Italian



WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

From a photograph showing how a delegation found him at Hawarden.  
December 9, 1858, to February 21, 1874; April 28, 1880, to June 24, 1885;  
February 6, 1886, to August 3, 1886.



scenery and people, unconsciously moulded her mind at its most impressionable period and influenced it for life. When she was nine years old Lady Caroline found herself being educated with her cousins, the Cavendishes, at Devonshire House, and there she devoured "Bobby" Burns's poems, which, she says, "awakened her mind." Burns hardly wrote for babies, and his food probably stimulated an imagination already too vivid. At ten she had become so eccentric that eminent doctors were consulted as to her state of mind, and decided that "she was not mad, but might be made so." At thirteen she was a precocious politician, who drank Charles James Fox's health and confusion to the Tories in bumpers of milk, and fell in love with William Lamb, whom she had never seen, because he was "a friend of liberty." When they did meet, she "found him beautiful, and by far the cleverest person then about, the most daring in his opinions and independence."

When William Lamb first proposed to her she refused him, alleging that she feared her violent temper would wreck

him. He cannot be placed in the first rank of English statesmen, but he had a great knowledge of humankind, was perfectly sincere, and had a fine sense of political honor.

Sir Robert Peel now came into power, and in 1846 was succeeded by Lord John Russell. Lord John had his finger in almost every dish prepared by Parliament for more than half a century. In 1830 he began to fight the battle of parliamentary reform, and down to 1867 he stood *in loco parentis* toward it. As a young man he fought the battle with a great amount of unnecessary self-assertion; as a man of tolerably mature age he was its champion in the hour of triumph; as an old man he once more came forward in the same cause, and shed tears when he found he could not induce the English legislators to listen to his proposals. Sydney Smith called him the "Lycurgus of the Lower House," and said "his moral courage was such that he was ready at a moment's notice to take command of the Channel fleet, or to perform an operation in lithotomy."



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

their happiness. She offered, however, to accompany him in boy's clothes and act as his secretary. When the marriage took place, the bride, according to her own account, was seized during the ceremony with one of her ungovernable fits of passion. "I stormed at the bishop," she says, "tore my valuable dress to pieces, and was carried insensible to the carriage which was to convey me forever from my home." The literary people made much of her, and at last she made the acquaintance of Byron, whom she considered as "mad, bad, and dangerous to know." But by reason of her temper she lost an ascendancy she had gained over him. "I submitted to this thralldom long," said the poet to Medwin, "for I hate scenes, and am of indolent disposition, but I was forced to snap the knot rather rudely at last." They had a scene at a ball, when Lady Caroline stabbed herself with a knife at supper, and that ended the affair. Then she took to writing novels, in which she told all her woes to the public, though her family besought her to wipe her pens and cork up her ink-bottle. She died in 1838, nine years before Queen Victoria ascended the throne. In 1841 Melbourne resigned, and seven years later he

again had a short lease in 1865.

The next Prime Minister, the Earl of Aberdeen, was popular enough when he first took office, but his feeble and vacillating policy during the Crimean War, and the gross mismanagement of the commissariat, undermined his strength, and in 1855 he had to give way to Lord Palmerston. Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel were the antithesis of one another. Peel was solemn and precise; Palmerston was humorous and inexact. Peel was fluent and oratorical; Palmerston, hesitating and conversational. The one would reply to a frivolous question or a foolish onslaught by a grave argument; the other would put off even a serious questioner with a joke, or parry an earnest attack by ingenious fencing. Lord Palmerston was twice Prime Minister—from 1855 to 1858, and again from 1859 to 1865. Between these periods, and once later, the Earl of Derby, "the Rupert of Debate," as he was called, came into power.

Of the rest of the queen's prime ministers, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, and Salisbury, it will not be necessary to say anything here, their terms of office being of recent date.



## "CHICAGO AS CHICAGO IS."

## OBSERVATIONS OF A MAN WITH TWO SENSES.

THAT admirable morning newspaper, the *New York Sun*, has recently published an article, entitled "Chicago as Chicago Is," purporting to be the "impartial observations of a man who can see and smell."

Chicago the place, and Cleveland the man, are the targets at which the able editors of this enterprising journal are constantly aiming their shafts. Chicago has offended because it has fairly and squarely earned the honor of giving space to the greatest exposition the world has ever seen; Cleveland has offended because in the *New York* democracy he is a Democrat Tammany Hall cannot seduce from paths of honor and honesty.

The article on Chicago is interesting as an example of what a man with a facile pen can write when not restrained by the love of truth. It is a choice example of glaring misrepresentation. The editors, with rare humor, stated that it was "the observations of a man who can see and smell," intimating thereby that the writer was bereft of those three other senses which constitute the equipment of a man capable of making accurate and comprehensive observations.

With delightful frankness, the writer in his comments states that "these notes" only apply to a part of the people of Chicago, or, to quote his precise language: "These notes apply almost entirely to what may be called the civilized and naturalized population of Chicago. That element is much smaller than the most pessimistic of us have any idea of. When, however, we discover that there are less than two hundred and seventy-five thousand native Americans in the community, which the uninformed European mistakes for the typical American city of the continent, we get a new notion of the absurdity of inviting all Europe to come and behold an American celebration of Columbus by a populace largely composed of aliens shovelled in from all parts of the Old World."

But Chicago does not come in for all that is miserable in the writer's opinion. Before he comes to his grand effort, he gives us an overture. In this he sweeps over the broad area from Pittsburg to Chicago, and scornfully comments upon the fertile acres, the thriving towns, the cattle, and the people.

## I. FROM PITTSBURG TO CHICAGO.

AFTER passing Pittsburg the Chicago-bound railway passenger is suddenly oppressed by a vague, inexplicable dejection. The air becomes not exactly insipid, but begins to taste brackish. It is no longer keen and stimulating, like the atmosphere which accompanied him from the seaboard. On the contrary, it leaves a soft, vexatious savor in the mouth and fills the lungs without satisfying them.

There is nothing to raise one's spirits in the views which whirl by the car window. They are not of a character to exalt or to exhilarate.

Of the cities through which the train passes, all, without exception, prefigure the hideous climax which one eventually encounters in Chicago itself. They are made up simply of grim and conventional human habitations, in which men and women *orky* cook and eat and sleep, but never imagine or rejoice. The only alleviation of their utter dreariness is the Catholic churches.

Tired, people, overworked and looking underfed, watch the flying train as languidly as their cattle do. It is another strange fact that all the brutes one sees in this

pastoral country through which we shoot Chicagoward, are ill-bred, lean, and vastly inferior in substance and quality to the well-born, well-nourished herds that devour the Eastern grasses. One finds it hard to disentangle a plausible pedigree for any one of them out of the muddle of strains. There is a hint of the Frisian, a reminiscence of the Alderney, something to suggest the long-backed Ayrshire, something to burlesque the nimble Kerry; but, on the whole, a vulgar preponderance of beasts like those of the Apocalypse, all head and horn and bony hip, whose backs dip like those of saddle horses, and whose muzzles and hides betray a most ignoble aberration from all accepted types.

The horses, too, are weedy and leggy. They are like the chaotic world, without form and void. Long thin necks, heavy coffin-heads, mulish ears, and an exasperating "ordinariness" of color give them an air against which no hippophile can help protesting.

It is, however, on the Illinois side of the Indiana boundary that the traveller, steaming to Chicago late in the afternoon, perceives most acutely the difference between the scenery he has abandoned in the East, and that of the Central States into which he has already entered. A dreadful nostalgia overpowers the most insensible of men when he first begins the transit of the Kankakee meadows. The flat, mushy ground is dotted with melancholy pools. The trees are sad and stunted.

## II. LAKE MICHIGAN.

THE pale sky is defiled by a foul haze which seems to be the breath of some diabolic thing lurking in space beneath it.

That sullen, disappointing patch is the Lake. And the Lake is the bound, the excuse, the parent of Chicago.

It is the Lake which years ago gave birth to Chicago, and now wallows at the feet of its offspring, filthily content to be polluted by her scourings.

There is possibly but one passenger on the train who sees this image of outraged and insulted maternity in the Lake, already visible, which eagerly absorbs the muck of Chicago, still unseen.

But if the first sight of the Lake disappoints, the first smell of it exasperates. The one begets resentment, the other disgust. There is no cheer in it, no invigoration, no unspoken yet none the less cordial welcome: nothing except repulsion.

Lake Michigan is a ghastly stretch of lifeless and insipid water. Its rages are the spasmodic contortions of a corpse tormented into life-like motion by the caprices of an electric battery. It is the playground of fierce storms, but it breeds none. It never becomes part of a hurricane as the sea does, but only the implement of one.

## III. CHICAGO.

THERE you see the Lake parted from you by a space of sand, offal-strewn. You look to the left. You see, beyond the bayous and the fen, green fields and tree tops. Then in your impatience you ask: "How soon before we get to Chicago?" And everybody who knows replies at once: "This *is* Chicago!"

Yes! This is Chicago, already Chicago! These swamps and fens and rotten trees and rush-edged sloughs are Chicago! That stretch of filthy sand is Chicago. That lowering bank of smoke solidified is Chicago.

## IV. THE CHICAGO RIVER.

A HUGE ditch yawns hard by. Its contents are of an indescribable chocolate, suffused with green, and shot with an unctuous purple. The odor of it is not to be described. Throw a stone into it, and the concentric rings spread slowly and sullenly, exhaling, each ring, a new and horrible stench. As the bubbles burst, like beads on a witch's oils,

each minute explosion liberates a fetor that speaks eloquently of the nature of the bed of the ditch, and of the chemistry of decomposition which goes on beneath that stagnant, immobile surface.

You wonder, hastily, why this sullen miasmatic drain is not filled up. Then you see a dirty bridge revolving sulkily on its pivot to allow the passage of a still dirtier tug, out of every orifice of which pours a choking flood of carbonized bitumen. The churning of the screws whips the contents of the ditch into a devil's custard, and its lacerated bed gives up its horrors in hideous resentment that its slumbers should ever have been disturbed.

Then you become aware of even dirtier schooners, with long naked masts and no visible sails, bound by rusty chains to rotting wharves; and you realize that all this displeasing spectacle is the River.

#### V. AT THE RAILROAD DEPOTS.

YOUR next surprise is at the quality of the vehicles which haunt the railroad station. You are prepared for metropolitan elegance and luxury. You have been vaguely promised at least the conveniences which await travellers on their arrival in New York. Instead you encounter battered hackney coaches and broken-down cabs which would be rejected by Newark or by Peoria. Everything is shabby and dirty and provincial to an extreme. The hackmen are of the lowest conceivable order. They recall an era which in New York has become historical. They are uncouth, profane, unclean, and insolent. They are astonishingly ignorant of the topography of the city in which they depredate. It seems that everybody who arrives in Chicago goes to one or other of its hotels.

In stupidity, the Chicago hackman is an equivalent of the *intostchik* of St. Petersburg; in respect to manners it would be an outrage on the Russian to compare them.

#### VI. THE BUSINESS CENTRE.

THE first and most repulsive characteristic of Chicago is what is known as its business centre. This centre is a district, by no means of extensive area, which contains the Court House, the Post Office, the Western Union building, and the Board of Trade as its fourfold focus. Some years ago the "business" population displayed a tendency to spread out, as they call it in Chicago. The area of office-room began to widen and the landowners of the "centre" district contemplated with alarm the possibility of having to share their tenantry with an ever-increasing horde of landlords. It was to obviate this that the owners of the district devised the "sky-scraper" order of architecture, which is the principal boast as it is the principal deformity of Chicago.

These monstrous office structures are hardly any of them less than twelve stories in height. A good many of them are of twenty-four story altitude. A few contain nearly thirty tiers of offices. All their exteriors are in general expression alike. They differ only in details. "Trim-mings" they call them in Chicago. They are all built of stone, principally the dull, dark gray stone excavated by convicts out of the quarries of Joliet.

Chicago stands upon a quicksand. At a well-defined, unusual depth there is a subterranean inflow of the lake. Beneath that lacustrine space is more or less solid ground, but hardly any of the buildings are erected on foundations running clear through to this solid, substantial bottom. Most of the top-heavy structures are founded on the quicksand, into the lower strata of which the lake flow percolates.

#### VII. THE PEOPLE.

THE men and women swarm—their complexions haggard, their air sad and tired. Like the beings so terribly imagined by Edgar Poe, you hear them laugh, you never see them smile. It is the very thick and fury of the struggle for life. All of them, men and women, equally look desperate. They show each other none of the small considerations of politeness. They elbow and squeeze and

crowd each other, looking neither to the right nor to the left. They have no time to get out of each other's way or to apologize for their incessant infractions of the code of pedestrian etiquette.

It is a modified *sauve qui peut*, a merciless and general panic born of a desperate fear either of being over-reached or of missing an opportunity as the penalty of an instant's delay.

The hurrying and the jostling are evenly divided by the two sexes. Women crowd men, men elbow women, and an instinct of self-preservation serves as the universal excuse.

When two men meet, as they do very frequently, to traffic on the sidewalk, the conversation is incredibly laconic. Each wants to sell the other something. Neither wants to buy. It usually ends in an "even swap," out of which no perceptible profit comes to either.

It is worth while to listen to some of these open-air hucksterings. The reciprocal trade is strictly in potentialities. They are trying to "stick" each other, not with palpable and material commodities, but with schemes and options and big chances.

#### VIII. PRINCIPLES IN BUSINESS.

AN experienced authority says of Chicago commerce: "You enter our Board of Trade on a handshake, and you work it for all it's worth on the flim-flam racket."

This is equally the jargon of business in Chicago, and of the art and practice of bunco in New York; from which one gathers an impression, which may be only moderately correct after all, that what passes for bunco in New York would be regarded as nothing worse than business in Chicago.

The tendency of Chicago business men to market their imaginary wares upon the sidewalk probably explains the disagreeable congestions which make it hard to pass untrifled through LaSalle Street, or Dearborn Street, or North Clark Street, or any other thoroughfare in which one is perpetually recording quotations of "big schemes," of "great snaps," or "options," or "privileges," or other commodities popular upon the Chicago Bialto. Real corn, and wheat, and leather, and groceries speak for themselves. A vast deal of explanation naturally embellishes and enhances that traffic in pure myths which, in Chicago, takes the place of actual commercial interchange.

#### IX. NOT ALL BUNCO STEERERS.

BUT all the male inhabitants of Chicago are not necessarily business men or expert practitioners of bunco. There are numbers of them who are what may be called, in default of a more distinctly definite phrase, "professional gents." Indeed, Chicago may boast among its other variants of being the paradise of the gent. There you may observe him in all his stages of development, from the budding gentling in his first pair of creased trousers to the consummate flower of genthood, gold chain, diamond studs, patent-leather shoes, cigarette holder, satisfied smirk, lad grammar, and all.

There is, probably, no other community in the world which is so inclined to gent-ness as this city of skyscrapers.

#### X. THEATRE PARTIES.

FOR example, the *beau monde* of Chicago, that affluent and artless class to be able to satirize which upon the spot seems to be the only influence that prolongs the residence of Mr. Eugene Field within its neighborhood: the *beau monde* celebrates a night at the theatre in a manner distinctly different from that in which an opera party in New York winds up at Belmont's. The *beau monde*, an amazingly garish parcel of young men in swallowtails and satin puffs, alighted by a still more garish parcel of young women in bright silks and crapes, descends after the theatre shrilly and screechingly into a spacious whitewashed cellar, which calls itself the Boston oyster house.

It is lit up by flaring gas lights in ground glass globes. The walls are hung with huge cardboard escutcheons, on

which are set forth both the virtues and the prices of the delicacies in local vogue. These consist principally of lobsters and clams, cooked and garnished after modes popularly supposed in Chicago to reflect the loftiest gastronomic triumphs of New York.

You are apt to mistake the waiters for the *beau monde* and the *beau monde* for the waiters.

But, then, it is only fair to suppose that the waiters of the Boston oyster house really come from Boston, whereas it would be all but impossible to declare with certainty the origin of the Chicago *beau monde* who patronize the Boston oyster house and mix familiarly with its waiters.

Not that the "business men," or the "gents," or the ladies of Chicago are at all disposed to underestimate the joys of an hour profitably spent among the crimson streams of their slaughter-houses, that memorable hour which is the very climax of a day's pleasure in Chicago's world-famous stockyards.

The weird and, to the stranger, inexplicable delight which a Chicago man or woman finds in making the acquaintance of a hog, only to follow him gloatingly through all his rapid transit from the pen to the sausage mill and the blood-tub is happily a local sentiment, almost impossible of acquisition by an alien.

Visiting ladies, unaware of the precise nature of the porcine tragedy in which so many of the native fair rejoice, have been known to faint at sight of the penultimate atrocities. Strong men, unaccustomed to take their pleasure in shambles, have rushed headlong and sickened from the gory scene. But the *beau monde* of Chicago observes the slaughter and the quartering of pigs with a lofty, critical rapture not at all dissimilar to the joy with which Andalusians regard the finish of a bull-fight.

#### XI. CHICAGO WOMEN.

It is enough to say that the beauty of Chicago native women is almost entirely local and subjective. There is nothing in the world so reciprocally exact, that is to say, as the way Chicago criticism fits the charms of Chicago women, and the charms of Chicago women fit Chicago criticism. One cannot deny the plentiful abundance of curves and undulations, where, from an alimentary point of view, flesh and blood should curve and undulate. But desirable as the Chicago woman may seem in these particulars, the Chicago female eye is abnormally small, corresponding, almost grotesquely, with the eyes of its typical and emblematic quadruped. And the Chicago female nose is perilously like a pug or snub. Indeed, that snubness or pugness, which one hardly ever sees in New York, which, beginning in Philadelphia, is still more highly developed in Pittsburg, that pugness reaches its utmost degree in Chicago. Local authorities ascribe the marked retrocession of the organ to constant friction entailed by an almost incessant deposit of "blacks" on the nose and the resultant effort to remove them. Whatever may be the cause, the nasal tip-titleness in which Mr. Tennyson found delight, reaches in Chicago an extreme which borders horribly on the ridiculous.

It is another peculiarity of the Chicago female native that her lower jaw undergoes the most extraordinary spasms when she talks. There seem to be momentary dislocations of that important member, repaired only by a fierce muscular effort between each word. As may be conjectured, it is much more pleasing to hear her talk than to witness the parrot convulsions with which she punctuates her conversation.

There is not much more to observe about her, except the surprising abstinence from conventionality with which she accommodates herself to the Chicago idea of cable-car locomotion.

No car, open or shut, is ever sufficiently crowded to repel her from an entrance. She elbows and knees her way in with a gallantry unknown elsewhere, and does not hesitate, at times, to plump down on the lap of any convenient man rash enough to retain his seat. It must be admitted in her behalf, however, that she does all these unusual and un-Eastern things in an altogether artless and unaffected

manner, such as characterizes a straw-ride in the prairie regions of the extreme West.

Eastern women, so it would appear, can at a pinch stand everything Chicagoan except their own sex. The city is strewn with these dejected castaways of New England and New York origin, lamenting, like the stalling of the Bas-tille, that they can't get out. Especially is this true of spinsters, self-expatriated, each holding her nose by the waters of the porcine Babylon, while her eyes are turned forever to the East, as with perpetual hope the Mohammedan looks toward Mecca.

#### XII. CHICAGO A MENAGERIE.

You can form no idea of the savage beasts who increase and multiply in this American jungle unless you personally explore the jungle. That done, your spontaneous ridicule of Chicago gives place to a serious personal alarm, for you realize immediately what sort of an ill-managed menagerie it is that is likely at any moment to break loose and spread slaughter and havoc over the country.

#### XIII. DISCONTENTED LABORERS.

A VAGUE, unfounded hope of obtaining employment in the public works of the World's Fair has impelled all manner of men to invade the city, none too hospitable in its most serene moments and now sulky with a sense of having rashly undertaken the solution of the insoluble. The streets are full of artisans and mechanics and unskilled laborers, pondering malevolently the vital questions of food and shelter. There is very little real work in hand down at the fair grounds.

These fill the air with complaints and threats, and are eagerly awaiting a chance to break out in open tumult as a means of expressing their personal resentment.

Meantime, the shabby, seedy, sullen police, all Germans or Swedes, or aliens from elsewhere, sit in reserve in their dingy station houses armed to the teeth, equally ready to extinguish a riot or to exasperate one.

Not that the unemployed are all workmen. The persistent horn-blowing of the fair's European agents has impelled all sorts and conditions of queer and unclassifiable adventurers to gather round its opulent promise.

#### XIV. THE WORLD'S FAIR.

To sing the Chicago Fair, after this frank disclosure of their tastes, would be both an uneasy and ungracious office. Better leave their celebration, therefore, to the bard who has appointed himself the Laureate of the Live Hog and taken up his residence in Chicago the better to discharge his lyric functions. None so well as Mr. Eugene Field, with playful seriousness, do justice to a state of things as interesting to the sociologist as the arrested development of Australia's fauna has always been to the lover of an unusual zoology.

It is not exaggerating the facts to say, in view of all this, that Chicago feels that this is a desperate, perhaps final, crisis in her history. The prospective existence of the next generation is involved. The fair over, she realizes that she may be avoided as the nidus of a pestilence, the swarming lair of an incomparable, an unparalleled, and a triumphant brigandage. She knows she will be regarded and shunned as the Abzu of the American continent, and she purposes to make her mammoth international "take off" conclusive and historical before the grass shall have a chance to grow in her streets, and owls go mourning in her skyscrapers. She comprehends that the most energetic of predatory careers sooner or later reaches its end, and so, before she finally subsides into the moral and lacustrine mire on which she towers, she intends to play out the very greatest of all her "schemes" and the very wisest of all her "snaps" for all that the adventurous game is worth.

Yes. When Chicago sits down to her international banquet on the lake shore, it will be found that, as in her favorite restaurant, "there ain't no flies upon the victuals."

"THE PICADOR."



## THE STORY OF "FARM 52."



It was the practice of the Greeks and Romans to devote the fields whereon their heroes had won distinction in war to play-grounds for their youths, who, while striving for eminence in wrestling, boxing, running, and the other feats of athleticism, might have about them the reminders of the prowess of their ancestors in more strenuous and serious emulations of might.

Some similar play of fancy seems to have been at work in the destiny of a certain plot of ground in the northern part of New York City. There, where now throng the thousands devoted to the national game of base-ball; where the elevens of the great colleges meet every year in contests that play no small part in the reputation and prosperity of the respective institutions; where the best products of the local athletic clubs strive in hot rivalry for cups, trophies, and pennants wherewith to adorn their splendid club-houses; where the owners of well-bred horse-flesh have recently chosen to exhibit in open-air show the best outcome of stud and stable; where, in short, the more worthy diversions of the sportive portion of the community find exhibition—there some of the very flower of the soldiery of the Revolution once stood in stoutest and yet vain resistance to the better-armed and better-mounted men of King George.

The spacious fields now given over to pleasanter purposes have always had a place of considerable note in the history of Manhattan Island. Originally the land in mention was held by the Duke of York, who held the control of vast estates in what was then known as the New Netherlands. The only return asked him for the favor of these magnificent grants was a certain amount of military service in the new country against the Indians and their French allies.

As was usual among the English nobles of that period, the Duke of York preferred to render the trying return of service in a wild and dangerous country by proxy. And as his representative, in keeping a watch on the French and their painted and tattooed allies, he selected the Brigadier-General John Munsell.

Now General Munsell, though a dashing and daring officer, required some very substantial temptation to induce him to leave the ease and luxury of his post at home, and so, when in 1675 the Duke of York requested him to depart for America, he offered Munsell, in recompense for the sacrifice asked of him, a grant of land extending from the estate of the Beekman family on the south to what is now known as the Jumel estate on the north, and stretching from the Harlem River to the Hudson.

Munsell is said to have been rather disappointed of this bargain when he came to examine his new acquisition; but if he felt no satisfaction in the possession of the mere point of view on his estate, whence he could gaze upon the Palisades grim and majestic to the west, and the waters of the Sound sweeping toward the east, he must have been a fellow very difficult of pleasing indeed.

Perhaps, if he had had but the very vaguest notion of what his despised farm would be worth to his distant inheritors, he might have been less discontented.

Upon the death of Munsell, the property which stands designated in the records of those days as "Farm 52" went by bequest to his niece, Lydia Watkins.

She, in turn, divided it upon her demise among her four daughters, one of whom subsequently married into the family of the Beekmans, whose estate adjoined the parcel allotted to her.

In some of the carefully guarded and unpublished social records of the time there are quaint and amusing accounts of country dances, wood *fetes*, May-day merry-makings, and what not of elegant diversions, given upon the thickly treed estates by the women-folk from the lordly manors round about.

Soon, however, the place was to be the scene of less bucolic incidents.

Sir William Howe, in the early winter of the year of the Independence Declaration, brought his army to camp on the high ground on the east side of the Harlem River, now known as Fordham Heights. This general, of all who came from the mother land to fight the unruly colonies, seemed the bitterest in his hatred of Americans, and he conducted himself toward all with whom he came in contact in a manner so needlessly rude and even brutal that an investigation into his behavior was ordered by Parliament upon his return to England in 1770.

The presence of the Americans behind the shelter of Fort Washington on the opposite bank nettled the English general, and on November 16th he sent General Matthews to cross the river at a point opposite the camp, while General Sterling was despatched with troops in bateaux to float down the river to the heights beyond. Sterling landed at the foot of what is now One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street. Charging up the hill in the face of a steady fire from the Americans, he captured a redoubt and stood on the very spot now occupied by Grammar School No. 45.

After two hours of hard fighting, General Sterling joined the forces of General Rahl, who commanded the Hessian troops in front of Fort Washington, and their united strength succeeded in dislodging and demoralizing the American defenders of the place.

Grievous relics and reminders of the stubborn but unavailing resistance of the "Yankee" soldiers are still met with in the course of excavations, from time to time, upon the property. One of the most extraordinary was discovered recently, when a skeleton was found clad in a Continental uniform, strangely preserved from decay. In one of the hands of the fallen soldier was clasped a rusty finislocked pistol, showing how he had fought to the very last.

On the side of a rocky hill there is still to be seen the roomy crevice, now called "Indian Cave," wherein an American lieutenant with two soldiers contrived to conceal themselves until after the withdrawal of the victors.

The portion of the old "Farm No. 52" where these spirited scenes took place was a part of the parcel of the estate left by Lydia Watkins to her daughter, Mrs. Silas Gardiner, who was the ancestor of the present owner of the property, Mrs. William Lynch.

The historic ground was at one time in danger of passing out of the hands of the Gardiner family. Their estate becoming heavily involved, Silas Gardiner mortgaged the property in mention. It was sold under foreclosure to William Lynch, a wealthy East India trader, who, unwilling that such a time-honored heirloom should leave the line of direct descent, transferred his purchase at once to his wife, the granddaughter of Silas Gardiner.

William Lynch saw more clearly than any others interested in the property the possibilities of development of the far-northern portion of Manhattan Island. Under his direction a quarry was opened on the estate and a ponderous restraining wall built from the output.

Then, by reclaiming thirty fertile acres from the marshes steeped in the Harlem's tides, he added nearly a half to the original extent of the estate. At his own expense he next built a long foot-bridge across the marshes.

This old and rickety landmark was only recently removed, the legislature having appropriated the funds needed to replace it by a substantial stone viaduct. A good story is told of an old Irish market-woman who was trudging laboriously up the steep stairs that she supposed had been put there as a permanent substitute for the ancient foot-bridge. James J. Coogan, the son-in-law of the present owner of the land and the manager of the estate, seeing her discomfort, assisted her in carrying her numerous baskets and boxes to the top of the incline.

"O! tank ye, sor," the good woman said as she turned to go on her way, "but may the devil rattle the bones and fly away wid that Coogan who took away our foine bridge."

It is not likely that "Farm 52" will much longer resist the inroads of the prosy demands of "progress" and "business." For a while, perhaps, its millionaire owner may permit its use as a sort of Olympic field, but soon the historic grounds will doubtless be covered by the flats and blocks so much in vogue in that part of the island.



### THE COLORED MEMBER FROM NORTH CAROLINA SPEAKS FOR HIS RACE.

THE colored man has spoken for himself and his race. His words are full of meaning. They were spoken on the floor of the House. They should be read with attention. His name is Henry Plummer Cheatham, a member from North Carolina.

Legislation regarding the World's Fair occupies the attention of Congress. George W. Houk, of Ohio, offers an amendment appropriating one hundred thousand dollars to pay the expense of collecting, preparing, and publishing facts and statistics pertaining to the moral, industrial, and intellectual development and advancement of the colored men of the States from January 1, 1863, till January 1, 1891, and the same to constitute a part of the United States Government exhibit at the World's Fair.

At once the politician jumps in to bark at the colored man. David B. Henderson, of Iowa, is his name. He endeavors to show that the President has ignored the colored man.

Henry V. Johnson, of Indiana, a warm Harrison man, jumps to the defence of the President. Democrats and Republicans fight like dogs over a bone. The bone is the President.

The rights of colored men are made of minor interest.

The usual disgraceful scenes take place. Suddenly Henry Plummer Cheatham rises to speak for his race. There is silence.



CONGRESSMAN HENRY P. CHEATHAM, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

#### I. THE SCENE.

That admirable correspondent at Washington, Amos J. Cummings, member from New York, writes:

He stands in a side aisle, his Prince Albert coat buttoned around him. He stands like a statue. There is no defiance in his eye. He exhibits no rancorous feeling. His voice is clear and resonant. He utters no harsh words. His manner and his words are pathetic. Rapt attention follows the confusion. All eyes are turned upon him. He is a mulatto about thirty-four years old. Born a slave, he hears the family name of a distinguished Confederate general. Appealing to Congress on behalf of his race, his speech goes straight to the hearts of all.

"I regret exceedingly," he says, "that this question has assumed a political phase. I am sure that the colored people did not intend that any politics should enter into the consideration of this request. They did not dream that

partisan feeling would be injected into this discussion, and I am sorry that politics have been brought in here.

"It seems to me," he continues, "that whenever the colored people ask for anything, something unfortunate intervenes to hinder their getting what they want. This appropriation would be a great stimulus and a great encouragement to them. All through the South, and in portions of the North, they are waiting and watching to see whether Congress will do something for them here. Those who come to Chicago from distant lands will be anxious to see the evidences of the development and progress made by the colored people since their emancipation. One of the things which will be watched for at Chicago in 1893 will be the exhibition of what the negro, lately a slave, has accomplished. The census does not give data; nothing shows their progress, educationally, financially, morally, and socially. They do not ask for this amendment to give them, as has been said, places in which they can make money. It is asked in good faith. Let the results be exhibited at Chicago, where the world can see what they have done. I claim that they have made remarkable progress since their emancipation. I claim that, notwithstanding the years of hardship, and although many of them are still low in the scale of education and business capacity, they are to-day exhibiting signs of permanent development and improvement."

He names four Southern States in which the negroes have accumulated fifty-nine million dollars. "If you encourage us, Mr. Chairman," he continues, "there is no telling what a people we will be in time. I appeal to you to lose sight of party feeling, lose sight of all race feeling, and give us this appropriation. If you say it is not proper to put it into this bill, then give it to us some other way. We need it, and need it badly, and ought to have it as a matter of recognition."

He appeals to the House not to let technical rules of order stand in the way. He admits that Judge Holman is right in his point of order, and that the chairman has decided the point properly. Congress by unanimous consent can make the appropriation now. "Give it to us, gentlemen," he continues. "We are helpless. I am exceedingly anxious that both Republicans and Democrats should get together when you come to the negro, and that all will be willing to join in the effort to do something for him. The Democratic party cannot afford to cut the poor negro because he votes the Republican ticket. Go through the South, and you will find strong, level-headed colored men, constituting a majority of their people, who are conservative, courteous, hard-laboring men, and who would put down wrong-doing as quick as any white man. All they want is a chance. All they ask for is recognition. And this recognition at the World's Fair must come from you, for they cannot get it otherwise."

And so he continues in his speech, appealing and depre-

cating partisan feeling, till he reaches his peroration. "God," he says, "in his way of asking things, asks through the mouths of the people that you do this act of humanity, demanded in the name of civilization and justice. The people of America ask it, and I hope you will reconsider the point of order, and if not in this bill, in some other shape, grant this reasonable request in regard to the colored people."

The whole House bursts into applause. The Republicans around the speaker shake him heartily by the hand. A second later, and a stream of Southern Democrats pours upon the aisle, headed by Mr. Stone, of Kentucky, a one-legged Confederate veteran. After him come General Hooker, of Mississippi, and General Gates, of Alabama, each of whom lost an arm in the Confederate service, and General Meyer, of Louisiana. Confederate veterans from nearly every Southern State join in congratulating the colored Congressman upon his speech. All advise him to bring in a separate bill asking for the appropriation, and assure him that they will support it. Nor are the Northern Democrats a whit behind. Among them are O'Neil, of Boston; Fitch and Dunphy, of New York; Williams, of Massachusetts; Tom Johnson, of Ohio; Bryan, of Nebraska; Butler, of Iowa; Bynum, of Indiana, and a score of others. It is a scene never before witnessed in the House of Representatives. John Allen, of Mississippi, summed it up when he said: "This shows the difference between the negro speaking for himself and a lot of cursed fools speaking for him."

## II. THE MAN.

AND NOW Mr. Cummings tells the story of the man, the man who has risen against the prejudice to his color.

Henry Plummer Cheatham is a native-born Southerner. He was born in Granville, N. C., December 27, 1857, on the farm of Isham Cheatham, a well-known planter. His mother was a slave and a favorite domestic. The Cheathams were rich and chivalrous, and treated their slaves with the greatest kindness and consideration. Mr. Cheatham was a member of the Methodist Church, a great humanitarian, and exceedingly benevolent. He distributed his favors without regard to distinction of race or color. He was a true Southerner. He patronized horse-racing, and was fond of sports of all kinds.

The colored boy was a part of the household. One of his friends tells me that the colored Congressman of to-day has a distinct remembrance of the interest his master took in the War of the Rebellion. He was active in equipping Confederate regiments, and in urging young men to enter the ranks and fight for their homes. The boy accompanied his master in the buggy to Henderson on the day after the surrender of General Lee. There his master heard the news. He received it in a cheerful spirit. He returned to his plantation at an earlier hour than usual. After telling his wife the news, he called his slaves together and told them that thereafter they would be as free as he was. Their hearts were glad, but they refrained from expressing their joy in the presence of their master for fear of hurting his feelings. On the following day they were again called together. The master made arrangements with them by which they agreed to stay with him and gather his crop. The agreement was faithfully carried out. No slave was discharged. One by one, however, they drifted away, each striving to secure a living for himself.

Not long after their emancipation the mother of the boy was taken seriously ill. She remained sick eight or nine months, but received the best care from the Cheatham family. When she recovered her health, her husband bought land in the vicinity and she left the old plantation. The boy, however, remained with his old master till he died. He accompanied him on his hunting expeditions and became an expert in the use of the gun. Mr. and Mrs. Cheatham taught him to read. He obtained his first lessons from an old blue-backed Webster spelling-book. He had fairly learned to read and spell when his mistress died. The master was paralyzed and went to live with one of his daughters, taking the boy with him. Some time afterward he wanted to send young Henry to a select school, either at Raleigh or Richmond. The boy, however, was unwilling to leave his mother, who had moved upon the place.

Not long afterward old Isham Cheatham died. It was a great blow to Henry. After this he began to see the necessity for an education. He attended a free school near Henderson, where he studied Davies's Arithmetic, Montiel's Geography, Harvey's Grammar, McGuffey's Readers, and Moore's "History of North Carolina." His master's library was open to him. He developed a taste for history, and read "Rollin's Ancient History" and Hale's "History of the United States." He also read the entire series of "Leather Stocking Tales," by Fenimore Cooper. After attending school a year or two, through the generosity of philanthropists he was sent to the preparatory department of Shaw University, at Raleigh. Its principal was H. M. Tupper, of Hampton, Mass. He took an active interest in the boy because of his earnest efforts to secure an education. Here Mr. Cheatham remained eight years, teaching the latter part of the time to pay his way.

At twenty-one he entered the college department of the university and was graduated with honors in 1882, receiving the degree of A. B. He was elected principal of the Plymouth State Normal School immediately after his graduation. During this time he studied law, and in 1885, although teaching one hundred and fifty miles away from home, was elected Register of Deeds of Vance County. Meantime he had taken an active part in politics, and in 1888 was elected to Congress. His district included eleven counties along the coast below Wilmington.

In Congress Mr. Cheatham has been studious and untiring in his committee duties. He is devoted to the interests of the Republican party and of his people. He made a speech in favor of the Force Bill and voted for it. In this Congress he made a short, expressive eulogy on Mr. Houk, of Tennessee. He speaks rarely, but with good effect, as was shown by his speech.

## GAYETY AT WEST POINT.

JUNE has always been voted the pleasantest month of the year. To none, however, is the flowery month more welcome than to the young United States cadets who are penned up in the academy at West Point on the Hudson.

This year the examinations were held under serious disadvantages, as the old academic building has been torn down, necessitating the Academic Board being divided into two committees, and meeting, one in the library and the other in the lecture-room of the Philosophical Academy. The first committee began their work by examining the first class in engineering, the second class in philosophy, the third class in mathematics, and the fourth class in law. The second committee examined the second class in chemistry, the first class in Spanish, the first class in ordnance and gunnery, and the fourth class in English. This part of the examination is always most interesting on account of it being oral. Written examinations are also held in French, Spanish, and English.

The military exercises in connection with the commencement exercises this year were as follows:

June 2d. Heavy artillery drill and practice with the sea-coast battery.

June 3d. Military engineer and pontoon bridge construction.

June 4th. Cavalry drill in the riding hall.

June 6th. Cavalry drill on the cavalry plain.

June 7th. Light cavalry drill on the cavalry plain.

June 8th. Battalion drill on the parade ground.

June 9th. Skirmish drill, as it used to be called, or "drill in extended order," as the new regulations have it.

June 10th. Sword and bayonet exercises and military gymnastics.

These drills and reviews are the popular features of the days preceding Commencement. The infantry review is considered a marvel of military skill. Spectators who through the parade ground think that the knocking of the kinks in the world can surpass it. The cavalry battalion drill excites both military and civilians to enthusiasm, while the skirmish drills, mortar-battery and light-battery drills, spar and pontoon bridge building, always evoke round after round of applause.

We publish on page 212 a picture of the second class. Next week a picture of the graduating class will appear.

# A COUNTRY WOOLING—

My grandmother was a wonderful woman. She lived from her first birthday seventy-five years in the same old street of Hamburg; changed her name three times, with the help of as many weddings; had seven sons and five daughters, all prosperously settled along the Lower Elbe; and believed in one proverb, which was at once her creed and consolation: "What is to be, will be."

A quiet life my grandmother passed in the faith of this maxim, notwithstanding her numerous family and successive spouses. She was reckoned rich, too, each of the three husbands having in turn endowed her with a comfortable jointure. There was, consequently, an earnest strife among her kindred as to who should be her heir; but my grandmother almost settled the question, by taking me home in my seventh year, to give her occupation in the old house. What moved her to such a step nobody ever knew; unless that I was the youngest of nine boys belonging to her eldest daughter, and because I was said to resemble her first husband, my grandfather, who had died at twenty-nine, and had been resting forty years in St. Michael's Cemetery. I was born within the liberties of Altona, and am, therefore, counted a Holsteiner. There are not two miles between the two good cities; nevertheless, our relations in the Hamburg territory, besides uniting their voices to warn the old lady that I had a will of my own, were liberal in the suggestion of difficulties which might arise in case of future war in my drawing for the burgh militia. My grandmother replied to all their warnings with her wouted proverb, and, nothing daunted, took me home to Adlers Strasse. It was the oldest street of the new town, curving down from the ancient rampart to the river. Its houses were built before the Thirty Years' War, when straight lines were yet unthought of, and had all projecting stories in front, and gardens, with ancient summer-houses, in the back. Nothing had ever gone out of repair in that street; trade, with all its dust and wear, had passed it by; poverty had never found an entrance; and nobody inhabited its peaceful precincts but well-to-do, old-fashioned burghers, whose business days were over; district spinsters, who managed their own portions; and prudent, comfortably jointured widows like my grandmother.

Peaceful years have little to relate; and of mine, under her administration, I can only say that there were boys in the neighborhood with whom I played—that they grew to be young men with whom I had frolics, controversies, and friendships; that my grandmother sent me from her house to school, from school to college, and from college to a notary, because my grandfather had been such, and it was a genteel profession; that I was neither overworked nor very idle; and at twenty-three all the judicious women in Adlers Strasse, and they were many, gave me the character of a handsome, steady young man in much request for dances, and doubtless a great comfort to my grandmother.

My father and mother had grown old, my brothers had grown up, and some of them were married, but I was never reckoned among them. Indeed, it is in my recollection that the honest man whose name I bore occasionally called me "nephew." It was allowed on all hands, how-



ever, that I was to be my grandmother's heir. Quietly kind had the old lady been to me from childhood upward; and her house, with its corner rooms and carved-wood ceilings, was no cheerless abode. It had descended to her through a line of Hanseatic merchants. She was an only daughter, and having dwelt there all her maiden and all her married life, she held that it should be the high place of festivity to her remote descendants, and kept all the holidays that were ever known in Hamburg. Company was never wanting, but there was one household whose members came particularly often, and were always welcome.

They were Holsteiners, and lived far away in the little old town of Meldorf, from which my grandfather had come. How they came together, I never found out. The family consisted of two bachelor brothers and a maiden sister, a widowed aunt, a cousin whose husband had deserted her, a sober married pair far on the shady side of life, and their daughter, my grandmother's goddaughter, Ethelind. I early perceived that they were old-fashioned people, with ways and notions long out of date in our rich and thriving city. Down to Ethelind, they had each and all a strong inclination to stout home-made stuffs, thick-soled shoes, and nothing at all that could be called finery. They were, moreover, wonderful workers, and every one notable for some branch of domestic industry, concerning which they talked, questioned, and I am sure, dreamed. Idleness and idleness were a reproach to my boyhood in their presence; and my youth discovered still further cause of dissatisfaction. None of them could be surprised by either grandeur



or accomplishments—fine airs were lost on them, waltzing had no power, and tailors of the first fashion cut in vain for them. In short, I did not like the Simberts. It may seem less gallant than candid, but I did not like Ethelind either; why, most men would have found it hard to guess, for, besides having a substantial portion, she was fair and rosy, neither large nor small, but of good solid figure, as became a Holstein girl, with a stock of good sense, good temper, and homely wit—a first-rate housewife and a worthy daughter. Nevertheless, Ethelind had paid so little attention to my gifts and graces, appeared so unimpressed by my glory as a young man of fashion and my grandmother's heir, and was so perseveringly set before me by all her relations as a fit and proper partner, that I was at length conscious of positively disliking the girl. She had laughed at me twice in the course of our acquaintance, and once told me that driving the plough was much more creditable work than waltzing; but a mole of retaliation yet remained in store. She was two years older than I; and I exerted myself to believe that Ethelind must be growing an old maid. My grandmother saw how things were going. Worthy old woman! she had set her heart on the match; she knew the reason, for what reason, but she knew it was something about my grandfather. However, she found consolation in her unfulfilling proverb, as in all household games and lotteries at Christmas-time, Shrove-tide, and Easter I was sure to draw Ethelind for a partner, to my ill-concealed chagrin and her undisguised amusement.

It must have been to baffle the fates that I took with great ardor to the gay Widow Wessing and her daughter Louisa. Mme. Wessing's husband had been an officer. She was in Paris with the Allied Army, and understood *ten* ever after; but, her income being small, she was obliged to live in our street, though deeply impressed with the fact that it was old-fashioned. Most people liked the widow and her daughter; they were always so gay and had such stores of gossip, besides being up to the *mode*; but some said the ladies were cunningly selfish in a small way, and would do anything for their own petty interests or amusement. Each was the pattern of the other, and they were both pretty little girls. It was true, the mother was thirty-seven, and the daughter seventeen; but both sang, danced, and coquetted, no mortal man being able to spy any difference in dress or manners, except that, at times, the widow was rather the more childish of the two. I cannot tell which it was that brought me under bondage, but the probabilities of the case are rather in favor of Louisa. Certain I am that we danced a great many evenings, and sang a number of duets together; while her mamma sent me captivating notes of invitation to her little quadrille parties and friendly teas, and assured everybody in my hearing that I was the exact resemblance of Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias, when she saw him enter the Tuileries ball-room with the Duchesse de Berri on his arm.

My grandmother and I sat at our office in the second parlor, a low, wainscoted room, with four of Solomon's proverbs carved in different compartments of the ceiling, a cupboard in every corner, and a narrow glass door opening into the garden. It was April-time; the violets were blooming on the sunny bank by the old house-gable, and the buds bursting on the great walnut-tree. My grandmother sat in her nut-brown gown and snow-white kerchief—the dress she always wore on common days—listening to me, good woman! giving a full and particular account of one of the quadrille parties which I had attended on the previous night. She heard all, from the wreath on Louisa's hair to the last ice, and, laying down her empty cup, said quietly, as usual: "Fritz, I think it is time you were married."

The news surprised me, and I stared my grandmother in the face; but she went on in the same calm tone: "There's Ethelind Simbert would make you a good wife; she is my own goddaughter, and I think we would all agree."

"Grandmother," said I, plucking up resolution, "I will do anything else to please you, but I don't like Ethelind Simbert, and I won't marry her."

"Well, Fritz," said my grandmother, neither angry nor astonished, "Ethelind Simbert is a good girl, though you don't like her; but if you don't like you can't be expected to marry—so we will think no more of the matter, and I'll tell the Simberts. I'm going there on Easter; it

falls on the fourteenth, you know. That will be fifty years complete since your grandfather and I spent our last Easter at Meldorf, and you—oh! I mean your mother—a prattling child with us. Fritz, you and I will go and see the old place together, and never mind this matter. If Ethelind don't suit you, she will somebody else; and what is to be, will be."

That proverb was like cheese—for nothing ever came after it; and it was settled that my grandmother and I should spend our Easter with the industrious Simberts at Meldorf. The excursion was neither grand nor fashionable, yet I felt called upon to mention it at Mme. Wessing's. "Oh, how charming!" exclaimed the enthusiastic mamma, "to retire, as one may say, among simple shepherds. Do you know, I hear that those people make their own cheese and linen?"

"How delightful!" chimed in Louise. "Mamma, don't you remember that darling rustic of a school-master who came to inquire after papa's papers?"

"Ah, yes!" said the widow, flourishing her cambric handkerchief. "He was an early friend of my adored Auguste. Charming man! He and his wife—a most nice, amiable soul—have often invited us to Meldorf; but, after my irreparable loss, I never had spirits for the journey."

"Indeed, mamma, we will visit them this very Easter," said Louise. "It will be such a surprise to the darling old couple; and we both require country air!"

"Ha, yes! The winter has been too much for us," said the widow, with a languishing look at me.

I, of course, sympathized; and a visit to the charming school-master was determined on. The following day brought further intelligence; Mme. Wessing called to say how delightful it would be for us to travel in company. One carriage could be hired for us all, the widow remarked; besides, she and Louise had no gentleman to take care of them—and both ladies looked confidence in my powerful protection. It is needless to say that the project was received with acclamations on this side of the house, and my grandmother hoped that Providence would take care of us all. We went accordingly. Travelling was more tedious in those days than at present; and, needless to say, my grandmother was justified in averring that we were well over it when, on a sunny April afternoon, we saw the gray church-spire and clustering roofs of Meldorf rising in the midst of a great plain, which looked like one well-cultivated farm.

Meldorf was as old as the Teutonic conquest. It had been fortified against the Slavonic pagans, and dismantled by a prince of the Hohenstaufen line. War had not come near it for centuries; commerce had forgotten it; and a more rural, countrylike spot, to be called a town, I never saw. There were lanes of old cottages with woodbine-covered porches, and swallows by the hundred building in their eaves. There were snug farm-houses, with all their appendages, standing in the shadow of the Gothic church, and a great old hostel, or inn, clothed with ivy from foundation to chimney-top. In the very centre there was a green, with a huge oak, underneath which they said St. Olaf sat, and a deep draw-well in it. The Simberts' house looked out on that green. It had been fortified and inhabited by a bishop in its day, but was now a substantial farm-house, with an arched doorway, very small windows, and a yard enclosed with high walls, from which a ponderous timber gate, with episcopal arms upon it, opened into a green lane leading through a spacious orchard to a mill among the meadows. Here by lived the "delightful school-master," Herr Rasburg, in what had been a chapter-house before the Reformation, and had still a Latin inscription over the entrance. Its great garden was separated only by a shallow stream from the Simberts' orchard. I know not if the good man had anyarming of the invasion; but as our carriage stopped—the war was so very near—it had come out to gaze and wonder as it passed—forth came widowed aunt, maiden sister, deserted cousin, and all, with Ethelind's father and mother, looking sobriety glad to see us; and Ethelind herself, up from the spinning-wheel, in her russet petticoat, crimson jacket, and smooth chestnut hair. Forth also, in high glee at the unwelcome sight, pursued a crowd of boys and girls from the school, under the parting surveillance of Herr Rasburg and his helmsman



THE WELCOME AT THE VILLAGE.

ETHELIND ROSE TO GREET US LOOKING CHARMING WITH HER RUSSET PETTICOAT, CRIMSON JACKET, AND SMOOTH CHESTNUT HAIR.

a—lean, gray-haired, but patient and good-natured looking pair—on whom Mme. Wessing and her daughter laid hold immediately; and the last words I heard, as the respective doors closed, were something concerning the adored Augustine, and the way of healing and spinning.

If there was work, there was also abundant comfort in the Simberts' house. Their great kitchen—it had been the bishop's banquet hall, wherein he once feasted Christian I. of Denmark—was rich in the odor of hot cakes, and radiant with scoured flagons. The oak parlor, which opened from it, shone with the perfectly polished walls, floor, and furniture; green boughs, full of the first leaves, filled up its ample fireplace; and its low windows, wreathed with the climbing rose, looked out on the orchard, now in a wealth of blossoms. Moreover, the Simberts were, to my amazement, great people in Meldorf; and, according to the etiquette established in that primitive town, their neighbors, as soon as the day's work was fairly over, came to greet us as the newly arrived, and congratulate them on our advent. By that sensible regulation I got at once introduced to a number of lithe and handsome girls, not to speak of their fathers, mothers, brothers, aunts, and uncles, of whom my recollections are now somewhat less interesting; but I remember that the women, young and old, were knitting as if for dear life; that the men came in their everyday trim, fresh from field and workshop; and one honest blacksmith, who was also the burgomaster, paid his compliments in a leather apron.

The rank and fashion of Meldorf having visited our neighbor and his guests with similar solemnities—for the school-master was esteemed next in dignity to the Simberts—a series of entertainments, in honor of us and the festive season, commenced at the old bishop's mansion, and circled round the little town, with no lack of savory cakes, cream-cheese, and all manner of country good things; besides Pace-eggs, Easter games, and dances for the young people.

At these merry makings Mme. Wessing and Louisa were in high request. They took such an interest in country affairs, were so delighted with everything, and dispensed so much intelligence of the great world, always so dazzling to rustic minds, that almost from their first appearance the popularity of the widow and her daughter was immense with even the Simberts. I indeed perceived that, though always civil to them, Ethelind loved not the ladies; and I cherished the conviction that she was envious and spiteful, which was a species of consolation; for, since my arrival, the busy girl paid me, if possible, less attention than ever.

What did a young man of my figure and accomplishments care for that? Ethelind had no sensibility, but was not I astonishing the sons of Meldorf, and making deep impressions on the hearts of its fair daughters? Sooth to say, that country visit was too much for my faith and constancy to either Louisa or the widow. To the eternal prettiness of those ladies, the frank, merry girls, rustic, robust, and rosy as they were, presented a most agreeable contrast. Of course, they admired me vastly. No wonder, poor things, after seeing nothing in their whole lives but men who ploughed and sowed, hewed and hammered! What conquests I made among them, and how many fine things I said and did! At times, my conscience told me it was not right. Might not Katherine's, Gretchen's, or Kristine's affections be hopelessly and forever engaged? Nay, might not a similar misfortune happen to some half-dozen of the simple souls? And then, in the utmost extent of my Christian charity, I couldn't marry them all! As for Louisa, I had an inward persuasion she would not break her heart, and the widow looked on with amazing complacency. Often, in what they called our "charming strolls" through green meadows and by blossomed orchards, did both ladies rally me on my brilliant successes; and the kind widow invariably wound up with warnings against rustic rivals, and the envy of those country hours, which she assured me was cruel as the grass, and rapidly rising against me. After those revelations, I naturally felt inclined to hurl defiance at the foe by still more determined flirtations, though, in all sincerity, I cannot recollect that ever one of the honest, good-natured, lighthearted men of Meldorf noticed my triumphs with the smallest displeasure.

The Easter festivities had been over for some time, but my grandmother still lingered, having taken mighty to the Simberts' dairy; while Mme. Wessing declared that the

country air was doing her and Louisa good, and they could not think of leaving their delightful old friends.

The widow must have meant her young friends also, for she was growing positively confidential with the girls of Meldorf, occasionally giving me to understand that her most playful manner, that their familiar communication somehow concerned myself. There was evidently a general interest in my proceedings, and I felt particularly impressed with this fact when the 1st of May arrived. As in most old German towns, the day was held in festive reverence at Meldorf, and celebrated in the fashion of primitive times. The forenoon was given to work, as usual, but the children gathered wild-flowers and green branches, with which they decorated every door, receiving a donation of cakes for their pains. In the afternoon a temporary pavilion was erected, by help of all the young men, under St. Olaf's oak, to which supplies were sent according to the wealth or liberality of each householder; and within, there was made a general distribution of all known delicacies, from hot coffee to curds and cream, while May-games and all sorts of dancing went forward on the green. Ethelind was unanimously elected mistress of the bower, a dignity which, in hard-working Holstein, is equivalent to the May-queen of other lands, and bestowed only on the most esteemed girl in the parish, who, in right of her office, presides over the said distribution. The election was regarded as no small honor, and certainly Ethelind had no sincere; besides, it was my opinion that I rather astonished her that evening in my embroidered vest and carnation buttons. I danced with every girl on the green, paid particular attentions to three rustic belles in turn, made an extraordinary number of jokes at the expense of some of the chief magnates—for even Meldorf had such—and returned home with all our company, tired, but in a most satisfactory humor, two hours after sunset.

It was almost too late for the Simberts' first breakfast next morning. Some of the cider had been strong, and there were queer sounds of steps and uttering in the night under my window. It was low, and looked out on the path skirting the green by which Herr Rasburg's many scholars passed. I thought there was unusual noise among the gathering children; and scarcely had I reached the breakfast-table when it rose to a perfect clamor of shouting, laughter, and calls for somebody to come out and take in his present.

"What can be the matter with those boys?" said my grandmother; and, "What can be the matter?" said all the Simberts.

Good people! They seldom looked out; but as another burst came, Ethelind rose; and so did I. It was my own name they were shouting, and, all unwise and unwarned, I was at the street-door in an instant. Herr Rasburg's entire school was assembled under my bedroom window; numbers of young men were looking on from a distance; and fair faces, convulsed with laughter, looked out of neighboring houses—the cause of all being an enormous basket, hastily made up of green osiers, crammed full of nettles, thistles, and every description of weed peculiarly fastened with contempt and worthlessness, with a huge card fastened on the top, on which some ingenious pen had written in large illegible characters: "The girls of Meldorf give this basket to Herr Fritz Conner, with a unanimous NO." The last word was in still larger letters; and what Holsteiner does not know that giving a man the basket signifies refusal in its most emphatic form? The affront was terrible, as it had been unexpected. At first I was about to rush on both doors and basket, and demolish them, if possible, for every little wretch there had his finger up and his tongue out, but catching sight of Herr Rasburg, who came out, staff in hand, followed by his gentle helpmate doubtless to prevent mischief, my courage and sense both forsook me: I slammed to the door, and fled through the house, out of the yard, down the green lane, and far into the sea-coast.

How far, readers, it is not exactly in my power to say. The walk, or rather run, was a long one, and the path must have been circuitous. I remember jumping over ditches, scrambling through hedges, wondering at my own stupidity for ever coming to such a place, or condescending to associate with its boorish inhabitants; and at length, having found a desolate but vague resolution of being revenged on all Meldorf, and fighting everybody who heard

or spoke of the transaction, I found myself at a bank of young willows, which grew so tall and so thick that the sun could scarcely pierce the shadow.

I heard voices beyond, and my own name mentioned. Under the circumstances, who wouldn't have played the eavesdropper? I crept among the willows, and cautiously peeped in. It was a sort of common bleaching green, lying at the foot of the Simberts' orchard and the Rasburgs' garden. There were Gretchen, Katherine, and Kristine, the trio for whose peace of mind I had trembled, spreading out linen, and laughing as if their sides would crack; while Louisa and the widow, with looks of high and spiteful glee, leaned over the school-master's fence; and Ethelind, looking by no means pleased, heaped her washing in a tub. "I'll never be able to see him without laughing," said Katherine. I had all but assured her my heart was gone forever the evening before.

"We never would have known his tricks if you hadn't told us," said Kristine, addressing the widow.

"Ah! you would soon have found them out," replied that amiable lady. "I hope this will teach him not to have quite so high an opinion of himself!"

"Mamma," interrupted Louisa, "Ethelind does not seem at all amused."

"Not a bit. I can see no fun in affronting a young man in a strange town, though he might be a little vain. City folks have ways of their own," said Ethelind, with a meaning look at Mme. Wessing and her daughter. "Besides, Fritz Connert is our guest, and it is not civil of our neighbors to insult him," added the girl, as, taking up her tub, she walked away.

I did not stay to hear what was said on her departure; a sudden resolve took possession of me. It was a good one, but some feeling of vengeance on the whole female community of Meidorf mingled with it, and in another minute I stood beside Ethelind, tub and all, in the orchard lane. "Ethelind," said I, looking extremely foolish I am certain, "will you forgive me?"

"You never did me any harm to me, Fritz," said Ethelind, resting her tub on the fence.

"But, Ethelind, will you have—that is, will you marry me?" I stammered.

"I'll think of it," said she, "if you don't change your mind till next Christmas. Will you help me home with this tub of sheets?"

I helped Ethelind home with the sheets, and I learned long afterward that she had brought in the basket of scorn with her own trusty hands, and made away with it quietly in the yard; while Herr Rasburg, with the help of his wife and stick, gathered in his flock to the fold of knowledge. All the Simberts appeared, moreover, to have lost their memories as regarded that morning; none of them ever mentioned it to me. My grandmother and I went home next day, but not in company with the Wessings, whose acquaintance we henceforth dropped, in spite of great efforts at condolence and compliment.

Ethelind and every Simbert in Meidorf were fervently invited to Adlers Strasse at my particular request. It seems, now, so long ago. My grandmother said, "What is to be, will be," for the last time, seven years after our wedding, and my story is an old one now. The embroidered vest and the carnelian buttons have lain for many a winter at the bottom of Ethelind's lumber drawer. I must soon begin to think of marrying my daughters and settling my sons in business, but even yet I never care to hear people talk much of baskets.

## SUBTERRANEAN ROME.

COMMENDATORE GIOVANNI DE ROSSI's name has long been famous. In the Cemetery, or Catacombs, of St. Callistus, a bust of the greatest living authority upon subterranean Rome has recently been unveiled. The following story is told of Rossi: In the summer of 1844 Rossi was walking along the Via Appia when his attention was attracted by some inscriptions on a rock taken from a cellar where workmen were engaged at the time. He descended into the cellar, examined the walls and surroundings, and found passages which he believed to be the entrance to the Cemetery of St. Callistus. He hurried to the Pope and per-

suaded him to purchase the place, although His Holiness had little faith in what he called the archaeological dreams of De Rossi. But De Rossi carried on his excavations. In 1854 the Pope accompanied De Rossi to examine the subterranean labyrinth in the Cemetery of St. Callistus. The man of science pointed with pride to the results of his labors. "There, Your Holiness," he said, "are the fruits of my archaeological dreams." The Pope gladly acknowledged that his judgment of 1844 was mistaken. De Rossi is now enjoying the ripe old age of threescore years and ten.

## OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS.\*

LI. MATRICE BARRYMORE.

LIKE most of the *jeunes premiers* in this country, Mr. Maurice Barrymore comes from England, where he was born about thirty-eight years ago. His real name is Herbert Lilythe. Mr. Barrymore took his degree at Cambridge, and "coached" at one time under the celebrated examiner, Walter Wren, for the Indian Civil Service, Mr. Paul Potter, the playwright, being his fellow-student. Having given up the idea of going to India, Mr. Barrymore took up law, but gained more renown as an amateur boxer than he did as a barrister. He eventually drifted on to the stage, and played his first engagement in this country at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York. In 1877 he was married to Miss Georgie Drew, daughter of Mrs. John Drew.

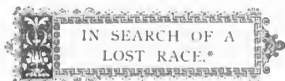
In 1879 Mr. Barrymore came near losing his life at the hands of a Western ruffian. He had been playing in "Diplomacy" at Marshall, Tex., and one evening, accompanied by a lady of the company and Benjamin C. Porter, the actor went into the restaurant of the station to get some coffee. Currie, a Texas Pacific Railroad detective, who was somewhat intoxicated, was in the restaurant and insulted the lady, and when Mr. Barrymore protested, pulled out a six-shooter and shot the actor through the left arm. A second shot luckily missed Mr. Barrymore, but as the party was going out of the restaurant, Currie fired again, and this time wounded Mr. Porter, who died forty minutes later. A Texas jury set the murderer free on the plea of insanity.

Mr. Barrymore was at one time Mme. Modjeska's leading man, and also Mrs. Langtry's. He has played, too, under Mr. A. M. Palmer's management, and has proved himself one of the strongest young actors of the day. He is far better educated than most men in his profession, and has written plays. "Nadjesda," which was written for Mme. Modjeska, was a strong piece, but had a disagreeable plot. Mr. Barrymore accuses M. Sardou of having stolen "La Tosca" from it, and when Miss Fanny Davenport was playing the English version in this country, he succeeded in getting an injunction against her. The libretto of the comic opera, "The Robber of the Rhine," with which the new Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York was opened, is also from his pen.

Mr. Barrymore has an advantage which is denied to most of our young actors. He can wear a dress suit and look well in it. He is handsome and remarkably well built, and is much admired by the young women who attend matinees.

His portrait appears on page 206.

\* Portraits already published in "Our Gallery of Players": Pauline Hall, in No. 71 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; Fanny Davenport, in No. 72; Mrs. Langtry, in No. 73; Fay Templeton, in No. 75; Marie Janan, in No. 76; Marie Tempest, in No. 77; Laura Moore, in No. 78; Ada Rehan, in No. 79; George Cayvan, in No. 80; Della Fox, in No. 81; Anna O'Keefe, in No. 82; Emma Voke, in No. 83; Mary McManis, in No. 84; Joseph Jefferson, in No. 85; Isabelle Urquhart, in No. 86; Ellen Terry, in No. 87; Annie Myers, in No. 88; Julia Marlowe, in No. 89; Mme. Helena Modjeska, in No. 90; Mrs. Agnes Booth, in No. 91; Marie Barrault, in No. 92; Joseph Jefferson, in No. 93; Henry Irving, in No. 94; Jane Hading, in No. 95; Adelaide Arthur, in No. 96; Wilton Barrett, in No. 97; Margaret Maier, in No. 98; Stuart Robson, in No. 99; Tommaso Salvini, in No. 100; Benoit Constant, in No. 101; Edward H. Sothern, in No. 102; Sarah Bernhardt, in No. 103; Lillian Russell, in No. 104; Helen Dauray, in No. 105; Frederic Bond, in No. 106; Edie Ellender, in No. 107; Francis Wilson, in No. 108; Louis James, in No. 109; Jean Lassalle, in No. 110; Mrs. M. B. Mansell, in No. 111; Adelaide Prince, in No. 112; Minnie K. Gale, in No. 113; Mrs. George Drew Barrymore, in No. 114; Mme. Lilli Lehmann, in No. 115; Anne Russell, in No. 116; Jean Lassalle, in No. 117; Rose Cochran, in No. 118; Emma James Stow, in No. 119; Edwin Booth, in No. 120; and Viola Allen, in No. 121.



"THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN'S" EXPEDITION,  
SENT TO EXPLORE THE RUINED PUEBLOS  
OF THE SOUTHWEST.

IV. FROM LA PLATA TO NOLAN'S.

CAMP SAN JUAN.

THE party—with the exception of Mr. Moorehead, Mr. Cowen, and Guide Smith, who went by boat down the Animas River—left Camp Alfalfa on the Plata, Friday, April 15th, with the outfit, and set out for Little Navajo Springs, New Mexico, about fifteen miles distant. We travelled for about five miles down the Plata before striking the trail across the mesas. It was a surprise to us to note the numerous ruins down the valley. We counted some forty in number in this short distance, but they were all of the same variety as those we had worked upon, although much smaller and in a more deminished condition. The trip across the mesas and foot-hills was interesting, and the scenery was beyond our expectations, the only disadvantage being the absence of water during the whole trip. We had learned by experience to supply ourselves with water, however, and had taken the precaution of filling our canteens and kegs.

We arrived at Little Navajo Springs in the middle of the afternoon, and made our camp for the evening near the spring, which measures two feet in diameter and is the only watering-place within thirty miles. The only inhabitants found were half a dozen cowboys, a wild looking set, all with heavy six-shooters strapped at their waists.

All around the Springs within a radius of two miles are ruins of small pueblos, but almost all of them have been dug into by the cowboys for the treasures they contained. The best preserved ruin is ninety feet long and ninety feet wide, but even of this little remains standing. We found near this ruin an ancient skull impaled upon a sharp post and in a good state of preservation. Later we learned that the skulls which the cowboys dug up in their

search for relics were often put on fence-posts to keep away the Navajo Indians, who, from superstition, were afraid to approach them.

No tents were put up, and we slept around the camp-fire between our Navajo blankets, with the starry sky for a ceiling. While eating breakfast, a renegade Navajo chief, Costianno, visited our camp, and when the artist asked him if he could make a photograph of him, replied that he would not allow it unless he was dressed up with all his paraphernalia, two pistols in his belt, and his long rifle.

Shortly after breakfast the start was made for the Mancos River, thirty miles distant, and the trip was a hard one—over rolling mesas, sand arroyos, deep washouts, cañons, with not a drop of water over the whole distance. It was a hard and long pull for the horses with the heavily loaded wagons. We arrived at the Mancos River about half-past eight o'clock in the evening, horses and men being thoroughly tired out. While encamped there we were visited by many Navajo Indians, although it was on the Ute Reservation.

During the night our nine burros were driven off by the Indians. After riding under the hot sun for many hours, looking in vain for them, we found their tracks in the sand. In the midst of the trail were the prints of a moccasin, proving they had not wandered away by themselves, but had been driven off by the Indians, with the intention either of stealing them or of keeping them until we offered a reward.



CAMP SAN JUAN.

\* See THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 111, 116, 119, and 121.

Just as we were about to give up the search we found them twenty miles from camp, with the bull stolen from the leader, and then drove them back to camp, tired and worn out, vowing to avenge ourselves if the chance ever offered itself. One Indian had lounged around the camp suspiciously during the day, and we obtained a photograph of him, which we present with this article. When the burros returned he could not be found, so we decided that he had had something to do with the theft.

Bright and early the next morning we were on the road to Nolan's Trading Post on the San Juan River, and after a long and hard drive we arrived there all right and made our camp, where Mr. Moorehead, Mr. Cowen, and the

are the more characteristic genera of the Lamellibranchs, being of the oyster family: *Exogyra*, *Ostrea*, *Gryphaea*, and *Inoceramus*, species of which occurred in the jurassic period, but were more common and larger in the cretaceous. Some of these shells resemble the modern oyster-shell to such an extent that one could hardly distinguish them apart.

From this point, all along the San Juan until it empties into the Colorado, the geological features are most interesting and instructive. The cliffs are so high that in general no undermining can set back the walls far enough to allow large alluvial plains along the bottom, even when the water is not too rapid; and when a channel is cut in granite,

lateral wear is always very small. The scenery in general resembles that of the cañon of the Colorado, which is not far from where the San Juan empties into the Colorado River. This wonderful cañon between the meridians of 111° and 115° west has for the greater part of two hundred miles (as described by Newberry, and later by Major Powell and others) nearly vertical walls from two thousand to six thousand feet in height, made of carboniferous limestone and other paleozoic rocks, with, in some places, the bottom and the sides for the lower five hundred to one thousand feet of granite; and all the tributaries flow in similar profound gorges or chasms.

The Rio San Juan, however, has in general a fall of but fourteen feet to the mile, although in some places it seems to have double that amount. It is interesting to note how these cap-shaped peaks and cliffs are formed. In this the nature of the rocks and the positions of the strata play an important part in the erosion. The

nature of the rocks causes modifications in the results of erosion, and if there are harder beds at intervals in the course of the stream, or any other obstacle for even wear, these, by thus resisting the erosion, become heads of precipices and water-falls, while the height increases rapidly from the force of the falling waters, until some similar impediment below limits the further erosion. In this way many water-falls and rapids are formed, and the stream is set back for some distance above a water-fall, and has in this part more or less extensive flood plains.

The positions of the strata have also a great influence, especially when they are horizontal. In this way the lateral wear in these gorges intersecting the horizontal beds, such as take place during the periods of floods, tends to remove the exposed lower layers, and in this way undermine those above, making the latter from time to time fall, and making a vertical or overhanging precipice either side of the stream. The debris made by



THE CLIFF FORMATION ALONG THE SAN JUAN.

guide rejoined us, worn out and hungry, and so sunburned and haggard that we hardly recognized them.

The scenery along the Rio San Juan is both picturesque and imposing. The river runs between high, overhanging cliffs, or in dark and winding gorges hundreds of feet deep. Its banks are dotted here and there with clusters of snow-capped mountain peaks looming up far above the surrounding cliffs and cañons. Our first camp on this river was two and a half miles west of the corner-stone of Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, and Arizona, and even at this point we were surrounded on three sides by cliffs almost a thousand feet in height, with the overlying gypsiferous red sandstone (probably triassic or jurassic) giving a banded and picturesque coloring to the whole.

About a half a mile from our camp at this point, high up on one of the promontories, among the yellowish and whitish cretaceous sandstones and clays of the Dakota group, are hundreds of fossils exposed upon the surface. They



GLIMPSE OF A NATURAL WONDERLAND.

the fall is in many cases removed by the violence of the torrent.

These isolated tables, columns, needles, and towers, with the greater part of the formation being swept off by the erosion, tower up in majestic splendor far above the surrounding cliffs, and give to the scenery a weird and wondrous effect, which can be equalled in but few places in the

world. It is, in truth, Nature's Wonderland, with its cliffs, gorges, cañons, and crested peaks, with the river winding its way far below; and the view alone would amply repay any traveller who would journey to see it.

The curious carving along the cluster or line of crested mountain heights, with the summits thousands of feet above the plain around, is first formed by the subterranean movements making plateaus of sufficient extent and elevation, and these, left exposed to the rains, in the course of time cause the curious crested tops. Mountains thus cut into shape by water are often called by geologists mountains of circumdenudation. This was first noticed by Hutton, who obtained his ideas from the Scotch valleys and mountains. He says: "When strata of like durability have considerable dip, erosion commonly results in sloping surfaces, unless the rocks are so hard as to keep themselves in projecting ledges. But if there is a stratum of easy removal alternating with others harder, as, for example, a stratum of limestone among other kinds of metamorphic rocks, it is apt to determine erosion and make a valley along its course, which will be the course of the strike, and also to make, through consequent undermining, a high, precipitous, and often rocky slope on the side toward which the rocks pitch, and a gradual slope on the other; that is, if the dip is westward, the west side will commonly be the high, steep side."

This principle is illustrated in many parts through the cañons and gorges along the San Juan.

### TAINE AT HOME.

HENRI TAINE is one of the most retiring of French men of letters, so much so that, while being devoted to his family, he rarely accompanies them into society. Like Théophile Gautier, he is fond of cats, and has composed a dozen sonnets to his favorites. He is also a slave to children. It is related of him that a visitor once found him seated on the floor in front of an arm-chair, on which sat a child two or three years old. "Pardon me," said Taine, without disturbing himself; "will you excuse me a moment? He will permit nobody but me to cut his toe-nails." This child, it may be added, was his nephew, André Chevrillon, whose "Journey in India" attracted much attention a year ago.



THE PICTURESQUE BUT PREDATORY INDIAN.

## THE BUILDING OF AMERICA.

BY FRANK H. NORTON.

### I. THE FOUNDERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

HUMAN nature, studying itself, generally falls far short of the fact. It is not merely the necessity for perspective which causes this aberration, for often we have that and still err in our conclusions. Vanity and the ordinary conceit which obtain with mankind have very much to do with it, and there are also other reasons, occasions, causes, which should be thought over whenever the whole matter comes within the purview of history.

In regard to the quadricentennial of the alleged discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, anything pertaining to the matter of that discovery, or to the after settlement of America, within a certain reasonably considered period, is pertinent. In the present paper it is designed to refer in a quite superficial manner to the departure from Europe and arrival on the American coast, commonly connected with what is known as "Puritan" and "Pilgrim" history and chronology. Naturally, at this season there will be very much written having reference to the subject in hand, and in some degree it is necessarily difficult to avoid falling into the beaten track or rut, which will be readily and easily perceived by the customary adventurer in the history of two and a half centuries ago. Still, it may not be impossible to do this in a way not altogether uninteresting to those who care for the history of the western hemisphere and the continent of America and the United States, and these preliminary remarks only go to indicate the fact that what is

to be stated or related under the present heading will be episodic and even parenthetical, as it were, as compared either with absolute narrative history or the philosophy thereof.

The general current of events would show to the careful and thoughtful student, even if there should be, in his case, no tendency whatever toward philosophy, that in the run of events which occur in this world, and generally go to the making up of history, there is pretty nearly the same scientific law followed that obtains in physics or astronomy, or even in chemistry. This is not to say that every student of history, or even of the philosophy of history, has familiarized himself with anything which would bear such enunciation. It is only rather to give a tendency toward the consideration and study of history, and especially American history, in the direction of a more settled philosophy than is perhaps usually set down in the books.

The ancient idea of the pendulum movement of facts and events—the notion of an eternal (or temporary) to-and-fro, backward-and-forward, hither-and-yon movement—this conceit, as it might be called by the careless reader, is really worth some thought in connection with the great events which go to move humanity. And right in that connection, and in the light of that reading, comes the situation which led up to the population of the North American continent, and so to the subject which we have immediately in hand.

The student of history will observe that a long period of tendency in any one direction in regard to the condition of mankind has been followed by a period of tendency quite in the opposite direction. There is neither time nor space to give illustrations of this in the present connection, nor is it at all necessary. The situation as set forth, and as it is perfectly well known to the average intelligent reader, sufficiently shows this. The special point to be referred to in the present paper is the movement which brought about the settlement by those who were called the Puritans originally, and Pilgrims later on, in regard to certain portions of New England in the early part of the seventeenth century.

Puritanism, as such, and the consequent settlement of the



ENTRANCE TO LEYDEN.

(From an old print published by Samuel Ireland.)



New England colonies, was primarily derived from the peculiar characteristics of the Stuart family, in their relation, as crowned heads, to the government of England. Such a condition of despotism had been reached in England that, by the time of James I., it drove the Puritans to America, just as it brought the son of that monarch to the block, just as it produced a reaction under Charles II., and just as it lost the kingdom to James II. and his heirs. More immediately, the movement of the Puritan fathers to New England was susceptible of two explanations. One was certainly a condition of revolt against the laxity of manners and morals which prevailed; the other was a belief that the possibilities of the North American continent offered conditions which might result in personal and social progress and business success. Any one who leaves the business end of the movement out of his consideration of its initiative probably commits an error of fact.

The Puritans were "wise in their own generation"; obnoxious to the powers that were in their own land, it became essential to them to either surrender their opinions or go elsewhere to sustain and promulgate them. Elsewhere, in the first instance, meant the Low Countries. In the year 1604 three hundred Puritan ministers in England, who had not separated from the Established Church, were silenced in the pulpit or exiled. The Star Chamber even contemplated further severities. It was in 1602 that the Church of the Pilgrims was organized in England, and five years later its followers were driven to Holland by the persecutions under King James I. There is no doubt that the immediate cause of the great departure which succeeded was the intolerant and cruel treatment which the Puritans received, simply on account of their religious belief; as Bradford, who was the second governor of Plymouth Colony, says of these religious matters: "The work of God was no sooner manifest in them, but presently they were both scoffed and scorned by the profane multitude and the ministers were urged with the yoke of subscription, or else must be silenced, and the poor people were so urged with apparitors and pursuivants and the Commission Courts, as truly their persecution was not small."

Out of this stream of the ancient tongue, one can gather reason for the change of base which gradually began to appear to the Puritans in the light of their only possible help. They, therefore, according to Bradford, "shook off this yoke of anti-Christian bondage, and, as the Lord's free people, joined themselves by a covenant with the Lord in a Church estate in the fellowship of the Gospel, to walk in all the ways made known or to be made known unto them according to their best endeavors, whatever it should cost them." Thus it will be seen that the Puritans had become desperate, and had determined upon such a change as might be effected by the placing of the Atlantic Ocean as a barrier, as should surely bring about a more satisfactory state of affairs for them.

The church at this period, from 1602 to 1607, extended through Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, and in some parts of Yorkshire. This Church was divided into two branches. One of these branches was governed, as to its pastorate, by Richard Clifton and John Robinson, while William Brewster—who went with the Pilgrims to New England—was teacher and ruling Elder. These men, with their following, when sorely driven, departed unto the Low Countries. Mr. Clifton was at the time a very revered old man. John Robinson, "a man learned, of solid judgment and of a quick sharp wit, and a tender conscience and very sincere in all his ways." Baylie, who was the bitter enemy of the Puritans, says that "Robinson was a man of excellent parts, and the most polished and modest spirit that ever separated from the Church of England." Here was where the rule came. More than anything else, perhaps, that has ever occurred to cause dissension between England and its colonies was this separation from the Established Church; and here it is to be remembered that it was not until more than a century and a half later that the first Church of England bishop of America was consecrated. This interesting event occurred on February 4, 1787, when, in the chapel of Lambeth, William White, of Pennsylvania, was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the Bishop of Peterborough—but this is parenthetical. It is simply thrown into the general narrative in the way of illustration.

The church of which Robinson and Brewster were ministers was said to be composed of choice men. They possessed great sincerity of conscience, remarkable courage, and an adventurous disposition. Their situation was that they were hunted and persecuted on every side. Their houses were watched night and day; they were seized and imprisoned, and they were glad enough to leave all they possessed, and, as Bradford says, "to go into the Low Countries, where they heard was freedom of religion for all men." It was with great difficulty that they escaped, by making private arrangements with the masters of Dutch ships to convey them away from their own country. While endeavoring to accomplish this, they were committed to prison, stripped of their money, books, and goods, and it was only through the greatest exercise of caution and courage that those who escaped were able to do so. Among these was Bradford, who at the time was only eighteen years of age; Brewster was detained in prison.

A Dutch ship took these first of the Puritans to leave their own land, having to pick them up between two towns with great difficulty and danger, and leaving many of those on shore who desired to embark. That ship bore the destinies of New England. It was exposed to a terrible storm, was driven to the coast of Norway, and for seven days those on board saw neither sun, moon, nor stars. The Puritans, however, succeeded in reaching Holland and settled in Leyden. This is the oldest town in the Netherlands, and at the time when the unfortunates from England reached it contained nearly a hundred thousand souls. Its chief ornament and glory was and is its university, which dated from the time of William of Orange, who broke down the dykes, flooded the country, drove a great number of the Spaniards, and relieved the inhabitants, who were not only besieged, but suffering all the horrors of famine. The Prince of Orange, in consideration for the sufferings of the population of Leyden, offered either to remit certain taxes or to establish a university in the city. The Leydeners chose the latter alternative, and the university was inaugurated by Prince William in 1575. Among those who were connected with it as professors or students are to be found such great names as Scaliger, Arminius, Grotius, Descartes, Boerhaave, and Spahnheim.

In Holland, the Pilgrims found themselves with scanty resources, strangers, ignorant of the language spoken about them, and, as it were, homeless in a strange land. They did the best they could to provide for themselves and their families. Bradford, the future Governor of Plymouth Colony, bound himself apprentice to a silk-dyer. Brewster became a teacher and afterward a printer. The number of communicants in the church at Leyden appears to have been about three hundred, and after these people continued among them for ten years the magistrates of the city said: "Never did we have any suit or accusation against any of them."

The church at Leyden was presided over by Pastor Robinson, who was called the "Father of the Independent Churches," and of these that at Leyden was one. Practically, that which took the Puritans out of England and made them wanderers was not so much a dislike of the political system of civil government of that country as the operation of the laws which enforced conformity with the Church establishment. Their endeavor was to gain a higher degree of religious freedom, and what they believed to be a purer form of religious worship, than was permitted to them in England. Besides the settlement at Leyden, some of the Puritans lived at Amsterdam, some at Delft. They did not all of them come over from England together, but at different times and in small groups. Once or twice they were betrayed by the captains of the vessels on which they embarked, and were seized and carried back. Very few of them, after all the troubles they had gained at Leyden, some money to speak of, and it was very difficult for them to pay the cost of removing from Amsterdam to Leyden, a distance of only twenty-one miles, if they chanced to land at the former city. Many of them, therefore, remained in this, which is known as the "city of refuge." Amsterdam was then, as now, a very thriving, busy capital, especially noted for its banking and its coinage, and the exchange of tile exchanges throughout the world; but the Puritans were uneasy in any capital city. There were dissolute people about them, and their children were exposed to moral



THE FIRST RELIGIOUS SERVICE HELD BY THE PILGRIMS IN AMERICA, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1621.

(FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE SEDWATZEE.)

contamination. Besides, the air was filled with a spirit of adventure, and it was easy for the young to enlist in the army, and to find means toward a more vivacious and attractive life. It was therefore that the minds of the elders of the church at Leyden began gradually to be turned toward the idea of their removal to and settlement in some new country, where they would avoid much of which they now had reason to complain.

The first intention, after the idea of removal had become fixed in the direction of America as the locality, was for the Puritans to form a distinct body by themselves, under the general government of Virginia, in the hope of securing from James I. the toleration of religion. What was known as the Virginia Company was established by letters patent from King James, dated April 10, 1606, and included territory one hundred miles long, lying on the eastern coast of North America, extending from the thirty-fourth to the forty-fifth degree north latitude. This territory bore the name of Virginia, originally given to it in honor of Queen Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen. It was granted to two distinct companies, with a view to colonization; the first, or southern colony, was granted to certain knights and gentlemen, merchants and adventurers of London, who were to colonize between the thirty-fourth and the forty-first degrees. The second, or northern colony, was granted to persons residing in Bristol, Exeter, and Plymouth, who were to plant between the thirty-eighth and the forty-fifth degrees, an understanding being reached that neither company was to plant a colony within a hundred miles of any previous settlement made by the other.

It was in 1620 that the new patent was signed by King James, in November, while the Pilgrims were on their passage, which incorporated the Duke of Lenox and others between the fortieth and forty-eighth degrees of north latitude. They were styled "the Council established at Plymouth in the county of Devon for the planting, ruling, ordering and governing of New England in America." Having in view a migration to the lands under the control of one or the other of these companies, the Puritans at Leyden sent over to England Robert Cushman and John Carver, in 1617, for the purpose of negotiating with the Virginia Company for a grant of territory, and at the same time to obtain, if possible, from the king a promise of security for their method of worship. It took nearly a year for the agents to complete the business in London to the point of obtaining encouragement from the Virginia Company, and also from the king, with the proviso as to the latter that no toleration would be granted under his seal. This half-way manner of acceding to their wishes somewhat disconcerted the Puritans, but the following year, Cushman and William Brewster went over to London again, and after a good deal of delay succeeded in obtaining a patent under the Company's seal. The Puritans now contracted with the "Merchant Adventurers of London," as they were called, for their transportation to America, on the following basis:

1. The adventurers and planters do agree, that every person that goeth, being sixteen years old and upward, be rated at ten pounds, and that ten pounds be accounted a single share.
2. That he that goeth in person, and furniseth himself out with ten pounds, either in money or other provisions, be accounted as having twenty pounds in stock, and in the division shall receive a double share.
3. The persons transported and the adventurers shall continue their joint stock and partnership the space of seven years, except some unexpected impediments do cause the whole company to agree otherwise; during which time all profits and benefits that are gotten by trade, traffic, trucking, working, fishing, or any other means, of any other person or persons, shall remain still in the common stock until the division.
4. That at the time when they shall choose out such a number of 61 persons as may furnish their ships and boats for fishing upon the sea; employing the rest in their several faculties upon the land, as building houses, tilling and planting the ground, and making such commodities as shall be most useful for the Colony.
5. That at the end of the seven years, the capital and the profits, viz. the houses, lands, goods, and chattels, be equally divided among the adventurers. If any debt or detriment concerning this adventure—some additional article was probably intended to be inserted.
6. Whosoever cometh to the Colony hereafter, or putteth any-

thing into the stock, shall at the end of the seven years be allowed proportionally to the time of his so doing.

7. He that shall carry his wife, or children, or servants, shall be allowed for every person, now aged sixteen years and upwards, a single share in the division; or if he provide them necessities, a double share; or if they be between ten years old and sixteen, then two of them to be reckoned for a person, both in transportation and division.

8. That such children that now go and are under the age of ten years, have no other share in the division than fifty acres of unmanured land.

9. That such persons as die before the seven years be expired, their executors to have their parts or share at the division, proportionally to the time of their life in the Colony.

10. That all such persons as are of the Colony are to have meat, drink, and apparel, and all provisions, out of the common stock and goods of the said Colony.

The above statement sufficiently illustrates the impetuous condition of the Puritans, or Pilgrims, as they might now be called, as well as the earnestness of their desire and determination to bring about something like permanency in their changed condition. It is said that the idea of migration to America originated with Robinson and Brewster, who imparted it to Bradford and Winslow, by whom it was carefully thought over, deliberated, and eventually accepted. It is interesting to note the ages of these leaders of the Pilgrims. John Robinson, who was born in 1576, was at the time forty-two years old; William Brewster was fifty-eight; William Bradford was twenty-eight years younger than he; and John Carver, who was the youngest of them all, was twenty-eight. Robinson was a Fellow of Cambridge University, and originally a minister of the Established Church.

William Brewster was for a short time at Cambridge University, and was afterward in the English diplomatic service, during which period he visited the Netherlands. Bradford was a yeoman, and John Carver did not join the Puritan colony until after it had settled at Leyden, but he appears to have been a person of considerable prominence. Brewster was the one who established the Separatist or Non-conformist Church at Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, which was the centre of the Puritan movement of that period in England. Bradford was a member of that church, and Robinson was one of the ministers of its congregation. Of course, the rank and file of the Pilgrims were of the ordinary yeomanry, farmers or mechanics and artificers of England.

Of course, at that time a voyage across the Atlantic was a formidable incident, and it can be readily imagined how the Puritans discussed its dangers and its annoyances as they talked the whole matter over at Leyden. Some of them were very hopeful, but others were not only cautious but dependent as to the prospect. Very vague and uncertain ideas were abroad with regard to the natives of the unknown country, such impressions of them as the following being bruited about: That they "delight to flay men alive with the shells of fishes, cutting off the limbs by piecemeal and broiling them on the coals and causing them to eat the collars of their flesh in their sight, while they lived." It is not a little remarkable that, in regard to the result of this adventure abroad, the first cruelties that were committed were those of the white men upon the natives. Eventually, there was deliberation also as between the choice of Guiana and Virginia as a future abiding-place. There was great glamour in regard to Guiana, derived from Raleigh's picturesque accounts of this empire, of which was wholly imaginary, but whose capital was known by the Spaniards as the famous El Dorado.

Raleigh had sailed up the Orinoco four hundred miles looking for this fabulous city. He did not find El Dorado, but his description of the country through which he passed was most striking and attractive. The Pilgrims, however, were wary and canny. They preferred a section of country on which the English nation had some claim. The Spaniards, who held the land described by Raleigh, might prove more cruel than the savages of the North, so the deliberation ended in favor of the northern portion of what was then called Virginia; but, as has been seen, with the sufficiently harsh terms of the articles of agreement between the adventurers and planters.

At last, after great tribulation and difficulty, the arrange-



DEPARTURE OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

(From the painting by A. W. Bayes.)

ments for embarkation were made. A small ship of sixty tons was provided in Holland, while another of one hundred and eighty tons was hired in London and sailed from Southampton, where the first was to land. Before leaving Leyden for Delfthaven, twenty-four miles south of that city, where the little ship *Speedwell* was lying ready to receive them and convey them to Southampton, their pastor gave them his farewell advice. "We are now, ere long, to part asunder, and the Lord knoweth whether we shall ever live to see each other's faces again. I charge you, before God and His blessed angels, to follow me no further than I have followed Christ. If God shall reveal anything to you by any other instrument, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry. I am very confident that the Lord has more truth and light to break forth out of His Holy Word."

The *Speedwell* sailed from Delfthaven, July 22, 1620. This interesting event has been depicted, and a painting now exists in the Capitol at Washington—the work of Robert W. Weir, painted in 1845, and entitled "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims." The *Speedwell* was commanded by one Reynolds, master, and after a voyage of a week she reached Southampton, where the ship *Mayflower*, Jones, master, was waiting for her. Active preparations were now made for the prosecution of the voyage, the company being distributed between both ships; and so, on August 5, 1620, they sailed from Southampton. It was discovered, however, that the *Speedwell* was leaking, and eight days later both vessels put into Dartmouth, where the *Speedwell* was repaired, which took another eight days, when they both put to sea again. After about three hundred miles' sailing, however, complaint was again made of the condition of the *Speedwell*, and both vessels entered the harbor of Plymouth. Very much of this delay and trouble would appear to have originated in the anxiety of certain members of the company, who began now to find their fears of the unknown stronger than their desires for freedom of religion. Certain it is, that at Plymouth it was determined to let the *Speedwell*, with a selection of the company, return to London, while the *Mayflower*, with all on board who had determined to risk the voyage, sailed alone. The final departure of the *Mayflower*, from Plymouth and from England, took place on September 6, 1620.

The *Mayflower* was a stanch vessel, and though buffeted by storms, once or twice seriously and even dangerously injured, and forced to lie to in the trough of the sea for even days together, yet she sailed securely across the ocean, and on the ninth of November fell in with the land called Cape Cod, "the which being made known and certainly known to be it, they were not a little joyful."

## FASTER SUCCI INSANE.

SUCCI, the faster, is reported to have become insane. The report does not surprise those who watched his sufferings and his actions while he was giving his American exhibition. In New York he was said to have fasted for forty-five days, exceeding Dr. Tanner's feat by one hundred and twenty hours. Succi was in the habit of saying that he found out his capacity for abstinence in 1879, when ill with fever on the African coast. He had been fasting for several days, and instead of losing strength "felt a new force wake within me." He always ascribed his success to a tremendous will force, which, increased by a sustained exertion of his mental faculties, created within him a power like hypnotism or galvanism. "My will is stronger than my body; there you have the whole secret," he used to say. A curious thing about Succi was that while he was fasting, instead of lying supine and inactive like Tanner, Merlati, and others of that class, he was always the reverse. During his performance in Paris he climbed to the third platform of the Eiffel Tower on the fifteenth day of his abstinence. And generally, during his fasting periods, he was able to fence, ride, swim, and play billiards, as the mood took him. Before he became a professional faster he was an African explorer, and fell in with Stanley once while hippopotamus hunting. Succi is now in his fortieth year. He was born in the province of Forlì, Italy.

It will be remembered that since his great feat Dr. Tanner has shown marked eccentricity. He proposed at one time to have himself buried alive, to demonstrate some theory or other; and his latest project for accomplishing the perfection of the human race by establishing an isolated colony of children has been described in THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.



**O**TTO, the mad King of Bavaria, has become a cigarette fiend. He consumes an average of six packages a day, and finds diversion smashing the furniture and attacking his attendants. His great physical strength remains, although he has lately had periods of unconsciousness almost daily.

**K**ING ALFONSO XIII. of Spain seems to have overcome the troubles of his early childhood, and with increasing strength to be developing the traits of a self-willed boy who is spoiled by fond women. His frail health in infancy caused him to be petted, and now he is becoming a tyrant. Especially does he terrorize his two royal sisters. At least, this is recorded by the court chroniclers of Madrid.

**C**LAUDIUS POPELIN, whose death is announced in Paris, was gifted with a triple art. Beginning with painting, he exhibited at the Salon for several years subsequent to 1852, until he became enamored of the art of enamelling. His work in the latter line is still the delight of connoisseurs, and the books he wrote and illustrated on the subject are authorities in their way. The close of his life was devoted to poetry.

**A**NNA MARIA YOUNG, of Easton, Pa., is the oldest pensioner on the rolls, with one exception. She is ninety-nine, while Nancy Runk, of Carter Furnace, Tenn., is one hundred. Both are widows of veterans of the Revolutionary War. She was born in Germany in 1793, and her second husband was Lieut. Jacob Young, of the Pennsylvania line. Congress has recently increased her pension to thirty dollars a month.

**T**HE late Gen. Turner G. Morehead, of Philadelphia, was one of the heroes of Antietam. He was colonel of the Twenty-second Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. Two horses were killed under him at Antietam, and he was finally captured by the Confederates. His men rallied, and, charging his captors, rescued him. After the battle he was missing for a week, and was reported dead. His conduct earned him his promotion.

**F.** M. SMITH has devoted his attention to borax, and has succeeded in controlling the American supply of that useful article, although the title of Borax King has not yet been conferred upon him by common consent. The borax obtained in this country is found in Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, and Washington. Mr. Smith got nine-tenths of the borax fields of the West under his control five years ago, and has since ruled the market.

**I**SEN has returned to Christiania from Munich and is expected to live in his native country henceforth. He has purchased a handsome house, and has furnished it superbly with the collections he has been making for years all over Europe. The residents of the city are very proud of him and show their admiration in many ways; among others, by flocking to the theatre where his dramas are produced. While he lived at Munich he had a favorite *café* which he visited every afternoon, and of which he was

one of the sights. He has discovered another *café* at Christiania which suits him, and as he reads the papers there, he is pointed out to strangers. He is writing a new play.

**T**HE Gaikwar of Baroda is about to descend upon England with three valets, five cooks, twenty other servants, one of his wives, and a number of his relations. The impending visit causes dismay. Indian princes are costly guests to entertain, as they expect Oriental magnificence in giving and receiving, and, in addition, the peculiar and intricate etiquette and customs of the East are sure to be offended in some respect. On the other hand, England cannot refuse such visits, for diplomatic reasons.

**S.** LIPSCHÜTZ has won the chess championship of the United States, although he remains, of course, second to W. Steinitz, the world's champion. He was born in Hungary, July 4, 1863, began life as a compositor, and has been living in this country ten years. His first brilliant victories were won in the International Tournament at London in 1886, when he defeated such players as the late Captain Mackenzie, Zukertort, and Bird, and for a brief spell was looked upon as a possible winner of the championship.

**M**R. GLADSTONE is nearly eighty-four years old, and is constantly surprising his admirers by the vigor of his mental and physical powers. The other day he ordered twenty books on the most varied topics; then went to the House of Commons, where he delivered a speech of more than an hour's duration, with all his points put with the utmost clearness and precision; next, went home to dress for a dinner at which he was the life and soul of the party, and wound up his day by returning to the House at midnight to vote.

**D**R. A. C. OUDEMANS, director of the Zoological Garden at The Hague, has come to the assistance of the worthy sailors and sea-side hotel keepers who catch glimpses of the sea serpent. He is about to publish a critical treatise on the subject. He gives accounts of one hundred and sixty-six different appearances, and reaches the conclusion that there must be something in it. To assist men of science in finding out what is in it, he has drawn up a code of instructions for sailors, travelers, and others who are fortunate enough to come across the sea serpent.

**T**HE present King of Siam, whose name is so complicated as to be entirely immaterial for the purposes of this paragraph, might have stepped out of one of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas. Instead of being a typical Eastern despot, he is unconventional enough to provoke a revolution among the palace officials. He lately took part in the ceremonies of beginning the construction of a railroad, and enjoyed himself as thoroughly as a monarch has a right to do. He began by making a speech to his subjects explaining the value of railroads and how they were going to develop the resources of the country. Then he took a spade of the most improved New England pattern and began digging. The spade was of silver and ivory.

With it he filled a wheelbarrow of American design, but constructed of ebony and silver. Lastly, he and the Crown Prince took turns in wheeling the barrow along a carpeted path, finally dumping the contents.

**MISS ISABEL F. HAPGOOD'S** name has become familiar to Americans of late, on account of her efforts in raising a Russian Famine Relief Fund, the receipts of which she has transmitted to Tolstoi. She was born in Boston, and is filled with New England energy and industry. Becoming interested in Russian literature, she studied the language perseveringly for two years, and then went to Russia, where she made a prolonged stay. While there she translated many Russian works into English, besides assisting Russian writers to translate American literature into their own language.

**SEÑOR ROMERO** has assumed the portfolio of the Department of Finance of Mexico. His change of office will leave a vacancy hard to fill at Washington, where he was so long Mexican Minister. He was about the ablest representative our Southern neighbor has ever had at the national capital, and one of the most popular of diplomats. He enjoyed the personal friendship of General Grant, and of countless other distinguished public men, and by the exercise of unflinching tact and skill maintained most cordial relations between the two countries. He proposes to make a trip to Japan before taking up his new work in earnest.

**CORBETT**, the prize-fighter who is to meet Sullivan in the ring, has received practical proof of the little value of brute force pitted against brains. A row broke out at one of his exhibitions, and he was doing great execution with his fists in the way of restoring order, when a voice called upon him to halt. Turning to see who had the audacity to meddle with him, he found himself confronted by a revolver in the hands of Mr. Virgil Earp, a graduate of Tombstone's early days, and a member of a family who die with their boots on. Corbett recognized the worthlessness of the prize-fighter's art in the practical affairs of this world, and probably saved his life by letting Mr. Earp have his way.

**FELIX McGLENNON**, a resident of London, born in Glasgow of Irish parents, is responsible for "Comrades." He is thirty-three years old, knows little about music, and has been known to compose an air in five minutes. He wears glasses. Tom Costello sang "Comrades" in the London music-halls when it first came out, and thereby raised his weekly earnings to \$150. Some weeks Mr. McGlennon turns out as many as thirty songs. He has half a dozen assistants, who supply words which he polishes up. He thinks that \$40,000 has been made out of his two songs, "Comrades" and "That is Love." He has a comfortable bank account. It is estimated that four million copies of eight of his songs have been sold.

**LADY SALISBURY**, we are told by Gen. Adam Badeau, shares the prejudice against Americans entertained by her husband, the Prime Minister. When her husband was Foreign Secretary under the second Earl, Lady Salisbury refused to conform to the etiquette always observed at the English Court, and present American ladies to her Majesty when there was no American minister's wife to perform that office. Mr. Welsh, our representative at the time, was a widower, with only an unmarried daughter to preside over his household, and the Queen had laid down the rule that the unmarried daughters of a minister could not make presentations. In consequence Lady Derby or any other wife of a Foreign Secretary had always presented American ladies, at the request of the minister. After Lord Salisbury became Foreign Secretary, the minister, as usual, sent in to Lady Salisbury the names of the American women whom he begged her to present; but the British peeress replied that she would consent in this instance as a favor to Mr. Welsh, but she did not mean to hold herself obliged to present all American ladies who might be recommended by him. Mr. Welsh was of Quaker blood, and swallowed the indignity, but there have been wars for lesser cause. The refusal on account of nation-

ality was unprecedented. The minister, however, did not report the circumstance to his Government, and prohibited his subordinates from mentioning it, or Mr. Hayes would probably have resented the insult, either by refusing to receive British subjects at Washington, or possibly by withdrawing Mr. Welsh altogether from London.

**THOMAS COOPER**, the veteran Chartist, has received a grant of two hundred pounds from the Civil List. His life is full of interesting reminiscences of his experiences in London and elsewhere. One of them is an account of a visit he paid to Wordsworth in 1850 at Rydal Lake. Nothing struck Cooper so much in Wordsworth's conversation as his remark concerning Chartism, upon the subject of Cooper's imprisonment had been touched upon, "You were right," Wordsworth said; "I have always said the people were right in what they asked; but you went the wrong way to get it. There is nothing unreasonable in your charter. It is the foolish attempt at physical force for which many of you have been hanged." Wordsworth also referred to the spread of freedom in England, and desecrated with animation on the growth of mechanics and similar institutions: "The people are sure to have the franchise," he said with emphasis, "as knowledge increases; but you will not get all you seek at once—and you must never seek it again by physical force," he added, turning to me with a smile, "it will only make you longer about it."

**SENATOR RANSOM**, of North Carolina, undertook early in life the task of making the personal acquaintance of every one of his constituents. He has succeeded in a surprising degree, but has not yet attained infallibility. Here is a story related of him which probably isn't true, but is certainly good. He was canvassing the State. Meeting a young man whom he remembered as a recently fledged voter, he grasped his hand and greeted him effusively. "Why, John," he said, "I'm mighty glad to see you. The last time I met you you were hardly more than a boy, and now you're a man. Well, how's father?" "Father's been dead for a year now," said the young man. "What, dead? Your father! I'm so sorry. Your father and I were old friends. I thought very highly of your father. Well, it's what we must all come to some day. I'm glad to have seen you again, John. Good-by." They parted. An hour later they met again. The politician had forgotten all about the first meeting. He had shaken hands with a hundred people in the meantime. He greeted his young constituent with the same effusiveness. "Why, John, I'm glad to see you," he said. "And how's your father?" "He's still dead," said the young man.

**WILLIE ELIZABETH ROBIN** has been deaf, dumb, and blind since she was fifteen months old. She is now eight years of age. She is now an inmate of the Perkins Institute for the Blind, in Boston, where for two years Miss Edie Thayer has been instructing her with skill, patience, and intelligence deserving the highest praise. The poor child's mind was in utter darkness when Miss Thayer began her task. Her vocal utterances were confined to inarticulate sounds expressing pain and anger. She had learned two signs. When she was hungry she opened her mouth and placed her fingers in it. When she was thirsty she crossed her arms upon her breast, putting her clinched hands against her shoulders. The only thing she had learned to do was to wipe dishes. Now, thanks to Miss Thayer, she has a vocabulary of more than one thousand words. The first word learned was "hat." Miss Thayer let her feel a dozen hats, and then placed them on her head till she was impressed with the object. Then she made the letters of the deaf and dumb alphabet upon the palm of the little one's hand. Then she formed Willie's fingers into the shape of the letters: Patience and perseverance in this task at last let a little light into the afflicted girl's mind. She is now passionately devoted to obtaining instruction, and asks many questions pathetic in their simplicity. It was with this girl that it was proposed to make the experiment whether the idea of a Divine Being is innate, the plan being to bring her up without religious instruction of any kind. Fortunately, better counsels have prevailed, and she will soon be enabled to receive such consolation as religion can supply to one so afflicted.



EDITED BY MARY L. BISLAND.

**A VIOLET COURTSHIP.**—A charming story came to the writer's ears of a romance in violets that happily terminated a few days ago in a violet wedding, all of which gives additional incidental proof of American enterprise in love and trade combined. A wealthy young New Yorker, observing all the laws of sentiment and nature, fell in love last winter, seriously and determinedly, but the object of his affections proved *difficult*, not to say depressingly indifferent, even to his almost tragical importunings. However, one day in his presence she mentioned a preference, almost a passion, for violets, and laughingly remarked that she would marry a man who could keep her constantly supplied with the costly flowers. It was then November, and violets were rare and worth ten times their weight in paper bills. The young man, deciding to give a dinner to the obdurate young woman, ordered his florist to fill the centre of the table with violets, and supply bouquets of violets for the women guests. The florist hesitated: there were not at that time enough violets in New York to compose a button-hole bouquet; but the young man grimly insisted on the ample execution of his order regardless of cost. Thereupon a boy was sent to Philadelphia, one to Boston, and another to Washington, with orders to purchase all violets to be had in the three cities; and the florist-shops in New York were stripped of the purple blossoms. The night of the dinner November violets filled the table's centre, and a glorious cluster was found by the fair guest of honor at her place. Through November and December violets fairly strewn the obdurate young woman's path. The florist came to know the lover as "the violet man," such absurd quantities of the fragrant flower did they sell him. In the breath of so adorable incense, who could refuse so humble an offer as the young man at length made of himself at the close of the violet season? Over a great bouquet of purple Parmas gracious consent was given, and a violet wedding seemed but a fitting *finale* of the flowery romance. Again, in the late spring, when violet plants had ceased their limitless blooming, messenger boys were sent into the woods to pick wild violets. Hundreds of thousands were gathered, and under a purple and lilac canopy of blossoms the couple were united, and received a private special blessing of one particular florist, who says he pocketed some fifteen hundred dollars on the pretty transaction.

**THE LITTLE PET DOG.**—If Sir John Lubbock ever succeeds in conveying to the diligent and receptive canine mind the meaning of human speech, there can be but little doubt that at the bar of justice united dogdom will appeal for amelioration of the small house-dog's condition. It must needs, however, rest as a stain upon the consciences of civilized humanity that the small dog is obliged to wait so long before a petition of pity is put up in his behalf. By these suggestive sentences the writer does not pretend to say a word in behalf of the skulking street-dogs, that the voracious catcher lies in wait for, or the big brutes that occasionally parade in state with their mistresses on the fashionable thoroughfares; but the poor pet dog is the object of all this pity—the miserable little animal that sits in silken laps, eats his meals often from his lady's plate, sleeps in a cosy satin-lined basket in her dressing-room, and is altogether an abnormal bit of animated bric-a-brac.

Pet dogs are really the most maltreated of all the smaller animals, and a dog doctor who had just made his daily rounds among a list of aristocratic patients, found much to condemn in their mistresses. In these dogs their animal

life of blood and muscle is given none of its natural outlets, they get no exercise, they breathe the air of steam-heated rooms, live on rich food, are handled quite too much, their skins are deluged with hurtful perfumes, their bodies grow fat and unhealthy, their poor little brains suffer from a sort of sympathetic degradation, and all the sweet canine intelligence is swallowed up in the two instincts, to sleep and eat. They are always ill and suffer horribly from cold, their digestive organs grow weak, and then in a suffering old age all individual and ancestral virtues crop up. However, the most pathetic side to this picture of hot-house dog-raising is a peculiar complaint they endure as a cruel result of their unnatural life. Very many small dogs seem to suffer from a curious asthmatic trouble, and after a prolonged grievous illness succumb under a harrowing attack of suffocation.

Now, this is not the result of chills and cold, as many tearful mistresses believe, but arises from the fact that in carpeted houses the little brutes run about with their noses to the floor sniffing, as is the trick of their kind. In this way, little by little, they draw up into their nostrils and lodge just at the root of the nose a quantity of carpet dust, that causes frightful suffering. Dozens of house-dogs die of suffocation, and in the *post-mortem* examination a ball of lint and wool nap, as large as the end of one's little finger, is found deposited behind the nose.

Surely, the house-dog, when imprisoned on carpets and in hot rooms, is but a wretched specimen of his race, though hardly so actively miserable as when he goes to take a walk, or more appropriately a drag abroad, for rarely is he permitted to use his legs as his private inclinations permit. If curiosity prompts him to an examination of a bit of stick, and he halts for personal inquiries, a ruthless hand pulls him alternately from right to left, checks him when he runs forward, and, at length, so puzzles his poor little wits that bad temper and a sore neck, tired legs and a harassed heart, drive out every vestige of liveliness from his soul. So when the pet dog lies down on his painful death-bed, the sobbing mistress might find many things to reproach herself for: chief of all, selfish cruelty, that in nine cases out of ten caused the early taking off of the pet she pretended to love, but maltreated so shamefully. By all means, let us do something for the pet dog.

**CRASH DRESSES.**—Something new is the crash toweling costume: a little frug for country lanes made of the heavy brown linen crash, such as is ordinarily used for kitchen towels and carpet coverings. The skirt is on the severely simple cornet pattern, with a scrap of a train out behind, and a deep hem around the bottom. A waistcoat of green and yellow furniture broadie, pretty striped broadie intermingling on a cream-colored ground; the two clear tones of green and yellow give just the touch of color needed, while a silk-lined bob-tailed Eton jacket of crash fits over the waistcoat. And, by the way, why is it American fashion writers so often spell the Eton coat "Eaton"? The nobby little jacket now so fashionable is in imitation of those universally worn by the young Englishman in his teens, and adapted from the round-tailed coats first worn by students at Eton.

Great popularity may be prophesied for these crash toweling dresses. They are entirely novel in character, and are just the thing for summer, being fresh in appearance, and very comfortable to wear. A reign of fashionable favor will probably be accorded to them.



depends in a deep frill therefrom. For out of doors, scarlet Russian blouses trimmed in black are worn; while for full-dress occasions velvet and lace are preferred.

There is plenty of life in the New York shops just now. The displays of suitable fabrics and dainty millinery are sufficiently varied to tempt the most fastidious. The newest and most fashionable materials are the corduroy cottons and thin woolsens, made up with the lines running up and down, or else round the skirt, but always cut on the cross at the back. They are all double width, and have a particularly shot look that gives the thin cotton ones quite the sheen of silk.

They are mostly made up with plain skirts, though many have a ruche around the edge. The bodices are cut with either the short basque or deep Swiss band, and the sleeves are large and full to the elbow, with long tight cuffs to the wrists.

For women who have passed their first youth these corduroy cottages are more becoming and suitable than any other fabric.

The fancy zephyrs for young girls' fête or home dinner gowns look exactly like broché silk, and are in the loveliest shades of pink, peach blue, or silver gray. They are to be made up with lace and watered ribbon. Some of the crêpons for day wear are of cream-color, combined with a ruche of black silk or imitation feather trimming round the edges, and a band of colored tinsel embroidery above. The black ruche is about two inches wide, and is the very newest thing for decorating colored race, fête, or wedding gowns. The bodices are trimmed to match, and the hats must carry out all the tints in the tinsel-work. The Pompadour satens are also to be a specialty of the summer, and very beautiful some of them are, and highly picturesque in design.

The newest petticoats are the black silk and party-colored striped ones, with one frill. They can be worn under any handsome gown. The cooler ones are in pale-colored striped cotton, also with one frill. Now that most of the serge, boating, and country gowns are made without foundations, a bright-colored petticoat is a necessity; and also, now that the better skirts are all made in the present much-abused but fashionable length, which requires to be held up, a gay smart under-garment is desirable. Hence

the rage for these colored petticoats. On a very well-dressed woman one constantly sees a most elaborate silk, lace, and flounced petticoat, which is much more ornamental than the gown above it. Many of the white cambric ones have three vandyked frills, with red and blue overcast edges. Others have one deep flounce of alternate lace insertion and cambric bands in front, and two, if not three, at the back. In many cases this flounce only is new, and added to white petticoats that have seen service. Ready-made frills of shot silk are now sold for sewing into skirts, in place of a balayouse.

The new blouses take a prominent place in fashions of the day. All have a single or double frill down the front, and many have the simulated deep Swiss band, composed of close-set, little, upright tucks, made in the blouse material. These are very becoming to the figure, and are greatly worn with the open coats that accompany the plain tailor-made skirts. When a coat is not added, a pointed leather belt is worn, with or without straps that go over the shoulders, braces fashion. Blouse fronts with a deep waist and neck band are popular, in light chine silk. Ready-made waistsbands are composed of two joined lengths of satin ribbon, forming the requisite width, ending in a large bow, fastening at one side. They are to be worn with both day and evening gowns. The new summer boas are of reversible satin ribbon plaited round the throat, with an interval at the back, which is filled in with a bow; there are long ends in front. The boas are in black and all colors. Long wide sashes, with embroidered ends, are fashionable. White and colored cambric tie-bows are sold for wearing with shirts; they are small and smart. Colored pocket handkerchiefs, with white wafers, are popular.

Most of the shot-silk sunshades are edged with gold or silver cord, arranged in loops at each rib point. Chiffon composes most of the best parasols, black with gold braid being particularly stylish. Gold braid runs down every other rib of some parasols, and is bent into the semblance of a butterfly in the spaces between near the edge. Pink coral is to be particularly fashionable for handles.

To replace the comforting and pretty feather and fur boas so well liked by women, a most charming little scarf mantle is made of shaded velvet, folding in a square shape on the shoulders and falling below the knees. A full frill of black lace is carried all around, headed by a narrow gold trimming. Other novelties are of plain silk. These new mantles are something between a visette and a scarf, the portion that covers the arm being richly embroidered with transparent jet showing the color beneath.

Cashmere is to the fore again, and reseda embroidered with pink is in true Parisian style. This particular costume





## SUMMER CLOTHING FOR CHILDREN.

NO. 131. SEA-SIDE COSTUME FOR GIRLS BETWEEN THE AGES OF TEN AND FOURTEEN YEARS.  
 NO. 132. SUIT FOR A LITTLE BOY. NO. 133. BABY'S DRESS OF WHITE CHINA SILK. NO. 135. SAILOR HAT.

displayed rose color beneath the opening in front, the bodice having an upright collar lined with pink and a pink vest, the sleeves being finished off with embroidered cuffs.

Satin ribbon is a good, serviceable trimming and shows to advantage on a gray gown, with steel ornaments carried down the sides. It was on the bodice that the ribbon chiefly asserted itself, though three ribbon frills of alternate white and gray ribbon, headed by a narrow line of steel passementerie, finished off the edge of the skirt. On the waist the ribbon began beneath the arm-hole, and, passing around the shoulder, formed a twist at the throat. White torchon lace of the very finest description fell from the throat to the top of the sleeves.

Serge is universally worn in the country, and is likely to be much seen in town this summer. A delightful example of the possibilities of beauty in this serviceable fabric is noted in one dark blue serge dress, which showed a white crêpe chemise beneath a corselet. A plaid ribbon, passing under the arms to the back, was finished in a point at the waist, whence it fell scarf-like to the bottom of the skirt.

Wood-green suits most women, and blends with the ever-becoming primrose tint to perfection. A costume of this combination was embroidered with dahlias of three tints. The skirt, slashed at the base, showed a primrose cloth petticoat; a delightful little cape was lined with this color, and had a deep primrose collar with pinked frills.

A green velvet dinner gown opening over fawn brocade is the very newest combination. Pink, green, and blue appeared in the stripes of a black silk made in *fourreau*, edged with blue velvet at the hem; the deep collar, opening over pink in front and blue at the back, was fastened with large fancy buttons. A deep band and large bow at the waist, gilet sleeves, and a deep cuff was another revival of antique modes.

Cloth is being richly embroidered in silver and jet. Scarlet velvet forms the ruche to a black lace long-trained skirt, the black lace bodice having scarlet velvet sleeves and draperies of the same on the front reaching to each shoulder.

There are a good many striped dresses, although shot and dotted twilled silks are rather better liked. A very pretty model of this latter variety is of chocolate-brown twill, shot with silver gray and dotted finely in pale blue. Round the hem ran a braid of chocolate velvet. The corsage had a yoke of pale blue with deep cuffs to match, and

both covered with Venetian lace. A bertha round the yoke, and square back and front, and forming full sleeves over the shoulders, was made of the twill material cut on the cross about six inches deep, and edged with a fine roll of chocolate velvet, this edging making the flounce stand out very stiffly, which is an effect generally aimed at. With this dress, a large black bat trimmed with bows of blue satin, and flowered with chestnut blossoms and leaves, completes a very effective *ensemble*.

However, stripes are certainly to be well worn; pink and black, for example, on the cross trimmed with a combined ruche, the bodice having folds of the same and jet, the full sleeves arranged with deep pink cuffs. Pale green crêpe, mixed with dark green, and a pale pink, with chiffon of a blackish red, were well suited to young girls when made with the simple Swiss bodice and long pendulant ends from the

back. Beautiful colors and exquisite designs combine to make dress now more brilliant than it has been for years.

The most startling innovations are the soft gauzes, entirely composed of gold threads, and so soft and supple that the will almost pass through a wedding ring. They will be used plain for ball gowns over satin, but in the hands of the French embroiderer they go through many transformations. They are covered with needle-work of all kinds in wide widths, and in the several widths in which ribbon is made. The metallic bands associated in English minds with livery hats have now been adapted to the requirements of dress. They are made in the usual width to which we are accustomed, but they are shot silver with pink or blue, green with gold, and so on; and they are intended chiefly for millinery when stiff, erect bows are required.

The latest idea for a ball gown truly Parisian is a clear net, with an applique of light green velvet interspersed with beads, pearls, and gold cord, all intended to resemble ice-bergs. The newest gauze is watered, and is really beautiful from an artistic point of view. This will be much used for dancing gowns this summer.

Strands of narrow ribbon, with beads at the ends, are often intermixed with jet, and jet appears also on the new coarse gold net.

**SEASIDE** suits for children this summer show a pleasing variety, but all have more or less the element of the sailor suit about them. This style is employed with 'good effect in girls' dress, as well as boys', and No. 130 is an example. It shows a dress for a girl of seven or eight years; it is of navy blue English serge, with revers, and vest of white serge, trimmed with rows of blue mohair braid. The jacket has ribbon strings to tie it across the chest. The sailor hats worn by girls slightly differ from the boys', and usually have bows of ribbon as well as the band.

**NO. 131** is a sea-side costume intended for girls between the ages of ten and fourteen years. It has the Russian blouse waist, but is made in diagonal serge, trimmed with wide white mohair braid. The hat worn with this suit is a new shape, of blue-and-white speckled straw, with a band and bow of blue ribbon velvet.

**NO. 132** shows a pretty suit for a little boy. The material is white drill, combined with light blue galeae. The suit consists of jacket, vest, and pants, with a demi-vest, and detachable collar of galeae, bound with linen braid; a naval cap of white duck, with initials embroidered on the band.

**NO. 133** shows a charming baby's dress of white China silk. The yoke is circular, and is trimmed with a double ruching of satin ribbon. The puffed sleeves are caught up with rosettes of ribbon. It is intended to be worn with a cambric guimpe embroidered.

**NO. 134.** A cloak, also for a young child, and a pretty hat of straw, feather-trimmed. The coat material is a kind of fancy Bedford cord, and the trimming is inch-wide silk guimpe.

**NO. 135.** A pretty sailor hat of white-and-blue straw. Lique dresses trimmed with white needle-work are also very fashionable this summer.

For information and illustrations, thanks are due to L. P. Hollander & Co., 290 Fifth Avenue, New York.



NO. 134. CLOAK AND HAT FOR A YOUNG CHILD.



NO. 130. SAILOR DRESS OF SERGE.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

1. Hereafter all correspondence should be addressed to "Editor, Correspondence Department, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

2. Questions sent by our readers will be answered in the order in which they are received. Owing to the large number of letters which reach us asking advice, and to the fact that answers to many of the questions involve considerable research, replies can rarely be given in the same week the letter is received. Our readers should not enclose stamped envelopes, with requests for private correspondence, as questions can be answered only in their columns.

3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

SPINSTER.—The only true preventive of the trouble is to trim the skirts of your gowns so short that they will not touch the rough, dusty pavements; but in this day of trains, even for kitchenmaids a tailless gown is unfashionable, and a short one seems positively indecent. A silk or mohair dust ruffle sewed on the inside of these skirts protects the dress itself from wear and dust, and a narrow inside skirt facing of velvet further prevents the spoilation of good clothes that fashion seems to actually recommend. Just the other day, as I was hurrying through a big dry-goods shop, I stopped to examine some new skirt supports designed to uphold the tails of their gowns in their hands. There are two kinds of dress-lifters. One is a clumsy arrangement of brass hooks and rings, that resembles handcuffs more nearly than anything else, while the other looks like a slip châtelaine. It is needless to say that the latter is the one to recommend. The coats of an undrizzed silver hook to slip into the belt of the dress; from it, by a ribbon, hangs a little round silver button that catches in the skirt. When one wishes to take a walk abroad hand-free, and happy in the realization that neither dust nor dirt is carefully being swept up by a trailing train, one merely slips in the hook of the dress-lifter, threads it with a bit of ribbon the same color as the skirt, comfortably snaps the button at a proper point on the train, and life at once is seen through rose-colored glasses. Sensible New York women are rapidly adopting the dress-lifter, that promise to lighten the load of train every woman is nowadays obliged to carry.

A. D. G.—I am very sorry to say I never even heard of the pudding before, therefore am scarcely competent to criticize your receipts. I am sure you have consulted the elaborate Nesseele with some other receipt; I never yet heard of one's using coconut in its foundation. The following, by Mrs. Rorer, is the approved method of compounding a tasty Nesseele, that is a difficult and dangerous dish to intrust to a tyro for making: Boil one pint of large chestnuts until tender. Peel them of shells and skins, and mash them through a coarse sieve or colander. Boil one pound of sugar and a pint of water for five minutes. Have ready the yolks of six eggs beaten light, and when the sugar and water are nearly ready to be removed from the store, stir in the eggs. Then, taking this compound from the fire, beat it until it becomes thick and cool. When the sirup and eggs are quite cold, stir into them one pound of mixed candied fruit chopped very fine, a tablespoonful of vanilla flavoring, one-half pint of grated pineapple, and the chestnuts. Turn this into a freezer, and freeze. When the compound has congealed, stir in one pint of cream whipped stiff.—Now for the strawberries. Have you ever tried an ufozen strawberry cream? For instance, select your berries, wash them, drain them quite dry, and then, in an earthenware dish bruise them with a wooden spoon, sugar them, and let them stand. Have ready a pint of cream for every box of strawberries, beaten stiff. Into the firm cream stir the berries and their juice, put the whole into a bowl, and place on the ice. The result is a delicious luncheon dessert.

CHERRY RIFE.—You can buy charming little coin silver stick pins for twelve or fifteen cents, of course, but I do not care to elaborate, but those representing tiny shells, pansies, violets, etc., are exceedingly pretty and never tarnish. The Austrian enamel wear is evidently what you are trying to explain to me. Yes, I have at least seen much of it, and in very lovely and cheap little

pins. For instance, at a bargain the other day I saw lilac sprays, as artistic and dainty as anything in French enamel, sold for twenty-five cents apiece. Of course, these pins do not wear any great length of time, and the enamel is nothing more than paint, that rubs off, but for a bit of fancy cheap jewelry they are really wonderfully nice. I inquired about the neckties, and again that for five dollars you can get a really lovely string of the frosted silver beads. Five dollars will purchase either two rows of the smaller beads or one row of moderately large ones. Ask at the Gorham, on Broadway, corner of Nineteenth Street, or at Tiffany's, on Union Square, for the cut-lusters.

PURITAN.—The Gems are beyond any doubt the best. They are fifteen cents per pair, and have as little as possible of unpleasant odor about them. If at any time they discolor in hot weather, rip them out, and in warm water and soap wash them. If anything is unclean, it is for one to wear soiled shields in one's gowns; therefore, I advise the Gems, that need not be so frequently replaced as the others, and can be washed half a dozen times before they are worn out.

VIBERT.—If you intend to make the vest without sleeves, three dozen hanks of good silk will be necessary; for a vest with sleeves, five dozen should suffice. By all means use the Hemmaway silk, that can be bought in any shade, is durable, and quite pure. Why not knit the vests of cream-white, light-blue, lavender silk, and of course, one of pink? Be sure and make them open in the throat, with short sleeves and elaborate lacings of ribbons in neck and armholes as a finish. The glove-mending silk cut in proper lengths for the needle and braided lightly together, you can purchase at any dry-goods shop. Ask for Hemmaway's glove-mending silk at the notion counter. Twenty-five cents is the price; and, by the way, the hanks of silk are worth sixty cents per dozen. Since you have gone so extensively into fancy-work, why don't you write to the Hemmaway Silk Co., at 76 Greene Street, New York, and ask for their pretty pamphlet book on silk work? It will give you any number of good ideas, and costs nothing.

PALM SUNDAY.—Do not think, because your query has gone so long unanswered, that I intended to slight it or ignore it. I can quite appreciate your interest in an elegant and interesting, and yet so mysterious as animal magnetism, and I advise you to read all that De Courmelles has written on the subject. His book has been very nicely translated into English, and can be had of Hertsman, 124 Fifth Avenue, New York. If you read French, and wish to follow up your research, begun with De Courmelles, get Dr. Charcot's learned treatise on hypnotism. However, from the first-mentioned author you will gather much interesting information, for the French scientists have written rather more thoughtful consideration to this latent human power than either the English or Germans, therefore are able to write more comprehensively.

E. R. D.—From personal experience and from the remarks of others, I have come to the conclusion that keeping a palm alive in one's home is merely a matter of luck, and not in the least the result of tender, well-directed care. Florists themselves cannot keep alive the palms that live in drawing-rooms unless at least once a year the plants are transferred to a greenhouse, repotted, and nourished by horticultural arts. All I can do is to give you a receipt for treatment, that, when applied, may or may not prove efficacious. Water the palm at least four times a week with soapy or clear water, as you like, using a watering can with a perforated spout for the purpose. Once a week, with a bit of soft rag and clean water wash all dust off the leaves, and place the plant in an open window, to receive both night and day all air and light possible. The pot containing the palm should be slipped into a double-bottomed jardiniere, that, on the principle of a silver butter-dish, will give the palm pot perfect drainage. Once a week the outside bowl should be emptied of all the water that has dripped into it. You were quite right to clip off the dead leaves, and, in addition to the above precautions, let me advise you to have a florist report the plant, that must never be left at night in a room where oil or gas is burned. At intervals you should purchase from the florist a bundle of green wood moss to lay fresh about the pot and roots of the palm. Directly this moss becomes old and dry, it should be thrown away and replaced with fresh. Plants, like birds, cannot live under the same roof and in the same atmosphere with human beings unless they are watched closely, all their wants tenderly catered to, and indulgence given their unique vegetable and animal constitutions and temperaments.

LONGFELLOW.—Your letter interests me, and yet I do not quite understand you. The first two pages are not obscure in their meaning, but the point that puzzles me is this: Do you wish to know of some clever woman who is well acquainted with the practical and artistic details of periodical publication—that is, one possessed of a good business head and a nice literary pen, to come to the West and give her services as an office editor; or, do you wish to be put into communication with a person of the

above mentioned capacities in order to solicit suitable contributions? If you will write me just what you want, how, when, and where you need assistance in the business you contemplate, I will be very glad to render all aid in my power and give any practical advice or suggestions in the selection of a desirable assistant that may be of value to you. You can understand, I am sure, that the facts you give me are too few to supply any positive inference, and that I must be extremely minutely informed in order to lay a proposition before any one. I have not the least doubt that a young woman endowed with the very qualities and capabilities you mention can be easily found, and as far as I can judge, your scheme seems practicable and interesting.

**AMATEUR.**—I am sorry I cannot oblige you with a prompt and helpful reply to your letter; but such queries are quite out of my province. Though I am aware that a "Correspondence" editor is supposed to have technical knowledge on all points and subjects, my stock of practical information includes few details bearing on canoe rigs. I shan't, however, take the liberty of referring you to an authority on such matters—a gentleman who can and will, I am sure, give you just the facts you need. Address Mr. C. Howyer Yaux, care of the *Outing Magazine*, Fifth Avenue, New York.

**WILLARD.**—(1) Never should the spoon be left in the cup as one drinks one's coffee, or at any other time. For tea, coffee, and chocolate the spoon is supplied merely to stir in the liquid and sugar, and when the spoon has fulfilled this function it must be laid in the saucer. The man or woman who lifts a cup to the lips, permitting the spoon to remain in it, is a vulgarian indeed, or so deplorably ignorant that a kindly friend should not permit him or her to continue in so grievous an error any longer than it requires to advise correction. (2) Yes, as far as the entrance of the pew, the gentleman precedes his feminine companion. At the pew door he steps aside, permitting her to enter first. He follows the same rule at the theatre, passing first down the aisle. (3) At formal private or public breakfasts, dinners, and luncheons, and at restaurants, the napkin should be laid on the table unfolded. At one's own table, when guests are formally entertained, the host and hostess never fold their napkins; also, when partaking of any meal at the houses of friends and acquaintances the napkin must be left unfolded. (4) A properly constituted young woman will not, under the conditions you mention, care to enjoy the attentions of any one, *à la ver, fâché*; and a young woman having the slightest acquaintance with the common laws of etiquette will refrain from accepting such attention under the given circumstances from any one but a cousin or other male relative. Perhaps, if the *fâché* put the question to the young woman as a point of etiquette, she would consent to give up the privilege accorded only those young ladies free of the exactions of semi-matrimonial bondage.

**NEPIA.**—You will, I am sure, quite understand when I explain my reasons for returning so promptly the pretty sketches you sent me. A most capable young lady supplies the magazine with all the fashion illustration needed; therefore, with the best will in the world I could do nothing practical in my department with your drawings, and thought it best to place them in your hands as soon as possible. I was very interested in your letter, and flattered to think that a few of my sincerest criticisms could in reality gain the serious consideration of a person so clever and earnest as yourself. I examined the sketches with great care, and it seems to me that there is no reason why you should not make the little "pot boilers" the means of bringing larger artistic opportunities for which perhaps you long, or better still, opening to you a practical, lucrative profession. Though the sketches show taste and ability, I really cannot persuade myself to dismiss them with a few idle, empty, semi-flattering phrases. I am therefore going to take the liberty of criticizing them and of offering you advice. If I am presuming too far, you must pardon me on the score of the motive that prompts the possible impertinence. What I want to say is: You have taste and talent, and I have no doubt ambition and steadfastness of purpose, so I am emboldened to add that you lack practice and practical appreciation of the work you are essaying to do. A fashion artist, to succeed, must aim to gain two of the most important points in her profession—she must understand detail, and she must give her figures a style, a poise, a certain effect of smartness; the French word *air* expresses all I want to say. For instance, the most successful fashion artists I know are absolutely ignorant of human anatomy, they pay no attention to the laws of nature, they draw their women in most shocking proportion, but, despite these drawbacks, their ideal pictures are excellent fashion plates, and those models with long necks, tiny waists, etc., show off the costumes to admirable effect. And it is all done in clear, sharp, decisive outlines that at once are so bad and so good. Let me advise you to examine the fashion plates made by *Pittet* in the *Lady's Pictorial*. They are a bit exaggerated, but a slight modification of their emphatic outline would make a perfect fashion

plate. Again, observe in the pen-and-ink fashion pictures how carefully the detail is carried out. If you would study this side of the question a bit, practise the drawing of such figures, and regularly study fashions, learn the name and weaves of materials, etc., and then come to New York. You could no doubt begin first at illustrating catalogues and fashion figures for advertisements. In the spring and autumn there is much of this type of work done in the large New York establishments. In that way you could secure a footing, and then slowly work toward the highest goal to be attained by a maker of fashion plates—the business of original designing for exclusive and wealthy firms and fashion magazines. I could write at greater length on this subject than I am permitted to. Write me again if you think I can be of any service to you. I must not forget to add that the initial letters were very charming.

## THE MART AND EXCHANGE.

1. Letters to *Mart and Exchange* must be marked "*Mart and Exchange*" in the left-hand top corner of the envelope, and addressed, "THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

2. Append initials or "*noms de plume*" to all communications for this column. Private addresses will be withheld at the office of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, through which all communications should pass, in order to insure the good faith of those making use of the department.

3. No letters will be forwarded unless accompanied by stamps.

4. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

## WANTED TO EXCHANGE.

**Camera.**—I want a good Hawkeye or Kodak camera in exchange for a girl's Eclipse tricycle, that is in perfect condition. The tricycle originally cost \$20.—**BIATON'S.**

**Bicycle.**—I have one Challenge nickel-plated, rubber-tire bicycle—price, \$65; one large lot and assortment of sea-shells from all parts of the world—price, \$40; one lot of ladies' dress-trimmings, \$35; one Buckeye harvester and binder, \$175; one maschine, \$500. Would like one new jump-seat buggy and organ in exchange for stock of goods.—**PRINTER.**

**Magazines.**—I offer for exchange or sale bound copies of the London illustrated *Punch* from 1856 to 1860; also, nearly bound volume of the well-known French daily paper the *Petit Journal*, issued during the last Commune, from the 23d of May, 1871, to the 14th of June, 1871.—**ETIAM.**

## WANTED TO SELL.

**Camera.**—A complete outfit for amateur photography; original cost of apparatus, \$30. Will sell for \$10, or \$12 if I prepay express. Everything in good order.—**K. D.**

**Photographs.**—Two hundred and fifty cabinet photographs of prominent people, all autographed; also, imperial and larger sizes of Harrison, Foster, Sherman, Blaine, McKinley, Morton, Longstreet, and others. Send stamps; state wants; prices reasonable.—**HAL.**

**Antlers.**—One pair of mounted antlers. Will pack, box, and ship for ten dollars, provided half of the amount is first remitted me.—**HAL.**

**Photograph Manuscripts.**—Autograph copy of "America," "Sweet By-and-by"; autograph photograph of Tennyson; letter from Bismarck; commission signed by Washington. Make best offer; must be sold at once.—**HAL.**

**Soda Lake.**—A natural soda lake, a valuable investment for persons with capital to spare. Only a mile and a half from the railway.—**SODA.**

**Dog.**—A fine Newfoundland dog, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds, is well trained and well mannered, four years old.—**DOGS.**

## WANTED TO BUY.

**Photographs.**—Cabinet-size photos of J. L. Motley, James Parmenter, J. E. C. Cooper, A. Graham Bell, Hiram Powers, and D. L. Moody. Will exchange a six and a half by eight and a half photograph of Columbus, from Moro's celebrated painting, that was recently purchased by C. F. Gunther, of Chicago, for \$10,000. It is the portrait used by Washington Irving in his history of the discoverer. Will exchange the Columbus picture for cabinets of any of the above-named celebrities, or will exchange an original cabinet photograph of Lincoln (the one chosen by his Springfield friends for the painting for the Illinois State House) for any of the six first celebrities above mentioned. Will also exchange a cabinet photo of H. H. Richardson, the architect, for any one of the above.—**FAV. DE KALB.**



## GRAPHOLOGY.

BY L'INCONNUE.

## RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. Persons desiring to test character-reading by handwriting should send at least fifteen lines of original composition in the subject's handwriting, and signed by an assumed name, under which the reply will be given.
2. Letters must be marked "Graphology" in the left-hand top corner of the envelope, and addressed to *L'Inconnue, care of Editor, The Illustrated American, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixth Street New York.*
3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

**HERMIA.**—This subject is as like as two peas in a pod to ten thousand of her kind. She is commonplace, cautious, quick-tempered, aspiring and cheerful, is orderly, industrious, very determined when she really wants a thing, has little mental force, and very fair cultivation.

**MERCEDES.**—Another adolescent correspondent, who may develop interesting traits of character with maturity, but who as yet is all impulse, emotion, warm enthusiasm, and deep convictions, that she will undoubtedly discard as she grows older. She is inclined to be obstinate, has a very sweet temper, vivacious manners, and a sanguine temperament.

**H. W.—Rixhelm, Alsace.** On lines, which is a fact sincerely to be regretted, as the writer is a man of fine parts, unusually interesting and agreeable in his personality. He has an inquisitive, active, alert intellect, that has received a very high polish, and is capable of sterling and successful effort. He is passionately fond of argument, and is both clever and convincing in disputation, possesses cultivated talent, is fond of speculative reasoning, is an enterprising, shrewd, and reserved tact, knowing the best in the world how to keep his own counsel. His temper is imperious and resentful of familiarity and opposition, his will vigorous, yet fatally lacking in consistency or sustained endeavor. Indeed, here would seem to be the weak spot in the writer's nature, and if he fails it is certainly due to want of persistency and mental ability. He has several polite accomplishments, is dignified, high-bred, has the most elegant and enlightened tastes, and very deep feelings.

**QUEEN.—Chicago.** This example signifies unbounded impulse, generosity, ardor and aspiration, slowly stirred yet passionately tender, devoted, and unselfish affections, a rather reserved nature, a vivid imagination; love of social pleasures, luxurious surroundings, and the material joys of life; a healthy disposition free of morbidness, a great deal of practical sense, discretion in most things, a sensitive yet sweet temper, considerable force and earnestness of will, and a well-trained, responsive mind.

**JACQUELINE.**—Pseudonym used before; postmark, New York. An utterly conventional personage, whose gentle amiability, susceptibility and demonstratively affectionate disposition, whose very romantic imagination, hopefulness, candor, and great care for appearances are the only qualities seen.

**E. FLURBIUS UNIM.**—This study implies almost an equal number of virtues and defects. It shows its author to be a person of acumen, abundant brain power that has been carefully cultivated, having shrewd and ready wit, a quick and alert understanding, a great fondness for intellectual pursuits, loquacity, fluency, and some charm as a conversationalist, conceiving many original ideas, thinking independently and logically, and being personally of an admirable refinement. On the other hand, he is rather self-conscious; his will, that is earnest and consistent, is always seeking to dominate others; his temper is far from amiable, and, under a strain, might become quarrelsome. He cherishes all sorts of vagaries, is capricious in many ways, displays a touch of egotism, and is constantly obliged to be on guard to keep his peculiarities in check.

**KATE C. SMITH.**—There is little to comment upon here, save the writer's indecision, her liberality in the use of money, her wholly conventional tastes, her ideals, her unflinching good humor, kindness, obstinacy, candor, immaturity, lack of a settled purpose, and stanch affections.

**SHIRLEY DE N.**—This style of penmanship is not strikingly original, but it at least indicates a very thorough breeding, capacity

for sustained mental effort, refined and cultivated tastes, an agreeable, companionable personality, ready appreciation, slow but sure and deep affections, a prudent tongue, lack of pretense, an earnest consistency of purpose, a hasty yet not unkind temper, and temperance in all things. The disposition is genial and sanguine.

**PALLAS ATHENE.**—If you really desire the candor you request, it is hereby given. You need severe self-discipline the worst in the world, for there is unmistakable evidence of self-indulgence, going your own gait at all costs, and of extravagance in many ways. You possess abundant mental and physical vigor, but show uncontrolled, freakish imagination, impulses that are permitted to take the place of reason, carelessness, unsystematic habits, and too much materiality. It will be worth while correcting your numerous shortcomings, for you are by nature very ambitious; have a determined, reliable will; are vastly clever; could easily train yourself to lucid and logical thought, and by your energy, force, independence, and originality achieve high and gratifying ends.

**APHRODITE.**—Study enclosed with the above; is as immature in appearance as your author confesses herself to be in reality. In such cases, it is really very unfair to both parties to accord any delineation whatever. Suffice it to say, she, too, has an aspiring, earnest will, that argues well for the future; is not the least bit commonplace; is refined, imaginative, too easily discouraged, and very dignified and self-possessed.

**TAOFOO.**—A strong, masculine handwriting, full of self-reliance, independence of character, and energy of both mind and body. Egotism and self-esteem are described, but the latter quality is somewhat justified by the vigorous, insistent will, the clear, logical judgment, the ability to conceive and carry to successful conclusions, schemes requiring foresight and pluck. The brain is bright and active, the instincts honorable and straightforward, the temper dictatorial and fond of power, capable of passionate violence, and not under very good control. Cultivation, personal dignity, candor and yet reserve upon private matters, systematic habits, and healthy, material tastes are seen, with an absence of susceptibility, and much intensity and depth of feeling.

**AMBITION.**—In spite of the pseudonym given, no particular aspiration is disclosed. Indeed, on the contrary, a tendency is indicated of yielding to despondency and growing discouraged under obstacles. An admirable degree of prudence and reserve is denoted, with an even, disciplined temper, an earnest though scarcely enterprising will, a lively imagination, a strong, determined, agreeable, attractive personality, and no special talent or intellectuality.

**APOLLO.**—The third study in this series; is an energetic, capable, yet rather ordinary person, who is loquacious and talks well, is discreet, unreflected, bitterly prejudiced on a good many points, possesses strong gregarious instincts, has a genial, friendly manner, is direct, practical, cares little for intellectual pursuits, sees things clearly, is reliable, of sound judgment, shows no ambition, has equanimity of temperament, and is interested in the opposite sex.

**RACHEL.**—Enclosed with the above; manifests the most elegant and fastidious tastes, a vivid and romantic imagination, a versatile, nervous, restless nature, fond of excitement, loving admiration, passionately and demonstratively affectionate, sensitive to the influence of the opposite sex, having a bright, reflective, reasoning mind, highly cultivated, with literary and artistic perceptions; very candid, fluent, and entertaining in conversation, quick tempered, fairly resolute, and somewhat disposed to alternating moods of elation and depression of spirits.

**PENFLORE.**—This, the fifth example under one cover, develops no very special interest. Its author is a versatile person, with many and varied interests, delightfully unpretentious, sincere and ardent in her attachments, deft of hand, and usually successful in anything she essays to do. Her temper is short but sweet. She is well bred, not especially vigorous or persistent of purpose, is liberal, sympathetic, dignified, and altogether very likable.

**HERK DOY.**—This specimen is significant of a hasty and rather headstrong individual who jumps at conclusions, is not critical, lacks insight, follows his impulses rather than the dictates of reason, and whose judgment is not very reliable; is energetic, but often lacks the force and resolution to follow through. His sanguine, cheerful disposition, is physically active, is amiable, loquacious, friendly, and not very cultivated.

**BUTTER CUP.**—Your original letter, dated November 6th of last year, has just come to light. It proves you to be a more than ordinarily clever and agreeable woman, and it is but natural you attract people; not, as you affirm, for their amusement, but chiefly because you have an active, cultivated, independent intellect, very quick perceptions, a keen sense of the ridiculous, a sprightly, original imagination, many vivid interests, and, more

than all else, are sympathetic. Your mind reasons logically, which is uncommon in your sex, is fond of argument, and seldom satisfied with conventional explanations. You are ambitious, firm, have an imperious temper, brook small interference, love to exercise your power over others, dictate more than receive advice; you are amusing, very ready in conversation, are outspoken, yet it must be confessed that at the same time you use diplomatic *amenities*.

**FRIDITA.**—Is not the least bit original, her conversation abounds in platitudes, she is commonplace in the last degree in mind, tastes, and ideas, her disposition shows good wearing qualities, she lacks high culture, is sanguine, has a very sensitive temper, and no sense of humor.

**HUNTER.**—Milwaukee. It is impossible to deny the possession of many of the faults caulked, notably stubbornness, too ready a yielding to moods and impressions, a total conventionality of thought and tastes, and an absence of the discipline and cultivation that would do much to correct these shortcomings. Refined instincts, fidelity and depth of feeling, a temper over-hasty in taking offence, a timid, procrastinating will, and conscientiousness are all seen.

**HARVARD.**—Greenwich. This study is replete with ambitious hopes seconded by a resolute, consistent will that aspires very high indeed. Unbounded generosity, personal dignity, and yet unflinching good humor, a canny tongue that only occasionally grows indiscreet, absolute simplicity and sincerity of feelings and manners, bodily and mental energy, with a healthy materiality of tastes, a frank appreciation of the good things of life, love of table luxuries, handiwork, surroundings, and social amusements. The temperament is sanguine, and can have suffered few serious disappointments, the affections free of the least sentimental cast, though capable of passionately tender and unselfish attachments. The mind is strong and direct, the cultivation high, and tastes elegant.

**VAGHAN.**—This correspondent suffers from deep and frequent despondency, succumbing readily to serious attacks of the blues. Nor, in view of some of her plainly defined characteristics, is this to be much wondered at. She is hypercritical, and inclined to be suspicious of others, is inquisitive, tenderly and dependently affectionate, and does not possess sufficient moral force to resist these morbid tendencies. Courage and self-confidence are lacking. Her strong, persistent will is unhelpful. She has a vivid, romantic, and undisciplined imagination, and whenever her interest is aroused, lacks facility, is full of individuality, has an original and cultivated mind, is very frank, naturally sweet-tempered, totally unselfish, and is high-bred.

**THE IDEAS OF MARCH.**—Aspiration is implied, with a hopeful and earnest, but occasionally erratic will. The writer is a man of parts, and has enjoyed advantages that have polished his several gifts; still, he cherishes some decided vagaries. He is disputatious, is bright and convincing in argument, is fond of speculative reasoning, possesses some critical ability, has admirable literary perceptions and tastes, is original and graceful in imagination, loves books and intellectual pursuits, has a short, impatient temper, is an agreeable and easy conversationalist, is keenly appreciative of beauty, is capable of stubborn resistance, holds to some very intense prejudices, despises ostentation, is emphatic, direct, and indifferent to detail.

**DUNCRESS.**—Notwithstanding an avowed desire for perfect franchise, it is hardly possible that this subject would relish or accept kindly an absolutely candid delineation. The doubt is expressed because her temper is hasty and sensitive, rather too quick to take offence, and also because she is a reserved person in speech, seldom giving way to indiscreet bursts of feeling. She shows a good many angles in her disposition, and though free of extravagance in every way, and possessing pretty fair control of herself, is not a particularly easy individual to get on with. Honesty, absolute sincerity, open and manly manner, a quiet yet arbitrary and steadfast will, are among her chief characteristics. She is thrifty in using money, usually looks on the bright side of life, is not broadly generous, but self-forgetful toward those she loves.

**AN OLD BEAR.**—Study enclosed with the above; has much more mental force, and is full of strength and good qualities. For instance, he is a manly man, with little nonsense about him, is resolute, insistent upon achieving his ends, is systematic, prudent, imperious in temper, shows a keen and correct idea of selection, is critical, able to reason clearly and connectively, capable of sustained brain effort, and is rarely led away by his emotions.

**D. A. V.**—New York City. This handwriting indicates a certain cleverness, but carries very little individuality with it. The writer entertains an unmistakable amount of self-esteem, but is neither vain nor egotistical. He is personally dignified, is energetic, has generous and kindly impulses, is very well bred, has refined, even fastidious tastes, holds a number of active interests, suffers not infrequently from despondency, is most amiable, is not

easily deterred from accomplishing a desired end, loves argument and disputation, has few bad habits, some small talents, is a fluent speaker, and not especially gifted.

**FRANCY VYAS.**—A masculine chirography, though the author claims to belong to the gentler sex. Very little sympathy, softness, dependence, and imagination are manifested, considering it is a woman who writes; but, on the contrary, the characteristics disclose a critical, inquisitive, almost suspicious mind, practical, possessing no intuitive grace or love of harmonious beauty. Speech is inclined to be reserved and very prudent, the affections to be slow but faithful and deep when bestowed; the ideas and tastes are refined, yet not individual; equanimity and self-confidence are likewise seen.

**DIAMONDS.**—Yes, your handwriting is unlike nine-tenths of those received, and you certainly do show considerable artistic perception, with sufficient originality of mind to insure you a certain measure of success. It is impossible to define the exact worth of your musical talent through such a medium, and it causes one to doubt your practicality to even put so unwise a query. You are romantic, sentimentally inclined, love poetry, are passionately sensitive to perfumes, beauty, and color, you lack all vigor or earnestness of will, have a hasty, poorly disciplined temper, are almost faultless in your refinement, and will need very much higher culture to triumph.

**HUNTER.**—Depression of spirits is plain to see, and that this subject yields too readily to discouragements. The will is strong enough but unhelpful, the temper never agly, though could scarcely be termed sweet, speech is carefully considered and cautious, mind pretty well cultivated, yet devoid of originality; instincts refined.

**BEAKS CO.**—It is really quite embarrassing to be called to sit in judgment so frequently upon the intellectual capacities of the various correspondents. No; it cannot be said with truth that you possess the least literary ability. In the first place, your mind shows utter conventionality, and your culture serious limitations. You do not think with any original force or grace, and could only lay up unhelpfulness by cherishing such an idle ambition. Your mind is wholly practical, you show no sustained enterprise in your will, are devoid of imagination, are thrifty, kindly, systematic, of an even and amiable disposition, seldom give way to impulse, are unpretentious, unemotional, and entirely tender, unselfish, and true in your attachments.

**EM VEL.**—Here abundant aspiration and considerable dogged determination are discerned. There is also portrayed a large share of self-esteem, some pride of carriage, and personal dignity. The fancy is vivid, very romantic, fond of effects and situations, indulges in many air castles, is graceful but not startlingly original. Care for superficial appearances is seen, with an impressionable nature, inclined to the emotional though held pretty well in hand. The tastes are refined, artistic, and extremely conservative; mind is cultured, yet shows no original vigor; affections are demonstrative and susceptible; the desire for commendation is strong, and an abiding interest is felt in the opposite sex.

**EXEMPLI GRATIA.**—Is a high-bred, fastidiously refined woman, whose tastes are all elegant and luxurious. Her intellectual capacity is above the ordinary, and, while far from being a genius, she is mentally cultured, thinks clearly and independently, has very quick perceptions, correct ideas of art, and is fond of literature, with the habits and theories of a polite dilettante rather than an actual worker. She is not free of self-consciousness, and is full of self-esteem, while honestly despising egoism and ostentation. She is well poised, calm, self-possessed, smooth, and attractive in manners; is a fluent conversationalist; is both shrewd and reserved in speech; is intolerant of interference or familiarity; has a haughty, overbearing will, that is stubborn in relinquishing its purpose, and is thoroughly reliant. The temper is unemotional yet not sweet, impulses generous, great stress is laid upon detail, the imagination is inclined to exaggeration; she is physically indolent, has an insatiable love of admiration, is capable of the most passionate attachments, and is sensitive to the influence of the opposite sex.

**IRACONOUS.**—This subject, in spite of his self-deprecation—which is always in questionable taste—is a delightful and amusing man. He does get sadly down on his luck at times, and swears savagely at fate. However, his nature is hearty and rebounds to the level of his rather enterprising will. Persistence is not disclosed, his temper is uncertain, and too often his interest in things flames and fades, and he grows jocular and irritable by turns. He is candid, is never afraid to speak his mind plainly, is never morbid or stubborn, is prejudiced, has healthy, vigorous, enlightened tastes, honorable instincts, some lofty ideas, and is very unpretentious.

**URS IN RUKE.**—A nature stimulated by high and healthy aspirations, and filled with an ambition his marked ability should

enable him to realize. A decidedly talented man, whose alert, graceful, receptive intellect has been beautifully polished by careful culture. He has gifts far above mediocre, is broadly sympathetic, capable of long-sustained mental effort, is versatile, full of quiet humor, has fastidious, artistic, and literary tastes, is speculative and argumentative, critical and inquisitive, lucid and logical in his reasoning faculties. His will is earnest, and he seldom surrenders to the few idiosyncrasies he betrays. He is far from susceptible, is scarcely gregarious, appreciates the virtue of reserve, and is eminently refined in feelings.

**O. B. C.—Grand Rapids.** Here is a plain case of abundant cleverness that is likely to go to waste because its possessor is an erratic, impulsive, helter-skelter sort of a man, who does most things by halves, is indolent and indolent by turns, and has very indifferent staying powers. He shows facility, and, quick wit, freedom in the use of money, love of ease and amusement, carelessness, and abundant capacity for more substantial successes.

**CAROLUS.**—If told that he displayed a good deal of mental affection and prided himself on certain poses, it is extremely doubtful whether this correspondent would concede it to be the truth. Yet such is a fact that he cherishes quite a number of vagaries, is fond of creating impressions, and often forgets to be natural. He is a systematic, somewhat egotistical, very dignified, well-bred individual, who is often fired by ambitious energy, is rather fond of displaying his powers, cannot endure the least opposition or even good-natured ridicule, has a sensitive, but very kindly temper, is severely critical of others, is quiet, never exaggerates, knows how to hold his tongue, is discreet in his use of money, and secretly very much interested in the opposite sex.

**HOCUSWIRE.**—This is a broadly characteristic handwriting, betraying certain mental and moral qualities with unmistakable fidelity. It discloses a fastidious sense of honor and probity, an absolutely unyielding will, stubborn and rather narrow in its views. The nature is pure, upright, stanch, and sincere, the principles are uncompromising, imagination limited, and sympathies consequently restricted, impulsive, generous and self-forgetful to a fault. A strict, conscientious sense of duty, an utter distaste for all forms of vanity and ostentation, personal dignity and reserve, very little artistic perception, a clear, alert, cultivated, and idealistic mind, a hasty, impetuous temper, freedom in the use of money, perfect equanimity of disposition, candor, a loathing of deceit, and much unconscious encouragement of intellectual vagaries.

**NYDIA.**—Tel. An extremely commonplace specimen, that discloses little of the writer's individuality. Beyond her cheerful disposition, her conventional ideas that lack sequence, her loquacity, refinement, intuitive caution, her warm enthusiasms, conservative tastes, sweet temper, and genuineness, there is nothing to say.

**MONTREUX.**—A keen and hearty sense of humor reveals this character from complete conventionality, but even then it is un-intellectual, and the determined, consistent will has evidently not been directed toward achieving a high degree of mental culture. The fancy is lively, manners are vivacious and rather attractive; entire reasonableness, an absence of pretence, and fairly good temper are discovered. Candor, love of change, and personal refinement may be added.

**VERGIE BAKOKE.**—Is a mediocre individual, who is highly conservative, and presumably a youthful correspondent who may hope to improve with maturity. Just at present she is sanguine, of a romantic, imaginative nature who would do well to study some practicalities with greater diligence. She is inclined to be indolent, her energies fluctuate, she is gentle, suffers occasionally with the vapors, is fond of poetry, not averse to a little sentiment now and then, is often unguarded in speech, shows little persistence, is refined, and devoted in her attachments.

**GRATITUDE.**—Astoria. Another subject who in reality esteems herself vastly, yet feels called upon to assume an unnatural humility of pose. She is an ambitious, ardent, virile, buoyant woman, who yields ungraciously even to circumstance where her own way is involved, overflows with vitality, and dearly loves life with its variety and delights. Her mind is versatile, and with less self-consciousness and higher culture might almost be classed as brilliant; she shows capacity for well-sustained mental effort, is earnest, resolute, imaginative, obstinate, has a passionate, yet, in ugly temper, is restless, eager for travel and change, is inactive both mentally and physically, betrays unbounded self-esteem, some hauteur and pride, entertaining speech, reserve in treating personal matters, no susceptibility, but a great love of admiration.

**EXPECTANT.**—A very common pseudonym; postmark, New Haven. Extreme sensiveness and tenderness of the affections, with devoted and unselfish attachments, are marked traits of character in this example, that is also indicative of susceptibility to impressions and influences; an active, graceful imagination,

fluency and charm in conversation, an equable though not sanguine or ambitious temperament, caution, reserve, personal dignity, exquisite refinement, generous sympathies, liberal views, a cultivated but not an original or creative intellect, a somewhat artistic will, mild but firm, an almost passionate love of beauty, and ideal rather than material tastes are discovered.

**HELEN MUR.**—Conventionality is implied in every stroke of the pen, and shows that, notwithstanding the writer's vivacity, uncontrolled fancy, her pluck and physical energy, she is conservative, and at times suffers acutely from mental depression. She is not easily discouraged, is very sweet-tempered, has varied and active interests, is outspoken, sincere, loquacious, indifferent to detail, is quite dignified and warm-hearted, while not in the least susceptible.

**THE ORIGINAL BILL.**—There is abundant individuality here, an independence that not infrequently goes the length of becoming eccentric. The writer holds to a number of amiable vagaries, and defends his idiosyncrasies with warmth and cleverness. He is critical, inquisitive about always knowing both sides of a subject, indulges in a good deal of speculative reasoning, is not without caprice, has a ready wit, quick perceptions, a swift and hot temper when aroused, is entertaining and amusing in speech, is candid, strong-willed, and interesting, with an original and well-cultivated mind.

**TURBULO.**—A chirography that carries little significance with it, for its author is wholly commonplace. True, she is very started with delicate tastes, sensitive feelings, is quietly firm, is placid, amiable, and kind, but certainly not the least bit brilliant.

**GERMAN.**—Study enclosed with the above: is much more individual. The writer is a foreigner, a talented, critical, interesting person, who has an imaginative, impressionable temperament, with no capacity for reasoning, but is guided solely by instincts, impulses, and faith. She is passionately and tenderly affectionate, has artistic and literary perceptions, loves order, is amiable, and is earnest in all she does.

**MONSIEUR.**—Here is commonplaceness again, helped out by cultivated, but nevertheless, conventional, every-day candor, a hasty, arbitrary temper, restiveness under control, ability to see both sides of a question, a keen sense of justice, loquacity, gregarious, friendly instincts, and many pleasant, companionable qualities are described.

**DAVE.**—This study portrays an odd mixture of impressionability and an excitable, poorly disciplined nature. The fancy is extravagant and uncontrolled, whims and impulses are indulged without thought of consequences, caprice is seen, with a total lack of system, healthy vigor, or self-poise. The disposition is emotional, fond of travel, and very restless; the instincts are refined; an abiding interest is felt in the opposite sex; the affections are susceptible, subject to change, and unduly demonstrative; the mind is critical, very quick of perception; is clever, responsive, and resourceful, will dissatisfied yet determined, temper kindly, and sympathies generous.

**THE UNKNOWN.**—Marked ambition, a poorly regulated but enterprising and sustained will, a determination to succeed at all costs, quick thought, hasty action, indifferent judgment, lack of insight or ability to make wise selections, strong impulses, a ready yielding to instincts and emotions, nervousness and want of a calm mental balance, caprice, desire for change, a quarrelsome temper if trifled with, luxurious tastes, and only fair mental cultivation.

**LUDWIN.**—A curious specimen, certainly not commonplace, and yet scarcely admirable in many of its features. The writer affects more ingenuousness than he really possesses, for he has a shrewd tongue that is never betrayed into saying an ill-considered word. It may be that adolescence has something to do with this utter lack of form, yet surely the several clearly defined vagaries imply maturity, as well as the canny temper and will so mild and yet so inflexibly resolute.

**EUREKA.**—Canton, O. You are quite right about the egotism; it assuredly does appear in your handwriting, but is fortunately of such an amiable kind as to disarm criticism. You have many more virtues than faults, being a sanguine, cheerful, companionable being who is very generally liked, is abnormally quick-tempered, but easily liked, and forgets all in the minute. You are easily jealous where you feel very deep affection, are practical, honest in every sentiment, not very intellectual, but have plenty of brain power, are tremendously stubborn on occasions, and love commendation.

**A. A. C. B. CRANK.**—A straightforward, equable, ordinary person, who shows abundant sterling worth and no special ability in any direction. His mind is bright and moderately cultured, he is temperate in all things, very loquacious, earnest, direct, emphatic, amiable, systematic, reliable, sincere, persistent, and cares little for sentiment.

# THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

VOL. XI.

New York.

For the Week ending JUNE 25, 1892.

Chicago.

NO. 123.



BENJAMIN HARRISON, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

(See page 25.)



## THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

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Single copies, 15 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, can be made by cheque, postal notes, money order, or registered letter, payable to THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., Beames Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W. C., agents for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN for the United Kingdom.

FRONTENOT, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, depot for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN in France.

ADVERTISING. The advertisements of leading firms solicited; for terms send to offices. Medical and low-class advertisements declined.

## Current Comment.

IS IT ADVISABLE TO SWOP HORSES WHILE CROSSING A STREAM?—The Tenth Convention of the Republican party has been in every particular a grand ratification meeting. It has selected as standard-bearer the man who led them to victory in the last election; it has endorsed the platform of 1888; it has placed on record its approval of the laws enacted by its representatives in Congress.

Within a few days the Democratic party will nominate its candidate, announce its principles, and prepare for the contest.

The entire voting population will then be solicited to cast a ballot for one chieftain or the other.

Partisan journals will then chant the virtues and demerits of the leaders. Hot words will pass from pen and tongue; false statements will be circulated, and the public at large will be, as usual, bewildered.

Nothing is more natural than loyalty to party or to chieftain. We have a way in this land of ours of casting our votes for the men for whom we have a personal regard or liking, or for the party with which we have affiliated. Thousands of voters cast their votes with the hope of gaining office; thousands vote with their party without exercising any personal thought whatever; and thousands more vote for one candidate or the other with no regard to the true import of the ballot they cast.

The election in November, 1892, will be an important one. Every man capable of exercising thought should consider the significance of his ballot. We are of opinion that it is more important than the election of 1888.

Every intelligent man knows for himself that constant changes in policy are detrimental to the success of any business enterprise. Prior to 1888 the business of the country had been conducted on certain established lines. Both parties were united in the belief that a change must be effected. Republicans declared that the general prosperity would be promoted by a higher tariff, while the Democrats declared the best results would be attained by a lowered tariff. The decision was left to the people. The people supported the Republicans. Time alone will demonstrate whether the Republican theory was right or wrong.

As it is, however, the tariff was changed. The merchants

or the country, irrespective of party beliefs, have gone into business under the changed conditions. They have made heavy investments of capital and have yet to learn the results.

The question for every man to consider is, whether it is advisable to again alter the conditions of doing business while business itself is still unsettled, or, in other words—Is it advisable to swop horses while crossing a stream?

FLOWER AND PARDONS.—Gov. Flower, of New York, is inclined to grant pardons rather freely; rather too freely, in fact. His predecessor in office stated that he believed executive clemency should be more extensively exercised. Being too busy with the rumssellers who visited him to give much time to this branch of gubernatorial work, he did the next best thing—he recommended clemency to other governors. Flower has taken his advice. We applaud the quality of mercy and admire the tender-hearted; still, let the laws be enforced!

MINNEAPOLIS AND "THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN."—In recognition of that young and beautiful city of Minnesota, which won for herself the proud distinction of having the Republican chieftains convene within her grand hall of industry, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN presented to its readers a copiously illustrated article. Scarce had the first copies been exposed for sale when they were bought up by appreciative readers. Thousands of copies were ordered by telegraph and our presses were forced to their uttermost limit. Even then the supply was far below the demand. Every delegate was presented with a copy, and a leading member of the Board of Trade wired us:—

"Copies all gone. Delegates want several copies for friends. Delegates and visitors leaving names to have Minneapolis forwarded. Will you print third edition of TOCUM?"

To which we replied:—

"Regret can not again go to press with Minneapolis number."

It is often so. Our advertisers frequently get the benefit of ten times the circulation they pay for.

LYNCH LAW IN THE NORTH.—In some aspects the lynching of the negro at Port Jervis, N. Y., was a more grievous crime against justice than many of the offenses of the same nature reported in Southern States. We do not wish to be understood as excusing any resort to lynch law, especially in cases where there has been no failure of the ordinary machinery of the courts to administer justice. But the motive that impels mob violence is sometimes such as to enlist the sympathy of many people who are law-abiding in ordinary circumstances. Thus, many of the Southern lynchings most closely paralleling that at Port Jervis are brought about by the belief that the safety of women and children in sparsely settled districts demands that retribution, swift and terrible, shall follow the crime. At Port Jervis this reason did not obtain. There was no reason for distrusting the ordinary machinery of justice. A mob simply yielded to thirst for vengeance, and answered a crime with a crime.

Lynchings, except in rare instances, do not tend to secure law and order, but rather bring the courts into contempt. They are entirely foreign to the spirit of respect for law that is one of the corner-stones of American good government. They bring disgrace upon us as a nation. What a spectacle was afforded by the action of the citizens of African descent in setting apart a day for fasting and prayer that the Almighty

would stretch forth His hand in defense of their race from their fellow citizens?

Lynch law begets lynch law. One lynching makes another the easier. The example of a mob in one county suggests mob violence in another.

Who can suggest the remedy for this state of things? As a rule the lynching mobs are not made up of the rabble and criminal portion of the community exclusively, but are directed by citizens of the so-called better class, and almost uniformly juries have refused to convict when prosecutors have risked unpopularity and social ostracism by endeavoring to have justice done.

**VAMPYRI.**—The People of the State of New York have two vampire-bats at their throat. They belong to the genera *Politician*, which is divided into two families, Democrats and Republicans.

These vampire-bats, Platt and Hill, have sucked the blood of the State patronage for years.

It is a joyful task to record the fact that the Convention at Minneapolis soundly whacked the Platt bifid foliaceous appendage on the nose, and temporarily damaged that organ of suction.

A solemn duty awaits the Convention at Chicago. It should rise in its might and do a similar service on the nasal protuberance of Hill.

Shall the great Empire State never rid itself of the vampyrity?

**LIBEL IN THE PULPIT.**—The discussion of the important question whether a preacher has the right to denounce secular wrong-doing from his pulpit, save in the abstract, is going bravely on in New York City. The secular arm, or to put it more plainly, the politicians who make a livelihood by governing the city, maintain that such denunciations are highly out of place, besides being in bad taste. This proposition was first advanced when the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst began his onslaught upon the city officials. It received some support from a Grand Jury who declared in a presentment that Dr. Parkhurst ought to be ashamed of himself. Then the tide of public opinion shifted a little when another Grand Jury made a second presentment finding that Dr. Parkhurst was pretty near right in what he said, and the police began shutting up the various dens complained of.

It is possible that a judicial determination may be had in the matter. One of Dr. Parkhurst's imitators said in the pulpit some highly uncomplimentary things about an Excise Commissioner who had been indicted, but whom it was found impossible to try, and the Excise Commissioner has had the preacher, the Rev. Thomas Dixon, arrested on a charge of libel.

Whichever way the law in the case may be settled, the discussion will go on in all probability. Unfaithful officials will continue to object to being denounced in church, and from time to time courageous preachers will act upon the principle that the moral surroundings of their parishioners are quite as important as the spiritual welfare.

**KENTUCKY AND TWO NEW STATES.**—A few days after Kentucky celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of her admission into the Union as a State, the House of Representatives passed a bill providing for the conferring of Statehood upon Arizona and New Mexico. It is interesting to contrast the early history of the three.

The first exploration of Kentucky was made in 1767 by John Finley and a few companions from North Carolina. Two years later, Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton started on their famous expedition, and six years later Boone founded a colony which he called "Transylvania in America." The romantic history and the condition of Kentucky in its early years are well described in the Indian name of the State, which means "the Dark and Bloody Ground." Kentucky originally formed part of Virginia and was the second State admitted into the Union. Her population in 1790 was more than 73,000, against 1,838,000 by the last Federal census.

The country forming Arizona and New Mexico was almost unknown when Kentucky became a State. It had been explored to some extent by the Spaniards, and some colonies had been established, but the arid deserts and precipitous mountains were the region in which many legends were located. For more than three-quarters of a century a trip to Arizona or New Mexico involved danger and hardship, and the possibilities of the two territories were regarded with doubt. Even in 1870 Arizona had less than ten thousand inhabitants. Since then, mines, cattle raising, and railroads have caused both territories to grow until now they are deemed worthy of Statehood. Whether they will be admitted for the present is, however, a question. New Mexico is credited by the Federal census with 153,593 inhabitants, and Arizona with 59,620. It is therefore argued by some that it would be well postponing their admission until they grow a little more and their future can be safely prophesied, especially as the most ardent advocacy of their admission at once is dictated by political considerations.

**CLEANSING THE STREAM.**—It is a pleasant fact in nature that a dirty running stream washes itself clean.

Some dirty bodies, exuding their filth and their slime, have polluted the Republican party.

At the Convention these bodies were tossed to one side.

Such men as Quay and Company always come to grief.

**THE KEY TO THE MAYA INSCRIPTIONS.**—Dr. Cyrus Thomas, of the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington, announces through *Science* that he has discovered at last the Key that will unlock the mystery of the Maya Codices and, probably, of the Central American inscriptions as well. He has not disclosed the nature of the Key, but is preparing specimens of his interpretations and explanations to be submitted to archaeologists and linguists. Commenting upon results obtained thus far, he says that while there are a number of conventional symbols, the great majority of the symbols are truly phonetic and the writing is of a higher grade than has been supposed hitherto.

Coming in this Columbian year, and being the work of an American, Dr. Thomas' discovery will prove of the greatest interest should he establish what he claims for it. In the way the Central American inscriptions are of more importance than the Egyptian hieroglyphics, because they are supposed to contain the records of a race of which we know almost nothing, and the mystery of which has stirred the imagination of writers and travelers. Stephens rhapsodized about the Phantom City of Yucatan, and Le Plongeon in our own day is out-Donnellying Ignatius Donnelly, and is finding in the fantastic ruins buried in the forest of Central America, the remains of the inhabitants of fabled Atlantis who escaped the Flood. All civilization, according to him, is of Maya origin, and the

Greek alphabet is in reality a poem describing the destruction of Atlantis.

Should Dr. Thomas succeed in reading these records, it is safe to prophesy that the results will be less romantic and less pleasing to the imagination than the conjectures of some of his predecessors in the same field. Dr. Thomas has done much valuable work in American archæological research, and it has all been marked by an earnest desire to get at the truth and facts, even at the sacrifice of the marvellous.

**GRANDPA TOM PLATT.**—Our venerable friend, Thomas C. Platt, late High-muck-a-muck in the Senate of the United States, did well by his boys in the Convention at Minneapolis. Poor young Fassett, whom he filled up with lingo and knocked down with a Flower last autumn, he boosted up into the temporary chairmanship of the Convention. The aforesaid young man was given an opportunity to make a pretty speech from a typewritten copy, which will doubtless delight the little Fassetts—so widely advertised last November—when pa comes home. Grandpa Tom also remembered Frank S. Witherbee, of New York, and got him an appointment on the National Committee. Witherbee will be an aid to his sponsor, as he is a man of untiring energy, great shrewdness in politics, and a staunch Republican.

**HAZING IN COLLEGES.**—Yale is in the position of Harvard a year ago. The secret societies of the university are on trial before public opinion on the very serious charge of making ingenious and cruel forms of torture a part of the ceremonies of initiation. The worst charge made against the "Dickey" Society at Cambridge was, perhaps, that the neophyte was branded with burning cigars. Most of the other trials to which he was subjected partook of the character of practical jokes, not always in the best taste. The charge against the Yale societies is the more serious because, unhappily, the occasion for it was the death of a young man, in consequence of an accident resulting from the initiation ceremonies.

Shocking as was the result, most people will agree with the coroner who investigated the case, and who decided that the carelessness which led to young Rustin's death was not such as is known to the law as criminal. Compelling a neophyte to run blindfolded in a street may not be a commendable practice; yet it certainly cannot be branded as brutal. The initiators are to be held responsible for carelessness in case of an accident to the initiated under such conditions; but there is a total absence of intent to do harm or to indulge in more than boyish fun.

At Yale, as at West Point, and at every other institution where large numbers of young men are congregated, there must always be more or less hazing; but year by year it seems to become less brutal in character.

**THE NOBILITY OF ENGLAND.**—It would be possible, were such an undertaking desirable, to write an astonishingly long series of papers upon the disreputable doings of the "upper classes" in England. But they would make neither profitable nor pleasant reading. Piracy, highway robbery, and even burglary can be idealized so that the reader forgets the crime in the excitement of the stirring narrative; but there is an element of meanness about the offences committed by these English men and women of position in society which deprives the offender of the right to sympathy. This one

cheats at cards; that one steals her friend's jewels, and then slanders her; a third attacks a helpless woman and slanders her afterward.

Common swindling is apparently to be added to the list of offenses. Sir Gilbert Edward Campbell is accused of utilizing his title of baronet and his position in society for the purpose of cheating aspirants to literary fame out of their money. The methods he resorted to are practiced in every land in which literature is cultivated, but the swindlers are criminals by training and association, whereas Sir Gilbert, during the fifty years of his life, associated with the most highly cultivated of his countrymen.

Recent trials in England have demonstrated the fact that the punishment for felony is imprisonment for a few months in cases in which the prisoner is of good family. Should Sir Gilbert be convicted, we shall learn the penalty of misdemeanors committed by persons of quality.

**VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE REID.**—For ten long, bitter years the printers have fought for their rights in the office of the *New York Tribune*. Whitelaw Reid has "protection theories," but they savor of protection for capitalists and oppression to labor. In the coming campaign the union printers of the country will pay their regards to Mr. Reid.

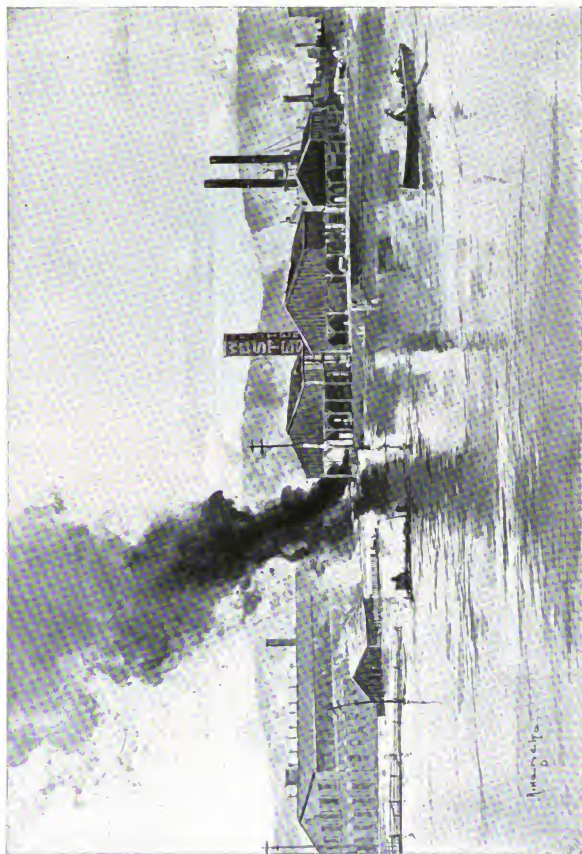
**DRESS REFORM AT CHICAGO.**—It is from the West that we must expect those reforms in woman's dress which are admittedly so urgently needed and which are nevertheless so slow in coming. The East is under the influence of Europe. It is dominated by Paris, Vienna, London. It dares not do what it knows is right because it fears the surprised stare of the foreigner within its gates. The haughty reproach of its imported butler, the resignation of its highly recommended maid, The West, clear-sighted, free from prejudice or tradition, can look upon things as they are and can do what is right without fear of criticism or disapproval. Therefore, it is not surprising to learn that Chicago numbers among its many public-spirited institutions a "Society for Physical Culture and Correct Dress," that it is flourishing, and that among its members are "women of more than ordinary grace, intelligence, and culture." And it must be borne in mind that Chicago has been going in for culture with great energy of late.

This most praiseworthy society held a notable reception not long ago, at which, we are informed, "many charming gowns, made after the strictest regulations of the society, sans whalebones and worn without corsets, were observed." Best of all, "nobody looked queer or 'reformed' in the least; but the effect, on the contrary, was one of graceful lines and harmonious effects and shades." One costume, "of tan-colored Bedford cord and bengaline, trimmed with gold passementerie, seemed especially designed for the youth and beauty that went with it." Another "was of old rose silk, draped with handsome black lace, and was an ideal 'reform' gown." But, unfortunately, space will not permit us to describe the triumphs of the reformed dressmaker's art displayed there. Suffice it to add that as the unrefined ladies present "watched the free and unconstrained movements of the emancipated, a wistful expression came over their countenances."

We wish all prosperity to the Society for Physical Culture and Correct Dress, and sincerely hope that it will carry out its intention of making an exhibit at the Columbian Exposition illustrative of its principles.



OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS: 141. GRACE HENDERSON. (See page 244.)  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.)



BREAKING OUT OF THE FIRE AT THE WESTERN REFINERY, AT OIL CITY, PA., DURING THE FLOOD. (See page 255.)

(DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE SPOT.)

## Flood and Flame.

### The disaster that overtook Titusville and Oil City, Pa.

THE fire-crested flood which poured down Oil Creek, Pennsylvania, on the morning of Sunday, June 5, from Titusville to Oil City, caused the most shocking calamity that has yet occurred in the oil region.

As in the case of the Johnstown disaster, which happened just three years ago, the flood was the result of the bursting of the dam of a fishing lake. As the torrent poured down the creek, inundating the towns and villages on its banks, a fresh terror was added in the form of fire.

It was about midnight when the dam at Spartansburg, about seven miles north of Titusville, gave way. The fire hoses of the boilers at that city's water and electric light works were quickly flooded, and Titusville was thrown into almost total darkness.

A tank of gasoline was overturned by the flood and its contents thrown upon the surface of the water. The gasoline floated half a mile down the stream without catching fire. Then the heavy vapor floated into a fire in the furnace of the stills of the Crescent Oil Refinery and ignited and ran back to the stream upon the surface of the water. The works instantly took fire, and explosion after explosion of stills and tanks followed. Then the fire rushed up the creek, setting fire to two other refineries. Tanks and stills immediately exploded, throwing floods of burning oil upon the stream.

Onward swept the fiery torrent, carrying with it tanks, stills, houses, barns, and horses. Clinging to driftwood, pieces of boards, timbers, and any other object they could lay hands on, were scores of human beings, with white and terror-stricken countenances, desperately struggling with death.

The creek had swelled from one hillside to the other. Tongues of flame, some two hundred feet high, pierced the darkness and threw a light upon the rushing waters. The shrieks and agonizing cries of the helpless human beings caged in their dwellings, like rats in a trap, in the middle of the water, and within the very shadow of death from burning oil, benzene, and naphtha that threatened at any time to engulf them; the shrill whistling of a hundred and one steam whistles, the jangle of the fire bells, the clatter of the steamers, hose carts, and look and ladder trucks; the crackle, roar, rush and rumble of the huge body of water and sky-piercing flames, all went to strike terror to the stoutest heart. The people, in their eager haste to get some place out of danger—they knew not where—in many cases rushed pell-mell over each other, and scores were injured by being knocked down and trampled on.

Terrible as was the disaster at Titusville, the damage caused by the fiery flood at Oil City, eighteen miles below, was still more appalling. Just before noon the people were watching the rising water, when the ominous covering of oil made its appearance on the crest of the flood. They began to fall back from the banks, but they had hardly done so when an explosion was heard up the stream. This was rapidly followed by two others, and quick as a flash of lightning the creek for two miles was filled with an awful mass of roaring flames and billows of smoke that rolled high above the creek and river hills.

Oil City is bounded on all sides by steep hills. Oil Creek comes down the valley from the north, and just before its confluence with the Allegheny is crossed by a bridge to that part of the city embraced in the Third ward, which lies along the west bank of the creek and the north bank of the river. Almost all that portion of the town was on fire within three minutes from the time of the explosion.

Among the many terrible incidents, the death of Mrs. C. P. Casperson, of Titusville, was one of the saddest. She was the wife of one of the leading business men of the city, the half owner of an extensive furniture factory and warehouses that were burned. The house was occupied by Mr. and Mrs.

Casperson, A. E. Chapman and wife, several men in Mr. Casperson's employ, and servants. Chapman is Mrs. Casperson's brother, and he and his wife had just arrived that day from Johnstown, Pa. The roar of the flood awoke the household, but no great damage was anticipated. Mr. Casperson became alarmed at last and told the rest they would better try to save themselves or they would all be drowned.

In a few moments the explosion of the Crescent refinery came. Then all became terrified. Casperson, Chapman, and other men went to the third floor to look, leaving the women below. Then came the other explosions, and they saw a floating tank coming down the stream. This exploded and caught fire. The men ran below, but the women were gone. Plunging into the stream, the men swam to the brick station opposite. From here they waded to a lively stable near by, but found the water so high that they could not cross. Then they went back to the station and found Mrs. Chapman on the platform, but Mrs. Casperson was not there. Casperson and Mrs. Chapman waded down the track to a bridge and were saved. Mrs. Chapman says that Mrs. Casperson and herself, while their husbands were upstairs, forded to the depot, and then Mrs. Casperson started down the sidewalk, wringing her hands and looking towards home.

This was the last time Mrs. Casperson was seen by Mrs. Chapman. The next time she was seen was by a man on the street. This man was trying to save her, and they were struggling. She was evidently crazed, and trying to get away. At length she escaped, and rushing into the water she was swallowed up.

Five men were seen to perish together at Titusville. The sight was witnessed by fully two thousand people, all powerless to render aid. The men had found a piece of timber, and were struggling to make the shore. Just when it looked as if they would reach it a neighboring tank exploded, and the burning oil quickly enveloped the doomed men. Death came to them almost instantly. But this was only one of many similar cases.

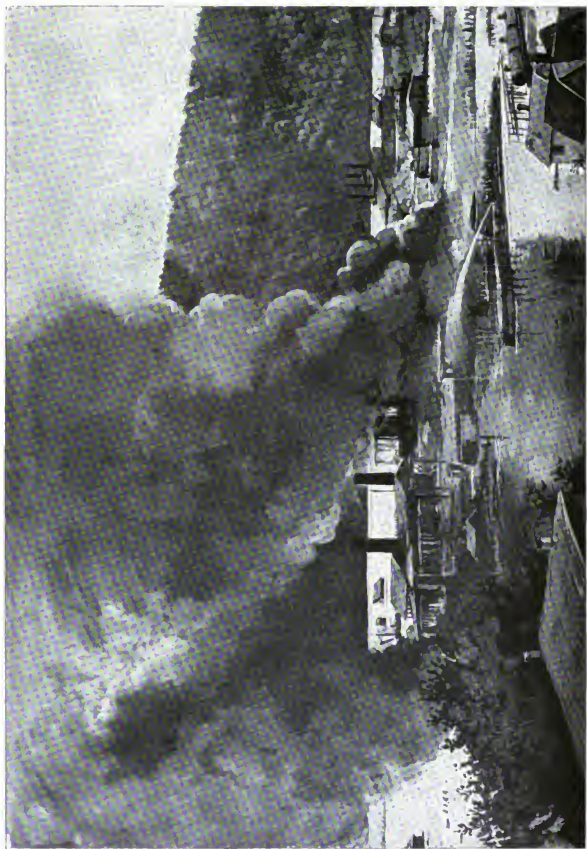
In Oil City, a boy was found dead kneeling at the foot of his mother's bed. She had been ill for some time and was unable to move. Her son preferred death to leaving his mother.

In the ruins in another house was found the corpse of a woman with clasped hands, as if death had found her praying, and beside her were two children who had died in each other's arms.

One of the heroes who gave his life to save others was William L. Stewart, of Siverlyville, a small village about a mile up the creek above Oil City. When the disaster occurred Stewart ran to his house and dragged a boat to the water's edge. For an hour he helped to pull people out of the houses on the bank of Oil Creek, and bore them in his boat to safety. A great wave of naphtha approached over Stewart's head, a house cracked, and in an instant he was engulfed in a mass of mortar, oil, and flame. From the river below stretched out a hundred tongues of fire—from above came a shower of timbers and plaster. Stewart was killed outright.

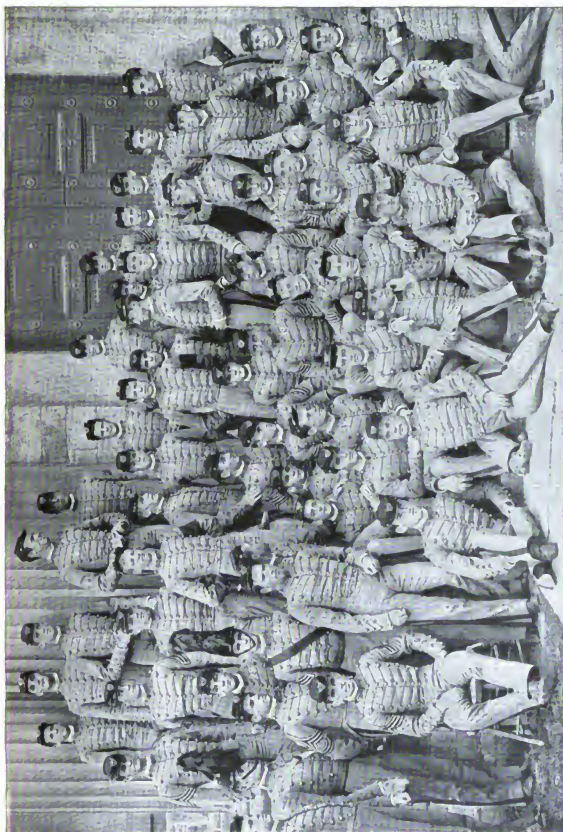
Painfully burned, perhaps maimed for life, lies William floating in his humble home at Oil City. He is a railroad conductor and a splendid swimmer. When he recovered from the shock of the explosions he saw and heard the pitiful appeals for help of the people on the house-tops. Into the waters he plunged, and saved five lives by swimming to shore with them one at a time. The sixth time he went back he did not look before he plunged into the stream, and when he reached his objective point he found no one. Behind him was a wave of fire sweeping onward on the water's surface to the house on which he was standing. A man of less bravery would have succumbed, for death seemed inevitable. Waiting until the flames were nearly on him, he dived into the water and swam towards the shore beneath the sheet of fire. Once he came up for air, and it was almost a fatal move for him. A little further and he was saved.

How many were killed in this awful catastrophe will probably never be known, but the dead certainly number over one hundred in Oil City alone. The bodies of many of the victims will never be found, for the swift current carried some away, while the fire made cinders of others.



BURNING OIL ON THE RUNNING STREAM SURROUNDS THE THOMAS REFINERY. THROWING WATER ON THE WORKS TO SAVE THEM.  
VIEW FROM HOTEL DRUNSWICK, SUNDAY AFTERNOON. (See page 255.)  
(DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE SPOT.)





THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1892, AT WEST POINT. (See page 463.)

1. George W. Kilpatrick,  
2. George N. Harrison,  
3. James A. Stewart,  
4. John M. Palmer,  
5. Samuel N. Rotherford,

6. George C. Barnhardt,  
7. John K. Miller,  
8. James C. Harrington,  
9. James C. Harrington,  
10. Edmund M. Leary,  
11. Kenneth Morton,

12. William H. Anderson,  
13. John F. Butler,  
14. John H. Laffin,  
15. Kirby Walker,  
16. Howard K. Thibault,

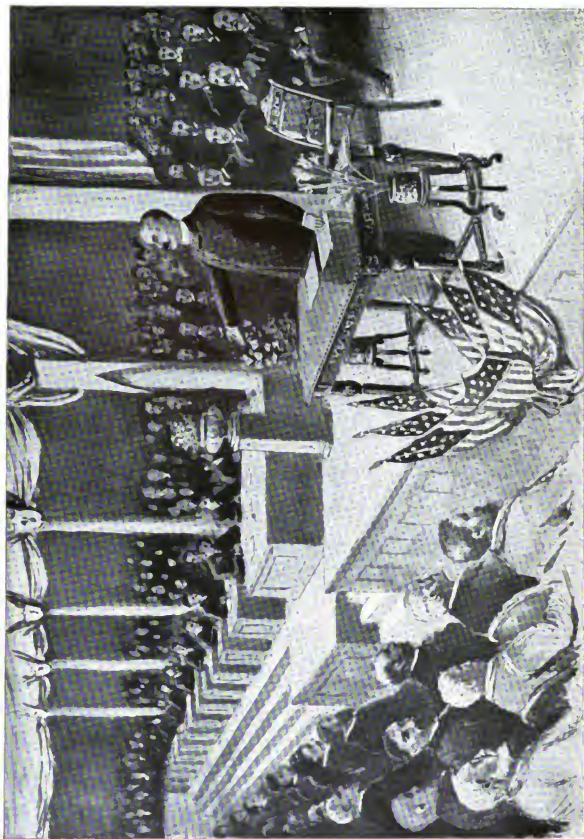
17. Marcus F. Scales,  
18. William E. Gleason,  
19. James T. Moore,  
20. Horace M. Reeve,  
21. John H. Porter,  
22. James B. Cavanaugh,

23. Cass, P. Sargent,  
24. Arthur Chase,  
25. Albert M. Ward,  
26. Henry A. Fox,  
27. Henry H. Whitney,

28. James P. Leretz,  
29. Charles E. Sweeney,  
30. James M. McLean,  
31. George M. Weeks,

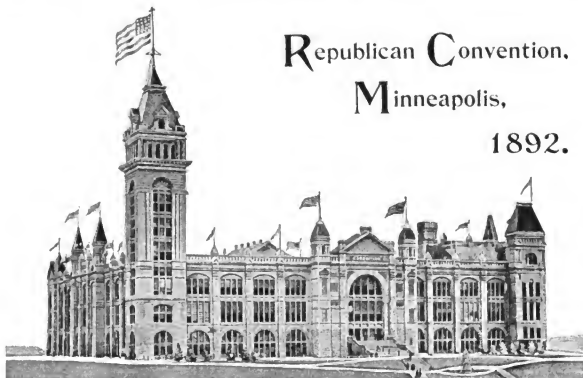
32. Samuel B. Arnold,  
33. Frederick T. Serpion,  
34. Samuel A. Bertram,  
35. Frederick L. Threlkeld,  
36. John W. Mauns,





J. SLOAT FASSETT, OF NEW YORK, TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN OF THE CONVENTION, DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS.

# Republican Convention. Minneapolis, 1892.



**A**T THE CONVENTION.—This seventh day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-two, I find myself an interested witness to the proceedings of the Republican party, in convention assembled, in Exhibition Hall, in the fair city of Minneapolis.

Nine hundred men, delegates from the States of our glorious Union, representing seven millions of Republican voters, have taken their seats. Some of them are old, but the great majority are in the thirties. Note—A bald pate is not the prerogative of the elders. Bald-headed young men outnumber the seniors.

I said these delegates represent seven millions of voters. This is true in theory only. The nine hundred young men have their masters, who instruct them. They dare not "bolt."

What is true of the Republican delegates, is equally true of the Democrats.

The school has come to order. In the soft light shed through the blue glass roof sit the delegates, with their bright faces turned to the platform. They are brimful of fun and frolic. The blare of brass bands in the street come through the windows; the ladies in the gallery swing their fans, and the delegates endeavor to suppress their frolicsome humors and attend to business.

The Chairman's table is the object of all eyes. It is of mahogany, carved for the occasion. In front of it lilies and roses are placed. The chair is of carved oak, massive and handsome. These rest on a Turkish rug which came into the country under heavy duties.

Chairman James S. Clarkson, late First Assistant Postmaster-General, beloved by the Republicans "for the heads he has cut off," in his capacity as Chairman of the National Committee, steps up to the table at 12.30, and taps the table with the gavel.

The Convention comes to order.

The reporters take up their pencils. These representatives of 65,000,000 of people, quiet, attentive, bright minded, listen.

Chairman Clarkson announces that the Rev. Dr. Brush, Chancellor of the University of the nickel-in-the-slot divorce State, will open the session with prayer.

The Reverend Brush, venerable, bald-headed, with a flow-

ing white beard, invokes Heaven to grant harmony to the assemblage and subordinate the issues to "Thy great will." Heaven thus interested in the pension steals and the tariff, the Convention is about ready to proceed to business.

Mr. M. H. De Young, known to his friends and admirers in the grand State of California as "Mike," steps to the front and reads the call for the Convention. Nobody can hear "Mike," but that is not to "Mike's" discredit, as the hall is not adapted to speaking, being absolutely innocent of acoustic qualities. "Mike" rattles the call off at a lively gait and sits down, wiping his bald pate with a fine handkerchief of foreign manufacture.

Once more Chairman Clarkson rises to announce the next set event on the programme.

He informs the delegates that the National Committee has nominated Mr. J. Sloat Fassett, recently defeated candidate for Governor of the State of New York, to serve as temporary Chairman.

At last the delegates have something to do, and they do it well. They cheer. They have come thousands of miles to cheer. The winds of the four corners of the Union meet, and at the name of Fassett they raise the roof.

Down in the front seat sits a grey-bearded little man. His shrewd, mean little eyes twinkle. This is Thomas C. Platt, and Fassett is his man.

Mr. Fassett leaves his seat and ascends the platform. He produces a type-written manuscript. Now and then he refers to it. Evidently he has patiently studied it.

The speech is chiefly noticeable for its many platitudes. He refers to the heroes of his party; men who were men in the days when the country required them; men who loved their country, labored for it, and suffered for it; they were not wire-pullers and politicians. A few remarks are worth noting.

COMPLIMENTS TO MINNEAPOLIS.—"It is eminently fitting that a Republican Convention should be held in a temple erected for the display of products of protection to American industries, and in this beautiful city of Minneapolis, the joy and the pride of the great West. This city, which just about equals in age the Republican party, with its prosperous mills and factories and workshops and its generous and happy homes, abounds in object lessons, teaching clearer than in any

words the sound wisdom of Republican doctrine." Speaking of prosperous mills, Mr. Fassett has evidently not heard of the trouble at the Carnegie Iron Works over a scale of wages.

**SOME GREAT REPUBLICANS.**—"The history of our party since 1836 is the history of our country. There is not a single page but shines brighter for some act or some word of some great Republican. Count over our chosen whom we are teaching our children to love, emulate, and reverence, and you shall name Republicans. Lincoln, Seward, Grant, Sherman, Garfield, Logan, Harrison, and Blaine—these are a few of our jewels, and we may proudly turn to our Democratic friends with the defiance—'Match 'em.' These men were great through their belief and advocacy of the ennobling and inspiring doctrines of the Republican faith. Name me over the great masterpieces of construction and progressive legislation, enacted since the civil war, and there, one by one, their authors and finishers will be found Republicans."

What absurd, delicious nonsense it is to class Garfield, Logan and Harrison, with such men as Lincoln, Seward, Grant, Sherman, and Blaine.

"The white hulls of our new navy are plunging the waters of every sea." To be sure they are. They are the result of the personal energy of ex-Secretary Wm. C. Whitney; to him and to no party is the credit due.

**THOMAS B. REED.**—"They have about exhausted in the Fifty-second Congress one year of Congressional life in vain attacks upon three items in a tariff bill made up of 300 items. At this rate of proceeding they would have to be trusted for 800 years in power before we could see a tariff reform as agreed upon by our conflicting Democratic friends. In contrast with that record of imbecility and folly, mark the work of Congress under the iron will and strong arm of Thomas B. Reed."

The country is about as tired of the "iron will and strong arm of Thomas B. Reed" as it is weary of the stubbornness and dogged obstinacy of Grover Cleveland. These men would make good kings, if the country is out for kings, or protectors, or slitors, but if the voice and will of the people are to prevail, Thomas and Grover had best be left at home.

Mr. Fassett concludes. Loud cries of "Reed! Reed!" fill

the hall. The delegates have spied the Honorable Thomas in the gallery. He steps forward. The Honorable Sloan announces that the Honorable Thomas "is always in order." Shouts rise over shouts. Then silence. Reed speaks well and briefly. His words have the popular and timely ring. His periods are punctuated with applause. He is the idol of the fleeting moment. He closes with this striking sentence: "Wealth and prosperity are noble, but human liberty is magnificent."

At once the chair announced that the Convention "will proceed with the regular order of organizing this temporary gathering," and thereby cut the delegates off from hearing any more speeches. The delegates kept their seats and talked of

many things while Mr. Clarkson read off a list of names, appointing secretaries, assistant secretaries and committeemen by scores.

At two o'clock the Convention adjourned to the next day at eleven o'clock.

To any one who has attended the conventions of the great political parties during the past and the present, one fact is noticeable. In the early days of the Republican party a live issue caused men of the highest position in their respective homes to lay aside their personal interests and espouse those of the nation. The people in all sections were represented by representative men. They were serious men of business. Their mission was a solemn one. The result of their action was of grave importance. As I look out from my desk and see be-



WARNER MILLER AND THOMAS C. PLATT CONFER.

fore me a vast array of faces, I scarce can see a single earnest face which carries upon it the look of grave responsibility. I have seen more intent faces peering over the rail watching swift horses on the homestretch. Before me are the faces of jocular, jolly fellows out on a grand lark. What they are to do they will be instructed to do; they are men who obey, who do not command. As I hear their names announced for committees, I scarce recognize them. Bright, clever young men, indeed they are, but they are not representative men in any way. They are simply bright youngsters with a fondness for politics, with a capacity for work, and an earnestness which has commended them to their chiefs.

And the chiefs!



GOVERNOR WILLIAM MCKINLEY, JR., OF OHIO,  
Permanent Chairman of the Convention.

There they sit, wiser, keener, more knowing. The love of country is nothing to them in these days. Their love is the love of power, place, patronage. Take Platt, for instance, shrewd, clever, and intriguing. With a gift for a friend and a knife for an enemy, he fairly represents the American statesman. Cautious, discreet, moving under cover, he is as alert as an Indian and as deadly to his foes. Seldom seen in public, avoiding the platform, scarce met in the councils of the camp, he plots and plans in secret, and his will is made apparent in the assemblages of the country. From a private station he takes the young man Fassett up and sets him down as Collector of the Port of New York, and again puts him up for the high office of Governor of the State of New York, and today he causes the country to recognize him as Chairman of the Convention. Another young man he causes to be announced as representing the same State in the National Committee. This is Frank S. Witherbee.

So much for his gifts; now for his knife. The blade is long, and keen, and bright. He will jab it into Harrison; he will sink it to the hilt and turn it there. To-morrow will tell how deep the knife has gone.

Near by sits Chauncey Mitchell Dewey. The presidential bee has buzzed in his bonnet but it was made of such stuff as dreams are made of. Jovial in manner, flowery in speech, ambitious by nature, he is useful to the party and is accorded a seat at the board of the chieftains, although his voice does not prevail at their councils.

McKinley and Reid are the strong men of the party, for it loves strength in men. These men possess it to a marked extent. They have the activity and brains of an advance agent to a circus. Strong, active, daring, they delight the people who admire these qualities. They represent in themselves the make-up of a young, hardy, vigorous people—just such people as have turned the Western prairies into fertile farm lands. McKinley is a coming man in national politics.

There, too, sits Quay. Quay, the man who hates Harrison from the top of his black felt hat to the very soles of his rusty

shoes. He was too big a dose even for Harrison to swallow without nausea. Although not the man he was, he is a man of force, therefore to be conciliated. He will be more than conciliated; he will be felt. He hovers about, as it is said, the Mafia hover about their victims. Miller, the ally of Platt, and Hiscock move about pulling the wires that will make or break a candidate.

One face is absent. It is that of James B. Husted, of New York. He lies ill at his hotel, unable to attend the gathering which has brought him to this fair city. Poor Husted he is ill, dangerously, it is said.

Over them all hangs the shadow of a man greater than all of them. Wiser in council, more experienced in statecraft, a standard bearer of his party. He, Blaine, once more is to set forth his claim to lead his party to victory.

As we glance over the chiefs who instruct "the delegations," we realize that when the chiefs are unanimous the delegates are unanimous. But while Blaine has his friends he has also his enemies, who support Harrison.

The chiefs summon their clans to rally about their banners. Each knows full well that if he can not plant his banner in his adversary's camp that a truce will be patched up upon terms agreeable to the strongest belligerents. And so if the Blaine and Harrison cohorts do not succeed in nominating the man of their selection, there will be one nominated who, in case of ultimate victory, will recognize the chief of the contending factions.

And so it is all a struggle for place, power, and pelf.

#### THE SECOND DAY.

AT THE CONVENTION.—June 25th. After a night of noise, of blow and bluster, of brass bands and tin horns, of rum and riot, of talk until men's tongues grew weary of wagging, the delegates and their army of followers have assembled in the hall. Many faces have lost their pink and white freshness. Nine-truths look bilious.

As the delegates take their seats their manner is more deliberate. They realize that the hour of work is approaching; they are expectant, too, for they do not know what the night



WHITLAW REID,  
Republican Candidate for Vice-President.

may have developed; they know their chiefs are tugging at the political wires.

Bishop Whipple is introduced. He offers a prayer in behalf of the people and asks that wisdom from above may add to the stock on hand. He wears a purple skull cap, from beneath which falls his long, thin grey hair. His face is thin and intellectual, suggesting portraits of Cardinal Richelieu.

Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, Chairman of the Committee on Permanent Organization, recommends Wm. McKinley, of Ohio, for permanent Chairman. A wild hurrah announces the popularity of the suggestion. Up comes McKinley, down goes Fassett. Poor Sloan, for all his money and his pains he has been awarded the honors of one day.

By the nomination of McKinley, of Ohio, it is apparent that he is out of the race for the Presidency. The Chairmanship is a sop. Ohio—if Ohio has a wish to place one of her sons in the White House—will present the name of John Sherman. Sherman is the dark horse.

Governor McKinley makes a rattling speech, which pleases the delegates. About the tariff, he says:

We stand for a protective tariff because it represents the American home, the American freddie, the American family, the American boy, and the American boy, and the highest possibilities of American citizenship. We propose to raise our money to pay public expenses by taxing the products of other nations, rather than by taxing the products of our own.

The Democratic party believes in direct taxation; that is, in taxing ourselves. We don't believe in that principle, so long as we can find anybody else to tax. The protective tariff not only does everything which a revenue tariff can do in raising all needed revenues, but a protective tariff does more than that. A protective tariff encourages and stimulates American industries and gives the wisest possibilities to American genius and American effort.

Does anybody know what tariff reform means? [Cries of "No! No!"] and yet this is to be the platform of our political opponents this year. What does it mean? You can study President Cleveland's utterances, from the first one he made in New York, when he said he did not know anything about the tariff, until his last one in Rhode Island, and you go away ignorant and uninformed as to what tariff reform means. Since the war there have been three great tariff reform bills proposed by the Democratic leaders, and none of them alike; no two of them with the same free list, no two of them with the same tariff list, no two of them with the same rates of duty, but all made by the Democratic party upon the same principle, to symbolize and represent tariff reform.

You may go to Mr. Mills, you may go to Mr. Springer, and you will find that they differ totally. But you may go to the House of Representatives at Washington, which was elected distinctively on what they call a tariff reform issue, with two-thirds majority in the House, and what do you find? That they have passed three bills. Let me name them: First—Free tin and steel or iron plates on which tin is coated—taxed, the finished product free and the raw material bearing a duty; second—free wool to the manufacturer and tariff cloth to the consumer; third—free cotton ties to the cotton states and tariff soap on all the rest of the States. That is their symbol of tariff reform.

This is the signal note. It proves that the Convention will be a grand ratification meeting only. It will endorse the policy inaugurated under the auspices of the party four years ago. It will stand close to the platform of 1888.

Then what means this wild hurrah; this blaring of bands, this sounding of horns, this waving of flags? It means that the party is divided in two camps of rival factions. Two clans who are out for the spoils of office, for place and patronage. No principle is involved. Men are seeking office; personal interests actuate men only.

In the hotels, in the rooms of the delegations, in the corridors where men gather, the words "tariff," "country," "income," "debt," are never spoken. It is always the name of a man. Men, not the exponents of ideas, but of factional strength and dispensers of patronage.

I note that there is no real interest taken in the proceedings. The delegates want something to laugh at. They shout for speakers who are not permitted to speak. Should a trained bear or a Cossack suddenly take the place of the Chairman they would be delighted.

These delegates are waiting for the chiefs to give the word to battle with the ballots. But the word does not come. Already the delegates are busy in the arithmetical problem of

dividing a small amount of money by the high price of living in Minneapolis. This troubles them. In this the party does not protect.

I see some men of note. There is Fred Douglass, the colored orator. Age has whitened his hair, and it causes his face to look blacker. The delegates called for him, but he shook his head. He is not anxious "to rise and shine."

Harry Bingham, of Philadelphia, reads the rules of the Convention—Tom Reed's rules for the Fifty-first Congress. How red his face gets! It is like a glowing sunset. Old General Mahone is seen and applauded. He works the picturesque in his costume, and affects the big shirt collars, the big cuffs, and the tan-colored vests of a past century.

The work of the day is being done in committees. The fight is before the Committee on Credentials. Here delegations will be seated or unseated. The votes of the opposing delegations are pledged. The chiefs are fighting for the admission or rejection of these delegations, as they are favorable or unfavorable. The delegates in the Convention can take no part in this fight. They are waiting.

The Convention adjourns to meet at eleven o'clock tomorrow.

### THE THIRD DAY.

AT THE CONVENTION.—June 9th. The delegates are seated. Rumors are rife of stormy meetings in committee rooms. The chiefs have plotted and planned all night at the West Hotel. The delegates have read the newspapers to see what the Convention did yesterday; to know what is going on about them. They are expectant. They realize that the factions are closing in for a fight. Platt, Quay, Miller, Depew, Payn, Robertson, McKinley, Reed, and other chiefs look tired, nervous, anxious.

McKinley's gavel falls.

General Cogswell, amid a profound silence, rises to read the majority report of the Committee on Credentials; he is followed by ex-Congressman Wallace, of Brooklyn, who reports in favor of the minority. The contests are in Alabama delegation. The readings are completed. Now the fight is before us. Chauncey I. Filley, of St. Louis, jumps to his feet in favor of the minority report. He is a staunch Illinite. May, of Delaware, a Harrison man, speaks for the majority report. Knight, of California, follows in behalf of the minority. Bethen, of Illinois, replies for the majority. Senator Wolcott speaks for the minority. Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, attacks him fiercely. Then Chauncey Depew rises to astonish. He confesses he knows nothing about the case, no more of it than of the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, and sits down feeling his pass out has not been thrown away. His flowery words have no effect. They seldom have when serious business is under discussion. He is followed by Rustiana Miller, of the straw hat, who says no more than Depew. Dirty-Mouth Cannon also shouts and accomplishes nothing. One looking on feels sorry that so much eloquence cannot affect a single vote.

The vote is taken; it is a test vote.

Result, 463 to 423 in favor of Harrison.

Except this fight, nothing occurs of interest.

The Convention will drag out another day, perhaps two. This is in favor of Harrison. The Illinite men are poor, and living in Minneapolis is dear just now. Like a summer resort, all the citizens are making a living out of "the boarders." The Convention has adjourned.

### THE FOURTH DAY.

AT THE CONVENTION.—June 10th. Gallery and pit are crowded; 12,000 men have met. They look the worse for wear. Some are triumphant, some are dejected. It is pretty well known how the battle will go. And, to-day, the battle of the ballots will be fought. Hopes will fall, and factions will be left wounded on the political battle-field.

Platt is significantly quiet—Depew is significantly jubilant. The star of Blaine, of Maine, is setting; the star of Harrison is rising bright and triumphant.

There were stormy scenes last night in the delegates' rooms.

at the West Hotel. Chiefs planned and plotted; fought and fared well and ill, but all could not be victorious.

Those who triumphed any one can see with half an eye.

11.37 by the clock. Chairman McKinley raps. The Convention comes to order. The delegates settle down in their seats: the women—and there are hundreds of them in the gallery—fan themselves violently.

The Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of the First Baptist Church of Minneapolis, offers up the prayer.

A Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, in behalf of the Women's Republican Association, is permitted to address the Convention. This misplaced and misguided female, having deserted her household duties for the day, essays the platform, and in a shrill, steam-whistle voice chants the patriotic virtues of her sex. She tells the Convention that women are heroic, and devoted to the men, etc. Having closed her harangue the women in the gallery applaud and I think of De Mericourt and the patriotic ladies of the French Revolution.

This disgusting spectacle of women out of the sphere God intended them for, having passed as an episode of the day, the business of the Convention proceeded.

Senator Wolcott nominated James G. Blaine. His speech was applauded by the Blainites and particularly by the women. Note.—I have often observed in Washington that the influence exerted by Madame Blaine indicated that she had a greater fondness for politics than her husband. Indeed, in the Blaine household, Madame often wore the breeches. I have suspected that James was a much be-witched man, that often he sighed for rest and recreation, but that Madame pushed him on. Her recent interview with President Harrison, when she shook her finger in the face of the representative of sixty-five millions of people and informed him that never again should he be President, confirms the impression. Mrs. Blaine represents those misguided females whose fondness for shining in public so largely contributes to converting the American home into a domestic hell.

Now rises to his pedal extremities one Dr. Gabiudus Chauncey Mitchell Depew; he of the fluent tongue. Glibly and neatly, in well turned sentences, pregnant with mediocre thoughts, the after-dinner speaker rattles off to the popular tune the sentiments of his faction of the Republican party. His word structure rises stage by stage until he is satisfied that his pedestal is completed, then he plumps down upon it for the dedication of his party the favorite son of Indiana.

Of him, he said:—

A poor and unknown lawyer of Indiana has risen by his unaided efforts to such distinction as a lawyer, orator, soldier, statesman, and President, that he reflects more credit upon his ancestors than they devolved upon him, and presents in American history the parallel of the younger Pitt. By the grand record of a wise and popular Administration; by the strength gained in frequent contact with the people, in wonderfully versatile and felicitous speech; by the claims of a pure life in public, and in the simplicity of a typical American home, I nominate Benjamin Harrison.

Then this apotheosis of well-dressed, plump-checked, round-bellied mediocrity, sat down.

Speech follows speech. Warner Miller speaks for Blaine and seconds the nomination. Spooner of Wisconsin seconds Harrison's. Cheatham, of North Carolina, the colored delegate who spoke so eloquently in behalf of his people in Congress a few weeks ago, speaks for Harrison.

The speeches are over. The call for the ballot is heard. Challenge follows challenge as each State responds.

Alabama divides its vote.—15 for Harrison, 7 for McKinley. Hurrahs wild and long ring through the hall.

Arkansas casts 15 for Harrison and 1 for McKinley. Colorado gives 8 for Harrison and 9 for Blaine.

Now, in their might, rise the Blaine men and shout, and shout, as though shouting made votes.

And so goes the battle of the ballots.

Harrison's vote rises like an immense wave. Florida gives him her 8 votes, Georgia her solid 26 votes; Illinois, 34 to 14 for Blaine; Indiana, 30 solid as a lump of lead; Iowa gives him 20 and Blaine 5. And so it goes. Every delegate waits for New York. It is announced 27 for Harrison, 35 for Blaine—a difference of eight votes.

Where, oh where, is your blade, Mr. Platt? Oh where is that knife so keen, so sharp, and so bright, Mr. Platt?

The Boss of the New York Republicans is left, fearfully and woefully left.

The knife has sunk in up to the hilt, but the crimson flood that followed it is that of Blaine.

Poor Blaine, of Maine, your tombstone has been chipped; chipped with the knife of Platt, of New York.

And the ballots go on. One by one the States hurl their deadly ballots at Blaine, poor Jim Blaine, of Maine.

Now we have the count. The result. Let there be silence! The vote stands: whole number cast, 904; necessary for choice, 453.

Benjamin Harrison,	535.
James G. Blaine,	182.
William McKinley,	152.
Robert T. Lincoln	1.
Thomas B. Reed,	4.

369 votes against 535—83 votes too many for the anti-Harrison men. The anti-Harrison chiefs could doubtless have polled their 369 votes solidly for Harrison, but these would have done no good. The 83 votes could not be touched. This was learned last night. This division does not indicate the popularity of Blaine or McKinley; it merely betrays the weakness of the anti-Harrison faction. The appearance of the recorded vote would give the country an extravagant idea of the personal popularity of Harrison.

And poor James G. Blaine! After years of devotion to his party he is thrown to the ground. His brilliant career terminates in a cloud of dust. The legions sweep on and over him shouting the name of another standard-bearer, Alas for popularity! Alas for that supreme vanity, the loyalty of mankind! This is a moment to dwell upon—this moment of defeat. Ambition has been as a flame to the lamp of his life, and lo! to-day, it is forever quenched.

Harrison is nominated.

What a cry! What cheers! The bands strike up. Noise. Confusion. Pandemonium! This is what the crowd are here for. They are pleased. We adjourn for an evening session.

FOURTH DAY, EVENING SESSION.—Back again. It is nine o'clock. A Vice-presidential candidate is to be nominated. The West has the first place on the ticket; the East will have the second. Will it be Levi P. Morton?

It is admitted that Platt & Co. may name the candidate for New York.

State Senator O'Connor, of New York, nominates Whitelaw Reid, late Minister to France. Gov. Bulkeley, of Connecticut, seconds the nomination.

There is some talk of Thomas B. Reed, but that is all. He is nominated and his name is withdrawn. A motion is made and carried to make the nomination of Whitelaw Reid unanimous. The ticket stands. Harrison, for President; Reid, for Vice-President, and the Republican party for victory.

The delegates are leaving the hall to meet on the field in November; and then the will of the people will be known on the tariff and the future administration of public affairs.

And so the Tenth Convention is over. It is in every sense a jubilant ratification of the platform and policy as adopted at the Ninth Convention, in 1888. AMERICAN.

## WEST POINT'S CLASS OF '92.

AFTER four years of hard study and ten days of the most rigid examination, the Class of '92, of the West Point Military Academy, has graduated with high honors. They distinguished themselves in their studies and covered themselves with glory in the exciting and, at times, thrilling cavalry drill examination, when the young cadets performed almost every possible feat on horseback in the presence of an immense crowd. As this branch of the service is regarded as most dangerous, the applause from fair hands was fervid and frequent. As soon as the class was "graduated out," the young officers donned civilians' attire and left immediately for New York, where, in company with the third class, they attended the Casino in a body, and once more felt that life was worth living and that they were again breathing the air of freedom.

We publish a picture of the class on page 257.



Ex-Secretary Charles S. Fairchild of New York.



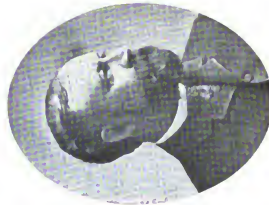
William T. Harney, Secretary of State of Pennsylvania.



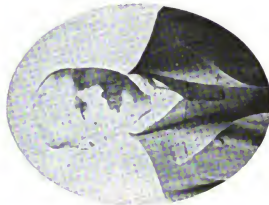
Congressman John R. Fellows of New York.



Senator Calvin S. Edge of Ohio.



Senator W. J. Vilas of Wisconsin.



Col. Daniel S. Lamont of New York.



Congressman George Fred. Williams of Massachusetts.



William R. Grant of New York.

A GROUP OF DEMOCRATIC LEADERS.



## THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN published ten sketches and portraits of some of the principal leaders of the Republican party whose influence would be felt at the Minneapolis convention. It will now treat of the leaders who will settle at Chicago whom they will be graciously pleased to allow the Democratic party to vote for, as their candidates for President and Vice-President. The New York leaders are especially prominent, owing to the contest between the friends of ex-President Cleveland and those of Senator Hill in the Empire State.

Senator Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, has, since the Cleveland-Blaine campaign of 1884, been one of the most prominent figures in the Democratic party, and no move can be made by the Democrats on the political chess-board without his entering largely into the calculations. When thirteen years of age, he was a page of that august body, the United States Senate, of which he was destined to become so shining a light. There he attracted the attention of Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, whose secretary and confidential friend he eventually became. It is said that at the outbreak of the war he was undecided which side to take, and asked the advice of Jefferson Davis. "Follow your State" was the advice he received and obeyed. He was postmaster of the Senate when Andrew Johnson broke with the Republican party, and he actively opposed the President's impeachment. For this he lost his position. The President afterward appointed him a Collector of Internal Revenue in Maryland, and, in 1869, he was elected to the House of Delegates in that State. He was serving his second term in the Maryland Senate when he was sent to the United States Senate, and is now passing his third term there. Senator Gorman is supposed by the public to be ambitious of becoming President. His friends deny this, and say that, much as he loves power, he prefers to be the power behind the throne to the individual sitting on it. He has a seductive manner, by which he often hypnotizes politicians with the aid of his blue-gray eyes. He is fifty-three years of age and a great admirer of baseball. He has the warmest of friends. He never forgets an enemy.

William R. Grace, the devoted admirer of ex-President Cleveland, and the promoter of the recent Syracuse convention, which sent delegates to Chicago to protest against Senator Hill's "snap" convention, has been twice Mayor of New York. He was born in Ireland sixty years ago, and comes of a well-to-do family. When he was fifteen years old, he came to this country with little money, but good letters of recommendation, and became a shipping clerk in a New York shipping house. After three years' experience in America, he paid a visit to his former home, and formed the Liverpool firm of William R. Grace & Co. But after two years he sold out and returned to the United States. He soon afterwards went to Peru, and to-day the four firms in which Mr. Grace has an interest control a great proportion of the trade between South America and the United States. When he visited Ireland after his first stay in America, he believed himself to be a citizen of this country. After he had become Mayor of New York, and showed Tammany that he intended to be a business Mayor, he aroused the bitter enmity of many politicians whom he was compelled to disappoint or oppose. Then the men who had placed him in office declared that his naturalization papers were informal, and that he was not a citizen. Their consternation was great when they discovered that on the day before his election Mr. Grace had been renaturalized, in order to prevent any legal dispute about his citizenship. Mr. Grace is a prominent and active member of the Roman Catholic church. His wife is a very charming New England Protestant lady. Tammany Hall no longer cherishes any affection for the ex-Mayor of New York.

John Rhoderic McPherson, who is now serving his third term as a United States Senator, is the favorite son of the

Democrats of New Jersey. He is one of the ablest and most honest men in his party. He commenced his political career as a Jersey City alderman thirty years ago, and, in 1877, was elected to the United States Senate, as a Democrat, to succeed the late F. T. Frelinghuysen, who was a Republican and became President Arthur's Secretary of State. He is a loyal supporter of Mr. Cleveland, for whom he has the greatest admiration. He is an equally bitter opponent of Governor Leon Abbott, of New Jersey. The great influence exercised by Senator McPherson in New Jersey is due to his treatment of the local politicians in all parts of the State. He listens most attentively to their requests, and does all that is possible to help them secure what they need. He has the faculty of appearing interested in the success of each and every one of his petitioners, and this, naturally, makes them his most devoted servants. He is a tall, commanding-looking man, with a spare figure. His features are strongly marked, and his gray eyes very keen. His hair is almost white. He is married to a very delightful woman from Buffalo, who is a power in Washington society. He has two children—a son and a daughter—is fifty-nine years old, and may be considered one of the "dark horses" of the Democratic party.

Colonel Henry Watterson, of "Star-eyed Goddess of Liberty" fame, is one of the leading journalists of the day. One of his *confidants* is very fond of proposing him for Presidential honors, but Colonel Watterson does not allow any such ambition to disturb the even tenor of his way. He is, however, a very important factor in Democratic national conventions. The son of a congressman from Tennessee, Colonel Watterson was born in Washington a little more than fifty-two years ago. He had originally set his heart upon music as a profession, and had been carefully taught to that end. But his musical acquisitions went no further than to make him an excellent critic. During the war he was a volunteer on the Confederate side, and from October, 1862, to September, 1863, was editor of the *Charlottesville Rebel*, which became the most popular of the Southern newspapers. In 1870 he found himself editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and at once showed such fearlessness and pertinacity in fighting abuses, that he soon made his paper a new power in the South. Bourbonism he fought most bitterly, and his assaults upon the Kuklux gang were no less unyielding. To his efforts was it due that the bands were broken up, and some seventeen of the leaders arrested, convicted, and punished. He first attracted general attention as a prominent political figure at the nomination of Horace Greeley for the Presidency, and then by being the first to propose Mr. Tilden as Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The *Courier-Journal* did more to nominate Mr. Tilden than any other influence. Colonel Watterson was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress, but declined a re-election, and has since devoted himself almost entirely to his paper. He is an ardent advocate of tariff reform, was once a great admirer of Mr. Cleveland, but has lately given him a good many raps on the knuckles, has hurt Senator Hill's feelings by calling him to order, and would like to see the Kentuckian, Senator Carlisle, the nominee of the Democratic party.

Calvin Stewart Brice is a Democratic power in Ohio. He has the advantage, too, of being a millionaire. He is a great fighter, and has shown himself to be a good leader of men. He began fighting when he was fifteen years old, in the Virginia campaign of 1861, and when he was mustered out of the service, found himself under twenty-one and a lieutenant-colonel, his last promotion having been made on the field for bravery. He first became known to the financial community as one of the projectors of the famous "Nickel-plate" road, legally known as the New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad. When the builders sold the road at a very handsome profit, some words were said about Mr. Brice. He has since become identified with a number of enterprises, among them the United States Express Company, and his fortune is popularly estimated at \$100,000,000. Mr. Brice is so interested in politics that, although he had never held or sought to hold a public office, he had attended every convention of his party in his county, district and State, for nearly twenty-five years, when, in 1890, he was elected to succeed Henry B. Payne as



United States Senator. On the death of William H. Barnum in the previous year, he had been unanimously elected Chairman of the National Democratic Committee. Although Mr. Brice has been compelled by his business engagements to spend most of his time in New York, where he has built a magnificent house on Fifth Avenue, he still retains his citizenship in Ohio.

Charles S. Fairchild became Secretary of the United States Treasury during the Cleveland administration, upon the death of Daniel Manning. He comes from New York State, and was born fifty years ago. His father was for many years counsel of the New York Central Railroad. He was carefully educated, and was graduated at Harvard. He was admitted to the bar at Albany, and, in 1874, was appointed Deputy Attorney-General of New York State, and the next year was elected Attorney-General on the Democratic ticket. He served but one term, and held no public office again until Mr. Manning made him Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. William Bourke Cockran, the silver-tongued orator of Tammany Hall, is a native of Ireland, and came to this country when he was seventeen. His first employment was given him by A. T. Stewart, in whose store he worked as a porter on very small wages. From there he drifted to Yonkers, where he taught French and studied law. This latter he did to such advantage that he has now made a pretty large fortune out of his practice. Of course, his oratorical gifts have helped him to a great extent in doing this. His voice is most fascinating, and he has just enough brogue not to spoil it. He speaks with great ease and grace, never halts for a word, and is constantly pleasing his hearers with something original and witty. In short, he has the "gift of the gab" to perfection. He defended Jacob Sharp in the famous Broadway (New York) railroad case with splendid eloquence. Mr. Cockran's methods are very audacious. He once appeared for a railroad company, by whose cars a poor old woman had been most horribly mangled. The suit was for \$25,000 and, although the company was not shown to be seriously at fault, the injuries received by the old woman were so horrible, that the best it expected was a reduction in the amount of the damages. Mr. Cockran, in rising to make the closing argument to the jury, told them that on their oaths as honest men, they had before them but two possible courses. Then, to the horror of the president of the company, he said:

"If we were at fault, if it was by reason of our wrongful act or negligence that she has been so fearfully disfigured, so cruelly deprived of her resources in life, \$25,000 is not too heavy a penalty to impose upon us, nor half enough to compensate her sufferings and loss. But, if it was an accident pure and simple, which we could not avoid, you must, on your oaths, give us a verdict." He closed by impressing upon the jury that sympathy was beyond their duty, and when it came back and gave a verdict for the company, no one was more surprised than its president, who thought that, through Mr. Cockran's rashness, the company would have to pay the whole damages claimed.

Colonel John R. Fellows has been in politics for at least two-thirds of his sixty years of life. He fought in the Southern army, although a New Yorker by birth, having removed to Arkansas in 1850. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention which met in New York in 1868, and made such a splendid speech at a meeting in favor of Governor Seymour, that he was asked to stump New York and other Northern States during the campaign. The compliments he received induced him to make New York his home, and, in 1887, Tammany elected him District Attorney. He was elected to the Fifty-second Congress. He used his oratorical powers to great purpose at the Democratic Convention of 1884, and it was a great deal due to his talents that Grover Cleveland was nominated. Colonel Fellows summed up all the "boodles" Aldermen trials in New York until the Cleary case came up. Then Colonel Fellows complained that his health was very poor, and that he would be unable to take part in the trial. Cleary had been a delegate to the convention which nominated Colonel Fellows for District Attorney, and the latter, not unnaturally, did not like prosecuting him, so he went off for health's sake to Arkansas, and, in conse-

quence, virulent abuse was heaped upon him by the New York papers. He is a speaker of great eloquence and charm.

General Edward Stuyvesant Bragg was born in New York State in 1827, and, when a young man, went to Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. He is a lawyer, and at the opening of the Civil War enlisted in the Union army, and served all through the war. He it was who, at the Chicago convention of 1884, jumped on the platform and announced with a shake of his fist, "Cleveland's friends love him, the enemies of his have made." He denounced John Kelly, hurled back Grady's words in his teeth, and made one of the great speeches of the convention. President Cleveland made General Bragg Minister to Mexico, but he is more of a fighter than a diplomatist. When the Fitz John Porter case was up in the House at Washington, he and General Cutcheon got so excited that they shook their fists at one another, while they quarrelled over Hull Run.

Senator William F. Vilas is another Wisconsin man who has risen to be one of the leaders of the Democratic party. Under President Cleveland, he was first Postmaster-General, and then Secretary of the Interior. He was born in Vermont, in 1840, but has made Wisconsin his home since he was eleven years old. He fought in the Civil War on the Union side, and when he returned home resumed his practice in the law. At thirty he was considered the equal of any member of the bar at Madison. He was a member of the Wisconsin Assembly in 1885, and was permanent chairman of the Democratic National Convention of 1884. He reached the United States Senate in 1891.

Col. Daniel S. Lamont is famous for his services as President Cleveland's private secretary. Since his chief left the White House, he has exchanged politics for city railroads.

George Fred. Williams is a young man from Massachusetts who is now serving his first term in the House of Representatives, and has aroused the ire of various old fogies. He has proved his ability by his minority report on the Island silver bill, and in various other ways.

Secretary of State William F. Harney, of Pennsylvania, is noted as having worked most earnestly to secure delegations favoring Mr. Cleveland.

## OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS.\*

### LII. GRACE HENDERSON.

MISS GRACE HENDERSON, whose portrait will be found on page 253, has not appeared on the boards for over two years, but her many admirers still fondle a hope that she may return and once more adorn them.

Miss Henderson made her debut in 1877 at McVicker's Theatre in Chicago, and during the last two years that a stock company played there, was cast for minor rôles. In 1881 she married Mr. Daniel Henderson, who, from being a compositor on the New York *Herald*, had risen to be manager of the Chicago Opera House. Miss Henderson retired temporarily from the stage, but in 1885 returned to it to play a part in "In the Kinks," in New York. In the season of 1886-87, having joined Madame Modjeska's company, she played Celia, Olivia, and the Countess in "The Chances." She made her great hit, however, in "The Charity Ball," at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, and then, just as a brilliant future appeared before her, retired from the stage once more, owing to Mr. Henderson's ill-health.

\*Portraits already published in "Our Gallery of Players": Pauline Hall, in No. 21 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; Fanny Davenport, in No. 23; Mrs. Langtry, in No. 24; Fay Templeton, in No. 25; Marie Jansen, in No. 26; Marie Tempest, in No. 27; Laura Moore, in No. 28; Ada Rehan, in No. 29; Georgia Capping, in No. 30; Belle Fort, in No. 31; Anne O'Keefe, in No. 32; Rose Vokes, in No. 33; Marion Mathilda, in No. 34; Helen Herrman, in No. 35; Isabelle Leightner, in No. 36; Ellen Terry, in No. 37; Annie Myers, in No. 38; Julia Mathews, in No. 39; Miss Helene Modjeska, in No. 40; Mrs. Agnes Booth, in No. 41; Marie Burroughs, in No. 42; Joseph Jefferson, in No. 43; Henry Irving, in No. 44; Jane Hading, in No. 45; Adelaide Arthur, in No. 46; Wilson Barrett, in No. 47; Margaret Mather, in No. 48; Stuart Robinson, in No. 49; Tommaso Salvini, in No. 50; Heddi Constant Copelin, in No. 51; Edward H. Sorbier, in No. 52; Sarah Bernhardt, in No. 53; Edith Russell, in No. 54; Helen Dwaney, in No. 55; Frederic Bell, in No. 56; Edie Ellier, in No. 57; Landry, in No. 58; Lewis James, in No. 59; Joseph Horowitz, in No. 60; Robert H. Mantell, in No. 61; Adelaide Prince, in No. 62; Minna K. Galloway, in No. 63; Mrs. George Drew Barrymore, in No. 64; Mrs. Lila March, in No. 65; Annie Russell, in No. 66; Jean Lasswell, in No. 67; Rose Cuthill, in No. 68; Emma Estlin, in No. 69; Edith Russell, in No. 70; Viola Allen, in No. 71; and Maurice Barrymore, in No. 72.

## THE BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

It is claimed that baseball is the national game of America. For the want of a better, this is true, but whether it will always remain so is a question of doubt in the minds of a great many. That the game will always be popular with college and amateur clubs is certain, but there are many reasons to suppose that the days of professional ball playing are fast drawing to a close. There is no disputing the fact that there is more enthusiasm displayed over a well contested match between two college nines than over a professional game between League clubs. The reason why this is so, is very simple. When teams of college nines meet, spectators are sure of witnessing a game played on its merits, as every man taking part in the contest plays with all his power and skill to uphold the honor and credit of his respective college. With professional teams it is different. The players are paid high salaries to play good ball; they play, not because they want to, but because they have to; it is their livelihood. What do they care about glory or honor? What do they care if the club wins or not, so long as they are regularly paid? Professional games of the present day lack vim and dash, and one often leaves a contest with the determination never to see another professional ball game. People are becoming tired of seeing mechanical, indifferent playing, and unless a change is soon made for the better, professional ball-playing will soon be a thing of the past.

Amateur athletic and college teams have without doubt a more faithful and enthusiastic following than the professional clubs of the country. Now let us glance at both these organizations.



BATTING A HIGH FLY.



BATTING A GROUNDER.

Harvard, Princeton, or Yale, which will win the college pennant for 1892? This is a question which is at present agitating not only the minds of collegians, but also the large army of graduates of these colleges. Of course the followers of the respective teams claim that their nine is decidedly the best, and that there is no doubt that their team will prove the champions of the year. The rivalry which always exists between these three crack nines is due, undoubtedly, to the fact that good, honest baseball playing is always indulged in, that the teams are frequently of equal strength, and that each man on a team does his best to down his opponents. When college teams meet on the diamond, you may be sure that a struggle well worth seeing will be indulged in.

As to the strength of the three teams, it certainly looked at one time as if Harvard and Princeton were stronger than Yale, but the latest developments seem to prove that both the Blue and the Crimson are able to fly above the Yellow and Black, as Princeton has already been beaten twice by Harvard and once by Yale. It looks as if Harvard never had a better chance to win baseball honors than this year. Harvard has a great nine, and certainly John Ashley Highlands is one of the best amateur pitchers of the day. He is a left-handed twirler of great ability, is the possessor of a puzzling delivery, and has excellent command over the ball. This is his first season on the Harvard team, and great things are expected of him. Admirers of the Blue claim for their favorites either first or second place. Will they be disappointed? When you think of the excellent showing they made in three games against the strong Boston League team, there is reason to believe that Yale is much stronger than she is credited with being, and will be well in the lead at the close of the season. Still, we cannot understand how the Staten Island Crickets beat her the way they did. When

Stagg was graduated he left a big hole in the pitcher's box, which the team has never really been able to fill. Stagg, however, was a phenomenal twirler, and his successors have had the disadvantage of being compared with him.

Herbert G. Bowers, of East Hartford, the regular pitcher, is a senior. He was a member of last year's team and also of the nine of 1890. Before entering college he played for five years in local clubs, being for a time pitcher for the Hartford High School. In 1890 he was outfielder and substitute pitcher, Stagg and Dalzell regularly occupying the box. Last year he was the regular pitcher. Bowers is perhaps the brainiest college pitcher on the diamond. Though he has a choice assortment of curves with all the latest trimmings, and has also an increasing amount of speed, yet his strongest point is his head. He

is a cool and able captain, manages his men well, and can be depended upon to keep the team in splendid condition.

The Princeton-Yale games of last season are still fresh in the minds of those interested in inter-collegiate baseball. The championship was won by Princeton. The work of Young was far superior to that of Bowers, and it was principally through good captaining and strength in the box that Princeton won. Young led last year in batting and had the high fielding average of .900. He is in his best form this season, and in the games pitched by the Princeton captain his team has made a strong showing. Capt. Young is well liked by his college mates.

Outside of the inter-collegiate games, the next in importance in the amateur world are those played by the amateur league,



THE PITCHER IN ACTION.



WATCHING THE RESULT.

knows the strong and the weak points of any batsman he has faced more than twice, and he studies with a discriminating and always sharp eye the attitude of one to whom he pitches the first time. His memory never fails, and he can tell at a moment's notice at what time, in any season, any opposing batsman made any marked change in style or effectiveness of hitting. He seldom sends a man to a base on called balls. He has a reputation of quick-witted strategy, and in every point but speed, is generally conceded to be the king of college twirlers. He is also a fair batter. Capt. Murphy manages his men well in the field, and shows his authority just enough for hard work and discipline. He is very quiet, in fact, rather reticent, and rarely says more than is absolutely necessary. He is twenty-two years old and is five feet four inches tall.

Princeton has a very good team, despite the fact that she has been beaten by both Harvard and Yale. Both pitcher Young and catcher Brown have had four years' experience in their positions, and should prove the mainstay of the club. Young

which is composed of such teams as the Staten Island Athletics, the Staten Island Crickets, the Englewoods, and the New Jersey Athletics. The New Jersey Athletics take the place of the Crescent Club, which was compelled, owing to circumstances, to disband. The Staten Island Athletics, as we all know, is one of the strongest aggregations of amateur ball-tossers in the country. I said amateur, but, strictly speaking, they are semi-professionals, as several members of the team have from time to time been under contract with professional clubs.

The Crickets, once the dreaded rivals of the Athletics, seem to be so no longer. Last year the club was represented by a most miserable team, but Tyng promises that a strong nine will be put in the field this season, and that they will end the season in second place. Captain Tyng is pitching good ball. The New Jersey Athletics, with the help of Westervelt, formerly the Englewood pitcher, are a wonderfully strong team, and promise to rub the Staten Island Athletics

hard for the championship. The Englewoods were very strong last season, and much is expected of them this year. They will, however, undoubtedly end the race in third or fourth position.

There are so many amateur leagues throughout the country, that it is really impossible to mention them all. Suffice it to say, however, that from reports received, the present summer bids fair to eclipse all predecessors in the number and quality of the games to be played. And now as to the professional clubs.

At the present time the prospects for a successful season are very encouraging. Whether these prospects will be fulfilled is yet to be seen. When a ball team is losing, the public support falls off, and as some of the teams in the professional arena are weaker than others, it is to be feared that they will be crowded to the wall, and will gradually drop out of the League. The League and Association, which last year occupied their time in making dire threats against each other, to the detriment of the game, have happily joined forces. Therefore, the cream of the baseball talent in America having been concentrated into one grand organization, the baseball public should see many noted players and much fine playing. The stars of the American Association are reviving in the same circuit as the stellar attractions of the old League, and their

and other hindrances throw them so far behind in the race that it is impossible to overcome the lead of their opponents with only one chance.

To obviate these difficulties, and to give every one an equal chance, the double system, as tried in one of the junior leagues, seemed last season to prove a practical solution to a difficult problem. In all there will be 154 games played. Each club will play seventy-seven games at home. This will necessitate more travelling, but the trips will not be so long as formerly. Eastern clubs will go West thrice, and the complement will be fairly returned by the Western teams.

Much speculation is being indulged in at present as to the probable result of this season's playing. Will the twelve-club circuit prove a paying success, and if not, what will be the future of baseball? Will this season prove a decisive test as to its popularity professionally? It certainly is a ticklish season for magnates.

It is always risky to make predictions, and especially so in baseball, but the showing made by the different teams thus far gives an opportunity of forming an opinion as to the ultimate result. The Western clubs, with one or two exceptions, seem to be stronger than those of the East. Still, they may not be, but time alone will tell. Certainly, so far they have done better playing and hold a better position than their Eastern rivals.



"ONE STRIKE!"

brilliance threatens to dazzle beholders. That the struggle for pennant honors will be a fierce one is evident. Nearly all of the dozen teams have been so strengthened that they are fighting for the flag as it was never fought for in the past. The fact that losers in the first series still have a chance of winning the last series, and thus playing for the world's championship, will add zest to the contest, and make the latter half of the fight fully as interesting as the first.

The first series is now being played, and will continue until July 13.

On July 15 the second series will begin, and will end on October 15. It frequently occurs that some clubs have difficulties in getting away from the post and stumble on the first few laps. Ill-luck, disability of players, lack of team work,

Boston looks like a winner, and will prove so if the team keep up their present form. Every game they play, they play to win.

Brooklyn has an infield hard to beat. The nine are being admirably handled by Ward. Although erratic, they will be near the top in July.

With the Giants something is wrong. They play without vim or dash, and in a don't care sort of manner. A decided shaking up is needed. They are strong individually, and should be at the top, not at the bottom. Big Rusie does not seem to be great any longer, while Crane has developed into a winning pitcher.

Philadelphia is all right, and notwithstanding the problematic weakness of her pitchers, she should be among the first



A LONG THROW.

three teams in the first half of the season. She is now playing winning ball.

Baltimore and St. Louis, as can be seen already, do not rank with the other clubs. They will probably battle for last place throughout the season.

The Cleveland "Spiders" are a hustling team and are liable to surprise every one by their brilliant spurts, but, like the "Phillies," they do not seem to have stamina. They have a lot of young players who at times give the most brilliant exhibitions, and will run for a week or more with an unbroken series of victories. Then the pace grows too fast and they fall back to their level.

Chicago, of course, is as much a puzzle as ever. The team started almost last but have recovered ground and are now occupying a good position. They play, though, as if it was a strain for them to hold their place; but Anson is a great general, and you must not be surprised if before long he is on the top.

The Pittsburgh team include many good men and also a good manager, but they will scarcely be an important factor in the race.

They will very probably lack team work, as was the case with them last year. They need a captain who is an infliedler. Hanlon understands the points of the game as well as any ball player on earth, but he cannot captain a team from the outfield.

The Louisville nine started the season well and for a time actually surprised their admirers by clinging to second place. Recently they have been going down the toboggan and now occupy ninth place. The "Kentucky Colonels" will, however, be certain to again climb the ladder, although it is not expected that they will finish much better than sixth place.

The Cincinnati team, composed of some of the best players in the profession, are holding their own in fine form, and are really surprising their friends and admirers. They are at present enjoying a good position in the race, and, without ill-luck strikes the team, they will be heard of throughout the season, particularly if they will stick to team work and leave individual record-making alone. This has been the great fault of the team in the past.

Again the cry is abroad in the land that the batter should be given more latitude and the pitcher fewer safeguards. Just why this wail should be set up is a mystery, as judging from the scores of games so far played this season, the pitchers, as a rule, have been most freely battered. After all, the pitcher must be safeguarded from the batter in some way if the game

is to hold that great interest which has always been so heartily accorded it.

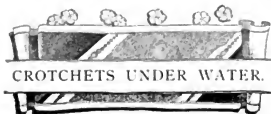
One of the most fascinating points of the game is this very battle between the pitcher and the batter. And it must be remembered that in this contest it is the pitcher who is fighting against odds. He must use his every endeavor, put forth his greatest skill to deceive the player at bat and at the same time to put the ball over the plate, or, at least, to delude the batter into a belief that it is coming within his reach, and induce him to aim at it. We want the old fight between the twirler and batter to go on. To remove it would be to take away from the national game one of its most prominent, as well as one of its most interesting features.

Under the rules now in force the pitchers have really an easier time of it than under the old four strike rules. Under the three strike rule the pitcher has fewer balls to send over the plate, and necessarily less work. That fourth strike and fifth ball may come in handy sometimes, but at the end of the game the pitcher feels the extra exertion he has been put to.

In the meantime all eyes are watching carefully the performances of the various clubs. Will the season of 1892 and the double baseball schedule prove a success? Already dark clouds are rising on the horizon, and murmurings of discontent are heard. Does this mean threatening disaster to the twelve-club circuit? Let us patiently watch the struggle—wait and see.



WILL HE GET IT?



It would seem as if the naval battles of the future would be fought under water. Certainly the earnest and promising experiments now making with various sorts of submarine torpedo hurlers point in that direction.

Five years ago the government made suitable appropriations for the building of a steel torpedo-boat, whose projectile apparatus should operate under water. A year later, Secretary Whitney, in a letter describing the requirements of such a machine-of-war, pointed out to inventors that speed, certainty of direction, invisibility, and safety from the enemy's fire were the greatest needs in such a craft. But in order that inventors might not be discouraged the Navy Department made the following provision:

"If no novel method for insuring certainty of approach (when submerged) be devised, a design showing, at the expense of invisibility, great speed for use outside the range of effective hostile fire would be desirable; providing always that submergence to a safety depth can be quickly secured and certainty of approach still be retained when coming within the danger zone. Within the danger zone a part of the speed of approach may be given up for the sake of obtaining water cover, provided certainty of approach can still be maintained until the object of attack is so near that this certainty is virtually secure even when the boat is deeply submerged for the purpose of obtaining total invisibility or for delivering the attack at a vulnerable point."

Of various contrivances now before the officials of the navy, the *Destroyer*, designed by John Ericsson, appears to be receiving the greatest attention.

It can hardly be said, however, that the tests that have lately been held from time to time at the Brooklyn Navy Yard are either successful or satisfactory.

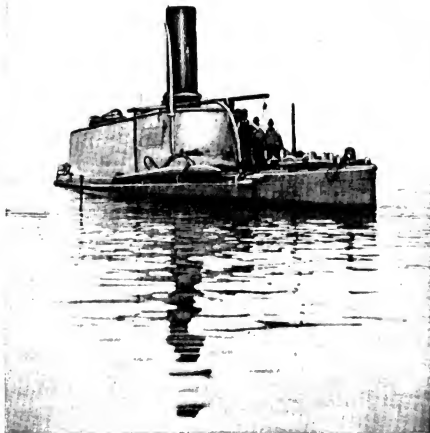
The *Destroyer* fires its projectile under water sure enough, and it sends it to the calculated distance—300 feet; but that's about all it does do.

When it comes to the consideration of accuracy, the machine is sadly deficient. Indeed, the course taken by some of the more wilful projectiles is violently eccentric.

In the tests which the *Destroyer* is now undergoing, the shots are directed toward six nets, arranged parallel to one another, forty by twenty feet in size, one hundred feet apart, and stretched across the dry dock basin, in which there are twenty-five feet of water. At the first trial the first shot fired went through one of the six nets somewhere near the

centre. It missed all the others, but reached the end of the dry dock all right. The second went through the first net five feet ten inches from the top and almost at the centre, through the second seven feet six inches from the top and six inches to the left of the centre, through the third seven feet from the top and three feet six inches to the right of the centre, through the fourth a foot from the top and eight feet to the right of the centre, and through the fifth three feet five inches from the top and sixteen feet six inches from the centre. It missed the sixth, and appeared butt end up at the end of the dry dock. Somewhere in its journey it had sprung aleak and nearly filled with water. One of the shots was timed and found to travel the first one hundred feet in one-half a second, the second hundred in a second, and the third in a second. When it left the muzzle of the gun it was seven feet under water. It arose a foot and two inches in the first hundred feet. It dropped eight inches and swerved to the right six inches in the second hundred. It dropped six inches and swerved four feet to the right in the third hundred. It jumped six feet and swerved to the right five feet in the fourth hundred. It dropped two feet and swerved eight feet six inches to the right in the fifth hundred.

Between twenty-five and thirty pounds of sphero-hexagonal powder is used in the discharges. When the projectile enters the water it starts a strange noise, something between a monstrous snort and a grunt. The craft kicks backward a



THE SUBMARINE TORPEDO BOAT "DESTROYER."

few feet and seems to belch effervescent water from its nose with a prolonged hum and whistle, like the fading tones of a fog siren.

Captain John Ericsson, the father of the *Monitor*, designed the *Destroyer*, and during the latter years of his life the great inventor gave considerable time to this, his last important work. While the details have undergone change since the craft was first tested in 1883, the general principle has not been altered.

The *Destroyer's* dimensions are:—Length, 130 feet; greatest beam, 12 feet; depth, 11 feet. Both ends are precisely alike in shape, her lines being sharper than those of most vessels. The rudder is attached to the keel far below the water line, and is worked by hydraulic pistons.

A plate iron deck house about seventy feet long rises high above the upper deck amidships, but this is not intended to be permanent. A heavy armor plate placed about thirty-two feet

The projectiles are cylinders about twenty feet long, having tapering noses and tails. On the tail are four fixed fins, parallel to the longitudinal axis of the projectile. There are also on the new projectiles two rudders which will be worked by the water pressure to bring the projectile to a proper depth.

From the reports of the American officers in Europe it would seem that we are behind several other countries—France, Spain, and Portugal, particularly—in the matter of appliances for submarine attack.

In Spain three effective machines for that purpose have been constructed. They not only hurl torpedoes with comparative accuracy, but are themselves able to keep out of sight. One of them, the *Gymnote*, has traveled under water for forty minutes, going nearly three miles in that time and passing beneath a line of torpedo boats representing a blockade.

The *Goubet*, belonging to France, has been pronounced quite serviceable by Admiral Lespes, who has charge of the



THE DRY DOCK, SHOWING ONE OF THE NETS AND ONE OF THE PROJECTILES.

from the bow extends across the upper deck, and this, being inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, is intended to deflect any shot striking the vessel bows on.

The present craft was built more to test the submarine gun than to show what could be done to give the necessary protection, and any *Destroyer* built hereafter to carry the gun would be so armored on the bows as to deflect all ordinary projectiles fired from a vessel she attacked.

It is the submarine gun that is the important feature of the *Destroyer*. Away down at the bottom of the vessel is a twelve-inch breech loading gun about thirty feet long, fixed firmly in the frame-work of the hull. It has a very slight depression when the vessel is floating normally, and, of course, it must be aimed by pointing the craft's bows directly at the object to be hit.

experiments with the craft. During one test the boat ran about a harbor for some time at the rate of about six knots, going down and rising at will. Then she went down to a depth of five meters, and preserved at this depth absolute immobility.

The outcome of the experiments with the monster at the Brooklyn Navy Yard have as yet resulted in little more than the explosion of a large quantity of gunpowder, the discharge of several crotchety projectiles, and the rupture of three or four dozens of nets. But our naval officers are learning a good deal about what can't be done with torpedoes in the present state of submarine construction, and they have something to keep them busy and out of mischief until the social season begins at Har Harbor and Newport.

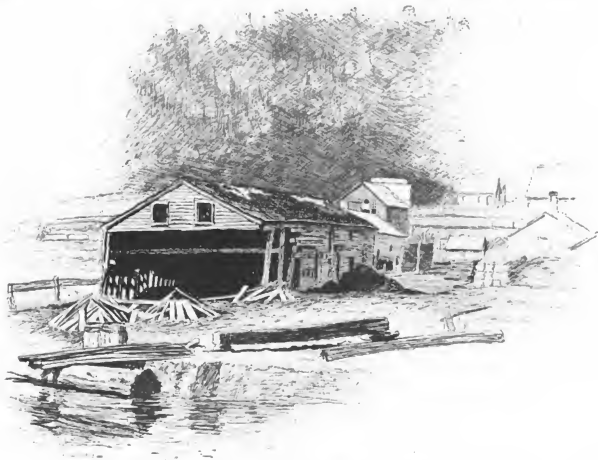
That's worth something.

## AN OLD ASTOR TRADING POST.

THERE still stands at Fond du Lac a log-house which, in days gone by, was John Jacob Astor's fur trading house. It is probable, unless some one comes to the rescue by buying it, that the old building will be shortly pulled down to make way for the immense water power improvements being carried along the St. Louis River. A movement is in progress to save

When John Jacob Astor landed in this country in 1784, he brought with him from London a small amount of merchandise. The proceeds of this merchandise he invested in furs, with which he sailed back to England. So started the foundation of the Astor millions.

In 1809 he obtained from the Legislature of the State of New York, a charter incorporating a company under the name of "The American Fur Company," with a capital of \$1,000,000, with the privilege of increasing it to two millions. Washington Irving tells us that this capital was furnished by Mr. Astor himself, and that he, in fact, constituted the company; for, though he had a board of directors, they were purely nominal; the whole business was conducted on his plans, and with his resources; but he preferred to do so under the imposing and formidable aspect of a corporation, rather than in his individual name, and his policy was sagacious and effective. In 1811, in



THE OLD ASTOR TRADING POST AT FOND DU LAC, MINN.

(From a photograph by G. A. Newton, Duluth, Minn.)

the old building, to remove it, and to preserve it as a valuable historical relic illustrating the development and progress of the Northwest.

The house, which was used as a fort as well as a trading post, was built in the days when the Astor Fur Company was the rival of the Hudson Bay Company, and it was the headquarters for all the fur traders in the region west of the head of Lake Superior, as well as of the Mississippi Valley. Goods were brought there from the East up the lakes, in small canoes that could be hauled around the rapids at the foot of Lake Superior and from there distributed. The voyagers reached all parts of the lake by bark canoes, and by a few portages could reach the Mississippi.

in conjunction with certain partners of the Northwest Company and other persons engaged in the fur trade, he bought out the Mackinaw Company, and merged that and the American Fur Company into a new association to be called the "Southwest Company." By this arrangement Mr. Astor became proprietor of one-half of the Indian establishments and goods which the Mackinaw Company had within the territory of the Indian country in the United States, and it was understood that the whole was to be surrendered into his hands at the expiration of five years, on condition that the American Company should not trade within the British dominions. But the war of 1812 broke out and suspended the operations of the association. After the war it was entirely dissolved.



## SAVINGS BANKS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

BY JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS.

THERE is a difference of opinion as to the place of origin of these important economic financial institutions. Alphonse Esquiros, in an article published by the *Revue des deux Mondes* in 1844, says that its true origin was in Scotland, but La Rousse asserts that to Switzerland belongs the honor of the device, and fixes its date at the close of the eighteenth century, where banks for savings were formed in 1787.

After some attempts at Tottenham and at Bath they were firmly introduced into England in 1816. In 1817 that of Edinburgh, still the most important of the three kingdoms, was instituted. Encouraged by the success of these companies, the Royal Company of Maritime Insurance established a similar institution in Paris in 1818 and an anonymous society was formed. But the government was taken by surprise by the project which there was no law to authorize. A number of banks, with the Duc de La Rochefoucauld Liancourt at their head, and a number of personages high in birth or by their financial and industrial positions met on the 18th of November of that year and subscribed a large capital upon which the opening of the Paris Caisse d'Épargne was authorized by royal ordinance 29th of July, 1818.

The first in America was the Bank for Savings of the City of New York, incorporated on the 26th of March, 1819. Its plan was devised in the rooms of the New York Historical Society by John Pintard—to whom New York owes many of its most useful institutions—and by Thomas Eddy.

It is difficult to obtain precise statistics of the banks in the different countries named sufficient to establish satisfactory comparisons of growth. Such as are accessible from the statements of financial economists are however presented. In England there has also been created a postal-savings bank, an institution analogous to the savings bank proper—a bold undertaking which France later followed.

In 1844, the banks in England, Scotland, and Ireland had more than 130 million dollars deposited, while in France there was not more than sixty millions.

At the same period there were numerous savings banks in Belgium, in Switzerland, and in Germany. Italy since her unity was established had already increased from 42 established in 1860 to 164 in 1864. Even the Church of Rome felt the influence of the new economic idea. Pope Gregory XVI. from his papal throne recommended the system, saying, "The Lord's day will be kept more sacredly, as the money spent in gaming and in drink will be then saved;" and among the benefits to accrue he said that "Crime will diminish because misery and hunger certainly lead to evil."

The mode of management in Great Britain differs from that on the Continent. The Bank of Edinburgh, for instance, takes sums over one shilling, but when the deposit reaches £10 a credit is opened in some strong bank and the savings bank registers the earnings of the depositor. A deposit of two shillings a week for twenty years gives a capital of £104 which, with interest accruing according to the regulations of the bank, gives a sum of £157.

The changes in the political institutions of France and its internal disturbances render the study of the movement of their savings institutions one of peculiar interest and instruction.

Immediately on the establishment of the Paris Caisse d'Épargne the chief towns of the departments emulated the capital; some with anonymous societies organized by all the leading citizens, administrative functionaries, magistrates, public officials, rich proprietors and great merchants; others with the aid of the municipal councils who assigned to the savings banks sufficient resources from the communal budget. In other places the Caisse d'Épargne were started as branches of the *Monts de Piété*, or pawn institutions. This last form, however,

was considered vicious and generally condemned as the reverse of the purpose for which savings banks are intended.

The minimum of deposit was fixed by the Paris bank at one franc. The depositors received an interest fixed by the statutes of each bank, which was capitalized at the end of the year, and held payable in coin at the will of the depositors at fifteen days' notice. When, however, the sum to the credit of a depositor reached an amount sufficient for the purchase of an *inscription de rente* (the equivalent of our registered bond) it was then converted. To facilitate these operations the minimum of such inscription (or investment) was lowered by the law of the 17th of August, 1820, from fifty francs to ten francs *rente* (interest), and an ordinance of the 25th of October following authorized the Caisse d'Épargne to reap the benefit which accrued from it.

The great number of these conversions caused such a purchase and sale of *inscriptions de rente* (registered bonds) as to disturb the regularity of their price, and an ordinance was passed in 1833 to remedy the evil. This raised to 2,000 francs the total credit allowed to each depositor, by carrying 300 francs each week to the maximum of each depositor and authorizing the Caissees to turn over their funds in account current to the National Treasury (*Le Trésor*). The present law was passed in 1835.

The crisis of 1848 did not check the easy movement of the institution, although the situation was not without peril. Financial necessities compelled the government to impose on these institutions a complete liquidation and to consolidate in *rentes* (the public funds) all the funds of the depositors.

The Caissees failing, in consequence, in their engagements were forced to reimburse their depositors in *rentes* instead of specie, and indeed to make reimbursements which were not called for. Confidence, however, was not shaken in the institutions because of this, and in the recollection of their valuable service this critical and dangerous experience was forgotten. Financial economists consider this interference by the government as unfortunate. The result hardly bears out this judgment. By this method the government made their own safety the condition of that of the depositors on the one hand, and on the other gave assurance to the depositors that as long as the government was safe the banks would make the deposits good to the depositors.

The result, however, was a nearly entire liquidation of the Caissees d'Épargne. They began anew. In 1870 the sum of deposits had reached 720 millions of francs—\$144,000,000.

In July, 1870—the war was declared on the 14th—the withdrawals from the Caissees doubled and trebled those of the month previous; partly because of the decline in the public funds, which the law permitted savings bank depositors to purchase without cost.

After the restoration of the 4th of September, which overthrew the empire, the withdrawals, which were 1,186,631 francs the week previous, rose to 1,413,751, while the deposits continued to fall off.

After the fall of the Commune, in 1871, the law of the 21st of June, 1871, gave the Caissees d'Épargne a privilege, authorizing them to invest in 5 per cent. inscriptions, but allowing only four days for application. In that period there were 4,509 demands, and the capital converted amounted to 2,076,747 francs.

The stock of the Paris Caissees d'Épargne, which reached fifty-four millions before the war, had fallen the 17th of September, 1870, to forty-four million francs. In June, 1871, it was forty-one millions, and after the conversion alluded to was thirty-nine millions. By the 31st of December, 1871, it had dropped to thirty-seven millions, partly owing to the want of resources of the depositors, and partly because of the uses of money in the revival of labor.

In March, 1872, the stock of all the savings banks was 526 million francs, a diminution of nineteen and a half millions from that before the war of Paris one-third of this diminution. As a final comparison it may be added that the number of depositors in France before the war was 2,130,763 and the sum deposited 720 millions of francs, in 523 establishments with 648 branches; in all, 1,373 places of deposit. In England at the same period there were 2,500,000 depositors with £56,000,000 sterling (1,400,000,000 francs) in 4,323 banks.

The last accessible account of the French savings banks appears in the *Manuel de l'Economie Politique* for 1890 which gives the figures of January 1, 1887.

There were 527 *Caisse d'Epargne* with 957 Succursales. The number of depositors 2,980,461. The deposits for the year 644,004,519 francs and the total amount due depositors 2,364,434,094 francs, or \$472,890,818. These were private banks. The report of the *Caisse d'Epargne* (National Postal) gives the figures of 1888: Deposits for the year, 1,435,780 francs; total, 791,627,639 francs, or \$158,323,528, an average for each depositor of 116.30 francs, or \$23.26; an increase since 1881, when the figures were 473,455 depositors; deposits, 64,634,381 francs.

The same authority gives the figures for Great Britain, January 1, 1890: Private savings banks, £44,861,448; Government postal savings banks, £63,020,925; a total of £107,882,373, or \$539,411,865; thus it appears that the savings of the State of New York alone exceed those of either Great Britain or of France.

By a statistical table for 1873 it appears that among the depositors in the Paris Bank there were one peer of France with a deposit of fifty francs, three magistrates, one son of a vice-consul, two assistant secretaries in public office, 846 boot and shoe makers with 134,499 francs. The smaller trades gave the largest figures—working men and women, 2,500, with 476,580 francs; day laborers, 570; coachmen, 135, and 233 peddlers, with deposits amounting to 62,422 francs for this last class alone.

The New York bank, organized in 1819, received deposits from the 3d of July to the 27th of December of that year amounting to \$153,378 from 1,527 depositors. On the 31st of December, 1874, there were forty-four savings banks in New York holding \$180,010,703 from 494,086 depositors. This brings the story of the savings banks of Europe and America down to the year 1873, when measures were begun in the United States to secure regular and reliable reports of the several institutions throughout the country.

In November, 1873, Mr. John Jay Knox, then the Comptroller of the Currency of the United States, in obedience to the act of congress of the 19th of February previous, made the first national report on the savings banks of the United States. The act required the showing under appropriate heads of the resources and liabilities exhibiting the condition of the several institutions organized under the laws of the several States and territories. The Comptroller was required to take his information from the reports to the legislatures of the States or the officers of the territories, and in their default, from other authentic sources.

The Comptroller found "a full measure of difficulties and disappointments in his way," to use his own words. He was able to obtain in form for use the condition of these institutions in only eight of the thirty-seven States of the Union, and the District of Columbia, and none at all from the nine territories. The inaccuracy and incompleteness of many of these official returns rendered his efforts to comply with the terms of the act unavailing. Only twenty-eight of the States replied at all, and of these ten answered that they had none to give. Ten of these made such returns, but in a form which rendered their arrangement in satisfactory statement impossible, the returns neither indicating the number of the institutions nor giving any means of balancing their resources and liabilities.

Mr. Knox classifies his reports as follows:

*First*—Those which made official returns. This class consisted of the six New England States, New York, New Jersey, and the District of Columbia.

*Second*—Those institutions which under the name of "savings banks" showed capital paid in and dividends paid to stockholders, and in no wise differ from ordinary banks of deposit and discount. The internal revenue act of 1866 describes savings institutions to be "associations or companies known as provident institutions, savings banks, saving-funds, or savings institutions having no capital stock and doing no other business than receiving deposits to be loaned or invested for the sole benefit of the parties making such deposits, without profit or compensation to the association or company." Under this distinctive description, this second class did not fall

within the range of institutions from which returns were called for. The Comptroller based his exclusion upon a decision of Justice Field, of the Supreme Court of the United States. Some of the institutions, which do fall within the call make annual reports to the legislatures of the States in which they operate, but the authorities do not publish the reports. Others report to their County or Supreme Courts. Others only to their depositors. The Comptroller instances, though he does not name, one of "the largest, most legitimate, and soundest of the savings banks of Philadelphia, which replied to this enquiry: 'We have no printed reports.' " Some publish their reports in their local journal.

*Third*—Those States whose executive officers answered "that they could make no reports whatever." Of these the Comptroller instanced Virginia, West Virginia, Arkansas, Missouri, California, Alabama, Mississippi, and Kansas. In some of these, reports were required by law. In others only when demand was made by some one having legal right to make it. In none were printed statements of condition required.

*Fourth*—This class embraced twelve States and nine territories from which no reports or even replies were received. Where there was no national law such incongruity is not surprising; but the least manner in which these institutions were conducted, at least so far as their accountability to their depositors was concerned, is not only reprehensible but distressing; for if there be any trust more sacred than any other trust, it is the keeping of the moneys saved by the laborer from his earnings.

The six New England States, New York, and New Jersey have a somewhat homogeneous population, and entertain similar moral and economic views. In these the savings institutions as a rule recognize their obligation to the public of regular and honest statements of their condition. The magnitude of their transactions compels them to understand and comply with the full measure of their accountability.

At the close of the year 1872 there were in these eight States 406 savings banks, and of national banks 449, and the respective deposits in the two classes of banks show the striking fact that the sum of the savings of the poor exceeds the floating capital of the rich, the deposits of the savings banks at the close of 1872 appearing at \$663,244,179, while those in the national banks stood at \$360,399,206.

In New England the savings banks held \$340,395,377, while those of the national banks were \$100,498,415, the proportions in favor of the savings banks being as 3½ to 1. The number of open depositors' accounts in New England in 1872 was 1,109,995, equal to 39½ per cent. of the population, and the amount to the credit of each depositor averaged \$315.73.

The Superintendent of the Banking Department of the State of New York relative to savings banks reported the number of such institutions in the State, at the close of the year 1872, as 150, with 822,642 depositors having deposits to the amount of \$285,286,621, being an average to each of \$346.79.

Mr. Knox, in this, the first reliable statement of the general condition of these institutions, includes an interesting comparison with those of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. "In the old savings banks of the United Kingdom there were on November 30, 1872, open depositors' accounts, 1,425,147. In the post-office savings banks on December 31, 1872, 1,442,448. The amount due to depositors in the former £39,680,652, in the latter £19,318,339; total, £58,998,991. Total depositors, 2,867,595, with an average of £29.128.

"Thus we have for the number of the depositors in New England, New York, and New Jersey 2,044,640, with a total of deposits of \$663,244,179, and an average of \$324.45 to each depositor; while in the United Kingdom the number of depositors was 2,867,595, with a total of deposits of \$286,145,107, and an average of \$99.91 to each depositor.

Mr. Knox in summing up this statement at the time, said: "In view of the enormous disparity in the total and average amounts of deposits here exhibited, the question arises whether all the deposits in the New England savings banks, or what portion of them, are *savings*, and what amounts are merely mercantile accounts—a question for the solution of which the reports afford no safe data. It has, however, been estimated that not more than 30 per cent. are actual savings."

And here the opinion may be ventured that this is a condition which should not be tolerated. The directors of savings institutions should not be exposed to the pressure of heavy depositors, or to the bias of their judgment in investment by personal feeling or personal interest.

This report of Mr. Knox has been dwelt upon at considerable length, as it affords the base for all later comparisons. In the future, among the inestimable services to the financial interests of the United States rendered by this conscientious and painstaking official, whose loss we now deplore, this masterly statement will be held at its true value.

We now pass to the present condition of the savings institutions, as shown by the Hon. E. S. Lacey, Comptroller of the Currency, in his report of December 7, 1891.

Eighteen of the States and territories had still declined or neglected to send in their returns. From the rest, returns were received from 1,011 savings banks and savings institutions, of which 364 were stock savings banks—that is, banks with a capital—and 647 mutual. Holding to the views of Mr. Knox that stock savings banks, as Mr. Lacey styles them, are not within the true meaning of the term, this class is here disregarded. (The amount of their capital, however, may be stated at \$34,106,127 and their deposits at \$254,493,477.)

The number of mutual savings banks, as Mr. Lacey styles them—*i. e.*, savings banks proper—was 647, all but eleven of which are located in the New England or in the Middle States. Their deposits amounted to \$1,402,302,665, an average of \$22.67 to each depositor. Comparing these figures with those of the 3,677 National banks, we find the capital of the National banks to be \$684,755,865, and the amount of their deposits \$1,608,600,000. Thus the savings banks deposits were in amount over twice the capital stock of the National banks, and their deposits precisely 25 per cent. less than the floating capital of the country held by the banks.

Unfortunately for a continuance of comparisons of the relative proportion of savings in the various sections of the country, Mr. Lacey makes no separation in his statement, and it would be an onerous and perhaps useless task to collect the New England statements.

That of the State of New York, however, is to be found in the official report of the Banking Department Superintendent. By this it appears that there were at the close of the year 1891 in the State of New York 122 banks, with 1,576,239 depositors, having deposits of \$538,425,420, and an average due each depositor \$388.07. (Of these New York City had 25 institutions, with 987,506 depositors, \$324,221,328 deposits, an average to each of \$411.70.)

Comparing this with the statement of 1872, it is found that while the number of depositors in the State increased by the number of 693,647 and the amount of deposits \$248,638,808, and the average of each \$4.20, the number of institutions decreased from 150 to 122, say 28, which seems to indicate that increased facilities of travel lead the depositors to the larger institutions in the cities of the State.

Having thus shown the magnitude of these institutions, a word now as to their management.

Of the resources of the 1,011 savings institutions in the United States—and here it is unfortunate to find that the stock companies are not separated from the mutual or savings bank proper—the Comptroller reports the total sum at \$1,854,517,069 to make good \$1,623,079,749 savings deposits and \$31,746,393 other deposits, a total of \$1,654,876,142 besides the capital of the stock companies, \$32,106,127; in all, a gross surplus above liabilities of \$167,644,800. This is reduced by some minor liabilities, debenture bonds, and other petty sums to a net surplus of \$130,042,098. Of the resources \$1,854,517,069 there were invested in real estate the sum of \$687,583,977, or 39 per cent.; in United States bonds, \$139,297,045; and in State, county and municipal bonds, \$320,278,708. Total in bonds, \$459,545,753, or 26 per cent. In railroad bonds and stocks \$115,991,821, and in bank and other stocks and bonds, \$153,002,762, or 6 1/2 per cent.; in all 71 1/2; the remaining 28 1/2 per cent. in sundry manners, to wit: real estate and furniture of the institutions, \$30,438,000; loans on collateral, \$93,679,153; and other loans and discounts, \$198,134,045.

On a cursory examination 28 1/2 per cent. seems to be an excessive amount of irresponsible investment; that is, of investments not specially ordered by legislation. In this connection the reports of Mr. Charles M. Preston, Superintendent of the Banking Department of the State of New York, as to savings banks, deserve consideration, though his views may not be concurred in. In his report for 1889, and again in that for 1890, he refers to the law of 1882 which requires that the trustees of savings banks shall keep all their deposits in excess of ten per centum invested in certain prescribed securities.\* The intention of the law was, as Mr. Preston correctly says, "to remove from savings bank investment every element of hazard; security rather than profit being the basis upon which the structure is erected." After which Mr. Preston proposes that "In addition to their present scope of investment, savings banks be authorized to invest in the stocks or bonds legally authorized of any city incorporated under the laws of the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, or Colorado, respectively, which city has in each case at the time of such investment more than 50,000 inhabitants, as ascertained by the United States or State census made next preceding such investment; and where that indebtedness, including the issue of stocks and bonds in which such investment is made, does not exceed ten per centum of the valuation of the taxable property therein, as ascertained by the valuation of such property made for the assessment of taxes next preceding, and which city has not, nor has the State in which such city is situated, defaulted in the payment of any part of either principal or interest of any of its stocks or bonds within ten years next preceding such investment; provided, however, that it shall not be lawful for any savings bank to invest more than 25 per centum of its assets in the stocks or bonds of any cities situated out of this State, or to invest in more than 2 1/2 per centum of its assets in the stocks or bonds of any one of such cities, or to invest in more than 5 per centum of all the stocks and bonds issued by any one of such cities, or to make any investment in the stocks or bonds of any city situated out of this State which has been or shall be issued to aid in the construction of any railroad. The term indebtedness of any city used in this section shall be construed to denote the indebtedness of such city after deducting the amount of sinking funds available for the payment of such indebtedness."

No more uncertain investment could hardly be selected when it is considered that the option of selection is left unrestricted to the bank managers. No restriction is made either as to the investment of the sinking fund or the cities open for selection. Fortunately, there is not the least likelihood that the Legislature of New York will ever consent to allow the funds of its laboring class to pass beyond its own control or to become subject to outside taxation; and, in fact, the proposition of Mr. Superintendent Preston has been already once defeated at Albany. The policy of this State has always been to keep the funds of its citizens within its borders, and it is not likely to be changed, especially for funds of this trust nature. But as the Superintendent justly remarks, the difficulties in the way of investment are daily increasing. But why not give the savings banks an option upon all future indebtedness of this State, or each or any of its future cities, as an option to the savings banks of taking at the lowest bid any part of such indebtedness as may be hereafter incurred? Surely the laboring class has earned and is entitled to this privilege, which injures no one, while it would protect their interests and maintain the old-time policy of the Empire State.

It is unfortunate that the National Bank system was not extended to secure examinations and returns of this great and growing interest by government officials, and such restrictions placed upon the nature of deposits as to secure the savings banks from any trouble in times of financial crisis. The main of the United States debt at a low rate of interest might be thus applied, and even the greenbacks gradually funded to meet the demand for savings investment. The annuity plan may also be included with payment directly by the Treasury and be secured by the United States savings deposits of United States bonds.

\*See Section 404, Laws of 1882.



1.

M. VÉRON had the name of being one of the richest merchants of Havre, but assuredly he was not one of the most popular. In the first place, nobody had ever discovered whence he had come when he arrived in Havre, in 1788, and his manner was not one to win friends. He was too brusque, decided, unbending; his speech was too curt, frequently too bitter. Even the wild events of the Revolution failed to throw light upon the mystery of his character. He was never heard to express any preference for Royalist, Republican, or Imperialist; for *leur-de-lis*, *bonnet-rouge*, or tricolor. Such coolness inspired respect, but not affection.

Upon the establishment of the Empire, however, there was observed a circumstance, slight in itself, which gave a clearer significance to the cold, haughty, repellent expression which played habitually about the merchant's grey, deep-set eyes, and thin, firmly-compressed lips. His newly engraved private card read thus: "J. B. de Veron, Mon Séjour, Ingouville." Mon Séjour was a charming country seat situated just outside of the city. Not long after assuming the aristocratic prefix "de" to his name, it was noticed that he had insinuated himself into the very narrow and exclusive circle of the Merodes, a fragment of the old noblesse, damaged, it is true, almost irretrievably in purse, but in pedigree as untainted as in the palmiest days of the Capets. As the Chevalier de Merode and his daughter, Henriette Delphine Hortense Marie Chasse-loup de Merode, described as a tall, fair, and extremely meagre lady of about thirty years of age, were known to be rigidly uncompromising in all matters having reference to ancestry, it was concluded that Jean Baptiste De Veron had been able to satisfy his noble friends that, although a merchant from the sad necessities of the evil time, he was entitled to take rank and precedence with the illustrious though unfortunate nobility of France. It might be, too, as envious gossip whispered, that any slight break in the chain of De Veron's patrician descent had been concealed or overlooked in the glitter of his wealth, more especially, if it was true, that the immense sum of 300,000 francs was to be settled upon Mlle. de Merode and her heirs on the day which should see her married to Eugene de Veron. M. de Veron's son was at this time twenty-two years old, and, like ninety-nine in every hundred of the youths of France, strongly prejudiced against the pretensions of mere birth and hereditary distinction.

Rumor in this instance was correctly informed.

"Eugene," said M. de Veron, one afternoon just at the hour of closing, "I have a matter of importance to inform you of. All differences between me and the Chevalier de Merode relative to your marriage with his daughter, Mlle. de Merode, are—"

"Hein!" ejaculated Eugene, suddenly whirling round upon his stool, and confronting his father.

"All differences, I say," continued M. de Veron, with unruffled calm and decision, "between myself and the Chevalier have been arranged, and the contract of marriage will be ready, for you and Mlle. de Merode's signature, on Monday next at two precisely."

"Mine and Mlle. de Merode's!" repeated the son who seemed half doubtful whether he heard aright.

"Yes. No wonder you are surprised. No distinguished a connection could hardly, under the circumstances, have been hoped for; and it would have been cruel to have given you any intimation on the subject while there was a chance of the negotiation issuing unfavorably. Your wife and you will, for the present at all events, take up your abode at Mon Séjour;

and I must consequently look out at once for a smaller, a more bachelor-suitable residence."

"My wife and I!" echoed Eugene, with the same air of stupid amazement as before—"My wife and I!" Recovering a little, he added: "Confound it, there must be some mistake here. Do you know that this Mlle. de Merode is not at all to my taste? I would as soon marry—"

"No folly, Eugene, if you please," interrupted M. de Veron. "The affair, as I have told you, is decided. You will marry Mlle. de Merode; or if not," he added, with iron inflexibility of tone and manner, "Eugene de Veron is likely to benefit very little by his father's wealth. The leprosy of the Revolution," he concluded, as he rose and put on his hat, "may indeed be said to have polluted our very hearths, when we find children setting up their opinions, and likings and dislikings, forsooth! against their fathers' decision, in a matter so entirely within the parental jurisdiction as that of the marriage of a son or a daughter."

Eugene did not reply; and silently assisted his father, who limped a little, having severely sprained his ankle some eight or ten days before, to the carriage waiting outside. This done, he returned to the office, and buried himself in reflections in which the aristocratic defects of Mlle. de Merode and the charms of Mlle. Adeline Le Blanc had the principal part.

Finally, discovering that he could not reach any conclusion by himself, he determined to seek counsel of Adeline's brother Edward, the principal clerk in his father's establishment. Edward readily and sincerely consoled with his friend, but added to Eugene's troubles by hinting nervously at a circumstance which, looking at the unpleasant turn matters were taking, might prove of terrible import. Eugene tried to assume the part of comforter in turn, and assured his friend that, come what might, he would take the responsibility in that particular entirely upon himself, as, indeed, he was bound to do. In spite of his efforts the friends left the office in a gloomy frame of mind, and vended their way to Mme. Le Blanc's cottage at Ingouville. There Eugene forgot his troubles in Adeline's presence, while Edward proceeded to take immediate counsel with his mother upon the altered aspect of affairs, not only as regarded Adeline and Eugene, but more particularly himself.

Ten minutes had hardly passed when Eugene's interview with Adeline was rudely broken in upon by Mme. Le Blanc. The mother's tone and manner were stern and peremptory.

"Have the kindness, Monsieur Eugene de Veron, to bid Adeline adieu at once," she said, "I have a serious matter to talk over with you alone. Come!"

Adeline became pale upon hearing her lover thus addressed, while Eugene's features flushed to deepest crimson. He stammered out his willingness to attend Mme. Le Blanc immediately, and hastily kissing Adeline's hand, followed her mother into another room.

"So, Monsieur Eugene," began Mme. Le Blanc, "this ridiculous wooing—of which, as you know, I never heartily approved—is at an end. You are, I hear, to marry Mademoiselle de Merode in the early part of next week."

"Madame Le Blanc," exclaimed the young man, "what is it you are saying? I marry Mademoiselle de Merode next or any other week? I swear to you, by all that is true and sacred, that I will be torn in pieces by wild horses before I break faith with—"

"Chut! chut!" interrupted Mme. Le Blanc. "You may spare your oaths. My present business with you relates to a different matter from marriage. Edward has just confided me a very painful circumstance. You have induced him to commit not only a weak but a highly criminal act: he has let you have, without Monsieur de Veron's consent or knowledge, two thousand francs, upon the assurance that you would either reimburse that sum before his accounts were balanced, or arrange the matter satisfactorily with your father."

"But, Madame Le Blanc,—"

"Neither of which alternatives," persisted that lady, "I very plainly perceive you will be unable to do with, unless you comply with Monsieur de Veron's wishes; and if you have any real regard for Adeline, you will signify that acquiescence without delay, for her brother's ruin would, in a moral sense, be

hers also. Part of the money has, I understand, been squandered in the presents you have made her. They shall be returned."

"Madame Le Blanc," exclaimed the excited young man, "you will drive me mad! I cannot, will not, give up Adeline; and as for the paltry sum of money you speak of—my money, as it may fairly be considered—that shall be returned to-morrow morning."

Mme. Le Blanc did not speak for a few seconds, then she said: "Very well; mind you keep your promise. To-morrow is the Fête Dieu: we have promised Madame Carson, of the Grande Rue, to pass the afternoon and evening at her house. Do you and Edward call on us there as soon as the affair is arranged. I will not detain you longer at present. Adieu! Stay, stay, by this door, if you please. I cannot permit you to see Adeline again, at all events till this money transaction is settled."

## II.

THE next morning at breakfast M. de Veron renewed the conversation of the previous afternoon, on the subject of the marriage with Mlle. de Merode. He listened coldly while his son protested vehemently that he was bound by honor to marry Adeline Le Blanc.

"Very well; be it so," he said finally. "I have not been quite so unobservant, Eugene, of certain incidents as you and your friends appear to suppose. But time proves all things, and the Merodes and I can wait."

Nothing further passed till M. de Veron rose to leave the room, when his son, with heightened color and trembling speech, although aiming at a careless indifference of tone and manner, said: "Sir, sir, one word, if you please. I have a slight favor to ask. There are a few debts, to the amount of about two thousand francs, which I wish to discharge immediately—this morning, in fact."

"Debit to the amount of about two thousand francs which you wish to discharge immediately—this morning, in fact," slowly repeated Veron, fixing on his son a triumphant, mocking glance, admirably seconded by the curve of his thin white lips. "Well, let the bills be sent to me; if correct and fair, they shall be paid."

"But—but, father, one, the chief item, is a debt of honor!" "Indeed. Then your honor is pledged to others beside Mlle. Le Blanc? I have only to say that in that case I will not assist you."

Having said this, M. de Veron, quite regardless of his son's angry expostulations, limped out of the apartment, and shortly after the sound of carriage-wheels announced his departure for Havre. Eugene followed about an hour afterwards, vainly striving to calm his apprehensions by the hope that before the day for balancing Edward's accounts arrived, he should find his father in a more generous mood, or, at any rate, would hit upon some means of raising the money.

The day, like the gorgeous procession that swept through the crowded streets, passed slowly and uninterruptedly away in M. de Veron's place of business, till about half-past four, when that gentleman directed a porter, who was leaving the private office, to inform M. Le Blanc, that he, M. de Veron, wished to speak with him immediately. On hearing the order Eugene looked quickly up at his father's face; but discerned nothing on that impassive tablet either to dissipate or confirm his fear.

"Edward Le Blanc," said M. de Veron with mild suavity, the instant the clerk presented himself; "it so chances that I have no further occasion for your services."

"Sir! sir!" gasped the young man.

"You are," continued M. de Veron, "entitled to a month's salary in lieu of that period of notice—one hundred francs—with which you may credit your entry in the cash account. You will please balance and bring it to me as quickly as possible."

"Sir! sir!" again iterated the clerk, as he turned distractedly from father to son. "Sir!"

"My words are plain enough, I think," rejoined M. de Veron, coolly tapping and opening his snuff-box. "You are discharged, with one hundred francs, a month's salary in lieu of warning, in your pocket. You have now only to bring

your accounts; they are correct, of course; I finding them so, will sign a receipt, and there is an end of the matter."

Edward Le Blanc made a step or two towards the door, and then, as if overwhelmed with a sense of the hopelessness of further concealment, turned round, threw himself with a cry of despair and terror at M. de Veron's feet, and poured forth a wild, sobbing, scarcely intelligible confession of the fault or crime of which he had been guilty, through the solicitations of Eugene, who had, he averred, received every centime of the amount in which he, Edward Le Blanc, acknowledged himself to be a defaulter.

"Yes! yes!" exclaimed the son; "Edward gave the money into my hands, and if there is any blame, it is mine alone."

M. de Veron listened with a stolid, stony apathy to all this, save that a slight glimmer of triumph shone about at the corners of his half-closed eyes. When the young man ceased sobbing and exclaiming, he said: "You admit, Edward Le Blanc, that you have robbed me of nearly two thousand francs, at you say, the solicitation of my son, an excuse, you must be aware, of not the slightest legal weight; no more than if you had been persuaded to the crime by your pretty sister, Mlle. Adeline, who, I must be permitted to observe, is not altogether, I suspect, a stranger to this affair. Now, mark me, young man: it is just upon five o'clock. At half-past seven precisely I shall go before a magistrate and cause a warrant to be issued for your apprehension. To-morrow morning, consequently, the brother of Mlle. Le Blanc will either be an incarcerated felon or a proclaimed fugitive from justice."

"One moment, one word, for the love of Heaven, before you go!" cried Eugene. "Is there any mode, any means whereby Edward may be rescued from this frightful, this unmerciful calamity—this irrevocable ruin?"

"Yes," rejoined M. de Veron, pausing for an instant on the outer threshold; "there is one mode. Eugene, and only one. What it is you do not require to be told. I shall dine in town to-day; at seven, I shall look in at the church of Notre Dame, and remain there precisely twenty minutes. After that, repentance will be too late."

Eugene was in despair, for it was quite clear that Adeline must be given up. After a brief, agitated consultation, the young men left the office to join Mme. and Mlle. Le Blanc at the Widow Carson's, in the Grande Rue.

The Widow Carson, to whose house they were bound, was a gay, symmetrical-shaped young woman, who kept a confectioner's shop in the Grande Rue. Her good looks, coquettish smiles, and unvarying good temper rendered her establishment extremely attractive. Under ordinary circumstances Edward would have been delighted at the prospect of meeting her, for an understanding existed between them that they should be married as soon as their common savings should permit. It is true that the widow made the mental stipulation that the marriage would not take place if a more eligible offer wooed her acceptance in the meantime; but Edward did not know this.

M. de Veron was among the many customers in the habit of calling for a *pâté* and a chat with the comely widow; and so frequently did he appear at one time, that Edward was half-inclined—to Mme. Carson's infinite amusement—to be jealous of the rich, though elderly merchant's formal and elaborate courtesies. It was, indeed, on leaving her shop that he had slipped and sprained his ankle. M. de Veron had fainted with the extreme pain, had been carried in that state into the little parlor behind the shop, and had not recovered consciousness when the apothecary, whom Mme. Carson had summoned, entered to tender his assistance. This is all, I think, that needs be said in a preliminary way of Mme. Carson.

Of course, the tidings brought by Eugene and Edward very painfully affected Mlle. Le Blanc; but it was agreed by all that Eugene must consent to marry Mlle. de Merode.

Mme. Carson was not at home while the consultation was in progress. She had gone to church, and afterward had called on one or two friends, so that it wanted only about a quarter to seven when she reappeared. Of course, the lamentable story had to be told over again, with all its dismal accompaniments of tears, sighs, and plaintive ejaculations. It was curious to observe, as the narrative proceeded, how the widow's



THE WIDOW CARSON AND M. DE VERON

THE INSTANT MME. CARSON WAS NEAR ENOUGH SHE TAPPED HIM SLIGHTLY ON THE SHOULDER. HE TURNED QUICKLY AND STARTED WITH A HAUGHTY, QUESTIONING GLANCE AT THE SMILING WIDOW.

charming eyes flashed and sparkled, and her cheeks glowed with indignation, till she looked, to use Edward's expression, "ferociously handsome."

"*Le monsieur*," she exclaimed, as Eugene terminated the sad history, gathering up, as she spoke, the shawl and gloves she had just before laid aside; "but I shall see him at once; I have influence with this *Monsieur de Veron*!"

"Nonsense, *Emilie*," said Mme. Le Blanc. "You possess influence over *Monsieur de Veron*!"

"Certainly I do; and is that such a miracle?" replied Mme. Carson, with a demure glance at Edward. The latter looked somewhat scared, but managed to say: "Not at all—certainly not; but this man's heart is iron and steel."

"We shall see," said the fair widow, as she finished drawing on her gloves. "*La grande passion* is sometimes stronger than iron or steel; is it not, *Monsieur Eugene*? At all events, I shall try. He is in the church, do you say? Very well, if I fail—but I am sure I shall not fail—I return in ten minutes, and that will leave *Mlle. Adeline's* despairing lover plenty of time to make his submission; if better may not be; and so *au revoir*."

"What can she mean?" asked Mme. Le Blanc as the door closed. "I have noticed once or twice during the last fortnight, that she has made use of strange half-hints relative to *Monsieur de Veron*."

"I don't know what she can mean," replied Edward, seizing his hat and hurrying away; "but I shall follow, and strive to ascertain."

### III.

He was just in time to catch a glimpse of Mme. Carson's skirts as they whisked round the corner of the Rue St. Jacques, and by quickening his speed, he saw her enter the church from that street. *Notre Dame* was crowded; but Edward had no difficulty in singling out M. de Veron, who was sitting in his accustomed chair, somewhat removed from the mass of worshippers. Presently he discerned Mme. Carson gently and adroitly making her way through the crowd towards him. The instant she was near enough she tapped him slightly on the shoulder. He turned quickly, and stared with a haughty, questioning glance at the smiling widow. There was no "*grande passion*" in that look, Edward felt satisfied, and Mme. Carson's conduct seemed more than ever incomprehensible. She seemed to say something which was replied to by an impatient gesture of refusal, and M. de Veron turned again towards the altar. Mme. Carson next approached close to his chair, and, bending down, whispered in his ear for perhaps a minute.

As she did so, M. de Veron's body rose slowly up—involuntarily as it were—and stiffened into rigidity, as if under the influence of some frightful spell. Forcing himself at last to confront the whisperer, he no sooner caught her eye than he reeled, like one struck by a heavy blow, against the pedestal of a saint, whose stony features looked less white and bloodless than his own.

Mme. Carson contemplated the effect she had produced with a kind of pride for a few moments, and then, with a slight but peremptory wave of her hand, motioned him to follow her out of the sacred edifice. M. de Veron hastily, though with staggering steps, obeyed. Edward crossed the church and reached the street just soon enough to see them both driven away in M. de Veron's carriage.

Edward hurried back to the *Grande Rue* to report what he had witnessed. What could be the interpretation of the scene puzzled the inventive faculties of all three, till they were thoroughly tired of their wild and aimless guesses.

Eight o'clock chimed—nine—ten—and they were all, Edward especially, working themselves into a complete panic of undimmed apprehension, when, to their great relief, M. de Veron's carriage drew up before the door. The first person to alight was M. Bourdon, a notary; next M. de Veron, who handed out Mme. Carson; and all three walked through the shop into the back apartment. The notary wore his usual business aspect, and had in his hands two rolls of parchment, which he placed upon the table. M. de Veron had the air of a man walking in a dream, and subdued, mastered by some

overpowering, nameless terror; while Mme. Carson, though pale with excitement, was evidently mistress of the situation. She was the first to break silence.

"*Monsieur de Veron* has been kind enough, Edward, to explain, in the presence of *Monsieur Bourdon*, the mistake in the account he was disposed to charge you with to-day. He quite remembers, now, having received two thousand francs from you, for which in his hurry at the time he gave you no voucher. Is not that so, *Monsieur de Veron*?" she added, again fixing on the merchant the same menacing look that *Le Blanc* had noticed in the church.

"Yes, yes," was the quick reply of M. de Veron, who vainly attempted to look the astounded clerk in the face.

"That is well," continued Mme. Carson; "and now, M. Bourdon, to business, if you please. Those documents will not take so long to read as they did to write."

The notary smiled, and immediately began reading a marriage contract between Eugene de Veron and *Adeline Le Blanc*, by which it appeared that the union of the two young persons was joyfully acceded to by Jean Baptiste de Veron and Marie Le Blanc, their parents; the said Jean Baptiste de Veron binding himself formally to endow the bride and brides-groom jointly, on the day of marriage, with the sum of 300,000 francs; and, moreover, to take his son as a partner.

"What is the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Eugene, the instant his father and the notary disappeared. "I positively feel as if standing on my head."

A chorus of like interrogatories from the *Le Blancs* assailed Mme. Carson, whose ringing bursts of mirth mocked for a time their impatience.

"Meaning, *parbleu*!" she at last replied, after pausing to catch breath. "That is plain enough, surely. Did you not all see with what *emprisonnement* the poor man kissed my hand? There, don't look so wretched, Edward," she added, with a renewed outburst; "perhaps I may have the captive to prefer you after all to an elderly millionaire—who knows?"

The wedding took place on the next day but one, to the great astonishment of every one connected with the two families. M. de Veron's health and spirits were irretrievably broken down, and after lingering out a secluded life of scarcely a twelve-month's duration, that gentleman died suddenly at *Mon Sèjour*. A clause in his will bequeathed twenty thousand francs to Mme. Carson, with an intimated hope, that it would be accepted as a pledge by that lady to respect, as she hitherto had done, the honor of an ancient family.

This pledge to secrecy would no doubt have been kept, but that rumors of poisoning and suicide, in connection with M. de Veron's death, having got abroad, the *Procureur-General* ordered an investigation to take place. The suspicion proved groundless; but the *précis-verbal* set forth that on examining the body of the deceased, there were discovered the letters, "I. de B.," "T. F.," branded on the front of the left shoulder; the last two being the initials of "*Travaux Forcés*" ("forced labor"), and being large and very distinct. There could be no doubt, therefore, that the proud M. de Veron was an escaped felon; and subsequent investigation proved that Jean Baptiste de Veron, the younger son of a high family, had, in very early youth, been addicted to wild courses; that he had gone to the colonies under a feigned name, to escape difficulties at home; and while at the *Isle de Bourbon* had been convicted of a murder at a gaming-house, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment with hard labor. Contriving to escape he had returned to France, and by the aid of a considerable legacy, commenced a prosperous mercantile career; how it terminated we have just seen. It was by accident that Mme. Carson had arrived at a knowledge of the terrible secret. When M. de Veron, after spraining his ankle, was carried insensible into her shop, she had immediately busied herself in removing his neckcloth, and unfastening his shirt, and a flannel one which fitted tightly round his neck, and she had thus obtained a glimpse of the branded letters, "T. F." With her customary quickness of wit, she instantly replaced the shirt and neckcloth, and carefully concealed the fatal knowledge she had acquired till an opportunity of using it advantageously should present itself. Her reward she found in a marriage with Edward.

## THE BUILDING OF AMERICA.\*

BY FRANK H. NORTON.

### II. STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND.

"The breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods, against a stormy sky,  
Their giant branches tossed ;  
And the heavy night hung dark,  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore."

THERE is something necessarily sombre and severe in all of the early history of the Puritans, with their adventure across the seas, and their final arrival at their destination. It was on the 9th of November, as has already been stated, that Cape Cod was first seen, but it was on the 11th of this, the 11th month, that the *Mayflower* arrived and anchored in the bay, of what is now Cape Cod Harbor, after having been ninety-eight days on the passage across the Atlantic. Their shallow, or small boat, having been injured, they landed partly with the design of repairing this necessary adjunct of their movements, and partly to obtain supplies of wood and water ; but before landing the Pilgrims had written out and signed an agreement, as among themselves, concerning the formation of a government under which they would subsist in the new country to which they had come, and as to their observances, which reals as follows, being signed by all those on board the *Mayflower*, the numbers

appended being those of the members of the different families, indicated by the names of the signers :

In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland king, defender of the faith, etc., having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid ; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony ; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names, at Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign lord, King James, of England, France, and Ireland the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth, anno Domini 1620.

Mr. John Carver.....	5	Moses Fletcher.....	1
William Bradford.....	2	John Alden.....	1
Mr. Edward Winslow.....	5	Mr. Samuel Fuller.....	2
Mr. William Brewster.....	6	Mr. Christopher Martin.....	4
Mr. Isaac Allerton.....	6	Mr. William Mullins.....	5
Capt. Miles Standish.....	7	Mr. William White.....	5
John Howland.....	1	Mr. Richard Warren.....	4
Mr. Stephen Hopkins.....	8	John Goodman.....	1
Edward Tilly.....	4	Negory Priest.....	1
John Tilly.....	3	Thomas Williams.....	1
Francis Cook.....	2	Gilbert Winslow.....	1
Thomas Rogers.....	2	Edmund Margeson.....	1
Thomas Tinker.....	2	Peter Brown.....	1
John Ridgdale.....	2	Richard Britten.....	1
Edward Fuller.....	3	George Soule.....	1
John Turner.....	3	Richard Clarke.....	1
Francis Eaton.....	3	Richard Gardiner.....	1
James Chilton.....	3	John Allerton.....	1
John Crackston.....	2	Thomas English.....	1
John Billington.....	4	Edward Dotey.....	1
		Edward Leister.....	1



PLYMOUTH, AS IT IS TO-DAY.

\* Previously published in this series : I. The Founders of New England, in No. 122 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.



This, then, is an accurate list of the signers of the celebrated compact which was undertaken in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, and it is well worth preservation and frequent publication, if for no other reason than that it will enable many American families to obtain a knowledge, which most of them desire, as to their family name having been represented on the celebrated vessel which carried the lives and fortunes of the Puritans, and which evoked out of the unknown that land which was to become famous thereafter under the name of New England. It is to be observed, with regard to this list, that the number put against the name of William White to indicate the members of his family does not include that of his son, Peregrine White, who was born in Cape Cod Harbor. These were the founders of the Colony of New Plymouth, the settlement of which colony brought about the settlement of Massachusetts Bay, which was the source of all the other colonies of New England. Virginia at that time was in a state of collapse; but it seemed to have revived and flourished under the energetic and persistent effort then making in New England. Meanwhile, it is to be reiterated that the early history of the founders of the New England Colony, while engaged in this operation, was one of the most sombre and painful character. It was not only that the voyagers by the *Mayflower* arrived on this sterile coast at the beginning of winter, but there was also about the constitution that condition of doubt as to what might possibly be awaiting the adventurers, which could not fail to throw a serious cast over everything that took place in the colony during the course of its construction, and also in the minds and thoughts of those who were engaged in this grave and responsible duty.

In the very beginning we can imagine these sea-worn veterans, after their long voyage, and their anxiety to get on shore and relieve themselves to a certain degree from the irksome bonds which had held them for so long a period, venture with doubt, possibly some dismay, short distances from the shore, wondering and questioning as to what kind of people, savages or otherwise, if any, they were destined to meet. Some of the passengers, while the shallop was undergoing repairs, impatient of the delay, ventured to travel along the shore, and it is said that sixteen armed men were sent out, conducted by Capt. Miles Standish and William Bradford, who were the first to discover signs of human life. They met five or six savages and a dog, who were apparently alarmed at the unexpected spectacle of the group of Pilgrims, and who fled incontinently to the forest. They were pursued at least ten miles without being overtaken, but one of their camps was found, and also a place

where corn had been deposited in the earth, being contained in a basket holding three or four bushels, which was at once taken by the Pilgrims; but, as it is a comfort to state, was afterward paid for to the savage owners—in fact, some six months later. Other exploring parties went out from the *Mayflower*, and a considerable portion of the coast-land and some of the interior was explored, giving the Pilgrims their first actual knowledge as to the nature of the land upon which they had fallen. The passengers by the *Mayflower* passed their first month on the coast at what is now known as Long Point, and not Plymouth, about three miles distant from the village of Provincetown.

In considering the curious compact which was signed on board the *Mayflower*, it is interesting to pay some attention to those who signed it. The first one of these was John Carver, who was the governor of the colony, and leader of the Pilgrims. Bradford, speaking of him, calls him "a pious and well-proved gentleman," and the records of the church bear testimony to the excellence of his character. Governor Carver lived only about five months after the landing. William Brewster, another of the signers, held the position in the church which Carver did in the new state that had been erected on the constitution which practically grew out of the *Mayflower* compact. He had three sons and two daughters—the sons being named, respectively, Jonathan, Love, and Wentling; his daughters were Fear and Patience. William Bradford was the leading young man among the Pilgrims. He was chosen governor on the death of Carver, and continued in office about eighteen months. Governor Bradford had two wives, and as he was fond of writing, it followed that posterity is indebted generally to him for the records of the early settlement of the Pilgrims—some of Bradford's historical documents having quite a romantic history. His "Letter Book" was stolen from the belfry of the Old South Church in Boston at the time when that house was used as a riding-school by the British soldiers, and was afterward rescued in a mutilated state, as is alleged, from a grocer's shop in Halifax, Nova Scotia. His "History of Plymouth Plantation" was carried to England, and remained for a very long period hidden in the Fulham Library, where it was found not so many years ago, and was taken by the Massachusetts Historical Society. Bradford was quite a poet, after the style of religious poetry of his time, and was altogether a good and great man. He died at Plymouth in 1657, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

Edward Winslow, one of the leaders of the enterprise, was a very young man. He became the ambassador of the Pilgrims during their frequent negotiations with the

William Bradford  
 Tho: Doane  
 Edw: Winslow  
 Nathaniel Weston.  
 William Brewster  
 Thomas Wythe  
 Miles Standish  
 John Winslow  
 Isaac Allerton  
 Amos Southworth  
 John Bradford  
 Tho: Southworth

SIGNATURES TO THE AGREEMENT DRAWN UP ON THE "MAYFLOWER."

Indians, also with the "merchant adventurers" of England, and with the king. He had a broad knowledge of the world, gentlemanly address, and a sacred regard for what was honorable and right. These qualifications, with a sound mind, made him admirably fitted for diplomatic and similar uses. He settled at Marshfield, and his farm, two hundred years later, was owned by the Hon. Daniel Webster. Winslow served the colony as ambassador, agent, and governor, for a number of years, but was finally appointed by Oliver Cromwell, in 1655, commissioner of a military expedition against San Domingo, and died and was buried at sea, between Hispaniola and Jamaica. Winslow's portrait is the only one existing of any of the passengers of the *Mayflower*. It was painted in England five years before his death.

Mr. Isaac Allerton was the merchant of the Pilgrims. He had a wife and three children. He had also more property than any other of the company, and from the beginning of the settlement he carried on an extensive commerce throughout New England, and with Virginia and the West Indies. He was also one of the first to establish fisheries along the Atlantic coast. He was assistant to the governor, and was one of those relied upon to assume pecuniary obligations, and transact the business of the colony. In the latter part of his life, however, he experienced reverses of fortune, and became greatly embarrassed in his affairs. He lived in two or three towns on the seaboard, and at last died at New Haven at an advanced age.

Capt. Miles Standish, immortalized by Longfellow's poem, was thirty-six years old at the time of his arrival in the colony, and came of an ancient military family in England. He had been bred a soldier, and first served in the Low Countries; is said to have been "heir apparent to a great estate of lands and livings surreptitiously detained from him." He was small in stature, but great in courage, and very soon after his arrival his name became a terror to the hostile Indians of the region. He is spoken of as a man of hasty and imperious spirit, but one who was deeply confided in by the Pilgrims. At Plymouth, Mass., there are preserved to this day the dish or plate of pewter out of which Standish used to eat, and his iron dinner-pot and sword, also the "sampler" of his daughter Lorea, which hangs in Plymouth Hall, wrought with excellent workmanship, in five different colors, upon canvas some twenty inches long by eight or ten wide, and containing the following:

Lorea Standish is my name,  
"Lord guide my heart that I may do thy will;  
Also fill my hands with such convenient skill,  
As may conduce to virtue, void of shame;  
And I will give the glory to THY name."

Captain Standish lived at Duxbury, right across the way from Plymouth, on an eminence which was called, after him, "Captain's Hill." Here he died at the age of seventy-



BURIAL OF MILES STANDISH.

two, and it is not known where he was buried. It is said that he was more skilled than any of the other Pilgrims in the Indian languages. He was also a fine classical scholar.

Dr. Samuel Fuller was the "beloved physician" of the Pilgrims. He left his wife, Bridget, on the other side of the ocean, with the intention of preparing a home to receive her; but it is said of him that he brought his cradle with him, and that this attained to great celebrity, because it rocked on board the *Mayflower* little Peregrine White, the first Pilgrim baby of New England. Dr. Fuller died in 1633. Stephen Hopkins, another leader among the Puritans, and practically the lieutenant of Standish in all military affairs, and governor's assistant for three years, died in 1644. He had much to do with public affairs, but very little is known of him more than this.

John Alden, who will be remembered in connection with Longfellow's poem, was only twenty-two years of age, and is said to have been hired at Southampton when the *Mayflower* was there—for a cooper. He made the voyage, and then concluded to remain in the colony, where he married Priscilla Mullins, who had been left an orphan during the first winter. He was assistant to the Board of Governors, serving altogether thirty-two years. He also settled at Duxbury, where he had a family of eleven children, and his descendants of the sixth generation are numerous in New England. He died at the age of eighty-nine.

Several of the Pilgrims died during the first winter, and others lived only a few years. Christopher Martin, William Mullins, and William White were the first victims. Eighteen of the signers had their wives with them, and four others were married, but had left their wives either in Holland or England. One of these ladies, Mary Allerton, lived to about ninety years of age, and was the last survivor of the passengers of the *Mayflower*. She married Elder Thomas Cushman, and resided in the colony seventy-nine years. Priscilla Mullins was, at an early period after the settlement, the only survivor of a family of five. Mary Chilton was famous as having been the first Englishwoman who stepped upon the shore of New England. She was left an orphan the first winter, and soon after married John Winslow, the brother of Edward Winslow. She had nine children, and died in Boston at an advanced age. Some of the names of these Pilgrim mothers and daughters are curious, such as Remember Allerton, Desire Minter, and Humility

Cooper. Altogether, there were seventy-three males and twenty-nine females in the colony.

The mode of encampment of the Pilgrims was to build what they called a barricado, with log stakes and thick pine boughs, about the height of a man, leaving it open at one side, which sheltered them from the wind and also served as a fort in case of sudden attack. In the middle of this building was built a fire, around which they encamped,



THE PLYMOUTH MONUMENT.

three settlers watching while the rest slept. Early in December twelve of the Pilgrims, accompanied by six of the ship's crew, started out on an exploring trip. They met quite a number of Indians, but were not molested in the beginning; but eventually had a short conflict with a sachem and some thirty or forty Indians, who fired upon them with arrows, whereupon the Pilgrims, under Standish, fired off their muskets, with the result that the sachem of the Indians was slightly injured in the arm, but no one else

appears to have been hit. This was practically the first encounter of the Puritans with the Indians.

It was on the 8th of December, on a stormy evening, that the shallop was carefully piloted up the bay and anchored at Clark's Island, where she was anchored. It was not until December 11th that the Pilgrims finally landed on Plymouth Rock. This being old style, 22d of December has usually been observed as "Forefathers' Day." This has been the usually accepted story in regard to the landing, although it has been seriously questioned. Plymouth Rock itself was a boulder, or loose rock of granite of a dark gray color; one undoubtedly of the many thousands scattered all over the country, rolled to the spot where they occur either by glacial action or by some vast deluging wave. This rock remained undisturbed at the water's edge for more than a century after the landing, but in 1741 the store-keepers of Plymouth conceived the idea of building a wharf over the rock, whereupon the venerable Elder Faunce, who was at the time ninety-five years old, pointed out the rock, and was so earnest in his intercession that it was spared. In 1774 some zealous patriots endeavored to move this rock to the town square; but in raising it the boulder split in two, and the lower part was allowed to sink back into its bed. The other part was drawn to the open space in the centre of the village, and, having served its country through the Revolution and subsequent wars, found a place of rest on July 4, 1844, in front of Plymouth Hall, where it is guarded by a fence of iron harpoons and boat-hooks, five feet high. The upper part was adorned with castings in imitation of heraldry curtains, on which were inscribed the names of the forty-one signers of the compact. The part of the rock which remained at the sea-shore gradually became almost forgotten, although tourists frequently hammered from it bits which they preserved and carried all over the Union.

The return of the exploring party to the *Mayflower* brought them in contact with a painful episode, and Bradford learned then that, the day after the party had left the ship, his wife, Dorothy, fell overboard and was drowned. Three others had died in the interim, including a son of Governor Carver. It is believed that the bodies of these unfortunates were buried on the shore of the harbor of Provincetown. On the 15th of December the *Mayflower* sailed for the bay discovered by the exploring party, and on the following day anchored a mile and a half from Plymouth Rock. The Pilgrims seem to have been well pleased with the harbor and the islands in it. They found plenty of fowl and good fishing. They also discovered, with little search, small running brooks of sweet water, forests of oaks, pines, walnuts, beech, ash, birch, etc., cherry-trees, plum-trees, vines, strawberry leaves, and plenty of clay which could be used for the making of pots and kettles. After much looking about, a business which lasted them several days, the Pilgrims finally picked upon a point on the high ground, where Plymouth now stands, as their place of settlement. The choice was made partly because of the excellent fishing which was found in the harbor, and partly because the soil was richer than any other that they had met. The Indian name of the place was *Accomack*. It was also called by some *Patuset*. The Pilgrims changed this name to that of Plymouth, in commemoration of the fact that Plymouth, in old England, was the last town they left. At first it was called New Plymouth.

By Christmas time the Pilgrims had all landed and were busily engaged in putting up houses, and especially a fort on the hill, which was one hundred and sixty-five feet high; but it was some time before the families were able to live on the shore. During the month of January, houses constructed of heavy logs were built, the interstices between the logs being filled with clay. It is believed that bricks were brought from England by the first emigrants, and were used to build ovens and chimneys. The windows of the houses were at first made of oiled paper. The houses were all very small, as what was called the "Common House," or place of meeting, was only twenty feet square. Meanwhile, occasional parties went out to look for Indians; but though they found a number of signs of them they failed for some time to meet any. They did, however, meet with many deer, and numbers of these were killed. Toward the end of January the wife of

Captain Standish died, and in this month the mortality amounted altogether to eight. In the month of February some cannon were brought on shore from the *Mayflower*, and mounted on a platform prepared for them. These were very heavy pieces for the time, being from eight to ten feet in length, and carrying balls from three to four inches in diameter. But all their work at this time was conducted under the shadow of death, as no fewer than seventeen died in February, and fourteen in March; so that, altogether, in three months one-half of the company perished from sickness and exposure. The sailors on board the *Mayflower* suffered greatly from scurvy, many of them dying from that painful disease.

The first burying-place of the Pilgrims was called Cole's Hill; and Fort Hill, where they had erected their fort, was afterward used for that purpose, and called Burying Hill; yet the oldest date upon any head stone there is 1681. In the spring of 1621 friendly Indians began to come into the colony, although there were instances of conflict. The first Indian actually met by them was Chief Samoset, who visited them, and who became their friend—in fact, protected them from the savage Indians thereafter. It was in March that the great chief Massasoit came to the colony, and made his celebrated treaty with Governor Carver; this was after Winslow had been sent to the chief as an ambassador to encourage such a proceeding. The meeting took place in the Puritan Council House, a log cabin, the venerable Carver and the great chief being seated opposite each other on cushions on the floor. Of the chief it was said: "At the while he sat before the governor he trembled with fear. In his person he is a very lusty man in his best years, an able body, grave in countenance, and spare of speech; in his attire, little or nothing differing from his followers, only in a great chain of white bone beads about his neck, hangs a little bag of tobacco, which he drank (that is, smoked), and gave us to drink.

He had in his bosom, hanging in a string, a great long knife. His face was painted a sad red, like murrey, and oiled both head and face; he looked greasily." The treaty contained the following articles:

I. That neither he nor any of his should injure or do hurt to any of our people.

II. That if any of his did hurt to any of ours, he should send the offender that we might punish him.

III. That if any of our tools were taken away when our people were at work, he should cause them to be restored; and if ours did harm to any of his, we would do the like to them.

IV. If any did unjustly war against him, we would aid him; if any did war against us, he should aid us.

V. He should send to his neighbors confederates to certify them of this, that they might not wrong us, but might likewise be comprised in the conditions of peace.

VI. That when their men came to us, they should leave their bows and arrows behind them, as we should our pieces when we came to them.

VII. That doing this, King James would esteem of him as his friend and ally.

From what has been written here, one can gather an impression, however superficial, of the details of the life of the Puritans during the earliest period of their settlement at Plymouth.

The Plymouth monument, of which we give an illustration, was dedicated August 1, 1889. The cornerstone was laid in 1889, and the money for it was raised by national, State,

and individual contributions. It is of solid granite, and shows a figure of Faith thirty-six feet high, holding in her left hand an open Bible, while with the right hand uplifted she points to heaven. From the four smaller faces of the pedestal project buttresses upon which are seated figures of heroic size, emblematical of Morality, Education, Freedom, and Law. Below these are high-relief tablets representing the embarkation at Delft Haven, the signing of the social compact, the landing, and the first treaty with the Indians.



PLYMOUTH ROCK.



**J**OHAN H. PARNELL, brother of the Irish leader, has arrived in this country. He bears a strong resemblance to his famous brother, and he has the same clear, keen eyes, and looks at you with the same expression in them. He has black hair, a long blond moustache, and a chin beard. He has come here to look after his fruit farms in Georgia and Alabama, and will remain until August 1. When he returns he will make the experiment of taking a ship load of peaches and other fruits to Liverpool.

**M**ULTATULI, of whom an interesting study has just been published, was the pseudonym chosen by Edward Domves Dekker, the author of "Max Havelaar" and "Idleen," who died at Nieder-Ingelheim, on the Rhine, in February, 1887. He was a Quixotic, impracticable man, strangely out of place in the conventional society, into the midst of which he flung like a bombshell his defiant plea for the oppressed Javanese. He had plenty of faults, both as a man and an author; his ideas were crude and contradictory, and his writings suffered first from the limitations of a self-educated man, exiled at nineteen, and secondly, from the inevitable provincialism of the citizen of a small country with a language unknown beyond its own frontiers.

**C**OLONEL L. L. POLK, the President of the Farmers' Alliance, is a North Carolinian by birth and residence. He represented his native county in the State Legislature in 1860, and several years after the war was made the first Commissioner of Agriculture in North Carolina. Colonel Polk was a leading spirit at Grange meetings, and a large organizer of farmers' clubs. He was three times chosen by acclamation President of the Interstate Farmers' Association of eleven cotton States, which was afterwards merged into the Farmers' Alliance. In 1889, when the general farmers' organizations consolidated at St. Louis and formed the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, Colonel Polk was elected President, and he has twice since been re-elected by acclamation.

**C**OL. W. B. REMEY has surrendered his post as Judge Advocate-General of the navy during the current month. He has been "surveyed and condemned," as the phrase goes, by a Naval Retiring Board, and Secretary Tracy has recommended his retirement. Col. Remy held the office for twelve years, and filled the place with great ability until his health gave way recently on account of his close application to business and the many complicated questions that came before him for decision. Lieut. Lennely, now the acting Judge Advocate-General, is the most formidable candidate for the vacancy. Lieut. Lennely has conducted all the important court-martial cases in the navy for the past six years, being twice sent to China on important trials.

**S**IR RAINALD KNIGHTLEY was first elected to Parliament forty-seven years ago, and he has kept his seat ever since. For hundreds of years past there has usually been a Knightley in Parliament, and always for the same county, Northampton. The Knightleys have held their

estates in that part of the country since 1415. They had an ancestor whose name is recorded in Domesday Book, a thing which very few families in England can boast of. The Knightleys supported the Puritan cause throughout the civil war. Even now Sir Rainald causes it to be added to his name in the "Parliamentary Guide," that, though nominally a Conservative, he is not "pledged to any party." Few have ever heard the present head of the family speak in the House of Commons. He usually comes in, takes a corner seat, and gives a silent vote.

**M**R. CHARLES VILLIERS, who is one of the old men in the English House of Commons, boasts of being the real author of the free-trade movement. He began long before Cobden or Bright was heard of. His form is now bent and nearly double, but he comes to the House whenever an important division is expected. He is a Liberal, but, like many of the best men of the party, he could not stand Mr. Gladstone's sudden surrender to Mr. Parnell. He is exactly ninety years of age and has been a member of Parliament fifty-seven years. Mr. Gladstone can beat that record, for he came here in 1832. Mr. Villiers does not intend to give politics up, in spite of his advanced age, and, "of course," says a transatlantic commentator, "there will be no opposition to him. The English people never 'go back' on an old servant unless he has taken extraordinary pains to provoke them."

**M**RS. J. H. AMMON, who has just died at Cleveland, Ohio, was a woman conspicuous alike for her generous charities and her quaint eccentricities. She first achieved something more than local fame about five years ago, when she underwent an imprisonment of several weeks for refusing to impart to the court certain information which she fancied herself bound to hold in secrecy. Upon her release from prison, at the urgent entreaties of her townspeople, who loved her for her good deeds, she built at the side of her residence on Euclid Avenue, a counterpart of her cell in the jail where she had been forced to atone for her conscientious silence. In token of her enduring eccentricity, she made a request, almost with her very last breath, that the newspapers be represented at her funeral. Evidently she had a poor opinion of the journalistic enterprise of the local press.

**A**RCHBISHOP IRELAND, of St. Paul, whose recent sojourn at the Vatican has given rise to a notion that he is to be made a Cardinal, is said to be a man of such the manner of mind as the late Cardinal Manning. The present month of June will probably determine which American prelate will be raised to the rank of Cardinal. Archbishop Ireland's views upon the labor question; his sympathy with universal education; his advocacy of the English language as necessary for national unity and therefore necessary as the basis of instruction in schools; his intense devotion to the Constitution of the United States and the cardinal principles that are at the base of our government and society—these things unite to make him a Catholic leader whose further promotion would redound not only to the welfare of his own church, but to the furtherance of good citizenship and social progress.

HENRY DUVEYRIER, once a celebrated French explorer, walked into the edge of a forest near Paris a few years ago, and with a revolver blew out his brains. It was the melancholy end of a career that had dawned brightly. Duveyrier accomplished brilliant things while a very young man, and when he was twenty-five years of age his name was known to geographers throughout the world. He was only fifty-two years of age when he ended his life so tragically. No other man at so early an age, except Joseph Thomson, ever accomplished so much in African exploration as Duveyrier. He was only nineteen years old when, in 1860, he penetrated the hostile desert south of Algeria, going where no other explorer had ventured. Although so young he was well equipped for scientific exploration. He was an exact observer, had advanced attainments in botany and geology, and possessed a talent for languages which enabled him in a short time to hold easy intercourse with all the tribes he met.

EDWARD F. DE LANCEY, in the course of an article wherein he tells some suggestive stories of the first days of the Republic, relates the following, which he learned from his father, the first bishop of Western New York, and the "William" of the recital in mention. "What book have you got hold of, William?" was the question Chief Justice John Jay put to a young kinsman one morning, on finding him in his library at Bedford intently reading. "'Botta's History of the American Revolution,'" was the reply. "The history of the American revolution! Well! Botta's is the last, and perhaps the best; but let me tell you, William," pointing his forefinger at the latter with a significant gesture, and emphasizing the adjective and the adverb, "the *true* history of the American revolution can *never* be written." Surprised at so strong a remark, his auditor naturally desired to know the reasons; but the venerable man declined to give them, saying: "You must be content to know that the fact is as I have said, and that a great many people in those days were not at all what they seemed, nor what they are generally believed to have been."

LOYD OSBORNE, who is at once the stepson and collaborator of Robert Louis Stevenson, is the son of Samuel C. Osborne, who was private secretary to Gov. Willard, of Indiana, in 1855. Samuel C. Osborne married Miss Vandegrift in 1858, and in 1861 emigrated with her and his two children, a son and a daughter, to Arizona. After many vicissitudes he reached San Francisco with seven dollars in his pocket and soon found employment, at lucrative figures, as an expert stenographer. Osborne seems to have been a man of cultivated tastes; he sent his son and daughter abroad to be educated. When their mother met Robert Louis Stevenson in Paris, on one of the visits she was making to the Osborne boy and girl at school, she fell instantly in love with him and he with her. Osborne soon learned of the fascination and advised his wife, this chronicler says, to come home, get a divorce, and marry Stevenson. She did so, and on the day the decree of divorce was announced Mr. Osborne wedded a beautiful woman. Soon afterwards Mr. Stevenson and Mrs. Osborne were married. Mr. Osborne, Sr., is said to be in Australia now.

THE late Commander W. W. Hunter, of New Orleans, had a life of more than ordinary length and movement. He was born in the second year of the current century. He entered the United States Navy seventy years ago; was promoted to past midshipman in 1828, to lieutenant in 1830, and to commander in 1853. During the Mexican war he captured Alvarado and was thereafter known as "Alvarado" Hunter. In 1841 Congress appropriated a large sum of money for the building of two experimental war vessels with motive power other than the new side-wheel. The construction of one of these vessels was placed in the hands of Lieutenant Hunter, who put two propellers on each side of the vessel. This proved a failure. The other contract was awarded to John Ericsson, who constructed the machinery and propeller of the steamer *Princeton*, the first stern propeller. Lieutenant Hunter resigned from the navy in April, 1861, and was made a commodore in the Confederate navy,

but had no opportunity to distinguish himself. After the war he resided in New Orleans and held several important State offices. He was universally esteemed and venerated by the people of Louisiana.

MRS. E. ELLSWORTH CAREY, of Chicago, has formulated a plan for exchanging signals with the planet Mars, that is certainly novel and apparently simple. It is that a perfectly level area, say at least five miles in diameter, be covered with a uniformly black coating of coal dust. This area is to be covered with gas jets or electric arcs, placing the illuminating points about three feet apart. That would require some 6,000,000 points of intense brilliancy, visible to the inhabitants of Mars with a magnifying power of 300 diameters, when the earth was sufficiently far away from conjunction to be seen while the sun was below the belt of twilight. The plan is to so connect these signal lights that the turning of a key would instantly extinguish or light them all. Then the illumination should be made to appear and disappear at regular intervals. Suppose at first the interval between the flashes was three seconds and the flashes continued five seconds. Then the intervals and duration of light should be changed, say to six, twelve, eighteen, etc., seconds, and then the series of intervals reversed. Mr. Carey argues that such signals would hardly be kept up long without attracting attention on Mars, if its inhabitants be far advanced in intelligence.

MRS. AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON, the author of "Beulah," "Vashti," and other books, which once had a vogue, is described as particularly laborious and painstaking in her literary labors. In the writing of a novel she never begins the manuscript until the entire plot and characters stand out clearly before her. So clearly photographed is the story upon Mrs. Wilson's mind that she could as easily begin by writing the closing chapters of a book as the opening portion. In the case of her novel "Vashti," for example, the description of Mrs. Gerome's death was written before a word of the first chapter was penned. Mrs. Wilson's care of details is shown in the fact that for several years before her last book, "At the Mercy of Tiberius," was published, she investigated electrical phenomena, especially freaks of lightning, and collected eight well-authenticated accounts of electric photography. Among those were four remarkable instances of human faces photographed by lightning on window-panes. On this basis of fact Mrs. Wilson built her novel. In view of these facts, now printed for the first time, the ridicule of the literary reviewers touching the lightning photograph on the window-pane at "Elm Bluff" as "impossible, absurd, and sensational," must have sounded rather strange and amusing to Mrs. Wilson.

ANATOLE DE LA FORGE, whose death occurred in Paris a few days ago, won renown as a publicist, historian, and politician. He was born in 1821. In 1846, after completing his education, he received a mission to Spain, from which he returned two years later with the decoration of the Legion of Honor. He then decided to abandon his diplomatic career, and devote himself to journalism. He was a leader writer for several Parisian dailies, and acquired a considerable reputation through his articles on foreign politics published in the *Siecle*. After the revolution of September 4, 1870, he was appointed Prefect of the Department of Aisne, with his headquarters at Laon. He won high honors by his activity in organizing the militia of the Department and fortifying the city of Laon against the German troops. For these services he was promoted, on October 28, 1870, to be an officer of the Legion of Honor. He sat several terms in the Chamber and as a subordinate in the Ministry of the Interior under Dufaure. He added to his reputation by writing a remarkable history of the liberty of the press. Among M. de la Forge's best-known works are "Public Instruction in Spain," "The Vicissitudes of Italian Politics," "History of the Republic of Venice," "The Utopians of Italy," and several works on the history of Poland. Despite his earnest and industrious life, his later years were harassed by poverty, and his death is believed to have been the result of suicide.



EDITED BY MARY L. HURLAND.

**AN AUTHORESS'S READINGS.**—Dickens and Thackeray read and lectured through the United States; George W. Cable, Mark Twain, Thomas N. Page, and a score of other more or less gifted authors have from time to time toured the country with great success—for to the enthusiastic reading American public nothing is more delightful than the personality of a literary lion. Up to date, however, but one American authoress has profited by the example of her thrifty brethren, and consented to turn to double artistic and financial account her justly earned name and fame. Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart is the first woman writer who has ventured to read her own works in public, and so brilliantly successful has her initial effort proved, that little doubt lingers that she will early find many imitators.

Mrs. Stuart is peculiarly well fitted for the rôle she has assumed, for not only can she confidently rely on the mere announcement of her intention to call forth an interested and appreciative audience, but by her charming facility in dialect interpretation she can easily reckon on delighting and amusing her hearers. With the elaborate stage setting of a reading desk and a glass of water, gowned becomingly and appropriately, and bearing the now famous "Lamentations of Jeremiah Johnson" in her hands, Mrs. Stuart faced her first public not long ago in her native city, New Orleans. She read easily, simply, distinctly, and promptly won her audience, bringing down showers of hearty applause, or holding every individual's entire attention as she delightfully spoke the negro dialect. She writes with as clever a pen as Joel Chandler Harris himself. We will scarcely feel surprised now to learn that the authors of "The Humble Romance" and "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain" have signed contracts to appear in public, reading their own works; and, surely, with so brilliant an example before them, why should they not?

**THE KITCHEN SNOBS.**—They are of both sexes, of every nationality, and so alarmingly on the increase that the instinct of self-protection invites this faint appeal for release from their tyranny. But a short while ago we endured the polite incivilities of the butler's master and the maid's mistress with very ill-concealed grace, but now, forsooth, we are called upon to suffer the contemptuous sniff and glance of Spinks and Mary Anne, who in open court are not ashamed or afraid to express their scorn or admiration for the stranger entering their master's gates. Snobbishness in one's equals is hard to bear, but a repetition of the unpleasant manner in one's inferiors is quite intolerable, though be it said to the honor of our drawing-room acquaintances, less of the unpleasant manner is with them apparent than in the old days of the newly rich society. The balance of snobbishness has changed, and it is sweeping through the servants' halls like a fell disease that only prompt measures can check.

The butler who used to open the door to a hospitable width, smile graciously on all but book agents and beggars, has somehow caught a keen sense of discrimination. Verily, through the closed door he seems to take stock beforehand of one's garments, and in an instant sums up one's social and financial status, by which he chooses to regulate his manner.

To the occupant of a private carriage his conduct is the exemplification of modest submission and tender solicitude;

even to a man or woman on foot, but in good clothes, his attitude is deferential beyond reproach. Cabs and women in mourning more or less puzzle him, but with the shabbily dressed man or woman he makes no mistake. His eyes wear a steely glitter, and their glance shoots directly over one's head; his voice is coldly reflective in tone, his replies brief and uncommunicative, and at the door of the drawing-room he halts insolently, as though pondering whether he shall admit the wretched stranger to that sanctum or command him to wait in the hall. There is no alacrity in his step as he goes to acquaint his master or mistress of the stranger's arrival, and a cruel light gleams in his eyes if the heads of the house offer excuses instead of their presence. Now and then one hears of interesting incidents in connection with the high-handed servant.

Not long ago a simply dressed woman called in the morning on a friend who, through the butler, asked to be excused. The visitor did not fail to observe with amusement the very casual attention accorded her by the man at the door, and she saw disgust unspeakable written on his face when she hurriedly pencilled on a blank card her name to be sent up. As he opened the door when she rose to go, he took up the card still lying on his salver and presented it to her with the remark that she might need it again. She smiled, passed out, and the next day his mistress hearing of the little affair averted the servants' hall with a small and very personal speech.

This was the same butler who made careful discrimination in his serving of guests, who helped certain gentlemen on with their coats before others, and who embarrassed the poor relative by buttoning him into his thin overcoat with as much tender consideration as he would blanket a cart horse. The maids have not so large an opportunity for the exercise of their whims as the butler; however, visitors, and occasionally the employers themselves, catch interesting glimpses of feminine prejudices; but, after all, a housekeeper need never tolerate a snobbish servant, for a little careful observation and questioning now and then bring the truth to light that should in turn call forth prompt correction.

Too often, however, the mistress of the house is herself quite subverted by her servants, and a curious pride will induce her to put up with impertinences and extravagance rather than confess to small means and modest manners. One hears of a butler who resigned a good position on the ground that his employer did not entertain with sufficient frequency and lavishment to afford full exercise of his exceptional talents, and a lady's maid gave warning because her mistress would not make an elaborate toilet for the evening, announcing her intention to return again to her former employer, who had ten gowns from Worth in a season, and who at the end of every six months laid away sixty toilets almost as fresh as new. Even in the ranks of the unfashionable domestic, stubbornness is noticeable. Here is a woman who offers her services to dwellers in the convenient little apartments, but is most careful as to the location, size, and elegance of the apartment house she enters, and sharply insists that she will not accept employment in a tenement. It is quite bad enough to endure incompetence, impertinence, and the countless other faults and failings common to the American domestic, but when the evil weed of snobbishness crops up so vigorously, it is the duty of housekeepers the country over to unite in stamping it out.



THERE has been a rumor that gloves were to be worn very short, in fact, of two button length, and every woman promptly sized up the awkward appearance of her wrist under such hopelessly trying circumstances. Luckily these misgivings were needless, for latest advices from Paris state that summer sleeves will nearly all end at the elbow, in a fall of *lisse* or lace; and it is quite imperative that the *gant de suide* reach well up to meet the material.

Bodices distinctly different from the skirts will be worn, but newer than these are full fronts of contrasting material. The meaning of this idea will be made clearer by describing a charming fawn-colored corduroy princess gown. It shows two platings at the hem, not covering more than three inches of the stuff. The one edge is gathered and tucked around the skirt, then turned upward so that the raw edge is inside, and the top is arranged in close kilt plaits with a slight heading. The front of the bodice has a light printed foulard in pink tint, made full and fastening on one side, and so is the upper portion of the full sleeve, describing a puff at the elbow. Black guipure is introduced on the collar band, and a wide gathered ruffle of the same falls below, while over the pink silk part of the sleeve is a deep cape-like frill of the guipure. The waist is marked out by broad black silk appliqué, carried up the centre of the back in a point, and introduced on tight portion of the sleeve from the wrist to the elbow. This is quite a new style, and, seen from the front, the wearer appears to have a pink silk bodice, but the back is of corduroy.

The large Empire revers appear still in many gowns, and are found effective in black satin on a deep red *crêpon*—for red is to be worn, and no material so much as *crêpon*. An extremely simple but stylish make of gown in this fabric had a plain skirt and full bodice. Round the waist was a broad black watered silk belt, quite six inches deep, fastened down the back. On either side of the centre of the waist were tiny rosettes, made of baby ribbon, while from this belt braces, some two inches wide, of open jet work, crossed the shoulders and were secured to the belt in front.

Again, among other frocks was a pale green cloth gown, made *en princesse*, finely braided with green, rose-pink, and silver tinsel braid. A chemisette of rose-pink bengaline, and sleeves of the same, were set off by a corselet of the cloth, braided like the rest of the toilette. The skirt, perfectly plain, had none of the braiding on the back breadth. A lady's cloth in grey had a vest of dove-colored faced cloth, prettily ornamented with grey and silver tinsel braid and frogs of broad black military braid outlining the fronts and edge of the coat. Small silver buttons, closely set, came as an extra finish to the coat fronts; the sleeves had a cuff of braiding and a frog of the black above it. The skirt, almost round in shape, had three alternate rows of black and tinsel braiding. An elegant costume in pale blue cloth was rendered most stylish by a corselet, collar, and deep cuffs of sapphire-blue velvet, the corselet being outlined with a *passemenierie* of the two shades of blue.

A pretty gown of grey-blue *crêpon*, with an indefinite yellow stripe running through it, was stylish with its princess back and the little short bodice finished off in the pointed corselet fashion in front. A plain skirt worn under this gave quite the idea of a princess gown. A useful garment was an ulster in Irish homespun, lined throughout with plaid silk; it had a sack back and a three-quarter cape, and was made double-breasted, so as to look stylish, and finished without the cape. A charming little mantle, suitable for carriage wear, was made of rose-pink, covered with black lace, and its three-quarter cape of mushroom cloth was veiled with black guipure. Several stylish blouses were among these articles. One of white Surah, with full *églot* sleeves, had cuffs reaching almost to the elbow of beige-colored *pointe de Venise*, a frill of the same coming round the shoulders. A vieux-rose, trimmed with a jabot of

ficelle lace, sleeves *en suite*, and a turned-down collar, was effective. A plaid silk blouse and a skirt of the same would prove useful additions to a wardrobe.

Checked silk skirts, with Spanish jackets of velvet or silk, are well worn, for they always look smart and uncommon. Pink foulards will be stylish, and one made by Worth, to be worn with a green hat, had one of the favorite folded belts of soft green silk, outlined at either end with an inch wide galeon of embroidered gold and silver.

The skirts are nearly all simple and plain, being made of rich materials, so their beauty is allowed to assert itself. A light blue satin had a bunch of cherries in the centre of the full front, which simply crossed over the foundation and ended at the waist. The sleeves were of the Empire form, cut in a single puff. A pink satin of a similar cut had a bunch of violets in front, and a band of pink d'Alençon placed at the top of the bodice, with the straight sedge upwards.

It is pleasant to know that very long dresses are no longer a necessity of fashion; indeed, the smartest people are not wearing them so long as last year, either for morning or evening. But skirts must not cling about the feet, and to prevent this the skirts are lined with horsehair.

Watteau jackets have almost completely disappeared, and with the final inauguration of hot weather, every woman has appeared in skirt, blazer, and cotton or silk shirt. Tweeds, flannels, serge, and light woodens are alike popular, and two-thirds of the smartest suits are made devoid of the least trimming.

Hats, both large and small, appear to be equally worn, preference being given to the large, low crowned, flat shapes, that may be loaded with flowers and tied under the chin by narrow velvet strings.

It is decreed that the color notes of the hat shall be repeated in the parasol. For instance, a picturesque large black hat, with a *hac-straw* brim, is trimmed in an important-looking way, with a green and white striped ribbon and black ostrich tips. The parasol has a long ferule handle of green and white porcelain, and is ornamented with a bow of the same ribbon as that on the hat. Rainbow effects are also much sought after. Nobody would suppose that a ribbon in which mauve, lemon, and ivory have an equal share would look other than



NO. 139. BATHING SUIT.





## SUMMER FASHIONS.

NO. 136. RUSSIAN BLOUSE OF SCARLET INDIA SILK.

NO. 137. A CHARMING HOUSE DRESS.

startling; but the effect produced in the hands of skilful milliners is most refreshing to the eye. Such a ribbon forms the sole but sufficient garniture of a light shady Leghorn. A beautiful black hat is adorned with rich crinkled orange-colored chiffon, and a tall osprey cluster arises from the back. For a younger girl in the May-time of her life, nothing would look better than an ivory Leghorn hat, covered with a garland of leafless roses, and a few bows of rose-colored ribbon. For wear on the water, travelling, and the more every-day occasions, smart sailor straws of new shapes and garden hats are also well worthy of notice.

At a recent gathering of the smart set, some interesting fashion notes were gathered. For example, the hats were quite a feature, most of them being large and many of them all black. The fashion of twisting up a piece of real old lace among the loops of ribbon, velvet, or a few flowers was very noticeable. And this mode extended to gowns, several of which had lace arranged as a yoke, as a pelerine, or as high cuffs. Bonnets were in the minority. One hat was of creamy Irish crochet, resting on a green velvet headband, the small crown encircled by a band of the same, and deep red roses clustered above and under the brim at the back and one side. The only real flowers worn—and they were few—were pink and yellow roses pinned carelessly into any lace or trimming down the front of the bodice. Black *saddle* gloves appeared to be general, being worn with all kinds of costumes.

Some of the frocks for babies, included in a handsome length, are fascinating in their luxurious daintiness. These are made with high necks and low, trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and lace. But the great novelty were their silk robes, with lace frillings and lace insertions arrayed in just the same style that the muslin and lace used to be; but beneath the scalloped edge of the silk, full frills of insertion are introduced. These have the merit of keeping clean, and even muslin has hitherto been worn over silk slips; as in a very elaborate example made with perpendicular tucks, stitched to half the depth and then allowed to flow freely, the lace at the edge intermixed with loops of baby ribbon, which is carried up also in rows between the tucks.

Elisettes, for children of tender years, are now made in muslin and fringed all over, showing full gathered capes and small collars above them. Very quaint and charming are these made in thin woolen materials, for summer, with minute flounces edging the skirts and capes. With these growing bonnets are worn of fine straw, having some fine small ostrich tips outside and platings of *lisse* beneath the brim, edged with feather flues.

A useful dress for a growing girl is a plain skirted navy-blue corduroy cloth, cut *en princess*, with a sleeveless bodice unlined, which simply comes up over the shoulder and is cut in an open V back and front, so that it merely comes beneath the arms and shows the full silk skirt. This obviates all the difficulties of belts by keeping the skirts neatly in place.

Speaking of new fabrics for missummer one must assuredly observe the foulards made in a kind of Paisley shawl or pink patterns, in very delicate designs and in beautiful colors, on a shot foundation. Another lovely fabric is a vieux-rose grenadine, striped closely with fine lines of pale green, made up over vieux-rose or green silk. This takes in a bewitchingly changeable effect. Black grenadines seem also likely to be much worn this season, especially when striped in satin, in pale blue, heliotrope or apple green, when they look charmingly made up over silk foundations, the same shade as the stripe and trimmed with jet.

Some lovely new stuffs are made in a mixture of silk and wool, and drape delightfully. A new material in a pale shade of tan, with a woven border of vieux-rose silk, is being used largely to make the pretty shoulder cape which is so rapidly taking the place of the long Watteau mantle. With a collar of old rose, these capes are wonderfully smart.

So keen is the rivalry between London mantua makers that some, more enterprising than others, not only keep their salesrooms embowered in palms, and fragrant with grimy plants, but in addition to the luxury, two charming young boys dressed in silk, lace, and velvet, like royal pages, walk continually among the customers, distributing roses from flower laden



No. 135. REEFER COAT.

baskets on their arms. Surely this is the consummation of all joy when spending money.

No. 136 shows a Russian blouse of scarlet India silk. The trimming consists of bands of brown linen canvas, worked in Russian cross-stitch, and applique on the silk with gold thread. A bell skirt of the same canvas, with the hem worked in cross-stitch, completes a useful out-of-door costume, but the silk blouse coat is pretty in itself and could be worn with almost any light summer dress. The cross-stitch would be difficult to procure, but this garment can be copied by using the materials described below:

8 yards India silk,	at \$1.00,	\$8.00
3 yards India silk, for waist lining,		3.00
5 yards Oriental passementerie,	at \$1.25,	6.25
		\$17.25

No. 137 is a charming house dress. The skirt and bodice are of white moire antique, with a lavender satin stripe, dotted with sprays of yellow flowers; the waist and under sleeve are of yellow India silk, covered with coarse mesh white net, spangled at intervals with yellow crystals. The bodice has the appearance of being tied upon the shoulders, the tie bows forming butterfly wings. The hair should be arranged with Greek bands of yellow satin. This dress could be imitated in less costly materials than those described, for instance:

14 yards striped silk,	at \$1.50,	\$21.00
3 yards Indian silk,	at 1.00,	3.00
1 1/2 yards crystal net,	at 2.75,	4.12
		\$28.12

No. 138. Sketch of a reefer coat, with a loose back. It is of extra three-quarter length. This is a useful sea-side and yachting coat, and should be made of light weight navy serge, and lined with red or yellow silk.

No. 139 pictures a bathing suit, modeled after the Russian blouse pattern; it is a blue flannel, trimmed with white mohair braid, and cross-stitched in white on the bodice and sleeves, and also on the stockings.

8 yards flannel,	at 63c,	\$5.04
6 yards mohair braid,	at 20c,	1.20
		\$6.24



1. Hereafter all correspondence should be addressed to "Editor, Correspondence Department, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

2. Questions sent by our readers will be answered in the order in which they are received. Owing to the large number of letters which reach us asking advice, and to the fact that answers to many of the questions involve considerable research, replies can rarely be given in the same week the letter is received. Our readers should not enclose stamped envelopes, with requests for private correspondence, as questions can be answered only in this manner.

3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

DUCHÈRE.—I do not wonder very much that persons living outside of New York, and depending on newspapers for all information of social doings in the metropolis, become sadly puzzled in the effort of gaining exact facts and a truthful view of so complicated a matter. Had you live in New York, and merely look on from the outside, or take active part in this leading social world, you would soon discover how small a place Mr. McAllister really holds and how limited is his influence. His facts and fancies, his absurd sayings and doings, his dictums and disapprovals, are by no means as seriously accepted and considered by fashionables as outsiders are often led to believe. Should Mr. McAllister transfer his allegiance and his residence to San Francisco to-morrow, he would, I am sure, leave no great gap in the rank and file of the social company. The Four Hundred and the One Hundred and Fifty mean absolutely nothing; and to the newspapers, and not the fashionables, must Mr. McAllister render thanks for the largest share of notoriety he may enjoy. Society to-day in New York is no more serious or frivolous, snobbish or simple, than that of any other large and wealthy city. Should you take the moral and mental census of the fashionable element of New York, you would find just that proportion of the good, the bad, the silly and the wise, the simple and the proud, men and women that you to make up the high and low social classes the world over. The item cut from the London paper may be founded on fact or may be purely fiction; who can tell? Mr. Ward McAllister is no more the "social autocrat of New York" than John Smith; his decree concerning the President is absolutely without weight; and the story of the cotton is a rare instance indeed. The American papers copy paragraphs equally foolish about London society. Yes; Mr. McAllister is an American, and one of whom we may be neither ashamed nor afraid, since he can do us no harm, and really is a boon to the newspaper paragrapher and the hard-pushed professional joker.

YOSHIMURA.—(1) Haas, on the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Sixth Avenue, does make really charming frocks. Why do you not try them? He has a good reputation, is amiable, pains-taking, and patronized by excellent people. However, to my mind, tailor-made gowns are in nine cases out of ten failures, at least in fit. From observation and experience, I have arrived at the conclusion that the perfect tailor gown is an accident, a sartorial freak, and Haas is quite as likely to give just that cut and fit as any tailor I know in New York. But the other day I saw a really exquisite semi-tailor gown from Mrs. Dunstan's establishment on Thirtieth Street, between Fifth and Madison Avenues. Let me answer query No. 2 by advising you to visit both Mrs. Dunstan and Hollander in Fifth Avenue. Have you never patronized Arnold & Constable, on Broadway, corner of Nineteenth Street? There you will find as elegant toilets as can be had in Paris or this country, and to shop for other garments cannot advise a finer depot. To advise an importer of Paris gowns is no difficult matter, but to tell you where in July you will find new, fresh frocks is quite out of my power. By the middle or even the first of April, the importers open their spring supplies, and when the first of June arrives only very scant gleanings are left of the great millinery harvesting. However, let me suggest your visiting Mesdames White & Howard, corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Madison Avenue. The Classique is, to my mind, an excellent French corset, though I cannot recommend it to one caring for the special cut you mention. Why do you not go to a *corsetière*

and either fit yourself carefully to a comfortable and graceful stay, or have a pair made to order? If the corset-maker can once get satisfactory measurements of your figure, and will, under your direction, make for you an ideal corset, she can, from your measurements, constantly make and supply you with stays as you need them. You will find a good corset-maker at 821 Broadway. For the warm weather try Thompson's glove-stitching net corset. You may be surprised, but the very best, and perhaps the most charming, French hats and bonnets, I shall direct you to Sixth Avenue. Go to Simpson, Crawford & Simpson's, corner Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street, and examine their upstairs millinery department. Their hats, this spring, were models of beauty. If you wish the very coolest, and perhaps the most elegant head-gear, you will patronize Madame Louise, in Fifth Avenue. (3) The St. James, on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-sixth Street, is an excellent hotel; also the Grand, on the corner of Broadway and Thirty-first Street. In the restaurants attached to both of the above-mentioned hotels you can be served to an admirable luncheon. Women shopping on Broadway, near Union Square, find Pursell's luncheon counter and upstairs dining-room both pleasant and convenient. Pursell is, you know, the confectioner and baker on Broadway between Twenty-second and Twenty-first Streets. (4) To my mind, the Reynier gloves are, in quality of kid, in the fit and stitching, the most excellent and durable gloves made; therefore I suggest your asking, at Lord & Taylor's glove counter, for their black Reynier kids. Have them fitted to your hand. For lined gray and tan gloves of this make, go to a little French glove-shop on Fourth Avenue between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Streets. Lucimetière is the name of the proprietor, a clever old Frenchman, who can glove you to perfection. (5) Mrs. Mary E. Cobb, on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, is a well-known and capable manicure. Her parlors are on the second floor of the shop on the southwest corner of the street. At the dainty shop where the Récamier preparations are sold, at 305 Fifth Avenue, you can also be well manicured.

SUNNY NINE.—'Tis quite impossible to give you anything like a positive reply, for, so far as my review of art statistics extends, I cannot discover any answer to such a query. I find that Raphael's Sistine Madonna is perhaps the most highly valued of the masterpieces, and that in point of mere commercial valuation, the works of Rubens and Titian are after Raphael's most highly prized. These facts, however, do not satisfy your curiosity; therefore, I advise you to write to Mr. Reynier, of the Art Students' League, 143 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

HAASLT.—The Vanderbilts, Astors, Belmonts, William Rockefeller, H. G. Marquand, F. B. Clark, and S. F. Avery, of New York, are all possessors of superb art galleries, to which you can possibly gain admittance by formal request of their owners. At one time the Vanderbilts made a laudable effort to open their gallery to the public on stated days. The public, however, took advantage of this generous opportunity, rather to gratify their curiosity regarding the home of a millionaire than their interest in works of art, and the experiment proving so disagreeable and unprofitable, the gallery was closed. However, I think a civil letter to Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, to Messrs. Clark, Avery, and Marquand, would act as a prompt open sesame to their treasure stores of art. The addresses of these art collectors can be easily procured from the city directory.

TYNE.—I fear I have not correctly deciphered your signature. The fault, however, is not mine, for your broad nibbed pen has quite blotted the words throughout the letter. "I-Inconue" tells me that, even with the best will in the world, she has not it in her power to give a delineation of the handwriting you mention. It would scarcely be just to correspondents whose requests for character reading preceded yours to so flagrantly violate the rule of the department regarding the answering of letters in turn. Were the department not so absolutely overworked, I should have said "I-Inconue" were not so many months behind in her correspondence, your favor would be promptly and gladly answered.

WESTERN PEARL.—That my reply appears so long after the date for which you requested it, is an unfortunate circumstance over which I truly have no control. Had you written me a week earlier my answer would have arrived in good time to afford you all the kind and friendly assurance I could give, but you delayed writing too long, or did not think, perhaps, of appealing to me until the very day you wrote. What was it? At any rate, though I am giving you a reply as promptly as possible, your decision will surely be made before you can hear from me. I cannot revisit, even at this late date, giving my reasons for my explanation, interested as you are, and I sincerely trust that you have chosen in favor of your future husband. Ordinarily, I sympathize strongly with the parent who objects, for the very good reason, that parents, having at heart the good of their children, and uninfluenced by the deceptive illusions of romantic sentiment, etc., are apt to see far more clearly

than their sons and daughters into the possible matrimonial future. Your letter, however, states your case in such open, practical terms that I cannot but be fully convinced that your duty now leads you toward your new life. There are important responsibilities for you to share in it; serious questions to be settled only by yourself, and since your father disclaims all sense of obligation in the affair, you are then surely privileged to make a life and home for yourself. Your doubts and hesitations are only natural and commendable, but I am very sure that no one fully apprehensive of the truth of the situation can fail to sustain my opinion. "I, Inconnue," I believe, is now busy replying to letters received in December. It will necessarily be some time before a delineation of your character appears.

JO.—Not very long ago I published a reply to the very question you ask. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is the author of the poem you quote from.

MARRIE ALLEN.—I have given your letter a great deal of careful thought, for you seem so deeply in earnest, so seriously ambitious, that I cannot bear to dismiss your case with a few empty words of meaningless encouragement. You deserve far more than that, and if I can be of any aid to you, I shall feel pleased indeed. After a second reading of your letter I conclude that practical advice is what you are most sorely in need of. You have alone and unadvised entered a profession that is sadly over-crowded, yet never well supplied, and, as is the case with novices, you have attacked one of the most difficult branches of this semi-artistic business. Of course you began by writing a short story. You sent it to an editor, and for weeks trembling with a fearful impatience until the half suspected, wholly dreaded blow fell. The story was returned, and you felt quite disheartened and bitterly disgraced. If it will afford you one small grain of hopeful comfort, let me assure you that every author experiences just such results in their first essay, and rightly too. Only the initial productions of highly gifted men and women can win and command the attention and admiration of editors and the reading public. Perhaps you know that one of George W. Cable's greatest stories was rejected by magazine editors all over the country. And this is quite reasonable. We think because we can write, spell, punctuate and string words together we can originate and achieve without effort, patient practice, and frequent discouragement. How many persons who know how to finger the key-board, and understand counter-point and thorough base, will sit down to the piano and pretend to compose a piece of music that publishers would buy? Let me assure you that to the ordinary mind 'tis no more easy to compose a story than a nocturne. You, however, should not feel wholly cast down. Your first story has been kindly rejected. That was no more than just and proper, and now you are wisely fitting yourself to produce slowly, and with great labor, literary work more worthy of editorial commendation. What you tell me of your studies is all very good and gives promise of success for you in the future. Let me advise you, though, to lay aside for the present all thought of producing fiction. Begin on something more simple. Let me give you an idea. Write a simple child's story; weave it about an actual incident if possible. Write it as nearly as possible on the pattern of the stories that you, as a child, loved to hear, and then, if you can, read it to the little girl under your care. Do not tell her it is yours, but try and gain her criticism. If she is amused and interested in it, be sure you have struck the proper chord. Take, for instance, bits of history and touch them up with the color of fiction for her edification; write jingles and little verses on nursery incidents, could from some pretty superstition of your childhood contrive to build a fairy story. You will say this is trifling and uninteresting work, perhaps. I do not think you will on experiment find it so, and the result of such endeavor will be added strength in imagination, in employment of language, taste, and critical ability. Study while you so work, and at intervals test your growth by sending something, even five lines of a jingle, to one of the children's magazines. Don't ever feel hopelessly cast down that your work is not accepted. As each manuscript returns lay it away, and in later years you will be able to see just how weak it was, how unworthy of acceptance. Men and women in the various life's professions they chose "suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," from which they eventually shield themselves by laboring and hoping. You might very reasonably try newspaper writing as a first stroke of your pen should test you something, and journalism is an excellent school in which to learn. Just leave the stories for the big magazines alone for awhile; consent to begin at the beginning of your profession, and work up. It is the least—in fact, the only sure way. Remember I shall be always delighted to hear from you, and serve you when I can.

A CONSTANT READER.—There are any number of remedies widely advertised and apparently warranted to cure just the affliction from which you suffer. I always hesitate to recommend any

of the patent lotions, for fear of extending the evil influences of dangerous cosmetics. I have found on examinations that applications advertised to remove the very blemishes of which you complain, contain injurious ingredients. Let me advise you to write to Mrs. H. H. Ayer who manufactures the excellent Kécamier toilet preparations, and ask for some effective yet harmless application. She, I understand, possesses a number of valuable formulae for preparations to be used in cases similar to your own. Address your letter to Mrs. Harriet H. Ayer, 305 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ROY.—I am sorry I cannot write you more encouragingly on the question that is to you of such importance, but on perusal of your letter I do not feel convinced of the practical availability of your very indefinite scheme. I do not gather from your letter that you feel either able or willing to write, and propose in journalism opening your profession. A knowledge of literature gained from general reading is never a professionally profitable knowledge, and though in your own circle of acquaintances you may not know any one so widely read as yourself, be sure that in this world of education and books there are many individuals possessing a more extensive, if not profound knowledge of literature. However, I do not wish to discourage you, and on consideration it seems to me that if you do not wish to cultivate your pen and yet wish to be employed among books, you might find congenial employment in one of the large New York or Boston publishing houses. The trade in books is a dignified, interesting and lucrative one, in which, no doubt, your information could find profitable employment. Even in the humblest capacity try to gain a footing in a publishing house, and endeavor to learn the business. There are tremendous opportunities to win in book-making both fame and fortune. Loving literature as you do, the working among books will become a congenial profession, and the only one in connection with books that needs important commercial profit. Do not, if you are ambitious and enterprising, be persuaded to become a librarian and lead a dry dust life in which all manly vigor and aspiration must be cast aside under the pressure of heavy routine labor. You are young, perhaps strong, and surely desirous of making the best of your life, therefore endeavor to place yourself somewhere among the book publishers, work steadily and hopefully, if only at type-setting, and your properly directed ambitions will surely carry you up in the business to that point where your knowledge of books and love of literature will be invaluable.

A FARMER.—I have somewhat deferred answering your letter, for the very good reason that I did not know exactly what to say. Your question is a difficult one to answer at all wholly or well, and I feel that in offering you advice I am taking upon myself rather too serious a responsibility. I have never been in your State. I am even distressingly ignorant of its products, and my experience in farming is confined to the region of cotton and sugar plantations in the far South. You will therefore quickly appreciate how entirely unfitted I am to speak with even the slightest degree of authority on the question you propound. I can easily appreciate your discouragement, and would, if I could, gladly offer any solution for that vexing question, "What next?" I wonder if there would for you be any profit in chicken raising? You do not say in your letter, and of course I am at a loss to guess just how well you are situated with respect to the facilities for the transportation of your farm products. I do not know whether you are near a town well supplied with markets, or whether your property could be profitably converted into a chicken farm, etc., etc. Such a proposition is made rather wildly, and only on the assumption that chickens can be and are profitably raised for supplying the cities with fowls and eggs, and that no more threatening fatalities hang over the propagation of hens than that of strawberries or beans. Throughout New York State, in Connecticut, and New Jersey, chickens are extensively raised to supply the New York market alone, where poultry and eggs the year round command excellent prices. Of course you have your own chicken yard always, and are perhaps occasionally supplied with fowls. Have you never contemplated a more extensive investment in chickens? Perhaps I am not offering a suggestion of value, and maybe I am giving you an idea capable of practical development. It seems, however, that on land where grains and fruits refuse to grow profitably, poultry raising is the only plan. For, mayhap, yours is the chosen berry country, and not in any sense suited to the raising of fowls. In any case, and whatever you may eventually decide to plant on your lands and raise in your fields, I heartily wish you all prosperity and encouraging success.



## GRAPHOLOGY.

BY L'INCONNUE.

## RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. Persons desiring to test character-reading by handwriting should send at least fifteen lines of original composition in the subject's handwriting, and signed by an assumed name, under which the reply will be given.

2. Letters must be marked "Graphology" in the left-hand top corner of the envelope, and addressed "L'Inconnue, care of Editor, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street New York."

3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

MARY M. M. M.—Entirely conventional, unadorned by a single interesting characteristic. The nature is what might be called old-fashioned in its theories, tastes, and habits, is unpretentious, with a pleasant temper that gets sadly ruffled at times, capacity for a good deal of sustained effort, no ambition, and quiet emotions that are seldom deeply stirred.

E. B. B. B.—Study enclosed with the above; is infinitely brighter and more attractive. It indicates mental ardor and a variety of stimulating interests, ability to sustain an intellectual effort, a good deal of cultivation, aspiration, a determined, hopeful will, vivacity of speech and manner, a fatal habit of inaccuracy, a tendency to employ diplomacy and *finerie* in accomplishing a desired end, and an absence of all straightforward methods in dealing with facts and people, genuine personal refinement, a temper held under admirable control, lack of all pretentious affectation, clear thought, reasonableness on most subjects, no real generosity, excellent critical sense, and some susceptibility.

VALLANT.—Pseudonym doubtful; postmark, Fort Worth, Tex. This subject shows a complete lack of self-discipline, unbridled impulse, an absurd and exaggerated fancy, an erratic, emotional will, self-indulgence, limited culture, caprice, and a general necessity for severe and steady self-correction.

INDOMAR.—Nor is there much to say in praise of this correspondent, whose study is written on lines. He is not quite so flighty and spoiled, but is commonplace to the very last degree, sets great store upon utter trivialities, is fond of a fine appearance, is egotistically inclined, and very good-natured.

ELIZABETH.—Mobile. There is no denying it that in nine cases out of ten a back hand implies either affection or deceit: in certain cases it also signifies selfishness, so it is plain to see that that particular style of chirography does not stand high in the estimation of graphologists. This has not the appearance of a feminine study, for the will is too arbitrary, intolerant of opposition, dictatorial, and fond of controlling others. The force is quick, diffused and suffers loss thereby, the temper is imperious and far from sweet, although there is more bluster than real anger in its demonstrations. The writer is an expansive, emphatic talker, who often strives after an impression, is vividly imaginative, has genial manners, is self-conscious, generous to a fault, is full of energy and vim, liberal to the point of extravagance in the use of money, is outspoken, sincere, and certainly cherishes with infinite pride not one, but several pronounced mental poses otherwise known as affectations. The talent seen could bear higher culture.

PETE.—No one but a nice, agreeable man could write as he does; a quiet, well-ordered, kindly, friendly being, who has energy yet knows how to dawdle, never argues a point, but simply decides it for himself and is therewith content. He shows pretty safe judgment, a temperate, cheerful, evenly poised nature, seldom speaks indifferently, is amiable but not too easy-going, is clever while not intellectual, is personally dignified, and extremely well bred.

FAIRVIEW.—Obstinacy, impulse, indifference to detail, headstrong, hasty action after poorly considered decisions, inhibitive ability, other unpretensions, restlessness, love of change and diversion, reserved speech, a likable disposition, undisturbed cheerfulness, and a keen, ready wit.

HAMLET.—New York City. A spirited specimen, descriptive of a buoyant-natured woman, who is self-reliant, full of ardor and various interests, is imaginative, quick of perception, possesses a keen sense, is risk-taker, is intuitive, animated, has a vivacious, responsive, enlivened mind, a most agreeable, dignified, and independent personality, is level-headed, energetic,

capable of clear and cogent thought, detests any sort of opposition, is indolent and indolent by turns, is gregarious, fond of luxury, ease, and material joys, is not especially generous, shows ample self-esteem, and no tenderness or demonstration of feeling.

A BUSY MOTHER.—Has all of the quiet fireless virtues, and is luckily without any other ambition, for her abilities are of a domestic and practical rather than an intellectual order. She is self-contained, refined, gentle, sweet-tempered, self-forgetful, and devoid of vanity, egotism, or capriciousness. Her disposition is mild and yielding, but shows no weak vacillation.

MINERVA.—Postmark, Philadelphia. On lines, and at best an example of doubtful interest, in that its author is under the poorest sort of self-control, and must be very young to manifest such a lot of caprice, such slight resistance in yielding to the blues, when he or she, as the case may be, is surely vigorous enough to combat this supine depression of spirits. The whole character is uneven, undisciplined, and has not benefited by very careful culture.

A. W. B.—New York City. On lines, and really too immature a specimen to furnish a satisfactory delineation for either party concerned.

JACK GRIFFIN.—On lines. This study shows a kindly, sanguine, practical, courteous person, whose intellect is not above mediocre, but who has a passionate appreciation of beauty, is refined, warmly and faithfully affectionate, ardent, and with a quick yet sweet temper.

STRATHISAY.—Your study has been received and filed, and will be replied to as soon as it is reached.

INDUSTRIOUS IDLER, SMOOTH WHITE LADY, CHEVALIER BAYARD, AND ALAMEDA.—These four studies have been delineated in recent numbers of the magazine.

JEANS (OR JEVENS) JAGGERS.—Pseudonym illegible. Your first communication was received in January, and as letters filed the middle of last November are only just now being answered, some time must yet elapse before your delineation appears.

PILOTTI AND ODETTE.—Your studies have been rejected as unsuitable in consequence of your using a pencil instead of a pen.

TREDEGAR.—On lines. This specimen suggests a vivid and romantic fancy, loquacity, emphatic and unusually candid, imprudent speech, limited mental culture, independent ideas that lack sequence, a hot and sensitive but not an egotist or domineering temper, a nervous, impressionable disposition, no egotism whatever, a shifting will violent at times, yet devoid of persistency or consistency, no artistic perception, very little personal grace or sense of harmony, an uneven nature that needs to exercise continued self-discipline to prune and tone down its many roughnesses. Neither tenderness nor susceptibility of the affections is observed, although the heart is warm.

BOFFINS.—A genial, cultivated, and conventional individual is here suggested. The mind is healthy, vivacious, and well trained, the temperament buoyant, always looking on the bright side of things, fond of variety, amusement, and the material joys of life. Decision, energy, amiability, quick and broad generosity, a strong, sanguine will, straightforward, agreeable manners, prudence, stubbornness, high breeding, and warm, unselfish affections are qualities plain to see.

MOHAMMED.—This correspondent shows a vigorous personality, that unconsciously impresses itself upon every one he meets. He holds decided views upon all questions that at all excite his interest, is persistent, determined, shrewd, cautious, critical, fond of analysis and investigation, is never afraid to speak his mind, exercises excellent control over his rather arbitrary temper, has an alert, cultivated intellect, is capable of sustained mental effort, possesses an equable disposition subject to rare moods of depression, is bitterly prejudiced on some points, is physically vigorous, loves the pleasures of the table, and lacks all sentimentality.

CORN.—Essentially a foreign handwriting, and scarcely to be judged by the rules governing an English chirography. However, this particular specimen indicates artistic grace and a certain cleverness and originality. Its author is a man of experience, cultivation, considerable poise, who is at once ambitious, ardent, and hopeful. He reasons logically and logically, is fond of argument, thinks quickly and connectedly, is active of mind and indolent of body, manifests frank and amiable egotism, and is not always content in his liking for a bit of gossip. Self-esteem, dignity of deportment, good breeding, elegant tastes, versatility, a great liking for the admiration of others, and interest in the opposite sex are easily discerned.

VAGUECO.—Your first letter has not yet come up for delineation, but, although you have used ruled paper, it is easy enough to decry your leading characteristics. Your tastes are intellectual, you love literature, show admirably correct artistic perceptions in

every direction; you are critical, analytical, have a trained, alert, inquisitive mind, a pretty, quick imagination, admirable conversational talents, possess a keen sense of the ridiculous, are totally devoid of pretence, and despise affectation in any form. Your temper is kindly while intolerant of the least intrusion, will firm and persistent, ideas delightfully independent, thought clear and connected. You have few prejudices, broad sympathies, and warm affections, being, all in all, a most companionable, clever, and attractive person.

**NINE MOONSH.**—This example displays a curious mixture of cleverness and conventionality. The writer possesses salient characteristics, as well as a personality able to make itself strongly felt, and at the same time is limited by a number of almost absurdly conservative prejudices. His mind is active, reflective, and fairly well cultivated; he is stubborn, practical, shows abundant common-sense, views all things from a purely materialistic standpoint, is unostentatious, despises frills of every description, is shrewd, often witty, and very emphatic in speech; his judgment is good, temperament equable and cheerful, disposition amiable, he is liberal enough in his use of money, is inclined to be domineering at times, loves the luxuries of the table, and is very susceptible to the influence of the opposite sex.

**CHRISTINE NEVILLE.**—A hopeful, self-contained, warm-hearted, sincere, unaffected nature, that is devoid of emotional shallowness or of intellectual depths. The tastes are all healthy and commonplace, temper sweet and equable, determination vigorous but lacking persistency, speech prudent, fancy limited, and affections strong though undemonstrative.

**BEN MACHERIE.**—Pseudonym doubtful; postmark, New York City. A vivid, extravagant imagination is exercised, with a highly emotional temperament, pretty good mental qualities that have enjoyed every advantage, but are incapable of every high development. The tastes are refined, romantic, fond of sentimentality, never, to a little show; self-assertion and a bit of amiable egotism, through breeding and an attractive presence, should be added.

**REMOICER.**—On lines. The power of observing closely and analyzing critically are leading traits observed here. The writer seldom accepts anything on faith, but has an inquisitive mind, and picks an opinion careful to pieces before he consents to adopt it. Nevertheless, he is full of odd conceits himself, holds a variety of eccentric ideas, is whimsical, rather sensitive in temper, is generous to a fault, very stubborn, keenly alive to the ridiculous, is companionable enough to need to exercise stricter self-discipline than is discerned at present.

**SPINAS.**—This study suggests an ambitious, sanguine disposition that strives after and hopes for the best. The impulses are sympathetically generous, the tastes fastidiously refined, manners gentle and self-forgetful, the nature idealistic, sensitive to harmony, grace, and beauty in every form; the will steadfast, and temper under admirable control. The whole character is evenly balanced, and while it is difficult to discover any vigorous or original talent, the appreciation is acute and correct, with a direct simplicity of aim and deep tenderness of sentiment. The study enclosed, signed "Tardus," is very similar in its general appearance, and a strong family likeness may be said to exist. However, in this instance the temper is more variable, a slight affectation is manifested, with self-consciousness and some uncertainty of purpose.

**SICUT.**—This handwriting is without any special significance, and is presumably that of an adolescent scribe. It denotes a commonplace intellect, a cheerful, agreeable disposition, much personal refinement, instinctive caution, conservative tastes, and sincerity of feeling.

**SPECIOBA.**—Enclosed with the above; is a familiar chirography, duplicated again and again in the course of a large correspondence. The author in this case is a woman of elegant tastes, is thoroughly well disciplined, never spontaneous, and never for an instant off her guard. She is fastidiously refined, is passionately fond of beauty and system in all about her, is conventional to the last degree, following rule and rule in thought as well as deed. Equanimity, hopefulness, graceful, guarded speech, a sweet temper, a firm, mildly expressed will, and a strict sense of duty may be included in her list of virtues. Her affections are tender, if not wholly self-forgetful.

**LITHUM.**—Pseudonym very doubtful, but the signature may be recognized as that of a specimen enclosed with the two studies above. There is a curious similarity between this example and that of Spinas. Indeed, one would say this handwriting was merely a complete development of the other, a maturity of the same traits of character. That a connection of some sort exists is beyond question.

**T. YOUNG.**—Danville, N. Y. This subject is endowed with a pertinacious, sanguine, ambitious will which absolutely refuses

to be discomfited, and, once thoroughly aroused, presses steadily toward a given point. True, it requires a hobby to set this writer's energies in motion, and too often he permits matters to go by default. Egotism is another prominent characteristic. He is self-assertive, self-confident, independent, unequal, in that he is industrious and indolent by turns, has well-disciplined, material tastes, excellent reasoning qualities, is systematic, frank to the verge of indiscretion in speech, with calm, unemotional affections.

**GRATVIV.**—Brooklyn. Absolute commonplaceness of mind and tastes are manifested, showing an inability to think or act with originality, or even independence. The disposition is sweet and companionable, the virtues of a gentle and domestic nature, speech loquacious yet prudent, fancy active, habits orderly, will subject to influence, attachments warm, and unselfish.

**CUTLEY.**—This example indicates abundant mental and physical vigor, with individuality of no mean order. Talent is seen, also a versatile, enlightened intellect, capable of clear thought, original ideas, quick perceptions, and broad culture. The judgment is apt to be faulty, the argumentative gifts are doubtful, but the conversation is full of humor, interest, and fresh ideas. Speech is frequently imprudent, tastes are luxurious, elegant, and literary, caprice is not always successfully controlled, the disposition is subject to moods of depression, epicurean pleasures are greatly enjoyed, and the affections are devoid of tenderness.

**TWO FIVE.**—In spite of maturity and a more than ordinary degree of cleverness, this correspondent is poorly balanced and needs to study the value of an equable, liberal temperament. The disposition is naturally nervous, is sensitive to every passing impression, and though not really influenced upon serious questions is apt to be easily disturbed. Ambition and hope are disclosed, with ability for lucid and logical reasoning, decided talent, entertaining and often incisive speech, some mental affectation, a will that is fond of dictating to others, and yet lacks force and persistence itself. Gentle breeding, refined tastes, bitter, immoral prejudices, a hasty temper, a versatility of attitudes, and capricious emotions are likewise noted.

**THREE STRIPER.**—"L'Inconnu" never regrets an absence of the copy-book and writing teacher's influence. Nothing is so stupidly meaningless as a chirography measured by line and shade. Better quick and ugly strokes and hope are disclosed. However, the lack of rule in this instance does not help the matter much, for self-discipline is needed, caprice is permitted to go unchecked, the disposition is absurdly emotional for a man, obstinacy is indulged, and the temper is sensitive by habit. The writer shows highly susceptible and demonstrative affections, an abiding interest in the opposite sex, considerable self-esteem, a pliable will, and plenty of individual force, which makes it all the more regrettable that it is not well directed. The perceptions are quick, mind receptive and indolent, the whole nature being in need of pruning and toning up.

**UNEDUCATED.**—On lines. This is a very characteristic handwriting, significant of a strong and somewhat eccentric man, who is self-reliant, blessed with perfect equanimity of temperament, has a slow but sure intellect that fails to grasp rapidly, yet never gives up what is once absorbed. He is observant, reserved, despises affectation, is simple and direct in mind and manner, is devoid of affectation, is very critical, quietly obstinate in pursuing his ends, unemotional, cautious, unsusceptible, and not very generous by nature.

**SANS RICCI.**—A careful, sceptical, intellectual woman without doubt. One who refuses to accept faith to anything, but with her inquisitive, ambitious, analytical mind loves to investigate and question all the reads and hears. And yet, with so daring an imagination, that threatens all the while to run away with reason, she stands in constant and imminent danger of substituting one myth for another, and in the end becoming a victim of her ardent, versatile temperament. Her nature is interesting and out of the ordinary. It shows her to have a charming, thoroughly disciplined disposition, aspiring, full of a subtle personal attraction, exquisitely refined; with affections, it is true, but so graceful and amiable that her many admirers prefer to call them individualities. She is devoted to travel, studiously avoids monotony, is very critical and fastidious in her tastes, in whom egotism, does not care a pin for conservatism, dearly loves the income of intelligent admiration, and is much interested in the opposite sex.

**LANGDON.**—Chicago. This study discloses a luxury-loving, materialistic subject, who cares little for intellectual pursuits, and does not possess mental force or originality, although she has enjoyed the advantages of polite culture. She is by no means negative, but has a vivacious mind, and manners that usually attract. She belongs to the class of polished commonplace, where varied accomplishments are made to take the place of vigorous individuality. Equanimity, open-handed generosity, a firm, aspiring will, a sweet, dignified, companionable disposition, and capacity for passionately tender attachments are defined.

**JOHN A. JENKINS.**—On lines. There is no originality denoted, and while the author of this specimen is kept good, self-reliant, resourceful and plucky, with plenty of grit and wit, he is far from intellectual, his culture is limited, and his tastes run in mediocre channels. He acts from the dictates of instinctive prudence and the soundest sort of common-sense, but is not reflective, and never uses his reasoning faculties simply as mental exercise. He is direct, decides quickly, and loses no time in action, seldom has cause to regret anything he says, is rarely governed by impulse or emotion, is fairly good humored, is aspiring, and usually confident of success. No sentimentality is manifested, yet the attachments are deep and wholly sincere.

**LYDIA ANN.**—This subject is absolutely commonplace, without one single individual impulse or idea. She is self-conscious, very careful in little things, is dignified, usually speaks in platitudes, is systematic, has no vividness or intensity of nature, but pursues a calmly conventional and contented course; she is mild, sweet tempered, affectionate, delicately bred, and refined in thought, word, and deed.

**DUTCHY.**—You shall have the justice you request, though "L'Inconnue" hoped that she had earned the right to be trusted in this respect. To begin with, you have an equitable, fairly cheerful disposition, are good tempered, and never try to dictate or domineer. Your mind is alert, active, and has enjoyed liberal culture; you think clearly and sensibly but care nothing for argument or metaphysical reasoning; your imagination is quick and disciplined, tastes enlightened and literary, manners composed, bearing dignified, unaffected and somewhat reserved. You neither think nor act hastily, are indifferent to criticism and do not often find fault, confess to some few old-fogish ideas, are quietly concealed on some entirely unexpected points, for self-esteem is not one of your failings; your artistic perceptions are keen and correct, affections warm without sentiment.

**PARSONS.**—Strong emotions not always successfully controlled, a responsive, impulsive, enthusiastic nature, a hasty and at the same time a sweet temper, love of change, vivacity of mind and manner, ardent, friendly, sympathetic feelings, a lively romantic fancy, freedom in the use of money, an inquisitiveness that refuses to accept things as they are, and is fond of analyzing and pulling to pieces, social instincts, abundant individuality, and no special ambition or mental energy, though the body is healthy and active.

**MARIE.**—Worcester, Mass. Now this correspondent shows a very idealistic side of her character, proving what a large part sentiment, romance, and imagination play in her every-day life. She is not well disciplined, is far too impressionable, being nervous, fanciful, sensitive to many different influences; yields readily to the dictates of caprice, and permits her feelings to be too easily worked upon. Vigor and the study of all practicalities would do a great deal for her, subduing the emotional chord in her nature, and steadying her tendency to impulsive action. She is refined and agreeable.

**ZEPA PHIL.**—Here is an individual convinced that he or she possesses talent, who is careless in pruning the faults and cherishing the potentialities which might make or mar a mental gift. Conventional limitations are easy enough to see, also a well deficient in energy or good staying qualities. Ardor, refinement, a graceful, buoyant fancy, passionate love of beauty, and attention to detail are all admirable traits in themselves, but scarcely sufficient to carry the writer up to any exalted intellectual height. Artistic perception is noted, interest is apt to fluctuate, speech is very candid, and fidelity and sincerity are seen.

**CONFLICT.**—This study suggests a sensitive disposition, the opposite of commonplace, yet not evenly balanced, and scarcely that of a happy or contented individual. The possession of a number of vagaries is observed, together with a short, imperious, often unreasonable temper, a mild but very insistent and quietly arbitrary will, originality, even oddity, of ideas, intuitive refinement, well-bred and literary tastes, abundant imagination, hopefulness, love of change, some caprices, and no intellectual force.

**CHARLES A.**—You are subject to moods of spiritual depression, and find it hard work sometimes to live up to the ambitious aims you cherish. Egotism and a good deal of self-consciousness are disclosed along with earnestness of purpose, decided self-discipline, a kindly considerate disposition, highly honorable instincts, a clear and alert understanding admirably cultured, extreme prudence in all things, bitter prejudices, a hatred of all pomp, affectation, or display, an almost clinical attention to detail, and slow but faithful action.

**FREDERICK ALIAS FRECHY.**—A clever and very interesting subject, whose capacity for sustained mental effort, inquisitive investigating mind, romantic fancy, and ardent aspiring will, would of

themselves recommend him to special attention. He is singularly free of the vice of introspective conceit or any of the varieties of self-consciousness that are always odious. He is sanguine, talkative, discreet, easily influenced by the opposite sex, has susceptible affections, and is in truth fond of a bit of genuine sentimentality. His mind is active and responsive, his perceptions are quick, he has a keen sense of the ridiculous, shows considerable cultivation, and the pluck to think and act independently, as well as generous impulses and passionate love for the luxuries and delights of life.

**CORRYMAN.**—This is a charming handwriting and one whose decided characteristics make it easy and pleasant reading. It denotes a buoyant cheerful temperament, rendering its owner a pleasant and profitable companion, who is genial, reliable, full of reserve force, and exercising such splendid self-control as to be capable to direct and help others. She has a sweet, but by no means an easy temper, but holds such exact unswerving ideas on every subject, as to be an enemy to all weakness and cheap sentimentality. She is very firm, speaks the truth, is never afraid to say what she thinks, is orderly, unaffected, generous, steadfast in pursuit of her ends, is well poised, evenly balanced, friendly, dignified, and thoroughly refined, having literary enlightened tastes and capacity for tender, self-forgotten attachments. A trifle of egotistical pride is the one well-defined fault in this agreeable, sterling nature.

**T. P. R.**—Parkersburg, W. Va. Aspiration, enthusiasm, and insistence of will are shown, and with the infusion of vigor and independence the writer might hope to accomplish very much. As it is, he is something of a caste builder, secretly cherishing his own dreams as realities, allows his imagination undue scope, and is too impressionable and sensitive to influences for his own practical good. His temper is wholly amiable and agreeable, he is cheerful and a pleasant companion, is utterly without pretence, has well-bred tastes, is loquacious and frank to the point of serious indiscretion in speech. Emotion and impulse frequently overcome reason, and consequently the judgment is not perfectly reliable, exactness is wanting, no stubbornness is seen, and therefore the ability is possessed to appreciate both sides of a question. The affections are susceptibly tender, abiding interest is felt in the opposite sex, love of literature is strong, and it might be well to cultivate a little more self-esteem.

**VERANDAH.**—Mobile. No, you do not possess the mental or moral qualities that usually accompany ambitious success. At the first place you lack faith in your own capacities, and are dependent rather than sanguine. Courage high and firm under difficulties is the strongest factor in achievement, and it is plain that you, in spite of your soaring aims, your earnest, intense nature, your ability and capacity, would yield to adverse circumstances. A vivid romantic fancy, warm sympathies, unstinted generosity and hospitality are manifested, together with reserve in speech, a temperament very dependent upon affection for support, graceful manners, amiability. Scrupulous attention to detail, fondness for pleasure and admiration, fastidious refinement, and charm without the least brilliancy or force of intellect are other qualities noted.

**SAMUEL.**—Rather a strong masculine handwriting, suggestive of a hopeful, cheery nature, that works towards and hopes for the best. The mind is active, well informed, yet not highly cultivated, which is a pity, so very excellent are the reasoning faculties. They show reflective, lucid and logical ideas, habits of system, intuitive caution that has probably been accentuated by experience, skill in disputation, physical vigor, and substantial qualities as a companion, including an even, genial temper and plain common-sense methods. Some old-fashioned conventionalism is observed, the tastes are healthy but perfectly material, the will firm, love of table luxuries decided, and feelings sincere but not tender.

**A. KNIGHT.**—This subject is doubtless young, and has much to hope for in maturity. As yet she lacks the consistency and balance that may be developed with age. Her temperament now is all ardor, enthusiasm, and contempt for the minor matters of life. She shows the hypercritical, rather skeptical attitude of many clever young people, is fervently ambitious, has an open, ingenuous disposition, is liberal hearted, determined, impetuous, and self-confident. The sentimental side of her nature is scarcely developed.

**JESSIE JR.**—A youthful, quiet, reserved individual, with more than ordinary individuality, and in spite of a few mild eccentricities the mind is fairly disciplined and clever. Habitual good humor, simple tastes, careful attention to detail, gentle, unpretentious manners, fondness for literature, and capacity for sustained effort are all discerned.

**F. M. DE P.**—Your study has not yet been reached, and by reading the replies to other correspondents you will appreciate that this department being five months behind hand, is the cause of the delay.

**SINO.**—Failed to enclose coupon necessary for a delineation.

# THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

Vol. XI.

New York.

For the Week ending JULY 2, 1892.

Chicago.

No. 124.



OPENING OF THE YACHTING SEASON. HEADING FOR THE STAKE BOAT. (See page 305.)



## THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

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Single copies, 25 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, can be made by cheque, postal notes, money order, or registered letter, payable to THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN CO., BREMEN BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W. C., Agents for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN for the United Kingdom.  
BRENTANO'S, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, depot for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN in France.

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## Current Comment.

**THE NICARAGUA CANAL.**—Perhaps the main question before the Convention held at St. Louis recently to consider the Nicaragua Canal question was, Shall the United States give financial assistance to the canal company? Other questions were brought before the body, but it is evident that the chief purpose of the gathering was to make the public acquainted with the value of the canal to the United States, and the reasons why its projectors believe the credit of the nation should be lent to carry on the work.

The failure of the Panama Canal is admitted. Even if all financial and political obstacles were removed, it is doubtful if an attempt would be made to complete it on M. de Lesseps' plan of a sea level canal without locks. The difficulties which seemed so light to him at the outset, are, it is felt, insurmountable. The objections that apply to the Panama route are equally true as to all other routes except that through Nicaragua, which probably offers the only practical line for a waterway between the Atlantic and the Pacific. If a canal is to be built at all, it must be constructed through this section of Central America. So much for the route. It is unnecessary to insist upon the value to the United States of such a canal in time of peace or of war; its benefits are sufficiently obvious.

One great objection at present to the proposed government assistance, is the uncertainty of the ultimate cost of the work, and of the extent to which the nation would become involved financially. Before any action is taken by Congress, the expense of the undertaking should be computed by engineers not in the employ of the company, and not interested in the enterprise.

**SAMOA'S TROUBLES.**—Robert Louis Stevenson has at last found something to be amusing about in Samoa. This will be good news for his admirers and his publishers, to whom he has been grinding out dreary, machine-made literature about his travels in the neighboring isles. His discovery is that the present form of government in Samoa would furnish a plot for a comic opera. He says that the new representatives of the nations that "protect" Samoa devote their energies chiefly to securing their salaries. Money is not plenty with the government, and Chief Justice Cederkrantz and Baron

Pilsbach are therefore obliged to resort to comical expedients which Mr. Stevenson describes with a good deal of humor.

Mr. Stevenson is too much of a romance writer to be utterly trustworthy when he describes the affairs of every-day life; nevertheless, much of what he says is doubtless true. Established European forms of government and court etiquette among semi-savages who are only learning to wear clothes, and comical results are to be expected. It is quite possible that King Malletoa is seeking to eke out his income by obliging his wife to do washing for well-to-do foreign residents of his capital, and that he himself is longing for some more profitable position in the world than that of King. It is also possible that Chief Justice Cederkrantz and Baron Pilsbach have established a first lien on the treasury, and absorb all its revenues as salary. Notwithstanding all this, the Samoans will probably have to bear their troubles as best they can. The United States, Germany, and Great Britain have inflicted a form of government upon them, and governed them must be according to civilized methods, whether they like it or not.

**CANDIDATES FOR PARLIAMENT.**—We sincerely trust that there is good ground for the report that Sir William Gordon Cumming, Sir Charles Dilke, Col. Hughes Hallett, and other English worthies in need of vindication, have all hopes of being members of the next Parliament. The House of Commons is more or less of a representative body, and from the police reports of day to day it is evident that there is a large class in English society that might be fully represented by these gentlemen. It is true that men even more representative of the peculiar tendencies of which they are accused might be chosen, but most of them are unfortunately unavailable at the present time. Some of the latter are in jail, and some are keeping out of jail by keeping out of their native land.

There would be nothing new in such an effort at vindication. It is a feature of constitutional government. Any statesman under a cloud is at liberty to appeal to the prejudices and passions of the multitude. Two at least of the men we have named would make good running candidates in a contest of this kind. Sir William Gordon Cumming, whether guilty or not of cheating at cards, showed admirable pluck after the first moment of weakness. Although Sir Charles Dilke is not a person one would care to introduce into one's home, he is a man of ability.

Should they, or men like them, be elected to Parliament, there is an interesting legal reform which they would be particularly well fitted to champion. It is the compilation of a code defining the punishment of criminals of good position in society. We have already explained the desirability of such a code.

**LEPROSY.**—The note published in THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN concerning the case of Hop Sing has awakened widespread sympathy with the poor leper condemned to lifelong isolation from his kind. Among other letters received is one from Dr. E. P. Daviss, of Houston, Texas, who had ample opportunity to observe cases of leprosy during his connec-



SIR WILLIAM GORDON CUMMING.

tion, from 1884 to 1890, inclusive, with the Charity Hospital, at New Orleans. From his experience Dr. Daviss declares that the sentence imposed by the New York health officials upon Hop Sing is "an act deserving condemnation, and wholly unworthy the civilization of this age, the progress of science, and the metropolis of a country full of humanitarians and scientists." Referring to Dr. H. W. Blanc, of New Orleans, who has given much clinical study to leprosy, he continues:

Dr. Blanc has some interesting statistics, compiled while connected with this institution, and, if I recollect aright, he has no case that cannot be traced to heredity, or, at least, no case afflicted who could prove absolutely that he had not a hereditary predisposition somewhere in his generic line. Leprosy is transmissible only by heredity so far as the history of the disease shows in Louisiana, where for a century it has clung with obstinate persistency, without invading adjacent precincts, or without giving us one case of contagion to prove the exception to the rule of invariable hereditary transmission, so far as Dr. Blanc's statistics showed when I last spoke to him on the subject.

It happens that an answer to Dr. Daviss's argument can be supplied from the very section to which he refers. In 1789, under Gov. Carondelet, a leper hospital was established near New Orleans on what is now known as Metairie Ridge, formerly the "Terre aux Lépreux"; all lepers were segregated there, and the disease was almost eradicated in Louisiana. The period of rigorous measures was succeeded by one of indifference, and now it is estimated by health officials that there are 250 lepers in the State and about thirty in New Orleans. Public attention was directed to the prevalence of leprosy in the State by an unfounded panic on the subject in the town of St. Martinsville, and health officials have been studying it since. One health report says that most of the cases were found to be hereditary, but the deaths of several persons who had come from Europe and who had no trace of leprosy in their ancestry, rendered it probable that the disease was occasionally contagious.

The liberty allowed lepers in New Orleans and in Louisiana seems to have arisen from carelessness, not conviction that the disease is never contagious. In evidence of this is an act which the next legislature is expected to pass, establishing a leper hospital in New Orleans, and providing, under severe penalties, that all persons afflicted with leprosy shall be confined there. In passing such a measure the legislature would only be following the example taught by the highest scientific authority and by experience.

Hard as is his lot, it does not seem that public safety can permit any mitigation of Hop Sing's sentence of living death.

**SALMON IN ALASKA.**—The difference between a national industry with a political pull and one without influence is exemplified by the different treatment accorded the salmon fisheries and the fur seal fisheries of Alaska. The latter, from their development, have been in the hands of men powerful in the political world. The first combination secured fortunes from the monopoly until a second and more powerful combination arose and took the prize. From the first, the whole power of the government and the nation has been exerted to maintain the monopoly. We have had to endure for years a wearisome controversy and have been brought to the verge of war with England in defense of the proposition, that no one not authorized by us could take seals in the open sea. We have laid ourselves liable for enormous sums as indemnity for vessels seized. At present a most expensive arbitration is in

progress to determine the right of the matter. All this has been brought about by the political power of the holders of the monopoly.

The salmon fisheries of Alaska are not a monopoly on the other hand, and are not backed by political influence, consequently, they have been heretofore without protection. Yet, according to a statement made by Senator Platt, of Connecticut, in support of a proposition to appoint a special treasury agent to enforce laws for the protection of salmon in Alaska, these fisheries are far more important than the seal fisheries. Seven hundred thousand cases of canned salmon, worth between three and three and one-half millions of dollars, were put up last year. Nothing, however, is being done to protect the fisheries, and if the present waste and destruction were continued, the fisheries would be practically destroyed in five years.

It will be seen, therefore, that some of the official attention given to the seal might be more profitably bestowed upon the salmon.

**BISMARCK AT VIENNA.**—The announcement that Prince Bismarck was going to Vienna to attend his son's marriage, produced the same effect as the appearance of a hawk in a poultry yard. With one accord the great began to make excuse to get out of the city. The mere declaration of the ex-Chancellor's intention was followed by the rumor that Franz Josef, the head of the proudest nobility in Europe, emperor, king, and bearer of titles innumerable, was to absent himself from his capital. The German Ambassador, a prince of an ancient line, and the Prime Minister of Austria-Hungary, besides numbers of officials of less consequence, were at once seen to be on the point of taking a vacation, with the sole purpose of avoiding a meeting with Bismarck.

This shunning of a minister overthrown and utterly without power, has a comical aspect. It has also a pathetic side. Bismarck is one of the greatest men of his generation. His services to his country are such as few men have been able to accomplish in the history of the world. His fall was not brought about by misuse of power, neglect of duty, or error of judgment; but by the whims of a boyish sovereign. The disgrace that has been heaped upon him has been wholly unmerited, and the ostentatious humiliation and studied insults sought to be inflicted upon him on the occasion of his visit to Vienna, can only attract general sympathy to him.

**A TORPEDO FAILURE.**—An article on the use of torpedoes in naval warfare, which was published in THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN some time ago, had the suggestive title of "The Untried Weapon." A better designation could hardly have been chosen. The torpedo is an untried weapon, and the more tests made, the greater becomes the doubt as to its value in time of war. The failure of the Brennan Torpedo in England is in point.

The English government purchased this torpedo from the inventor some years ago, and has since been paying him a salary for making experiments to perfect the weapon. The cost thus far is stated to have exceeded half a million of dollars. The results obtained may be judged from the fact that at the last trial one of the two torpedoes stopped midway in its course, while the other plunged to the bottom of the sea, instead of seeking the enemy near the surface. In a general way, this is the record of all torpedoes. Some of them do their work sometimes, and some do not; so far as is known,

no torpedo has yet been constructed in which implicit trust may be put. This is not surprising in view of the delicacy of the machinery required.

What is true of the torpedo, however, is more or less true of all modern naval contrivances. Naval engineers have had to design on theory alone since our Civil War ended, and not until another great war breaks out will the practical value of modern warships be determined.

**THE LYNCHING EPIDEMIC.**—Gov. Tillman, of South Carolina, seems disposed to do what he can to check in his State the epidemic of lynch law now unhappily sweeping over the country. Having been notified that a man accused of murder was in danger of being taken from jail and hanged, he replied by authorizing the sheriff of the county to call upon the militia to protect the prisoner. If he succeeds in preventing the lynching, he will have done an act which cannot but greatly assist the cause of law and order in South Carolina.



GOV. TILLMAN.

At the same time, it must be admitted that mob law is flourishing to a discouraging extent in other parts of the country. The evil example is finding many imitators, not only in sparsely settled districts, but in such States as Delaware and Pennsylvania.

Even more serious than the lynchings is the effect they are having in breeding race hatred. Many a negro orator is preaching race war and armed resistance, and even the prayers which have recently been uttered that the Almighty extend His hand in protection are not without their effect in the same direction. Numbers of poor, credulous negroes can doubtless be found who are capable of being persuaded to rise in rebellion, not only against oppressors, but against authority as well. That this is not exaggerating the extent of the trouble is shown by the recent events in Oklahoma, where an outbreak was with difficulty avoided between a mob of excited negroes and the deputy marshals in charge of a prisoner.

One exemplary dose of justice to followers of lynch law would do wonders in clearing the situation.

**PRACTICAL FRIENDSHIP.**—One element in the success of Americans in transacting business, as well as in governing, is their practical common sense. The American first makes up his mind what is needed, and then sets to work to do it in the best way. This national characteristic of ours is attracting especial attention in Europe at present, because of a cartoon in a recent number of the Berlin *Kladderatsch*. The picture was not designed so much to exalt us, as to depreciate France. It shows an American fleet entering a Russian harbor with supplies of grain for the famine stricken districts. That is the American way of manifesting friendship in time of need. The French way is typified by an allusion to the Cronstadt demonstration. A Frenchman is seen standing in a little boat, playing the "Marseillaise."

The object of the cartoon is, of course, to deride the rumored alliance between France and Russia, to make it appear only a phase of passing enthusiasm. However this may be, the cartoon has a deeper, broader meaning. While the nations of Europe are wasting their strength and energies in

profitless State politics and intrigues, while they are exhausting their resources in maintaining huge armies, the people of the United States are utilizing the natural advantages of their country and are doing the work that gives true strength to a nation.

**OUR PENSION ROLL.**—Figures relating to our pension roll are always of importance. If they receive less attention from the public than they deserve, it is because they involve the same trouble as astronomical distances: they are too vast to be understood readily. When we are told that a certain star is so many billions of miles from the earth, the statement makes little impression upon us, because our experience does not enable us to conceive the distance of one billion of miles. Similarly, an appropriation of \$150,000,000 for pensions meets with less opposition than a proposition to spend \$150,000 in improving the navigation of some obscure river. Nevertheless, it is possible that continual dinnings will in time lead to a better understanding of the enormity of the present system. In that hope, a recapitulation of the latest figures is given.

The Pension Bureau has been passing pension claims as rapidly as possible. June 30, 1890, there were on the rolls 537,944 pensioners. In the next year 140,000 names were added. On January 31 last the total had reached 783,132, and at the end of April, 840,185. It is estimated that it is now 880,000. The pension expenditures for the current fiscal year are estimated at \$150,000,000, together with \$15,000,000 additional for soldiers' homes, back pay, and bounties. Advocates of the present system hold out hopes that the payments will begin to decrease after the next fiscal year; but they do not give any good reason for believing that this will be the case.

Under the circumstances, would it not be just to pass a law giving a pension to any citizen who chooses to apply for one? Then everyone would be able to obtain a share of the benefits as well as of the burdens of the pension roll, and it is undeniable that there are thousands of persons who did not fight in the war and had no relation who fought, but who are far more worthy of assistance than many of those whose names are now on the roll.

**AMERICAN SHIPPING.**—The more Englishmen consider the achievements of the American merchant marine before the 'Sixties, the greater grows the consternation caused by the passage of the bill granting American registers to the *City of Paris* and the *City of New York*.

They remember with dismay that in the days of wooden ships Americans exhibited their skill in providing the largest possible cargo accommodation in the smallest possible cubic space, and in reducing the proportion of working expenses to freight earning ability. They are asking what new ideas Americans will introduce in the ocean steamship of the future, and they are considering with anxiety the freight carrying capacity of some of the coastwise steamships recently built. They used to find security for their ocean supremacy in the belief that Americans could neither run nor build a steamship as cheaply as foreigners. The considerations already discussed dispose of the first proposition, and the wonderful labor-saving devices of American invention breed doubt in the second. The success of the French and Germans in building ocean greyhounds contributes not a little to the nervousness which British builders feel at the prospect that Americans are about to enter the field. Says one writer: "In constructive

genius, in mechanical skill, in engineering capacity, in commercial aptitude, in practical seamanship, and in scientific navigation, the Americans cannot be ranked second—even to our noble selves. We may object to consider them superior, but we can hardly refuse their claim to equality, seeing that they are flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. It was not only in the naval war in which the late Sir Provo Wallis won his spurs, that the equality of British and American seamanship has been amply demonstrated.

Undoubtedly much of the alarm is justified. It is not probable that the prosperity of British shipping will continue to be as great as it is now. Peculiar conditions, which are now past, favored its great expansion, but now Great Britain must be content with merely her proper share of the commerce of the world.

**CAUSES OF THE CANADIAN EXODUS.**—No means has been discovered yet to check the remarkable exodus of the French Canadians to the United States. Two methods have been tried, one religious, the other advisory. Newspapers and political orators have delivered sermon upon sermon upon the text that emigration to the United States is unwise, that the *Achabants* would be much more prosperous and happy at home, and that they are guilty of disloyalty, of unpatriotic behavior, when they abandon the home of their ancestors for the great Republic to the south of them. These arguments are meeting the success they deserve. The spectacle of the general prosperity of French Canadians who have already settled in the United States is far more effective in inducing conviction than the longest editorial or oratorical warning. As for the efforts of the Roman Catholic authorities to check the tide, they have merely succeeded in proving how strong it has set. The influence of the Church over the simple-minded and rather ignorant inhabitants of the French provinces of Canada has always been picturesque. The villages have been communities of an ideal character in which the *curé* has been the temporal counsellor, as well as the spiritual guide of those about him. If, then, the *curés* are unable to restrain the enterprise of the young who desire to seek homes in a new country, the efforts of the politicians cannot avail.

It is evident that a movement so marked and so irresistible must have well defined causes. Some of these are easy to find. One undoubtedly is the financial condition of the country. When the settlements in Canada ceased to be mere colonies governed from London, and became welded together in a political combination, it was felt that if the bonds between the various colonies were to resist the forces of disintegration, they must be reinforced by the stronger bonds of trade and commerce. In other words, there was no common spirit of patriotism uniting the whole, and an attempt was made therefore to create an artificial substitute. In pursuance of this policy of developing inter-provincial commerce, railroads and canals have been built, which follow political lines instead of the natural trend of trade. Having been built or backed by the government, instead of by corporations alone, they have naturally proved enormously extravagant, and the loss represented by the excessive expenditures has fallen on the public instead of individuals. It is now in the shape of a gigantic public debt, considering the resources of the country, while the railroads are not of great value. Trade follows its own lines, not those laid out for it by statesmen.

Canada's debt is now nearly \$240,000,000, or nearly \$50 per head of population, and the means of paying it, or of

lessening the taxation caused by the interest upon it, are not in sight. Canada is not developing her resources, and is not growing in wealth or population as she should. The French Canadians have been thinking these things over, and not being bound to Great Britain by any ties of loyalty, they are flocking across the border into a land where there is a national spirit, and where enterprise and success are part of the character of the inhabitants, not parts of a political project.

**THE THIRD PARTY.**—An interesting problem of the present Presidential campaign is the part that will be played by the People's Party. The various elements, including the Farmers' Alliance, that go to make up this organization, have already demonstrated their ability to defeat the Republicans in banner Republican States, either by themselves or in combination with the Democrats. Could the leaders hold in line next autumn the votes that have been cast at previous elections for Alliance candidates, there is little doubt that the successor of President Harrison in the White House would not be a Republican.

As a rule, the Alliance leaders in Republican States are eager to secure Democratic assistance to defeat the Republicans, and in States like Kansas, where the Democrats are hopelessly in the minority, such assistance will doubtless be given cheerfully if the slightest prospect of success can be shown. In Kansas, for example, figuring like this is done: The People's Party vote is placed at 113,000, the Democratic at 50,000, and the Republican at 137,000. In these estimates the Republican vote is increased 17,000 over that of two years ago. Nevertheless, the Republicans would be in a minority of 26,000 should the Democrats combine with the People's Party. Although the Democrats would not profit directly by the proposed combination, they might win the Presidency if the electoral vote of Kansas were taken from the Republican column and given to the People's Party. It must be borne in mind that should neither leading candidate have a majority of votes in the Electoral College, the election would be thrown into the House of Representatives, which, by States, is overwhelmingly Democratic.

Kansas may be taken as a sample when considering the probable effect of the People's Party upon the coming election. Under the influence of the McKinley landslide of 1890 it was swept by the Alliance, and the Republicans met with a terrific defeat. Nevertheless, they were not discouraged, but at once set at work repairing the damage and trying to win back errant voters into the fold. Hard work of this character was one of the causes that led to the death of the late Senator Plumb. Since his death it has been carried on with undiminished energy, and when one remembers the tendency of voters to return to the old parties at elections of the importance of that next November, one is apt to regard with doubt such figures as have been quoted in this article.

**EMPEROR WILLIAM'S VISIT.**—One of the most interesting topics of the time is the proposed visit of Emperor William II. to the United States at the time of the Columbian Exposition. We sincerely trust that he may be able to come. He seems to be well intentioned if not very wise, and what he could learn here would enable him to introduce in Germany a mild, Saturnian reign which would make his subjects think the Golden Age had returned. Besides, his value as a popular drawing card at Chicago could hardly be overestimated.



OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS: LIII. MRS. JOHN GILBERT. (See page 317.)

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.)



WITH the sailing of the Forty-seventh Annual Regatta of the New York Yacht Club, the yachting season of 1892 may virtually be considered fully under way. So blow, ye breezes, blow, and let the white-winged beauties bound over the waters blue. For months past our merry, merry yachtsmen have been busily engaged in practicing the nautical hitch to their trousers, and that delightful, soul-inspiring refrain, *Yo-ho-ho—ho—ah!—ah!*, which is preliminary to the more practical work of the season. It was, therefore, not surprising, when the noble fleet gathered at the rendezvous, that the gilt-edged tars who trod the decks could each answer her name, and add "able seaman."

The weather in which the regatta was sailed was not at all propitious for yachting. It rained, thundered, and lightened. It blew hard, it blew soft; it blew in squalls big and little, and it did not blow at all; nevertheless, the gentlemen seamen stuck by their boats and sailed the course—thirty-one nautical miles—around the Sandy Hook Lightship and back. Although the gallant yachtsmen walked the wet decks, shivering their timbers and trying to look as if they enjoyed yachting life in rainy weather, it was often found necessary to seek the seclusion the cabin granted, and there, with congenial companions, splice the main brace, and do such things as is only known in the masonry of yachting. Still, the regatta was a success, though the elements were continually protesting and the fleet of vessels comparatively small, as out of the magnificent squadron of the club only eleven boats were found willing to start. Of course, the weather may be accountable for this small number of starters, but it is a well-known fact that for the past few years interest in the June regatta has gradually been waning. The only apparent reason for this lack of interest is that members do not care to race their boats so early in the year. They prefer to wait for the August regatta before testing the speed of their craft, and only put in an appearance at the regattas from a sense of duty.

An incident which occasioned some excitement occurred at the very commencement of the race, or rather, it might be said, before the race began. It was the fouling of the *Marguerite* by the *Comanche*. The preparatory gun had been fired. All the yachts were ready to start, and they endeavored to do so. They were dangerously bunched, and the strong ebb tide was sweeping them down toward the line. The

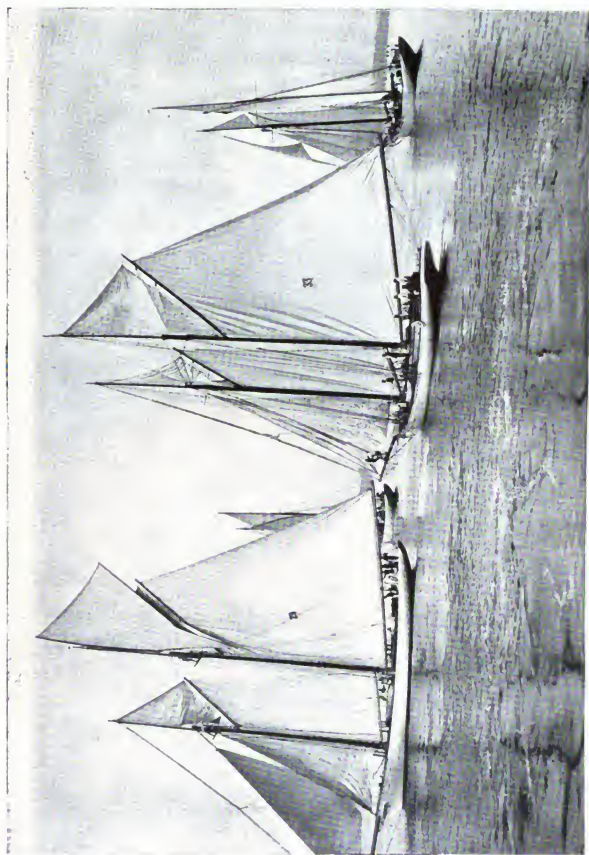
wind suddenly dropped, and do what they could on board some of the racers, there were confusion and disaster of a minor nature. The *Marguerite*, though going sluggishly, put her bowsprit through the mainsail of the *Comanche* just above the foot rope, tearing a hole six feet long. The two yachts were several minutes entangled, the *Comanche* towing the *Marguerite* by her bowsprit. Nimble sailor-men ran out on the boom of the *Comanche* and the bowsprit of the *Marguerite*, and separated the yachts. The *Marguerite* ran up a protest flag. For a time it looked as if the two yachts were going to double up and bring confusion to following craft, and folks aboard the accompanying fleet of steam yachts and excursion boats felt worried until the *Marguerite* got under way again. It then required clever work by the skipper and crew of the *Marguerite* to keep from fouling the *Viator*. The *Danless* and *Clara* drifted dangerously near the *Electra*, and she was compelled to shift her position to prevent a collision that would have proved disastrous. This muddle was confusing and annoying, but the committee had given another gun, and the yachts got away, the breeze gathering little strength. *Comanche*, with her torn canvas, was first over, next the *Marguerite*, then *Shamrock*, *Sunbeam*, *Viator*, *Pearless*, *Fleur de Lys*, *Alert*, *Wasp*, *Danless*, and *Clara*, as named, the last two being handicapped—*Danless*, 3 minutes 50 seconds, and the *Clara*, 7 minutes 31 seconds.

All the boats went over the course except the *Sunbeam* and the *Danless*, which were towed in. The winners in the various classes, as near as could be figured out without measuring, are as follows: *Alert*, *Comanche*, by 39 minutes 59 seconds, *Shamrock* by about 3 minutes, *Viator* by 36 minutes 12 seconds, *Wasp* by 1 hour 38 minutes 43 seconds.

The appearance of the Herreshoffs' new forty-six-footer *Wasp*, owned and sailed by Archibald Rogers, created a great deal of interest, owing to the fact that it was generally thought she might prove faster than the unvanquished *Gloriana*, but as she had really nothing against her except the *Clara*, an old-style cutter, very fast in her day but outclassed now, and an old sloop called the *Sunbeam*, formerly the *Restless*, a true test of her speed could not be ascertained. Good judges do not seem to think that she is as fast as the *Gloriana*, but no one can tell anything about the matter until the Newport races. She certainly seems far more tender than last year's crack.



OPENING OF THE YACHTING SEASON: MR. GEORGE TROTTER'S SCHOONER "FLEUR DE LYS." (See page 392.)



Mr. J. R. Maxwell's Schooner *Clamoree*.

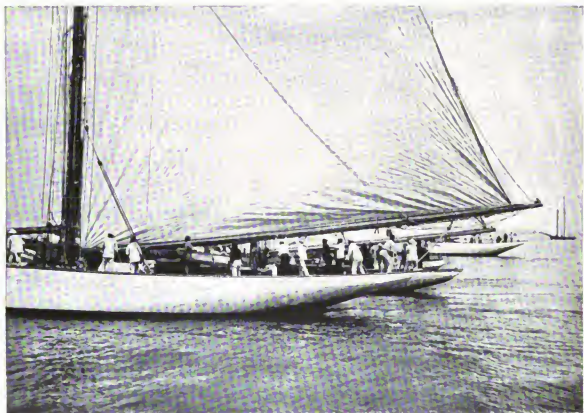
Mr. J. Edward Kirby's Schooner *Proctor*.

OPENING OF THE YACHTING SEASON. PREPARING FOR THE START AT THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB'S REGATTA. (See page 204.)





THE FOUL.



GETTING CLEAR AFTER THE FOUL.

OPENING OF THE YACHTING SEASON: THE "MARGUERITE"—"COMANCHE" FOUL. (See page 303.)

## IRRIGATING THE PECOS VALLEY.



**I**RRIGATION is as old as the hills. The art of making the desert to bloom and the frowning wastes to laugh with fertility, is as ancient as the everlasting heights whose rills and runnels are bent to work the transformation. Long before the Egyptians had learned to turn the seeming redundancy of the Nile to awakening the sleeping meadows, ages before even the quick-witted Chinese had found the trick of cozening two grains of rice to grow where only one grew before, the Aztecs of the South had mastered the problem of irrigation, even to its most ingenious details.

It will startle you, perhaps, to learn that many of the largest canals in Arizona have been built on the lines of the *acquiats* of those dark-skinned Utopians, whose skill in engineering and whose deftness of construction have been found on investigation to excel the work of their successors. Hundreds of years before the existence of the continent was dreamed of by the highest civilizations of Europe or Asia, those mild-mannered masters of the Western world had heaped up massive aqueducts, had softened the stony heart of their sun-baked fields with the gracious waters of the *acquiats*.

The merits and the need of irrigation have always been evident. In the days of paternal and patriarchal polity, when nations lived in approximate communism, these vast aids to tillage and fertility were undertaken in the common interest. To-day they are generally the outcome of private enterprise, directed wholly by the consideration of personal profit.

One of the most noteworthy and interesting experiments of the sort in reference, that has yet been made in this country, is now trying down in the valley of the Rio Pecos, in New Mexico.

The maps of your schoolbooks and cyclopedias will give you but an unsatisfying hint of the region mentioned. Until within a very recent period it has been to geographers a sort of twilight land, a no-man's land. The river itself is traced distinctly enough from its rise in the Rockies, whence pattering down the snow-decked peaks, it comes to assert its riparian

rights to the grassy bluffs and foothills that carry it, now bickering, now surging, to the waters of the Rio Grande. But of the valley stretching out from the cloud-born stream, the map-makers tell you but little. To the eastward of the Pecos they name a seeming waste of land Llano Estacado. For the west of the valley, cut off by a range of the Rockies from the rest of New Mexico, they do not even venture such a nominal designation as "staked plains." On the whole length of the Pecos, and in the entire breadth of its valley, the maps dot less than half a dozen settlements as meriting a distinctive name.

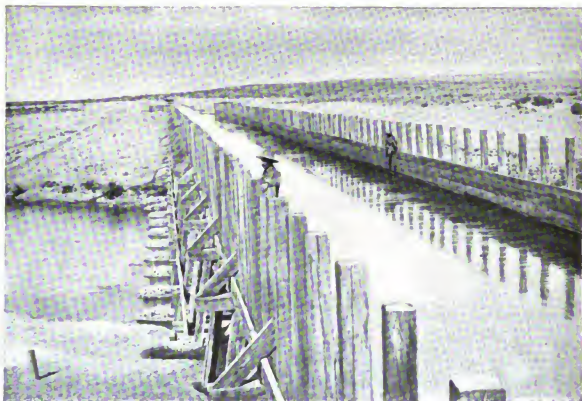
The Pecos River lends itself peculiarly to the purposes to which it has been put by human skill for the alterations of its surroundings. It is not at all dependent upon rainfall, nor even upon the permanency of the mountain snows, whose undoing sends it on its course down the slopes. Hundreds of living springs throughout the upper portion of the valley find it an easy task to make their way through the vast floor of limestone underlying the region, and add their mite to the crescent current. From all sides come the affluent issues, pure as snow and clear as crystal. No such clean and constant flows of water are to be met with in any other arid section of the world. The wells of the Steppes, the oases of the Sahara are mere makeshifts in comparison with these ever-bubbling fountains filtered through the velvet limestone. Stockmen who came into the valley fifteen years ago and who have been there ever since, say they have never been able to detect the least variation in the flow of any one of them, no matter what the season may have been. So constant and copious is the outflow of these subterranean sources that the water may be taken out of the Pecos at any given point, and on going ten miles below one finds it flowing again in large volume.

Now, though a stream so favored by unusual conditions may run its rippling course with no care for clouds or rainfall, the valley through which it takes its independent way does not always share directly in its good fortune. And so the lands adjacent to the Pecos, being within the area of uncertain and insufficient rainfall, were found unfit for agriculture until helped by the hand of man to participate in the river's prosperity.

Though within the arid belt, these lands were not of the hopeless character that the mind attaches to the sands of the



HEAD GATES OF THE GREAT CANAL OF THE PECOS IRRIGATION AND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.



FLUME, 475 FEET LONG AND 25 FEET WIDE, CROSSING THE PECOS RIVER.



MAIN CANAL OF THE PECOS IRRIGATION AND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY. (See page 307.)

desert or the peat of the bog. They had in them the making of fields, meadows, and gardens. In times gone by they had been a resting-place and a hunting-ground for the Comanche and Apache Indians. In their nomadic migrations across the staked plains, to and from the various mountain chains to the west, they halted here to hunt and to recuperate their horses on the rich herbage. Countless thousands of buffaloes and other wild animals roamed here and fattened on the succulent grasses. The first white men who came here, years ago, report that they found a generous growth of grass throughout this valley, and that for several years thereafter their cattle were fat enough for market the year round. Subsequently, however, the fame of the land went abroad and vast herds were driven in from various parts of Texas, which have ever since kept the grass down to a tithe of its former growth.

The only serious obstacle to the development of the inherent possibilities of this region was its remoteness. It was in the heart of a wilderness. So lately as 1890 one could trace out on a map an area of 400 miles square, of which the upper Pecos Valley was the geographical center, without touching a railroad. This was at that time the largest piece of territory in the United States—mountainous, desert or otherwise—without railway communication.

Capital, however, made light of this difficulty. Once a railroad was built and a town founded, the work of irrigation was easy enough. The Pecos, throughout much of its course, flows between walls of solid limestone, six to twenty feet high, which afford innumerable buttresses for dams and admirable sources for large canals.

One of these canals starts from the Pecos at a point six miles above the newly-created town of Eddy. Here the river cuts its way through solid limestone. A dam, 1,130 feet long and 50 feet high at the deepest place, elevates the water and turns it through the canal head which is cut out of the rock, 30 feet wide and 25 feet deep. Gates, set as firmly in this rock formation as if they were in cut-stone locks of a navigation canal, regulate the flow of water. Nature could hardly have done more to help the irrigation engineers at this point. The river a short distance above the dam has a sharp turn. The water coming down strikes with full force against a vertical cliff, and the strength of the current is checked and almost destroyed before it reaches the dam. On the side opposite the head of the canal, a broad cut leads off into a ravine, providing escape for surplus or flood waters, which flow down the ravine and do not reach the river for a good half mile below the dam. The dam makes a lake seven miles long and nearly two miles wide, holding a billion gallons of water. The stream which flows into the canal is 20 feet deep and 30 feet wide. This canal will have a main length of twenty-five miles. Before its duty is fully exhausted, it will be taken across the Pecos on a flume, and will continue on down the valley on the other side of the river in the Texas line. Below the Texas line there is a third large canal now under construction.

From the main canal the water is conveyed in lateral ditches to the lands along either side, where its flow into the

fields is regulated or controlled at will by the owners of the soil, by means of little gates.

Seven hundred thousand acres, it is estimated, will be redeemed from aridity under the system of irrigation projected throughout the valley. The works already constructed make available over a quarter of a million acres. A steadily increasing army of settlers is trooping in, driving the gophers and jack-rabbits before them, and drawing improvement in their train.

Now, it may be asked, what are the exceptional merits of irrigation, that men should willingly forego the opportunities of farming lands whose moisture is supplied with reasonable certainty, without human intervention, to cultivate a soil demanding the coaxing and teasing of artificial appliances?

It is readily seen, however, that men who farm by irrigation enjoy decided advantages over those whose agricultural prosperity is wholly dependent upon the accidents of atmospheric conditions. The farmer need have no care whether it may

rain to-morrow, or next week, or next month, or whether it may rain at all. They never consult the bulletins sent out by the weather bureau; they never discuss "signs"; they never look with longing eyes at the brassy sky or the fleecing clouds; they never pray for rain and groan because their prayers are not answered; for they have no need of rain. They alone realize, in the fullest measure, the promise that "nevermore shall seed-time and harvest fail."

It is an accepted fact besides, that any given piece of land, no matter where situated, will raise better crops by irrigation than otherwise, and the time will come when it will be practiced throughout all the Northern and Eastern States, wherever it is possible to get water on the lands. Good crops are assured on all irrigated lands, not only because of the certainty of sufficient moisture, but also because the waters of most streams carry valuable fertilizing elements in solution. Already more than 33,000,000 acres of land in this country alone are being farmed by irrigation. The wonderful kitchen-gardens of France owe their astounding fecundity to the system of water-feeding. Even lazy, laggard Italy has awakened to a realization of the possibilities of irrigation, and over 200,000,000 have been in recent years expended in that direction.

The feature of farming by irrigation most attractive to economists is the fact that it encourages land-owning in limited places.

The cultivation and care of huge and almost unwieldy estates is quite out of the range of practicability in the case in reference. It has been found by experience that a man can not successfully farm with his own labor more than eighty acres under irrigation, and, indeed, many of the farmers who have fully mastered the problem of profit-making agriculture, prefer to confine their care to forty or even twenty acres.

The entire region, indeed, bids fair to become an Eden. Though the fruitful Ganges is not here to make it to bloom like the rose, the waters of the Pecos, started from a rollicking course of spendthrift waste into placid channels of usefulness, promise to effect the transformation.



IN A GRAIN FIELD IN THE PECOS VALLEY.





## THE MARE ISLAND EXPLOSION.

THE disastrous explosion in the filling house of the Mare Island Navy Yard, at Vallejo, California, whereby fourteen persons were killed, is still something of a mystery as to its direct cause.

It is not likely that the real reason of the accident will ever be known, as every one at the scene of the explosion was killed outright, or has since died from resultant injuries.

Gunner Johnson, in charge of the magazine, furnishes a reasonable theory of the cause of the disaster.

"The powder is brought from the magazine," he says, "in quantities just sufficient for immediate use. At the time of the explosion there was probably 450 pounds of gunpowder in the filling room, where the men were charging six-inch shells with fine black powder, which is poured into the small opening at the apex of a shell through a copper funnel. A small copper rod is kept constantly moving up and down through the spout of the funnel to keep the powder moving freely. My

opinion is that the powder stuck, and the man who was working the copper rod became impatient and jammed it down hard, the friction igniting the powder, which, of course, exploded with sufficient force to fire the rest of the powder in the room. The most extraordinary thing is that after the flames were completely extinguished we found several cases of brown prismatic powder with outside charred, yet the heat had not been sufficient to cause the powder to explode."

The concussion shook the town of Vallejo like a sharp shock of earthquake. The ground rumbled, buildings tottered, and bells in the steeples were set a-ringing.

The Navy Yard itself was buried for a time beneath vast clouds of smoke. When the dense pall lifted it was found that great havoc had been wrought. Bodies of the killed were blown some distance from the building. The burned and charred remains of two apprentice seamen were found on the beach two hundred yards from the scene of the explosion.

The cruiser *Boston*, in charge of Lieutenants Edwin K. Moore and Albert Gleaves and Ensign Charles F. Hughes, immediately went to the assistance of the injured but could do little except to recover and identify the mangled corpses.

John Briscoe was the only one of the party of fifteen engaged in filling the shells in the magazine who was not killed outright. When the relief party picked up Briscoe he besought them to kill him and end his agony. He repeated this request again and again. When they lifted him he beat them with his fists and tried to escape so he could reach the water and drown himself, but they held him and bore him to the hospital.

Dr. Lewis and his assistants immediately bound the unfortunate man from head to foot in bandages, saturated with olive oil, and applied other necessary remedial agents. The doctors found that the men had been burned the worst about their heads. Their scalps had been scorching off entirely and their skulls were exposed.

Among the slain was George Hittinger, the gunner of the *Boston*, who entered the naval service from the State of Pennsylvania October 28, 1890. He was assigned as seaman gunner of the cruiser *Boston* February 2, 1891, but was only acting in that capacity, his warrant of appointment not having been issued from the Navy Department. An investigation into



THE EXPLOSION AT MARE ISLAND.

the cause of the disaster will be undertaken. The result, however, can scarcely be satisfactory. All of the hapless fellows engaged in the perilous work have been killed, and even if it should be found, as Gunner Johnson opines, that some one of the fillers, becoming impatient, jammed the powder too hard, the only good derived from the tardy information must be in the shape of a warning to those who take the place of the slain workmen.



Sergeant Leslie Ward.

Capt. James E. Fleming.

Lieut. Fred. Fredingshausen.

THE ESSEX TROOP AT MADISON, N. J. (See Page 317.)

Lieut. R. Wayne Parker.



## TROTTERS AND PACERS.

It has already been predicted that the present trotting season will be the greatest ever known on the American turf. This prediction is made, not because new and fast horses have suddenly sprung into prominence to contest for trotting honors, but because it is expected that the present famous trotters of the various stables will endeavor this year to break all records previously made. The extreme limit of speed ultimately to be attained by the trotter is an interesting point that cannot be settled at present, because the trotter is in a process of de-

velopment, and the perfect type, it is thought, has not yet been produced. This thought is inspired, undoubtedly, by the fact that each year the number of horses in the speedy classes grows larger.

Robert Bonner's mare Sunol, who beat the wonderful record of Maud S. by a fraction of a second. However fast Sunol's time may have been, it is not regarded as strictly the record for the distance, owing to the fact that the mile was trotted on a kite-shaped track, which is acknowledged to be from two to four seconds faster than the regular or oval track, on which Maud S. made her time. A great many horsemen, therefore, claim that fairly and squarely the record established by Maud S. at Cleveland, Ohio, on July 30, 1885, has not been beaten, and that Maud S. is still Queen of the Turf. Sunol, however, is in training for the effort of her life, and Mr. Robert Bonner is confident that in point of speed she will this season surpass the world. Some enthusiasts even go so far as to predict that she will cover a mile in 2:04. This is certainly remarkably fast time, but Senator Stanford believes that before the development of the trotter has ceased the record will be lowered to



J. MALCOLM FORBES' \$125,000 PURCHASE, ARIZON.

(From a photograph by Hill &amp; Watkins.)

2:02 or 2:03. Some even are of the opinion that a level two minutes will be reached; but when it is considered that a horse will have to travel a quarter in twenty-eight seconds, it looks like asking too much of any piece of horse-flesh.

A word about Maud S. She is bearing her eighteen years as lightly as though she had never heard the bell ring, or electrified the world by her flights of speed on almost every prominent trotting course in America. She is still truly a picture of equine beauty. Her eyes are as bright and as beautiful as ever, and her rich chestnut coat shines like burnished gold. Mr. Bonner is not sure whether his pride—for Maud S. is still the joy of his heart, although he owns Sunol—is with foal or not. She was mated with Ansel on August 25 of last year, and, as in the cases of most mares that have been driven for years before being bred, she shows very little fulness at the flank. Mr. Bonner hopes for the best, though, and is inclined

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ANSEL, PACER.

to believe that the great mare is with foal. She never looked better than since she enjoyed the freedom of the Westchester hills. Hers will be a life of peace and quietude, with every care and attention paid her until the flying feet have been stilled forever.

This reminds us to speak briefly of Ansel, the lordly bay by the thoroughbred Lexington out of Annette. In appearance he is a rich solid cherry with black points, and he is so strongly made that it is no wonder he himself is a trotter, and that all of his get should have natural speed at the trotting gait. His shoulders are strong and powerful, and his quarters indicate a world of driving power. Mr. David Bonner can drive Ansel at almost any rate of speed, from a three-minute gait down to a 2:12 show.

To show how determined owners of trotting horses are to break, if possible, the record of Maud S., he it known that Senator Stanford claims that "the old hero" and king of trotting stallions, Palo Alto, is in magnificent form again, and will this season, it is expected, trot in 2:06. "His feet, which in other days were long and contracted at the heels," says Senator Stanford, "have resumed their normal shape. He is no longer lame, and I firmly believe, when he leaves the stud and is put in shape for fast miles, that he will place the stallion record for trotters very close to 2:06. If he succeeds, and he always has succeeded in lowering every record he has undertaken to lower, a generation of trotting stallions will come and go before it will be beaten."

Mr. Williams, the owner of the famous Allerton, is very anxious to match the two stallions, and the Senator is perfectly willing, provided Mr. Williams will send his horse to the Pacific coast, as he does not care to incur the risk of sending Palo Alto East. Palo Alto has often been attacked by newspaper writers who claim that the thoroughbred blood in his veins will tend to make him unsteady and foolish when hotly pressed. This fact Senator Stanford denies, and says: "If the men who sneer at what they term 'running foolishness' imagine that Palo Alto is a cur and that he is not a race-horse in the truest sense, I can set them right. The truth is, a gamer, more reliable, or faster stallion does not live than he. There may be horses that can beat him one or two heats, but in a race of split heats he will outstay them all and trot each succeeding heat faster than he did the previous one." Palo Alto, it will be remembered, is the son of Electioneer and Dame Winnie.

Three of the greatest trotting and pacing yearlings the world has ever known are Frou Frou, Fausta, and Bell Bird. The first two belong to Mr. G. Valensin, of California, and the third to Senator Stanford. Frou Frou is the record holder of her age at the trotting gait. She took a record of 2:25 1/4 over the kite-shaped track at Stockton, Cal., on November 25. Bell Bird is a Palo Alto filly by the immortal Electioneer, and the pacer Fausta is, like Frou Frou, a



MR. ROBERT BONNER'S SHOW.



SENATOR STANFORD'S PALO ALTO.  
(FROM A COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY SIEBRAUER & SONS, PHILADELPHIA.)

daughter of the trotting-bred pacing sire, Sidney, a son of Santa Claus by Strathmore, out of Sweetness by Volunteer. Bell Bird was foaled on March 5, 1890, and when but nineteen months and sixteen days old, trotted to the mark in 2:26 $\frac{1}{4}$ , lowering the then long-standing record of Freedom of 2:29 $\frac{1}{4}$ , made on the Napa track. At the time Bell Bird made this filly record, it was claimed she could do it in 2:24, but as it was thought that the record of 2:26 $\frac{1}{4}$  was secure, Bell Bird was retired. This, however, as it afterwards proved, was a mistake, as Frou Frou was started on October 21 and trotted a mile in 2:41. The filly then had regular work, and improved so rapidly that on November 24, a trifle over a month later, she eclipsed all previous records and trotted a full mile in 2:26, knocking a quarter of a second off Bell Bird's mark. On this occasion the last quarter was trotted at a 2:20 gait, and Sanders resolved to try again. The game little filly was equal to the occasion, lowering her record to 2:25 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Frou Frou is a

The first time she started she took a trotting record of 2:44 $\frac{1}{4}$ . This was on November 10. Six days afterward she lowered this record to 2:46. Five days later, and after having paced only three days, Sanders drove her against the yearling pacing record held by the Buffalo representative, Rollo, owned by the Jewett Stock Farm. She made the mile in 2:25 $\frac{1}{2}$ , beating the world's record three seconds. On November 24 she started again and placed the figures at 2:24 $\frac{1}{4}$ , last quarter in 35 seconds. November 28 found her out on the kite once more, and again the flying filly surpassed previous efforts, pacing a full mile in 2:22 $\frac{1}{4}$ , of which the following are the fractions: 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 35 $\frac{1}{4}$ , 35 $\frac{1}{4}$ , 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ . In Driver Sanders's opinion Fausta can pace a mile in 2:20. She is a bay without white, and stands a trifle higher than her distinguished stable companion, Frou Frou.

Sidney, sire of Frou Frou and Fausta, at ten years old has twenty in the 2:30 list and seven in the 2:20 list.



MAJ. H. S. KETCHUM, 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$ .

(From a photograph copyrighted by Schreiber & Sons, Philadelphia.)

handsome chestnut filly, fifteen hands high, and on the day she trotted to her record weighed 625 pounds. Sanders, her driver, weighed 165 pounds, which adds to the filly's performance. Her disposition is perfect, and she is always level-headed and courageous. Frou Frou has three crissas to Rysdyk's Hambletonian and one to Harry Clay.

Bell Bird, the wonderful yearling, it was expected would easily lower this record, but she proved a disappointment. Senator Stanford was prepared to expect great things of her, but could not get her going again. The truth is, she is a high-strung, nervous thing, very capricious, and, while speedy, has to be carefully handled if satisfactory results are to be anticipated.

Fausta, 2:22 $\frac{1}{4}$ , holder of the yearling pacing record, was a trotter when she went to Stockton with Frou Frou and took a record of 2:40 at that gait. She is by Sidney, out of Faustina, by Crown Point, and, therefore, a full sister to the great stallion Faustino, who took a record at three years old of 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$ .

While speaking of pacers let us not forget to mention that wonderful little horse, Direct, claimed by his owner, Mr. Monroe Salsbury, to be the fastest horse in the world at the pace, and one of the most phenomenal horses of all time. Like the other horses, great things are expected of Direct this season, and it is fully expected that if nothing happens to him he will pace a mile in about 2:04. He has paced quarters in 27 seconds, which is pretty near a running gait. It is Mr. Salsbury's ambition to breed trotters that will speed so fast that they will appear to be running, but will stick to the trotting gait in their highest flights of speed. Mr. Salsbury is much provoked at the persistent way writers on horse topics insist that Direct is a converted trotter, when, on the contrary, he was a natural trotter until converted to pacing. When he was a little fellow running with his mother, he would start off on an amble, but as soon as he increased his speed always broke into a square trot. As a three-year-old he trotted way down in 18 and a

fraction, and was showing increased speed every hour. A mile in 2:10 was not below his limit had he been kept going at the trot. In his four-year-old form he was taken East and slowly prepared for races. He showed phenomenal bursts of speed in his work, and crowds gathered on the quarter stretch to see him come down. At East Saginaw he met with a terrible accident that ended his trotting days. His driver hitched him up one morning to give him his usual work, when it was discovered that he had a loose shoe in front, and at first it was thought advisable not to work him. However, he was started, and as he was moving so well when he reached the home stretch, the crowd that usually gathered to see him go yelled at the driver to let him out. He did so, and the little fellow came home as if he was running away at the trot. In the effort he threw the loose front shoe, which struck him in the flank with such force as to cut a frightful gash. He lost a great deal of blood and got very weak. The accident threw him out of training that season.

Last spring Mr. Saulsbury bethought himself that he would like to see if Direct could be made to pace. Hopples were put on him, and with patience and care he was made to go at a six-minute gait; now he is regarded as one of the greatest pacers in the country. Besides Direct, Mr. Saulsbury claims to have two green pacers up the sleeve of his coat, which he intends to let slip when the bell rings for the grand circuit. One is called San Pedro and the other Flying Jib. He also has a venture colt which he prophesies will shake the records of the three-year-old class.

What may be expected of Arion, the one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollar beauty? The same is claimed for him as for the other animals, that is, that he will also break his record. All will remember how he lowered the time last season to 2:10 1/4, just two seconds slower than the fastest mile ever trotted by Maud S. While the feat was performed on a kite-shaped track, it was so remarkable as to stamp Arion as a wonder irrespective of the conditions of the track. It is hoped that he will trot the mile in 2:08 1/4, or in that immediate neighborhood. Arion is a large, good-natured colt, extremely powerful, goes well within himself in all his speed trials, and in his finishes impresses one with his reserve force. In disposition and physical conformation he resembles his sire, Electioneer.

Of the other great trotters, Allerton, Nancy Hanks, and Nelson, it is, of course, expected that they will also lower their records. If events turn out as they are predicted and expected, this certainly will be a wonderful season in the history of trotting, that delightful and truly American sport.

## ESSEX TROOPERS.

THE "crack" cavalry corps of New Jersey, known as the Essex Troop, have a pleasant way of preparing themselves for something more serious than social pranks and splendid parades.

It is their custom to pass many hours at a stretch in the saddle, taking long rides at a sharp pace through the hardest parts of the Jersey country. A whole day is sometimes thus spent, relieved now and then by a brief stop at some hospitable cottage or manor upon the road.

This billowing upon the natives is received with quite as much good grace as often attends the enforced hospitality of real war-times, and the sight of the gallant horsemen trooping down upon an estate is the occasion of sentiments much less fearful than those aroused by a similar prospect in less peaceful times.

Under the command of Captain Fleming, a detachment of the Essex Troop recently made an evening gallop from Newark to Morristown. After a few hours' rest at the famous old town, the men pushed on to Madison, where a patriotic lady, Mrs. Ballantine, gave them satisfactory refreshment.

Their gallant front and orderly conduct drew great companies of admiring damsels, chits, spinners, and dames in their train, and by the time they reached East Madison, such a fine assemblage of beauty and fashion had gathered about them that Dr. Leslie Ward, the surgeon of the troop, thought it

prudent, in order to clear the march of the hampering impediments, to offer an alluring dinner to the entire procession.

Then, when the ladies had withdrawn to leave the men to their coffee and cognac, the troopers quietly mounted their steeds and silently stole away on the homeward ride to Newark.

The troops, as they appeared at Madison, may be seen on page 312.

## THE LATE MAHARAJAH OF ULWAR.

The late Maharajah of Ulwar was one of the most enlightened, well-intentioned, and loyal of the native princes of India. He was a Rajpoot by birth, and, like so many of the Rajpoots, of good family and a thorough gentleman.

When a youth he studied in the Mayo College at Ajmere, an institution founded for the purpose of giving a sound, healthy training to the sons of native chiefs. After leaving the college he devoted himself to the administration of his State. Though he spoke English almost like an Englishman and sympathized thoroughly with English methods of administration, he never ceased to be a good Hindoo, and he thereby remained in touch and sympathy with his own people.

## OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS.\*

### LIII. MRS. JOHN GILBERT.

MRS. JOHN GILBERT, since 1869 one of the chief factors in Augustin Daly's school of actors, was born in Rochdale, Lancashire, England, in 1821. Her family name was Hartley. She began her career as a dancer, and in 1846 married Mr. Gilbert who was also a dancer. They came to this country about three years later.

While playing at John Elder's Theatre, in Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. Gilbert made up her mind to abandon dancing and take up acting. Lady Creamly in "The Serious Family" and Miss Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer" were among the first rôles she essayed.

In 1858 she became "first old woman" at Lewis Blaker's Theatre, in Louisville, Kentucky, and three years later she joined Woods' Theatre, in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Gilbert's first appearance in New York was made in 1864 as the Baroness in "Finesse," then running at the Olympic. After two seasons she went to the Broadway Theatre, near Broome Street, and there made her first great hit as the Schoolmaster in Brougham's "Pocahontas."

She repeated her success as the Marchioness in "Caste" on the first production of Tom Robertson's work in this country.

Mrs. Gilbert remained at the old Broadway until this playhouse was demolished and then went over to Augustin Daly's management, where she has achieved some of her most brilliant successes.

During the visits of Mr. Daly's company in London, the English critics did not hesitate to say that in point of artistic finish and legitimacy of methods, Mrs. Gilbert was far and away superior to any of the other players in the troupe.

In this country she holds a unique place in the affectionate esteem of theatre-goers.

Her portrait will be found on page 302.

\*Portraits already published in "Our Gallery of Players": Pauline Hall, in No. 71; The Illustrated American; Fanny Davenport, in No. 73; Mrs. Langtry, in No. 74; Fay Templeton, in No. 75; Marie Jones, in No. 76; Marie Tempest, in No. 77; Laura Moore, in No. 78; Ada Rehan, in No. 79; Georgia Cayvan, in No. 80; Della Fox, in No. 81; Anna O'Keefe, in No. 82; Rosina Valdes, in No. 83; Marion Manola, in No. 84; Helen Bertram, in No. 85; Isabelle Freyhart, in No. 86; Ellen Terry, in No. 87; Annie Myers, in No. 88; Julia Marlowe, in No. 89; Mine, Helena Modjeska, in No. 90; Mrs. Agnes Bern, in No. 91; Marie Burroughs, in No. 92; Joseph Jefferson, in No. 93; Henry Irving, in No. 94; Jane Hading, in No. 95; Adelaide Arthur, in No. 96; W. C. Barrett, in No. 97; Margaret Mather, in No. 98; Stuart Robinson, in No. 99; Trueman Salsbery, in No. 100; Renolt Constant Coquelin, in No. 101; Edward H. Southern, in No. 102; Sarah Bernhardt, in No. 103; Lillian Russell, in No. 104; Lillian Dwyer, in No. 105; Frederic Bond, in No. 106; Effie Elster, in No. 107; Francis X. Bush, in No. 108; Louis Jones, in No. 109; Joseph Harrell, in No. 110; Robert H. Mantell, in No. 111; Adelaide Priory, in No. 112; Minna K. Gable, in No. 113; Mrs. George Burroughs, in No. 114; Mary Hall, in No. 115; Annie Russell, in No. 116; Jean Lemerle, in No. 117; R. C. Coghlan, in No. 118; Emma James Moore, in No. 119; Edwin Booth, in No. 120; Viola Allen, in No. 121; Maurice Barrymore, in No. 122; and Francis Henderson, in No. 123.



JUSTICE JOHN M. HARLAN, OF THE SUPREME COURT.  
*Arbitrator for the United States.*



EDWARD J. PHELPS, OF VERMONT,  
*of Counsel for the United States.*



SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN, OF ALABAMA.  
*Attornies for the United States*



JAMES C. CARTER, OF NEW YORK,  
*of Counsel for the United States.*



## THE BEHRING SEA COMMISSION.



WHEN President Harrison chose Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama, to be one of the representatives of the United States in the Behring Sea controversy, there arose a loud protest from the political intimates of the President that he should have conferred such high honor on a Democrat.

"But what a Democrat!" was probably the Chief Executive's mental reply to those who grumbled at his action.

A lawyer by profession, a close student of international polity, gifted with an unusual clearness of discrimination, and wholly free from illogical bias, he has long been conspicuous in the Senate for his worth as a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He is now, as he has been for many years, the leader of the minority in that important committee. He is a close and constant student, a man of the simplest habits, who spends his nights in studying up the questions that arise in the Senate and his days in his seat in the Senate chamber, where he is always found ready to act as the spokesman of his party. His public speeches are logical and eloquent, and it is no task for the Alabama Senator to address the Senate for two or three days at a time, when he considers the subject of sufficient importance, as was the case when the Force bill was under discussion.

His colleague in the celebrated case dealing with seal-catching in Behring Sea, is a man of much the same mould of mind and manner as himself. Justice Harlan has made a specialty of international law, and possesses all the qualifications necessary for a representative of the government in such a distinguished Commission, and it was known that the opportunity to go abroad as the representative of his Government would be very grateful to him. During his long term of service on the Supreme Court bench he has applied himself with unremitting zeal and tireless industry to his duties. He is by no means a rich man, and with only his moderate salary he has been unable to enjoy the benefits of travel as he would like to do. The President and Mr. Blaine, therefore, were very glad of the opportunity to confer upon him an appointment that would be an honor to him as a public man, and would afford some creature comforts as well. It is said that when the question of making the appointments first arose, the President expressed a desire to have one of the Supreme Court Justices chosen, and the selection of Justice Harlan instead of one of his colleagues possesses no significance beyond the fact that he was a staunch Republican and personally friendly with the President and Secretary Blaine.

Brains and experience will certainly not be lacking in the body in whose hands will be the rights and dignities of the

United States when the discussion of our old dispute with England is submitted to the convention in Paris.

Judge Blodgett, one of the counsel of the American arbitrators, is an authority of high rank on maritime laws. His decisions in admiralty cases have won for him great respect both in this country and abroad. His retirement from the bench of the United States District Court was really not because of his appointment to the Behring Sea Commission, but rather owing to ill-health and a desire for rest and change of scene.

Of all the counsel, Edward J. Phelps is perhaps the most generally known. As Minister to England during the term of Presidential service of Grover Cleveland, he drew to himself the attention of the whole diplomatic world by the tact and firmness with which he conducted himself during the awkward Sackville-West episode. Mr. Phelps will be the adviser of the arbitrators of this country on points of constitutional law. That is the Vermontor's specialty, and his lectures on that subject before the classes at the Yale law school are considered of such permanent worth that they are compiled into textbooks.

The two remaining members of the commission, though of narrower fame, are men of the very first rank in the profession of law. John W. Foster, the third counsel, is learned in international comity and is thoroughly familiar with the diplomatic history of the country in all its ramifications. For several years he has acted as a sort of adviser to the State Department at Washington. He is a native of Indiana and is a man of commanding intellect and attainments. While Minister to Spain he formulated a commercial treaty between that country and the United States.

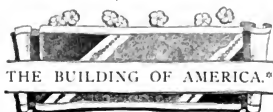
James C. Carter, whose name rounds out the list of counsel, is, perhaps, at the very head of the New York bar. Though while still a young man he was regarded as a lawyer of unusual ability and aptitude for his calling, it was in the time of the Tweed trials that his name first became familiar to New Yorkers and noted to members of the legal profession throughout the country. Though the famous Charles O'Connor was at the head of the array of lawyers who brought Tweed to task, it was Mr. Carter upon whom devolved much of the work of preparing the cases for trial and laying out the plan and details of attack.

The Court of Arbitration before which the counsel will appear comprises seven arbitrators, two appointed by the President of the United States, two by the Queen of England, one by the President of France, one by the King of Italy, and one by the King of Sweden and Norway.

According to the treaty the arbitrators are to meet in Paris within twenty days after the delivery of the counter cases, documents, correspondence, and evidence, all of which must be handed in within seven months from the date of the proclamation of the treaty, which was May 9, 1892, and sixty days additional are allowed in case of any extraordinary and unavoidable delay on the part of the Government to prepare its case. It will thus probably be December before the Board of Arbitration will be ready for organization in Paris. Under the terms of the treaty the decision of the arbitrators must be made within three months from the close of the arguments.



GEN. JOHN W. FOSTER, OF INDIANA,  
Of Counsel for the United States.



## III. THE HUGUENOT SETTLEMENTS OF AMERICA.

BY FRANK H. NORTON.

WHILE the first undertaking of settlements in America and the colonization which gradually followed the discovery by Christopher Columbus and his successors, were, to a great extent, caused and actuated by motives largely the result of desire for gain and for a possible treasure reputed to exist in the newly discovered lands, it was not long, as has already been said in the course of these papers, before quite other interests came into operation. The Puritans in their settlement of New England, the Cavaliers in their emigration to Virginia and South Carolina, and the thousands of Scotch Highlanders who flocked to America, all of these were significant of other desires than those which merely led to comfort and prosperous living. Particularly was this the case with regard to the French Protestant element, known as the Huguenots, who, with the memory of St. Bartholomew and the persecutions under Charles IX. in their minds, fled hurriedly from their homes in France immediately on the signing at Fontainebleau, October 18, 1685, by Louis XIV., of the celebrated Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. There is hardly anything more romantic, more interesting, or more cruel or terrible than the history of French Protestantism.

Of course, it is impossible, within the limits of a single paper, to describe in detail the transactions which characterize that black page of religious history. Brief reference, however, may properly be made here to the acts and conditions which preceded the emigration which we are considering. After having passed through the terrors and massacres, after having fought battles and stood sieges, the Protestants of France at length, in 1598, received at the hands of Henry of Navarre that protection which is known to us as the Edict of Nantes. This Edict was solemnly confirmed by Louis XIII. and even by Louis XIV. On May 22, 1621, the regent Marie de Medicis declared in the name of the King, then a minor, that he admitted the fact that the observance of that Edict had established a secure tranquility among his subjects. This King, then in his minority, was Louis XIII. According to the records of the time, he was made to say: "Although this Edict is irrevocable, and consequently needs not to be confirmed by further declaration, still, in order that our subjects may be assured of our protection, be it known, said, and ordered that the aforesaid Edict of Nantes, in all its points and articles, shall be maintained and held inviolable." On October 1, 1614, Louis XIII., then having come of age, not

only confirmed this declaration formally, but with an additional clause that those who infringed the Edict should be punished as disturbers of the peace.

Anne of Austria followed the example of Louis XIII., and her declaration of July 8, 1643, made in the name of the infant King, Louis XIV., imported that after having taken the advice of the Queen, his mother, and of the Duke of Orleans, and of the Prince of Condé, the King ordered that his subjects of the so-called reformed religion should enjoy the free and entire exercise of their faith, conformably to the Edict. Between that period and 1652, a number of similar declarations were published, that of May 21, 1652, being specially due to Cardinal Mazarin. In it the King, remembering his own engagements and the example of his predecessors, solemnly confirmed the Edict; "the rather," said he, "that the said subjects had given him certain proofs of their affection and fidelity, particularly in the present emergencies, with which he was well pleased." But in the meantime, between the death of

Henry IV., and the reign of Louis XIV., as has been said, the Protestants had a great many very hard times, and eventually such serious differences arose between them and the advisers of the Crown, that it became evident to those who were watching the situation, that it must be only a question of time when they would be extinguished as a body. The fall of La Rochelle, after which New Rochelle, Westchester County, N. Y., is named, led up to the revocation.

The French Protestants were noted as merchants and manufacturers. In certain parts of France they monopolized trades of the greatest importance, in Guineen, for instance, the wine trade; in Caen, the linen and cloth trade, and so with other cities and localities in France. The Huguenots were renowned for their commercial intelligence and activity, and famous for their industry. They had adopted in their manufactures a system of combined labor, establishments being organized on the principle of the subdivision of labor managed by skillful directors and employing thousands of workmen. In the provinces of Picardy, Champagne, Normandy, Touraine, and Languedoc, they created the most important manufactures of the country. They had agents at Marseilles and other ports who

forwarded their manufactures to the Levant, more especially cloths and general manufactures in wool, while the stuffs of woolen and silk of Rheims were marketed in the province of the Rhine and in Brandenburg. The great cloth manufactures of Abbeville, Elbeuf, and Louviers were founded by Protestant families, and the Protestants also created the vast increase in the manufacture of stockings by means of the recently invented stocking loom.

It can be readily seen, therefore, that the practical expatriation from France of tens of thousands of Protestant artisans must mean not only a great decrease in the aggregate wealth of the country from which they fled, but also great increase in that of such countries as they favored by making them their future habitation. The silk factories of Tours and Lyons, which were so flourishing in the seventeenth century, were almost entirely due to Protestant industry, dating back as far as the reign of Louis XI. After Mazarin's death, Louis XIV.



LOUIS XIV. OF FRANCE.

On October 18, 1685, Louis XIV. signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes under the assurance, "qu'il ne contraindrait pas son peuple à changer." To this act he was influenced by the clergy.

\* Previously published in this series: I. "The Founders of New England," in No. 122 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; II. "Strangers in a Strange Land," in No. 124.

took into his own hands the sole governing authority of the realm, and under him, in the beginning, Protestantism was not only tolerated, but even authorized, throughout the kingdom, and if there were any infractions of the rights, either of Roman Catholicism or Protestantism, it was regarded by the government as a mere matter for police consideration. The Huguenot faction was practically abolished and the Protestant absorbed into the population of France. Madame de Maintenon, the favorite of Louis XIV., was a Calvinist, but she deserted the Protestant party.

The policy of Louis XIV., although neither just nor impartial, was at least prudent and moderate. He himself set forth his views to his son, showing the fact that he was following a policy, and not a course of procedure dictated by an especial detestation for the Huguenots. Thus he said:

I believe, my son, that the best method for reducing the Huguenots of my kingdom by slow degrees, is, in the first place, not to harass them in the smallest degree by any new enactment against them; to observe strictly all the privileges obtained by them from my predecessors; but to grant them no further favors beyond these, and even of these, to restrain the execution within the narrowest limits prescribed by justice and comity. But as regards graces depending upon myself alone, I resolved—and that resolution I have punctually observed—to grant them none whatsoever,

In the two months of September and October, 1685, the period of the revocation, the cities of La Rochelle, Castres, Montpellier, Nîmes, and Uzes abjured the Protestant faith. By this time it was generally believed, the King sharing in this belief, that Protestantism in France had been annihilated, and so, on October 18, 1685, Louis XIV., more particularly under the pressure exercised upon him by the clergy, by his confessor, Père LaChaise; his Chancellor, Letellier, and his Minister of War, Louvois, in presence of the full court at Fontainebleau, signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, under the assurance, "*qu'il ne coulerait pas une goutte de sang!*" It remained to be seen how much bloodshed would be caused by this act. Afterwards King Louis said that the best possible evidence of the wisdom and judgment and right of his work was the fact that the better and the greater part of his subjects of the reformed religion had embraced Catholicism. The Protestants, by this revocation, were permitted to remain in France, but on condition of their not engaging in any of the religious ceremonies of their belief, and with the obligation upon them to educate their children to the religion of the Catholic Church.

Fénelon said to Louis XIV.: "You do not love God; you do not fear him except with the fear of a slave for his master. It is hell, not God, that you fear. Your religion consists only



HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

After having passed through the terrors and massacres, after having fought battles and steel sieges, the Protestants of France at length, in 1598, revived at the hands of Henry of Navarre that protection known as the Edict of Nantes.



CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

After La Rochelle had been besieged by Cardinal Richelieu and reduced to famine, and with a loss of 15,000 lives, many of the refugees crossed the Atlantic, and settled in New Rochelle, New York, and elsewhere in the colonies.

and this from a spirit of lenity, rather than that of rigor, so as to compel them, without any violence, to consider within themselves whether it was for any good reason that they voluntarily deprived themselves of advantages which it was in their power to share with the remainder of my subjects. I also resolved to bring over, even by means of recompenses, such as should show themselves docile, and to awaken as far as possible the zeal of the bishops, that they should labor to give them instruction, and to remove the scandals which at times divide and repel them from us.

Under Louis XIV. the persecutions of the Huguenots in different parts of France were exceptionally brutal, going to the point of murder and dragging the corpses of Protestants through the streets on hurdles. This system of persecutions was connected with the plan, which then existed, of destroying the Protestant Republic of Holland, and the final conclusion was undoubtedly led up to gradually through the reign of Louis XIV., by perfectly consistent steps of policy as he understood it. At length the pressure became so severe, Protestants being tortured as well as murdered, that the only recourse of these unfortunates to avoid such treatment was the recanting of their belief, and in the district of Bordeaux, it was stated, the number of Protestants fell off within a month from 150,000 to 10,000.

in superstitions, in superficial practices. You are scrupulous in minute details, and fail to perceive the horrible evils which accompany them. You live only for your own glory and your own comfort. Your conduct altogether shows that you esteem yourself as though you were the Almighty, and that everything had been created for your accommodation."

The situation of the Protestants in France after this act of Louis XIV. was indeed terrible. If they remained in their native country, they were obliged to renounce their faith. If they tried to escape from it, they were hunted like wild beasts. Guards were placed at the entrances to the cities and towns, at the river crossings, and on the bridges of the high roads. It was a great battle. Thousands of persons enlisted in the troops for the purpose of obtaining the pay which they would receive through the arrest of the fugitive Huguenots. A great part of these traveled at night, hiding themselves in the daytime in one cavern or another, scaling mountains, using over difficult precipices, and assuming all sorts of disguises. As a rule, it was impossible for them to follow the roads or to ride, consequently they walked on foot through the byroads and pathways. Women and children surmounted all these trials and difficulties with gentle determination, as though they were only making a pleasure trip. The manner





CHARLES IX, OF FRANCE.

With the memory of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the persecutions under Charles IX, before them, the Huguenots began to flee from France upon the signing of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

in which young girls and old women supported fatigues and trials which were part of their escape from their native land, furnishes one of the most pitiful features in all history. Women of high rank, some of them sixty and seventy years old, who had never, so to speak, put foot to the ground any more than to walk from one room to another, or to amuse themselves in a promenade in some avenue on their estates or in one of the great cities of France, now walked their seventy-five or one hundred leagues, to reach the point which gave them an avenue of escape from their cruel country.

Many of them suffered from brutality on the part of those whom they met or those who were seeking for them. They were robbed, despoiled, insulted, and abused. To save themselves, as a rule, they gave up what means they carried about them, and so, little by little, they managed to reach the frontier or the coast. Thousands of men and women of the Protestant faith disguised themselves as mendicants, asking bread from door to door, and so, by slow and laborious effort, escaped at last. Of course, the seaports facilitated the departure of a crowd of Huguenots; they hid themselves among the merchandise which was being transported to foreign ports, yet thousands of such emigrants perished of cold, hunger, and fatigue. The galleys of Marseilles were gorged with these unfortunates who were tracked and caught during their flight.

This vast exodus resulted in the ruin and the depopulation of the great part of France, while England, Switzerland, Holland, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, and, last of all, America, received these noble emigrants with open arms; assisted them in their needs, built them houses, and supplied them with the tools of their various trades. They repaid this generous hospitality by an industrious activity, which resulted in enriching the countries which they adopted for their own. Voltaire said that in the period of three years nearly 50,000 families fled from France. Another statement sets the figure of the emigrating Protestants at 800,000. Meanwhile, in a single province of Languedoc, 10,000 Protestants perished by fire, by the rope, or by other official murder, while 90,000 succumbed to a premature death, following on the evil treat-

ment which they received and the misfortunes which they underwent. Altogether, nearly 200,000 persons, French Protestants, perished, victims of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Those who escaped from France scattered themselves, as has already been said, all over Europe. The city of Magdeburg, which had been sacked and depopulated by the wars, was repopled by the refugees from France. Many established themselves in Berlin, where a princely street became known as the Rue Française. Cologne and other German cities became great manufacturing centres, populated by the Huguenot artisans. Under Frederick William of Prussia, the foundation of the prosperity of the French colonists, which contributed so powerfully to the future grandeur of his country, was laid. Frederick II. felt some sympathy for the refugees, as had his predecessors, and was fortunate, as he said himself, in living long enough to celebrate with them the Jubilee of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1785.

In the meantime, French Protestant generals actually defended Prussia against Austria, France, and Russia, while all the towns of Prussia saw new manufactures springing up: velvets and silks, which were formerly made only in France, with goldsmith's and jeweler's work, such as never had been known in that kingdom before. The trinkets of Berlin soon became almost as much sought after as those of Paris. Again, the planting of mulberry trees was encouraged in all the provinces where the refugees had established manufactures of silk, while the vast marshes along the borders of the Oder were drained and cultivated, and 1,200 Huguenot families found there an easy subsistence. And it was the same in England, where the refugees of Normandy, Brittany, Picardy, and other French provinces settled in large numbers. At least a third of them, as is stated, established themselves in London, where they became noted for having introduced the industry of weaving. The existing Protestant churches in London were found insufficient to accommodate the constantly increasing multitude of the French Protestants, and new ones were built and set apart for them. Beginning as early as 1668, and continuing through succeeding reigns, some of the refugees went into Scotland and planted themselves at Edinburgh, where they preserved the use of the French tongue through



MARIE DE MÉDICIS.

As Regent during the minority of her son, Louis XIII., Marie de Médicis continued the Edict of Nantes and promoted the Huguenot protection.

the greater part of the eighteenth century. So with Ireland; after the fall of James II, thousands of them spread themselves through the towns of Dublin, Cork, Kilkenny, Waterford, and Portarlington. In 1674 the Irish Parliament passed an act promising all alien Protestants who came over and settled, letters of naturalization and free admission into all corporations. The English owed to the French Huguenots the introduction of many new branches of business, especially the manufacture of silks, brocades and satins, clocks and watches, locks, and surgical instruments. In 1664 there were as many as a thousand French looms set up at Canterbury, providing work for 2,700 persons, but the greater number of the Huguenot weavers settled at Spitalfields.

The first movement of the persecuted Huguenots toward America occurred long before the period of which we have been treating. In the middle of the sixteenth century Admiral de Coligny conceived the project of creating in America a vast refuge for the French persecuted Protestants, and sent over an expedition from Havre which was followed by others. Landings were made at different points on the southern coast of North America, but seemed not to have been successful. Indeed Coligny's efforts to establish a Protestant colony in North America were too early. At the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, however, England possessed flourishing colonies in North America, and even before that period not a few Huguenots, especially after the capture of La Rochelle, had sought an asylum in English America. As early as 1662, it is believed that certain Huguenots, to the number of nearly forty, established themselves in Massachusetts Colony, and in Boston there were Huguenots living as early as 1679. A number of these French families also settled in Maryland, and others in Virginia.

In the two Carolinas the arrival of the Huguenot refugees was coincident with that of the first English colonists who came over from Virginia to Massachusetts; and concessions were made to them of land and freeholders' rights. In 1680 an English frigate brought forty-five of these refugees to Carolina, by the express command of Charles II., who it said to have himself paid the expense of their transportation, and large numbers soon followed them in other vessels. Pennsylvania offered an asylum to many hundreds of refugees, who had at



ADMIRAL CASPAR DE COLIGNY.

In the middle of the sixteenth century Admiral de Coligny conceived the project of creating in America a vast refuge for the persecuted French Protestants, and made several attempts to execute it, though without success.

first settled in England but who did not find the reign of James II, a friendly one to live under. In 1690 King William III. sent a body of Huguenots who had followed him from Holland into England and into France, to the Province of Virginia. They were assigned lands on the southern bank of the James River, twenty miles from Richmond, where they founded what was known as the Mannikin Town Settlement, afterwards the Parish of King William. This colony was still further increased in 1699 by about three hundred families, escaped from France, and which were followed within two years by as many more. Part of this community went to North Carolina and established themselves on the banks of the Trent, but afterwards, on account of trouble with the Indians, emigrated to South Carolina.

It was, in fact, this latter state or province which received the greater part of the French emigrants who fled to America, the warm climate of South Carolina being specially attractive to the exiles from Languedoc; and South Carolina became "the home of the Huguenots in the New World."

There were nearly a thousand fugitives who embarked for the Carolinas from the ports of Holland alone. General Horry, a distinguished officer in the war of the Revolution, was descended from one of these Huguenot fugitives. In 1686 a number of merchants and manufacturers, Huguenots from France, arrived at Charleston, having some means which enabled them to establish commercial houses in that city. In 1687 the Lords Commissioners of James II. sent six hundred Huguenots to America, and chiefly to Carolina, these being mostly laborers, mechanics, and workmen. These refugees set up colonies, one on the banks of the Cooper River, on the Santee, and in Charleston. Many towns of South Carolina were founded by these French Huguenots, who received grants of land and colonized, establishing either commercial or manufacturing houses, or creating extensive agricultural farms. The city of Jamestown contained one hundred French families at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and became one of the most flourishing French colonies in the country, which upon all of the old maps of North America bears the name of French Santee. Entire streets of Charleston were built by the Huguenots, and among the names of descendants of French Huguenot extraction who still live in South Carolina are the Bayards, Chevaliers, Horrys, Hugers, Legares, Laurens, Marions, and many others. "None of our



JAMES II. OF ENGLAND.

The Huguenot refugees did not find a friendly welcome in England under this King, but after his fall they established themselves in London and elsewhere by thousands, and created prosperous industries which are still bearing fruit.

Colonies," says Bancroft, "gave a better reception to the refugees." This was in reference to South Carolina. Yet the towns of Massachusetts made large collections for their relief. As early as 1666 the Legislature of Maryland granted the privilege of naturalization to the French Protestants established in that province; while it decreed them the title of citizens in 1671.

Meanwhile, the Colony of New York was increased by so great a number of fugitives that it became difficult to provide for them. Among these Huguenot families were to be found the following names: Valette, DeLancey, Girard, Pineau, Morreau, Dupuy, Allaire, Jay, Gautier, Bodin, Richer, etc., many of which will be recognized at the present day. Sixteen miles from New York, on the East River, some refugees from La Rochelle founded the town which was then exclusively French and which received the name of New La Rochelle. La Rochelle, France, situated in the department of Charente-Inférieure on the Atlantic Ocean, was the last Protestant stronghold to submit to the Catholics. After the city had been besieged by Richelieu and reduced by famine, and with a loss of 15,000 lives, many of these refugees crossed the Atlantic, and some of them settled in New Rochelle. The first care of the Huguenots was to furnish a portion of their possessions for the support of a minister. They erected at first a small frame church, which was followed by one of stone, the latter being open for divine worship in 1692, the services being conducted according to the Reformed Protestant Church of France. Among the families then worshipping were the names of Bleeker, Lisenard, Guion, Gallaudet, and others still familiar. The first pastor at New Rochelle was the Rev. David Bonpreux, D.D., who had accompanied the refugees in their exile, and who preached to the Huguenots at first at their settlement on Staten Island, and may be considered the earliest French missionary. He was followed by the Rev. Daniel Boudet, at New Rochelle, who received thirty pounds per annum. In 1727 there were four hundred inhabitants in New Rochelle, not counting a number of French families who located near that settlement.

During the French War many of the Huguenots enlisted in the army. These Huguenots acknowledged the government of England and were loyal subjects and citizens. During the year 1686 many Huguenot families who had taken refuge in the islands of St. Christopher and Martinique transferred their residences to New York. Among these was Johannes De Montaigne, who afterwards received the appointment of Member of the Privy Council from Gov. Kieft. He purchased a farm of two hundred acres in Harlem, situated between Eighth Avenue and the Harlem River, south of Ninety-third Street, for which he paid \$720.

Numerous descendants of these Huguenot emigrants still reside in New York, some of whom have changed the form of the family name. The Rev. Mr. Neau, who came from France to New York in 1685, was an assistant to the rector of Trinity Church, and is said to have been the founder of Trinity School. He died in 1722 and was buried near the northern porch of the old church. One of his granddaughters married Capt. Oliver Hazard Perry, and their only daughter, Eliza Mason Perry, married the Rev. Francis Vinton, rector of Trinity Church. The Huguenots in New York worshipped in a church in Pine Street. They afterwards built a handsome structure in Franklin Street, which finally passed out of their hands when they went to Twenty-second Street. The church at New Rochelle was built by subscriptions, collected partly by the Rev. Mr. Neau, already mentioned, the list being headed by the Governor of the Colony, and subscriptions varying from five shillings to six pounds. This church was begun in the autumn of 1710 and completed during the same season. The building, which was constructed of stone, formed nearly a square, perfectly plain within and without, but such was the anxiety on the part of the Huguenots to contribute something towards the completion, that even women carried mortar in their aprons to complete the work. Upon its erection a royal patent was secured for the church, the petition being sustained by names such as A. De Peyster, Rip Van Dam and S. Staats, all of good Dutch extraction, showing the pleasant relations which existed between the French Huguenots and the

descendants of the Dutch in New York. After a time, however, there was a secession from the church in New Rochelle, the seceders erecting a meeting-house for themselves, and calling themselves "The French Protestant Congregation." They bitterly attacked the English Church service, which had been by this time practically adopted by the other French Protestants.

Besides the French colonies in America, of which mention has already been made, there is still one other which deserves notice, more especially as the fact of its existence has only been generally promulgated during the last few years by Rev. David Demarest, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary of New Brunswick, N. J. The information was conveyed in a paper read by Mr. Demarest before the Huguenot Society of America, in the French Church du Saint Esprit, New York, April 13, 1885, and before other organizations.

The only Huguenot settlement of any importance made in the province of New Jersey was at Hackensack, twelve miles from Jersey City, and where, within two miles of the town itself, are still to be seen the white marble headstones which mark the old French burial ground, said to be the oldest cemetery in that part of the country. Here lies the dust of the principal pioneer Huguenot settlers of that vicinity. The little colony which settled there had been resident in Holland prior to their emigration to America, and having learned to speak Dutch, they, not unnaturally, gravitated toward the colonies where that language was spoken. Among these occur the names of De Marest, La Rou, De Veaux, Tiebout, and others. Most of these can still be recognized. This was about 1678, and it is said of Daniel and Henri De Marest, that they prepared, with the aid of their father, the finest edition of the French Bible known in this country. They seemed to have emigrated from Mannheim, on the Rhine, passing down that river to Rotterdam. This De Marest seems to have lived first on Staten Island, and afterwards to have bought property at Harlem, where he lived a number of years, leaving that place and settling at Hackensack on account of some difficulty with regard to what he considered extreme taxation, and which induced him to dispose of his Harlem property and buy from the Indians a large tract of land lying between the Hackensack and the Hudson Rivers.

It was eighteen years after the Hackensack settlement was made before the little community were able to erect their first church building. Previous to that time they worshipped in the schoolhouse, and it was ninety-one years before their church ever had a pastor.

## LEONIDAS L. POLK.

LEONIDAS L. POLK, President of the National Farmers' Alliance, would probably have had the honor of a Presidential nomination had not death come upon him so suddenly. He was descended from a family that furnished soldiers to the patriot army in the Revolutionary War, and himself fought on the Confederate side during the Civil War. After the war, office after office was thrust upon him, for he cared little for political honors. The needs of the farmer attracted his attention at an early stage of his career, while he was serving as Commissioner of Agriculture in North Carolina. He was one of the earliest advocates of the establishment of a department of agriculture. In 1880 he began the publication of the *Progressive Farmer* and at the same time began the organization of farmers' clubs, and soon had 500 chartered and in active working order. He also advocated the establishment of an agricultural and mechanical college, and his plan was finally adopted by the State. He was the First Vice-President of the Alliance in 1887, and when the Interstate Farmers' Association, composed of delegates from all the cotton States, was organized in 1887, Colonel Polk was elected President by acclamation. He was twice re-elected without contest. At the convention in St. Louis, in December, 1889, Colonel Polk was chosen President of the National Farmers' Alliance, and held that position continuously up to the date of his death. Under his management the order had a marvellous growth.



MESA, COVERED WITH RUINS, AT THE ENTRANCE TO McELMO CAÑON.

## IN SEARCH OF A LOST RACE.\*

"THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN'S" EXPEDITION, SENT TO EXPLORE THE RUINED PUEBLOS OF THE SOUTHWEST.

### V. RUINS AND PICTURE-WRITINGS IN THE CAÑONS OF THE McELMO AND HOVENWEEP.

#### CAMP McELMO.

THAT strange, weird river, the San Juan, dashes madly past our camp. Where it runs through the rapids its roar can be heard at a distance of two or three miles. Full of quicksands and large rocks, one scarcely ventures near its brink, save when sure of one's footing. On either side of the river are great cliffs of sandstone, worn into fantastic shapes by the combined action of the water, sand, and wind. The Indians well named it "The River of Demons."

The expedition arrived at Camp McElmo, situated at the junction of McElmo Creek and the San Juan, Saturday night, April 23. No little difficulty was experienced in getting our heavy baggage through the intervening cañons. We are now past the point where good roads exist and have nothing to follow but Indian trails. In these trails are washes anywhere from ten to fifty feet in depth, with rocks varying from a few pounds in weight to several tons. The washes are full of sage bushes and cactus. It is comparatively easy for Indian ponies to pick their way over such trails, but it is next to impossible for horses to draw heavy wagons, even moderately loaded.

Our two teams strained every muscle in their attempts to pull the heavy wagons over the rough roads and heavy washouts, but they overtaxed their strength and we were compelled to engage a third team at one of the trading stores to help us through to McElmo. The roads were so heavy that time and again the members of the expedition had to put their shoulders to the wheels and help the wagons out of some deep hole. The tough and wiry burros trotted over such ground with ease. An Easterner would be surprised at the strength these diminutive beings possess. The packer places about 175 pounds on each beast and they are capable of traveling all day over any kind of ground. Whenever we stopped for dinner the burros would lie down for a short time and then go to grazing.

Just opposite our camp is a small cliff ruin of some five or six rooms. Straight across the river and the intervening flat the distance to the ruin is about six hundred yards. At this

season of the year the river is very high and swift and there is no boat to be had within twenty miles, so we were compelled to look at it from a distance without being able to examine it.

Early on the morning of April 26, six of our party, including the guide, with our pack burros carrying our instruments, cameras, and provisions, started up the McElmo Creek from our camp on the San Juan. The cañon at its mouth is about three-quarters of a mile wide, with its weathered sandstone cliffs slanting up on each side to a height of 250 feet. The view is wild and picturesque, not a sign of life being visible except an occasional Ute or Navajo Indian, a few birds and rattlesnakes, and countless herds of various sizes and colors.

For the first three miles we traveled without observing any ruins, and then we came upon a small valley ruin about a quarter of a mile from the river, but it was demolished to such an extent that little could be made out of the fallen stones, except that it contained three small rooms. From this point for eight and one-half miles we did not observe any ruins. Then we saw a small cliff dwelling placed high up on the side of the cliff. It was over 100 feet from the bottom of the cañon and contained only one small room, four feet high, ten feet wide, and seven and one-half deep. On the right hand side of the cliff house we found some picture-writings or hieroglyphics. They were in the shape of crow's feet and seemed very old. The crow's foot has been noted quite frequently among the ruins. When about nine miles up the cañon we noticed many rock or cave shelters; queer little places for human beings to live in, but yet very good shelters from the rain and snow. These occur at intervals of a half a mile or so all along the creek, some of them being very interesting on account of the picture-writings on the sides of the sandstone boulders with which they were constructed. The most remarkable of these are about one mile east of the junction of the Hovenweep and McElmo Creeks; it is a large cave-shelter with the remains of a tower on top of the boulder. One side of the rock was literally covered with picture-writings and signs. The human form, deer, goats, lizards, snakes, bears, turkeys, and many other birds and animals are plainly distinguishable, while intermingled with the figures are many

\* See Nos. 111, 116, 119, 121, and 122 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

hieroglyphics. Although it seems impossible to read these rock inscriptions, or even to conjecture to any extent their significance, yet they certainly have a meaning and represent some idea or event in the past history of the writers. They are valuable, nevertheless, if only as showing the stage of civilization which was reached by these unknown tribes. That they were of the same age as the cliff dwellers is very probable, for we have found them in many cliff dwellings and cave-shelters, having sketched as many as thirty different sets in this neighborhood.

their significance. Their occurrence should not be considered accidental. If other Mexican and Central American designs are found, we will incline to the belief that the cliff inhabitants were familiar with the customs and religion of the more cultivated nations further south. Yet we would not venture the assertion that they were a part, or even connected with them. It is more probable that as the cliff folks were great travelers they may have brought back the Swastika symbol from excursions into Mexico. The Messrs. Wetherill informed us of the existence of the Swastika on several pieces



BOULDER CASTLE.

An interesting ruin at the junction of Hovenweep and McElmo Canyons. The rock itself is about fifty feet high and averages forty feet in width. The walls of the tower do not now average more than six feet in height.

The most important of the symbols cut in these rocks is a Swastika cross, measuring seven inches in height and six inches in breadth. Around it are many curiously shaped figures, some in the shape of figure eights, some shaped like dumb-bells, and several representing the human hand. The occurrence of the Swastika cross in this section of the country is a most important and significant fact. Our readers will remember the articles which appeared in THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN some months ago on the discovery in an Ohio mound of several Swastika crosses made of beaten copper, and on

of pottery found in the Mancos Cañon ruins. The pottery is shortly to be exhibited at the Minneapolis Industrial Exposition, together with a large collection of relics from the Mancos ruins. The cliff upon the face of which the crosses are carved is sixty feet from the bottom of the cañon.

The exact location of the cave-shelter containing this group of picture-writings is as follows: About 100 yards west of the McElmo Creek, and about one mile east of the junction of the Hovenweep and McElmo Creeks, the elevation being about twenty-five feet above the river. The shelter is almost

ten feet wide; eleven feet deep. The figures were impossible to photograph on account of their high position between the sloping rocks. In every case the figures were cut into the sandstone rock on the under side, where they would be protected from the weather.

About the mouth of the Hovenweep the sides of the mesa are covered with large boulders, and the smooth flat surfaces of these huge blocks offered a tempting tablet to the primitive artist. This region we also found very rich in ruins, although for the most part in bad condition. The most important is a

One important feature is a deep cave which was originally protected by a series of walls. This cave goes down slantingly to the river which is fully 150 feet distant, and seventy-five feet below the mouth of the cave. The cave was probably made originally by the water washing down through the cracks in the sandstone ledge from the top of the mesa to the river, but was afterward utilized by the ancient people as a passageway to water.

It was used probably in times of warfare with other tribes, for the entrance at the mouth of the cave is so hidden by



CAVE AT THE MOUTH OF THE M'ELMO.

The Cave runs back more than one hundred feet, and is about fifty feet in width. In height it varies from seven to eighteen feet. There are abundant evidences of occupation in it.

double walled tower standing at present about six feet high, and having an outer diameter of thirty-five feet. The inner diameter is twenty-four feet, thus making the walls of the tower five and one-half feet apart. Between these two walls the space is divided into many small rooms.

Immediately to the north and west of this tower is a series of walls and ruined buildings, the whole covering at least two acres, but the walls and buildings have fallen down to such an extent that it is impossible to present a map of the series.

the ruined walls, which had protected it, that one passing by would hardly notice it.

It is seldom, indeed, that one finds a cave of such a depth in the midst of ruins in this locality. It was the only one we found or even heard of, and for this reason we were especially interested in it. After some considerable trouble and risk we were able to descend almost to its end. Fragments of pottery were found at different points in the cave. Over the cave is a ruin containing eight or nine rooms.

Our camp was pitched near the mouth of Hovenweep Creek, near the boundary line between Colorado and Utah, and from this point we worked towards the northeast. A half a mile from the junction towards the north we found an interesting valley ruin, like those we have described in New Mexico. It was rectangular in shape, too feet long and seventy-five feet wide. At present it is nothing but a huge pile of fallen stones. About 200 yards west of this ruin we found a circular tower in a good state of preservation. It was built of heavy masonry standing six feet in height, with a diameter of seventeen and one-half feet. It had evidently been several stories in height, and from its position would have served as an excellent signal or watch tower.

Directly west of this tower rises the high perpendicular mesa, the top of which is very difficult of access and contains some very interesting remains. This point was visited sixteen years ago by Mr. W. H. Jackson\*. From the scarp of the sandstone mesa large boulders have fallen and rolled in every direction. Under many of them can be found the rock and

of this circle is a smaller one, greatly resembling the other, measuring fourteen feet in diameter.

At the first glance the top of the mesa greatly resembles a modern graveyard—with its squares, rectangles, and circles—but in excavating no bones were found; in fact, nothing but some pieces of charcoal. On this sandstone ledge we discovered immense water-holes of clear cool water and hailed the discovery with joy, for the water we had been compelled to drink for the previous month was so laden with a solution of mud and alkali that one had to be very thirsty to drink it at all.

Three-quarters of a mile east of this mesa and about two miles from the junction of the Hovenweep and McInnis, situated in a weird and picturesque locality among the large rocks, stands an interesting ruin which we have named Boulder Castle. Looking at it from the south it has an imposing appearance. The boulder itself is about fifty feet high. On its summit is the remains of a large tower, while built around the bottom are several well preserved rooms. The boulder has



PICTURE-WRITINGS IN THE YELLOW JACKET CAÑON.

The human form, deer, goats, lizards, snakes, and other animals and birds are clearly distinguishable among the picture-writings, while intermingled with the figures are many hieroglyphics. These writings undoubtedly record important events in the history of the former inhabitants.

cave shelters before spoken of, and almost invariably accompanied with the strange looking picture-writings. Upon gaining access to the top of the mesa we found it perfectly level and measuring about 320 feet in width. At a distance of 650 feet from the south end a wall four feet in height runs across it. The wall is of peculiar shape, being divided into seven parts, each running at an angle of fifty degrees from each other, thus forming a veritable fortification, and looking like some of the rail fences of the present day. From this wall towards the south end of the mesa the ground is in many places divided into squares and rectangles, looking a great deal like graves, the sides being formed of flat slabs placed on the ground edgewise. In the centre of the mesa is a circle formed in this manner, with the slabs all pointing toward the centre, the diameter being thirty-seven and seven-tenths feet. In the centre of the circle is a circular depression about a foot in depth with a diameter of nineteen feet. A short distance west

three weathered holes in its side giving it the appearance of a human face, two of the holes forming the eyes and the other the nose. After chiselling some holes in the rock we climbed to the top and measured the tower. It had been divided into two rooms, the wall now standing being about six feet high. It is sixteen and one-half feet long and thirteen and one-half feet in width.

The small houses underneath the boulder are neatly walled up. The one on the western side measures seven feet in length and seven feet six inches in breadth, three feet three inches being the height.


A glance at almost any ruin in this immediate locality shows plainly that the main object of the building was the idea of protection, strengthened by the sense of fear. But we must confess that they showed almost unerring judgment and quick perception in choosing inaccessible locations for their dwellings, and high promontories for their signal and watch towers.

LEWIS W. GUNCKEL.

\*See W. H. Jackson's Report of the ancient ruins in Arizona and Utah, lying about the Rio San Juan, page 23.



## THE FATE OF ALBERT LACHNER.

ARE ties of friendship bound me to Albert Lachner. He had been my schoolmate and my fellow student at Heidelberg. On leaving the university he decided to follow the profession of medicine, and went to reside with a physician at the little town of Cassel, while I established myself upon a little estate I had inherited at Ems, on the Lahn.

I was delighted with my home—with my garden, sloping down to the rushy margin of the river; with the views of Ems, the turreted old Kurhaus, the suspension bridge, and, further away, the bridge of boats, and the dark wooded hills closing in the little colony on every side.

I planted my garden in the English style, fitted up my library and smoking-room, and furnished one bed-chamber especially for my friend. This room overlooked the water, and a clematis grew up round the window. I placed there a book-case and filled it with his favorite books, hung the walls with engravings which I knew he admired, and chose draperies of his favorite colors. When all was complete, I wrote to him, and bade him come and spend his summer holidays with me.

He came; but I found him greatly altered. He had always been pale, somewhat taciturn, and sickly. He was now paler, more silent, more delicate than ever. He seemed inclined to fits of melancholy, as if some all-absorbing subject weighed upon his mind.

He was strangely altered; and it cut me to the heart to see him so sad, and not to be permitted to share his anxieties. At first I thought he had been studying too hard; but this, he protested, was not the case. Sometimes I fancied that he was in love, but I was soon convinced of my error. He was changed, but how or why, I found it impossible to discover.

After he had been with me about a week, I chanced one day to refer to the interest growing everywhere in the investigation of hypnotic phenomena, and added some light words of incredulity as I spoke. To my surprise, he expressed his absolute faith in every department of the science, and defended all its manifestations and the claims of its professors with the fervor of a determined believer.

I found his views on the subject more extended than any I had previously heard. To hypnotic influences he attributed all spiritualistic appearances; all of those noises and troubled spirits; all those banshees or family apparitions; all those hauntings and miscellaneous phenomena, which have from the earliest ages occupied the fears, the thoughts, and the inquiries of the human race.

After three weeks' stay he left me, and returned to his medical studies at Cassel, promising to visit me in the autumn, when the grape-harvest should be in progress. His parting words were earnest and remarkable: "Farewell, Heinrich, my brother, farewell till the gathering season. In thought, I shall be often with you."

He was holding my hands in both his own as he said this, and a peculiar expression flitted across his countenance. The next moment he had stepped into the diligence, and was gone. Feeling disturbed, yet without knowing why, I made my way slowly back to the cottage. This visit of Albert's had strangely unsettled me, and I found that for some days after his departure I could not return to the old quiet round

of studies which had been my occupation and delight before he came. Somehow our long arguments dwelt unpleasantly upon my mind, and induced a nervous sensation of which I felt ashamed. I had no wish to believe; I struggled against conviction, and the very struggle caused me to think of it the more. At last the effect wore slowly away; and when my friend had been gone a fortnight, I returned almost insensibly to my former routine of thought and occupation.

Thus the season slowly advanced. Ems became crowded with tourists, attracted thither by the fame of the medicinal springs; and with what frequenting concerts, promenades, and gardens, reading, receiving a few friends occasionally, taking part in the music-meetings which are so much the fashion here, and entering altogether into a little more society than hitherto had been my habit, I succeeded in banishing entirely from my mind the doubts and reflections which had so disturbed me.

One evening as I was returning homeward I experienced a delusion which caused me a very disagreeable sensation. I have stated that my cottage was situated on the bank of the river, and was surrounded by a garden. The entrance lay at the other side, by the high road; but I am fond of boating, and I had constructed a little wicket, with a flight of wooden steps leading down to the water's edge, near which my small rowboat lay moored. This evening I came along by the meadows which skirt the stream; these meadows are here and there intercepted by villas and private inclosures. Now, mine was the first; and I could walk from the town to my own garden-fence without once diverging from the river path. I was musing, and humming to myself some bars of a popular melody, when, all at once, I began thinking of Albert and his theories. This was the first time he had even entered into my thoughts for at least two days. Thus going along, my arms folded, and my eyes fixed upon the ground, I reached the boundaries of my little domain before I knew that I had traversed half the distance. Smiling at my own abstraction, I paused to go round by the entrance, when suddenly, and to my great surprise, I saw my friend standing by the wicket, and looking over the river towards the sunset. Astonishment and delight deprived me at the first of all power of speech.

"Albert!" I cried, at last; "this is kind of you. When did you arrive?"

He seemed not to hear me, and remained in the same attitude. I repeated the words, and with a similar result.

"Albert, look round man!"

Slowly he turned his head and looked me in the face; and then, even as I was looking at him, he disappeared! He did not fade away; he did not fall; but, in the twinkling of an eye, he was not there.

Trembling and awe-struck, I went into the house, and strove to compose my shaken nerves. Was Albert dead; and were apparitions truths? I dared not think—I dared not ask myself the question. I passed a wretched night; and the next day I was as unsettled as when first he left me.

It was about four days after this that a circumstance wholly inexplicable occurred in my house. I was sitting at breakfast in the library, with a volume of Plato beside me, when my servant entered the room and courtesied for permission to speak. I looked up, and supposing that she needed money



for domestic purposes, I pulled out my purse from my pocket, and saying, "Well, Katrine, what do you want now?" drew forth a florin and held it towards her. She courted again, and shook her head. "Thank you, master; but it is not that."

Something in the old woman's tone of voice caused me to look up hastily. "What is the matter, Katrine? Has anything alarmed you?"

I flew to the door, thrust her aside, and in a moment sprang up the staircase and into Albert's bedroom; and there, plainly, I beheld the impression of a heavy body left upon the bed! Yes, there on the pillow was the mark where his head had been laid; there the deep groove pressed by his body! It was no deception this, but a strange, an incomprehensible reality. I groaned aloud and staggered heavily back.



ALBERT CAME TO VISIT ME; BUT I FOUND HIM GREATLY ALTERED. HE SEEMED INCLINED TO FITS OF MELANCHOLY, AS IF SOME ALL-ABSORBING SUBJECT WEIGHED UPON HIS MIND.

"If you please, master—if it is not a rude question, hers—has any one been here lately?"

"Here!" I repeated. "What do you mean?"

"In the bed upstairs, master."

I sprang to my feet, and turned as cold as a statue.

"The bed has been slept in, master, for the last four nights."

"It has been like this for four nights, master," said the old woman. "Each morning I have made the bed, thinking, perhaps, that you had been in there to lie down during the day; but this time I thought I would speak to you about it."

"Well, Katrine, make the bed once more; let us give it another trial; and then—"

I said no more, but walked away. When all was in order, I returned, bringing with me a basin of fine sand. First of all I closed and barred the shutters; then sprinkled the floor all round the bed with sand; shut and locked the chamber-door, and left the key, under some trivial pretext, at the house of a friend in the town. Katrine was witness to all this. That night I lay awake and restless; not a sound disturbed the utter silence of the autumn night; not a breath stirred the leaves against my casement.

I rose early the next morning, and by the time Katrine was up and at her work, I returned from Ems with the key. "Come with me, Katrine," I said. "Let us see if it be all right in Herr Lachner's bedroom."

At the door we paused, and looked, half terrified, in each other's faces; then I summoned courage, turned the key, and entered. The window-shutters, which I had fastened the day before, were wide open, and the daylight streaming in fell upon the disordered bed; upon footmarks in the sand! Looking attentively at these latter, I saw that the impressions were alternately light and heavy, as if the walker had rested longer upon one foot than the other, like a lame man.

I will not here delay my narrative with an account of the perplexity which this circumstance caused me; suffice it, that I left that room, locked that door again, and resolved never to re-enter it till I had learned the fate of my friend.

The next day I set off for Cassel. The journey was long and fatiguing, and only a portion could be achieved by train. Though I started very early in the morning, it was quite night before the diligence entered the streets of the town. Faint and weary though I was, I could not delay at the inn to partake of any refreshments, but hired a youth to show me the way to Albert's lodgings, and proceeded at once upon my search. He led me through a labyrinth of narrow, old-fashioned streets, and paused at length before a high red-brick dwelling, with projecting stories and a curiously carved doorway. An old man with a lantern answered my summons; and on my inquiring if Herr Lachner lodged there, desired me to walk upstairs to the third floor.

"Then he is living!" I cried eagerly.

"Living!" echoed the man, as he held the lantern at the foot of the staircase to light me on my way; "living! most assuredly! We want no dead lodgers here!"

After the first flight I found myself in darkness, and went on, feeling my way step by step, and holding by the broad banisters. As I ascended the third flight a door on the landing suddenly opened, and a voice exclaimed:

"Welcome, Heinrich! Take care; there is a loose plank on the last step but one."

It was Albert, holding a candle in his hand—as well, as real, as substantial as ever. I cleared the remaining interval with a bound, and threw myself into his arms.

"Albert, Albert, my friend and companion, alive—alive and well!"

"Yes, alive," he replied, drawing me into the room and closing the door. "You thought me dead?"

"I did, indeed," I replied, half sobbing with joy; then glancing round the blazing hearth—the cheerful lights, and the well spread supper table. "Why, Albert," I exclaimed; "you live like a king."

"Not always thus," he replied, with a melancholy smile. "I lead in general a very sparring, bachelor-like existence. But it is not often I have a visitor to entertain; and you, my brother, have never before partaken of my hospitality."

"How!" I exclaimed, quite stupefied. "You knew that I was coming?"

"Certainly. I have even prepared a bed for you in my own apartment."

I gasped for breath and dropped into a seat.

"And this power, this spiritual knowledge—"

"Is simply the effect of spiritual relation—of what is called *rapphori*."

Wearied as I was, curiosity, and a vague sort of horror which I found it impossible to control, deprived me of my appetite, and I rejoiced when, drawing towards the hearth with our meerschaums and Rhine wine, we resumed the former conversation.

"You are, of course, aware," began my friend, "that in those cases where a hypnotic power has been established by one mind over another, a certain *rapphor*, or intimate spiritual relationship, becomes the mysterious link between these two natures. This *rapphor* does not consist in the mere sleep-producing power; that is but the primary form, the simplest stage of its influence, and in many instances may be altogether omitted. By this I mean that the hypnotist may, by a supreme act of volition, step at once to the highest power of control over the patient, without traversing the intermediate gradations of somnolence or even clairvoyance. This highest power lies in the will of the operator, and enables him to present images to the mind of the other, even as they are produced in his own. I cannot better describe my subject than by comparing the mind of the patient to a mirror, which reflects that of the operator as long, as often, and as fully, as he may desire. This *rapphor* I have long sought to establish between us."

"But you have not succeeded."

"Not altogether; neither have my efforts been quite in vain. You have struggled to resist me, and I have felt the opposing power baffling me at every step; yet, sometimes I have prevailed, if but for a short time. For instance, during many days after leaving Ems, I left a strong impression upon your mind."

"Which I tried to shake off, and did."

"True; but it was a contended point for some days. Let me recall another instance to your memory. About five days ago, you were suddenly, and for some moments, forced to succumb to my influence, although but an instant previous you were completely a free agent."

"At what time in the day was that?" I asked falteringly.

"About half-past eight o'clock in the evening."

I shuddered, grew deadly faint, and pushed my chair back. "But where were you, Albert?" I muttered in a half-audible voice.

He looked up, surprised at my emotion; then, as if catching the reflex of my agitation from my countenance, turned ghastly pale, even to his lips, and the drops of cold dew started on his forehead.

"I was here," he said, with a slow and labored articulation that added to my dismay.

"But I saw you—I saw you standing in my garden, just as I was thinking of you, or, rather, just as the thought of you had been forced upon me."

"And did you speak to—the figure?"

"Twice without being heard. The third time I cried—"

"Albert, look round, man!" interrupted my friend, in a hoarse, quick tone.

"My very words. Then you heard me?"

"But when you had spoken them," he continued, without heeding my question; "when you had spoken them—what then?"

"It vanished—where and how, I know not."

Albert covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud. "Great God!" he said feebly. "Then I am not mad!"

I was so horror-stricken that I remained silent. Presently he raised his head, poured out half a tumbler of brandy, drank it at a draught, and then turning his face partly aside, and speaking in a low and preternaturally even tone, related the following narrative:

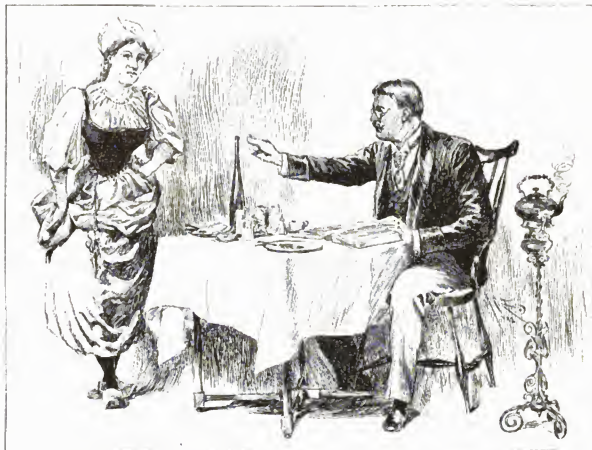
"Dr. K——, under whom I have been studying for the last year here in Cassel, first convinced me of the reality of the hypnotic doctrine; before then, I was as hardened a skeptic as yourself. As is frequently the case in these matters—the pupil being, perhaps, constitutionally inclined more towards those influences—soon penetrated deeper into the paths of hypnotic research than the master. By a rapidity of conviction that seems almost miraculous, I pierced at once to the essence of the doctrine, and, passing from the condition of patient to that of operator, became sensible of great internal power, and of a strength of volition which enabled me to establish the most extraordinary *rapphori* between my patient and myself, even when separated from him by any distance, however considerable. Shortly after the discovery of this new power, I became aware of another and a still more singular

phenomenon within myself. In order to convey to you a proper idea of what this phenomenon is, I must beg you to analyze with me the ordinary process of memory. Memory is the reproduction or summoning back of past places and events. With some this mental vision is so vivid as actually to produce the effect of painting the place or thing remembered upon the retina of the eye, so as to present it with all its substantive form, its lights, its colors, and its shadows. Such is our so-called memory—who shall say whether it be memory or reality? I had always commanded this faculty in a high degree; indeed, so remarkably, that if I but related a passage from any book, the very page, the printed characters, were spread before my mental vision, and I read from them as from the volume. My recollection was therefore said to be wondrously faithful, and, as you will remember, I never erred in a single syllable. Since my recent investigations, this fac-

thought that I—I also may be, may be—oh! rather far, far rather would I believe myself deluded, dreaming—even mad! Twice have I felt a consciousness of self-absence—once, a consciousness of self-seeing! All knowledge, all perception was transferred to my spiritual self, while a sort of drowsy numbness and inaction weighed upon my bodily part. The first time was about a fortnight before I visited you at Ems; the second happened five nights ago, at the period of which you have spoken. On that second evening, Heinrich—here his voice trembled audibly—"I felt myself in possession of an unusual hypnotic power. I thought of you, and impelled the influence, as it were, from my mind upon yours. This time, found no resisting force opposed to mine; you yielded to my dominion—you believed."

"It was so," I faintly murmured.

"At the same time, my brother, I felt the most earnest



I WAS SITTING AT BREAKFAST WHEN MY SERVANT ENTERED AND COURTESIED FOR PERMISSION TO SPEAK.

ulty has increased in a very singular manner. I have twice felt as though my inner self, my spiritual self, were a distinct body, yet scarcely so much a body as a nervous essence or ether; and as if this second being, in moments of earnest thought, went from me, and visited the people, the places, the objects of external life. Nay," he continued, observing my extreme agitation, "this thing is not wholly new in the history of spiritual phenomena, but it is rare. We call it, psychologically speaking, the power of far-working. But there is yet another and a more appalling phase of far-working—that of a visible appearance out of the body—that of being here and elsewhere at the same time—that of becoming, in short, a *doppelgänger*. The irrefragable evidence of this truth I have never dared to doubt, but it has always impressed me with an unparalleled horror. I believed, but I dreaded; yet, twice I have for a few moments trembled at the

desire to be once more near you, to hear your voice, to see your frank and friendly face, to be standing again in your pretty garden beside the running river. It was sunset, and I pictured to myself the scene from that spot. Even as I did so, a dulness came over my senses—the picture on my memory grew wider, brighter—I felt the cool breeze from the river; I saw the red sun sinking over the far woods; I heard the vesper-bells ringing from the steeples; in a word, I was spiritually there. Presently, I became aware of the approach of something, I knew not what—but of a something not of the same nature as myself—something that filled me with a shivering, half compounded of fear and half of pleasure. Then a sound, smothered and strange, as if unfitted for the organs of my spiritual sense—seemed to fill the space around—a sound resembling speech, yet reverberating and confused, like distant thunder. I felt paralyzed, and unable to run. It

came and died away a second time, yet more distinctly. I distinguished words, but not their sense. It came a third time, vibrating, clear and loud: "Albert, look round, man!" Making a terrible effort to overcome the bonds which seemed to hold me, I turned—I saw you. The next moment a sharp pain wrung me in every limb; there came a brief darkness, and then I found myself, without any apparent lapse of time or sensible motion, sitting by yonder window, where, gazing on the sunset, I had begun to think of you."

"We were both silent for some moments. At last I told him the circumstances of the bed and of the footmarks on the sand. He was shocked, but scarcely surprised.

"I have been thinking much of you," he said; "and for

myself stood gazing at myself! We looked—we looked into each—into each other's eyes—we—we—we—"

His voice failed; the hand holding the wine-glass grew stiff, and the brittle vessel fell upon the hearth and was shattered into a thousand fragments.

"Albert! Albert!" I shrieked; "look up. Oh, heavens! what shall I do?"

Forgetting everything but the danger of my friend, I flew to the bell and rang wildly for help. The room was speedily filled with anxious and terrified lodgers, some just roused from their sleep, and others called from their studies.

The first thing was to rescue Albert from where he lay, beneath the weight of the fallen table—to throw cold water on



HIS VOICE FAILED; THE HAND HOLDING THE WINE-GLASS GREW STIFF, AND THE BRITTLE VESSEL FELL UPON THE HEARTH AND WAS SHATTERED INTO A THOUSAND FRAGMENTS.

several successive nights I have dreamed of you and my stay—nay, even of that very bedroom."

"Will you not tell me the particulars of your first experience of this spiritual absence?"

"The first time was also in this room," he said; "but how much more terrible than the second! I appeared to find myself in the streets of the town. Then I came to my door; it stood wide open to admit me. I passed slowly, slowly up the gloomy staircase; I entered my room; and there—there—"

He paused; his voice grew husky, and his face assumed a stony, almost a distorted appearance.

"And there you saw," I urged; "you saw—"

"Myself! Myself, sitting in this very chair. Yes, yes;

his face and hands, to loosen his neck-cloth, to open the windows for the fresh night air.

"It is of no use," said a young man, holding his head up and examining his eyes, "I am a surgeon; I live in this house. Your friend is dead."

"Dead!" I echoed, sinking into a chair. "No, no—not dead. He was—he was subject to this."

"No doubt," he replied. "It is probably his third attack."

"Yes, yes—I know it is. Is there no hope?"

He shook his head and turned away.

"What has been the cause of his death?" asked a bystander in an awe-struck whisper.

"Cataplexy."

## THE LATE SIDNEY DILLON.

It is doubtful whether there ever was a self-made man more completely the architect of his own fortunes than the late Sidney Dillon.

He took fine satisfaction in the oft-uttered recollection, that "no man had ever given him a dollar!"

His own father was included in the sweeping generalization. He not only was deprived by his poverty-stricken parents of any pecuniary assistance, but they denied their boy even the mean advantage of the most humble district school education.

So far as can be gleaned from the published accounts of Sidney Dillon's career, he owed nothing to his ancestry except the accident of birth, and a grandfather who fought in the Revolution.

And in the face of it he gathered together millions and millions of dollars.

Some persons might attach some value to the heritage of health and vigor, bred in his bones by his soil-tilling and musket-carrying forebears—the sturdy vitality that made him strong and active until the very last weeks of his four-score years of life. But no amount of health alone would ever have availed to heap up those millions, if he himself had been less a man than he really was.

As several New Yorkers of his stamp, he came to the metropolis from "up state." In 1812, when Sidney Dillon was born, "up state" meant very far in the country and backwoods.

He was the eldest of five children, and when seven years old he decided that the rocky little farm wouldn't take care of the family in any very opulent fashion; so he struck out for himself. He got employment as a "water-boy" on the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, that was being built near his home. His duties were to carry drinking water to the laborers along the line, and to run errands. For this work he received one dollar a week and his meals, and he saved a little of his earnings. He continued at this work for two years, and then with the money he had saved he bought a horse and cart. In a few years he was the possessor of three hundred dollars.

He carried water and sand for the railroad, and changed only a few cents a load, but by working from early morning until late at night, he bought more horses and more carts and began to employ other men. He supplied other railroads with water, sand, fuel, and such things, and devoted all his energies to the accumulation of money.

In the meantime he was learning something about railroad-building, and when Jonathan Crane and John T. Clark took the contract to construct the Boston and Providence Railroad, young Dillon was made overseer of the work. Subsequently he did a little contracting on his own account, and when he came to New York City he knew as much about the railroad business as any man of his day.

In the metropolis he had the good fortune to attract the attention of several of the great railroad projectors of the last generation. Mr. Dillon had been in his career adopted a policy which he found very profitable almost from the start. Instead of asking for cash payment for his work, he accepted for a portion of it shares in the stock of the company. He had all the money he needed for his work and his current ex-

penses, and he thought he might as well invest his money in the most profitable way as soon as he got it. In this way he often obtained a large number of shares at less than the market value.

Soon after Mr. Dillon came to New York, Commodore Vanderbilt awarded him the contract for the Fourth Avenue improvement tunnel, from the Grand Central Depot to Harlem. This enterprise was satisfactorily completed at a cost of \$7,000,000.

Mr. Dillon became interested in the stupendous project of constructing the Union Pacific Railroad from its inception. He secured the contract, and turned the first sod personally in 1862. He supervised the work himself, and was one of the party which, at Promontory, seventy-five miles west of Ogden, Utah, in 1869, assisted in driving the gold spike which marked the laying of the last rail, and the completion of the road.

He was elected a director of the road in 1864 and continued in that capacity until his death. Upon the death of Horace F. Clark, in March, 1874, Mr. Dillon was elected president of the road, in which position he continued until June, 1884, when he resigned the presidency in favor of Charles Francis Adams, Jr. He again became president in 1891, and, upon his declining a re-election at the last meeting of the stockholders, the position of Chairman of the Board of Directors was created for him.

He was interested in a score or more of other railroad, steamship, and financial corporations, and was a director of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, the Wabash Railroad, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company, the Western Union Telegraph Company, and the Mercantile Trust Company.

In Wall Street it is generally known that Mr. Dillon was, for many years, a close ally of Mr. Jay Gould in matters of speculation and financing, and his friendship with Mr. Gould is said to have stood him in good stead at one or two critical points in his fortunes.

His fortune has been estimated at different times from \$5,000,000 to \$50,000,000. In the panic of May, 1884, he lost a great deal of money. It was said in the Union Pacific stock. It is believed that he was worth \$10,000,000 at his death.

In his personal character Mr. Dillon was not a man whose traits made him a public figure.

Despite his vast fortune, Mr. Dillon led a life of great simplicity, being a man of domestic tastes and little given to the diversions of fashionable society.

He patronized the arts generously and in his home was to be found a notable collection of the best works of painter, sculptor, and potter. He found much delight in books, but his pleasure lay in their contents. For rare editions, fine bindings, broad margins, and the other conceits of the bibliomaniac, he had no fancy.

His talents for affairs of finance is sufficiently attested by the extraordinary fortune of his ventures.

To an innate capacity for great operations of commerce, he added a directness of method, a care for detail, and a strict regard for all matters, both immediate and remote, affecting his projects.



SIDNEY DILLON.



**C**OUNTRESS MARIA, Tolstoi's youngest daughter, acts as her father's secretary and puts implicit faith in his opinions. She is, for example, a strong believer in the assertion that the tendency of music and singing is to promote immorality. The net effect upon the mind is bad, she thinks, and we should be better without operas.

**F**RANK C. LENZ is seeking fame and fortune by trying to circle the globe on a bicycle with pneumatic tires. His safety is burdened with a camera, tripod, umbrella, and a small quantity of personal effects. The general route, as laid out, is across the continent to San Francisco, by steamer to Yokohama, by wheel to Tokio, by steamer to Shanghai, across China, India, and Russia into Egypt, then back to Constantinople, across Europe, England, and Ireland, and back by steamer to New York.

**M**ARSHAL MACMAHON, although now in his eighty-fifth year, is hale, hearty, and vigorous as a man twenty years younger. He is tall and broad-shouldered, with a frame of steel. His blue eyes show his Irish blood, of which he is exceedingly proud. He can look back upon a most varied career, the crowning deed of which might have been the restoration of the Bourbons upon the French throne, had not the Comte de Chambord preferred the lilies of his ancestors to the tricolor flag.

**J**OHAN G. WHITTIER is color blind, and Lucy Larcom, the poet, relates the following anecdote illustrating his infirmity: Driving with Mr. Whittier a few years ago, she saw red columbine growing by the roadside and asked the poet to gather some for her. Mr. Whittier at once left the carriage, fumbled around among the grass and columbine, and with his hands on the flowers called out in despair, "Where are they? Where are they?" "In your hand," said Miss Larcom, who had forgotten the poet's color blindness. Green and red were alike to him. Except in form Mr. Whittier saw no difference between the green grass and the red columbine.

**F**RANCIS PARKMAN, the historian, has just completed, at the age of sixty-eight, the magnificent work he planned when a lad of seventeen at Harvard. During the intervening half century he proved himself the most persevering and conscientious of historians. The archives of France and America were searched for the material he used, and it is related that the manuscript notes and documents collected in preparing his one work on Montcalm and Wolfe make twenty-six bound volumes, each the size of the printed book. Most of the time he has had to struggle against ill-health, the result of hardships endured while studying the Indian amid the surroundings of nature.

**J**UDGE WILLIAM STEELE HOLMAN, the Great Ob-  
jector of many a Congress, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage. When he was a lad of nineteen, he was trying to complete his education by teaching school at his home near Aurora, Ind., but the death of his father compelled him to change his plans and begin making his own way in life. According to the good old plan of the

days of pioneers, his first step was to take a wife. His bride was two years younger than himself; he had fallen in love with her at school; like himself, her father was dead; and the couple were so youthful in appearance that the preacher to whom they applied refused to marry them until they produced their respective mothers to prove that they had not eloped. The fresh affection of youth has never died away between them, and the constant endeavor of the wife has been to lighten the burdens which public life has thrown upon the husband.

**F**RANK R. MILES, a Montana pioneer, is dreaming of organizing a Wild West show for the World's Fair, that will drive Buffalo Bill's into permanent exile in Europe. He has hired the buffalo herd owned by Charles Allard, a half breed on the Flathead Reservation, which is said to be the largest in existence, and with it will secure twelve or fifteen lodges of Indians of both sexes and all ages. The Indians will appear in their native garments, hunt deer on the show-grounds and kill them, too, and eat the flesh, all in the presence of the visitors, so that there shall be no possibility of deception. The deer skins they will convert into mocassins and other articles to sell to the spectators.

**C**OUNT HERBERT BISMARK'S manner is haughty, overbearing, rude, arrogant, aggressive, and almost bullying, except, of course, with those whom he considers his equals. Therefore it is not surprising that he should have been made the hero of a story which the finer art of France and Italy has been using against rude Germans and Englishmen for generations. The Bismarck version of it is as follows: On one occasion he rushed so rudely against an Italian officer of high rank that the personage thus assailed gave vent to his indignation in very forcible terms. Without a word of apology the insolent Prussian retorted angrily, "I am Count Herbert von Bismarck!" "That, sir, is an explanation of your conduct; but it is no excuse," was the reply.

**A**LEXANDER HUTCHINSON is an American citizen who has never been in the United States. His grandfather was a Connecticut Yankee who founded a great rubber works near Montargis, France, and who, after making the property a success, bequeathed it to his son, Alexander Hutchinson, the elder. He continued in the footsteps of his father, but married a French wife and became French in everything except his citizenship, and his Yankee shrewdness, enterprise, and success. The representative of the third generation has just celebrated his coming of age, and is now the head of the business, his father having died three years ago. The son of a French mother, educated at French schools, and with his friends and associations French, he nevertheless exhibits all the traits most distinctively characteristic of Americans. He has chosen, according to the French law, to follow the nationality of his father, resisting, like Mr. Ralph Rockstraw, all temptations to be a Frenchman.

**J**OHAN H. STRAHAN, a noted lawyer in New York City, was a Scotchman without the thrift of his race. He died recently, and it has now been ascertained that instead of a fortune, he left scarcely more than enough to pay his debts.

Yet, it is believed that during the last ten years of his life his income never fell below \$50,000 a year, and reached thrice that sum in some years, his tastes were very simple, and he did not drink, smoke, or gamble. The secret of his failure to accumulate a fortune is said to have been the little value he placed on money. While his tastes were simple, as has been noted, he simply threw money away by the handful. Once, when he had gathered together \$60,000, he determined to take a trip to Europe. After paying \$25,000 he owed, he sailed, but returned in little more than a month again in need of money. A still more serious leak was his habit of lending to his friends, without security, any sums they might ask for if he had the money, or becoming surety for the debt if he hadn't.

M<sup>LLE</sup> YVETTE GUILBERT continues to enjoy a popularity in the concert hall and in the drawing-room in Paris that nets her an income of \$50,000 a year. For one hour each evening she sings for the public, and between 11 P.M. and 1 A.M. she fills engagements for aristocratic patrons. The explanation of the admiration she excites lies probably in her truth to nature. What Hogarth was in art, she is on the stage of the concert hall. She depicts with wonderful fidelity and fulness of detail the manners and ways of the seamy side of Paris. Her voice is neither very strong nor very melodious, but with a gesture she can bring to the minds of her audience the character she wishes to depict. She imitates the grunt, whimpers, and supplications for charity of the half starved woman out of work; the squeezed, oily voice of the absinthe drinker, the tongue-tied enunciation of the rag-picker, the grimaces of the gamins. Artistic Paris is no less ardent in admiring her than the ordinary frequenters of the concert hall.

T<sup>HE</sup> Marquis de Ruigny has come to America to elicit public opinion in favor of the restoration of the Stuarts to the English throne. THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN has already explained in one of the articles on "Royal Houses of Europe" how Mary, Duchess of Modena and Archduchess of Austria-Este, wife of Prince Louis of Bavaria, has as good a title as any to the crown now worn by Victoria. The Legitimist Jacobite League, of which the Marquis de Ruigny is Registrar, has so high an opinion of Queen Victoria personally, that it proposes to permit her to continue to enjoy her ill-gotten rank and titles, but it has no intention of allowing the Prince of Wales to succeed her if it can prevent him. The Marquis has a name proportioned to the magnitude of the task in which he is embarked. Part of it is Melville Henry Douglas Bruce, Marquis de Ruigny and Raineval in France, and Count of Pontemore in Savoy. He is good-looking and blond, intelligent, although taking his mission seriously, and intends to run for Parliament at the next election with a view to securing the repeal of various acts that now keep the Stuarts out of office.

W<sup>ILLIAM</sup> HODGES, of London, appears as a competitor for the prize of 100,000 francs bequeathed to the Paris Academy of Sciences by Madame Gussman, of Pau, to be paid to the person who shall be the agent of putting the Earth and Mars, or the Earth and any other planet of our Solar system, into communication with one another. The highest hopes of Mr. Hodges are founded on an idea which has been developed and explained by several French astronomers. He proposes to attract the attention of the planetary world by displaying on the Earth immense luminous figures representing geometrical or mathematical truths accepted in all countries. In view of the possibility that the mathematical faculty is not highly developed among the inhabitants of the sister planets, the English astronomer thinks it would be preferable to begin by the exhibition of a very simple figure, and go on progressively to present a great theorem, like the square of the hypotenuse, for example. The right angle being once outlined by luminous points, the next step would be to complete the figure by adding a brilliant hypotenuse, upon which let a square equally luminous be constructed a little later, and afterwards squares on the two sides, and so on. Thus the English astronomer's plan would involve a real course in geometry for the instruction of the planetary world.

A<sup>LVAN</sup> CLARK, the founder of the famous house of telescope-makers, seems to have been designed by nature for the work in which he won such distinction. Until after his fortieth year he devoted himself to portrait painting, and so accurate was his eye, so delicately skilful his hand, and so inexhaustible his patience that his portraits stand to-day almost unexcelled in point of likeness, and well nigh unsurpassable in point of exquisitely careful finish. In everything that required keen vision and close exactitude he was successful. It is related that once he watched a game of billiards, saying at the close that he believed he could play, and, although he had never before handled a cue, he played a game far above the average of ordinary billiardists. But perhaps the most wonderful of his many accomplishments was his marksmanship. It is said that with a rifle he could put bullet after bullet through a distant board with such precision that one would say only a single shot had been fired, and this is partially explained by the fact that he made his own rifles, with his own hands, and used that same marvellous exactitude in the boring of the barrel, the setting of the sights, and the cutting of the bullets that afterward gave him his world-wide fame as a lens maker.

M<sup>ISS</sup> EMILY WAKEM is a young lady who has succeeded in establishing in Chicago an organization which by simple methods relieves a vast amount of human misery. The work was begun originally by another young lady who devoted part of her wealth to maintaining the "Augusta Memorial" in memory of a deceased, dearly loved mother, and who paid the expenses of three trained nurses in caring for the sick poor. Subsequently she became the wife of a Boston gentleman and taking her trained nurses with her to the Eastern city, the work might have languished had not Miss Wakem come forward in her place and organized the Visiting Nurse Association. From small beginnings it has grown, until last year seven trained and forty emergency nurses attended to 1,407 cases and made 13,439 visits. The work is carried on under the supervision of one head nurse. The city being divided into districts, each with its headquarters, a trained nurse starts out each morning to visit the cases of illness of which notice has been received, and to distribute aid in the way of medicine, delicacies, clothing, and advice. In serious cases, emergency nurses are detailed to attend the patients. When one considers the suffering resulting from ignorance of proper methods and lack of facilities among the poor, one can easily judge the amount of good done by the association. Most of the money needed for the work is supplied by circles of young ladies.

P<sup>RESIDENT</sup> HARRISON'S early days evinced the same manly qualities which he has shown since he has been in the White House, and which deserve admiration, whatever may be thought of his opinions and policy. He married his wife before he had concluded his law studies, and the two began life on eight hundred dollars which he had inherited from an aunt. Gen. Lew Wallace describes him at this time as being small in stature, of slender physique, and what might be called a blond. His eyes were grey, tinged with blue; his hair light, reminding one of what, in ancient days along the Wabash, was more truly than precisely called a towhead. He was plainly dressed, and, in that respect, gave tokens of indifference to the canons of fashion. He was modest in manner, even diffident; but he had a pleasant voice and look, and did not lack for words to express himself. After the birth of him who has since become Prince Russell, the Harrisons removed to a home of their own. It was one story high, and had three rooms and a lean-to kitchen. Sometimes Mrs. Harrison employed a servant, but she was her own cook as well as nurse. Her husband filled the office of these days he says: "They were close times, I tell you. A five-dollar bill was an event. There was one good friend through it all—Robert Browning, the druggist. I shall always recollect him with gratitude. He believed in me. When things were particularly tight, I could go into his store and borrow five dollars from the drawer. A ticket in its place was all that was required."





EDITED BY MARY L. BISLAND.

MISS LILY PEMBERTON.—Types of feminine loveliness are always interesting, and it would be difficult the world over to find a more charming woman's head than is here presented, in a life-like portrait of Miss Lily Pemberton. A New Orleans Creole, of mixed Spanish and French descent, Miss Pemberton is an ideal Southern beauty. Tall and graceful, with a slenderness at once rounded and reed-like, she will always retain that youthful buoyancy of figure so ardently desired by her sex. Her coloring shows the pure Latin brown, clear olive skin, dark eyes, curling black hair, with scarlet lips that lend the desired touch of color. Miss Pemberton's face is *vivant*, gay, and sparkling with youthful vivacity, every movement of her flexible mouth disclosing teeth handsome enough in themselves to insure a woman all the admiration she should desire.

Fortunately, however, the original of this fair portrait is not compelled to rely alone upon her physical charms, but, like so many aristocratic Latin-Americans, she possesses versatility of talents. She is an accomplished linguist, is something of a musician, uses her pencil skilfully, and was born a colorist. Each gift is a natural inheritance, for she is one of a highly artistic family that includes the delightful Creole singer, Mrs. Louise Pemberton-Hicks, as a member.

**WOMEN AT THE FAIR.**—For the purpose of bringing together in the Woman's Department at the World's Fair a fine exhibition of feminine arts and industries, as they are practiced in England, a committee of twenty prominent English women have gladly offered their services as chairwomen of sub-committees to arrange for elaborate and worthy display. Surely Mrs. Potter Palmer has every reason to feel justly proud of the success of her petition for this aid from English women, and right generous has been their response.

In London and throughout the United Kingdom no great movement, charitable, social, or political, is indulged in by women that some royal lady does not lend at least her name and often her energetic interest in the heading and leading of

the cause. Accordingly, when it was decided among certain public-spirited women that an exhibition should be made at Chicago, Princess Christian was offered and accepted the first place in the list of the committee; following the royal name are those of peeresses and well-known ladies who were each and every one chosen for her active interest in the special art or industry she is able to represent. The Duchess of Abercorn and the Countess of Aberdeen have in hand the duty of preparing an exhibit of women's industries in Ireland, and for the financial assurance of the success of their display, nearly

twenty-five thousand dollars have been collected. The Countess of Aberdeen has also under her care a contribution of women's work from Scotland, while Lady Aberdare has undertaken the industries of Wales. From every needle-work Guild in the Islands, Lady Henry Grosvenor and Mrs. Lysen Amherst have chosen special specimens to make up their exhibition that will doubtless excite no little interest among the feminine visitors at the Fair.

There will be a great surprise in store for Americans in the handicrafts exhibit that Lady Roberts and Miss Webster are carefully arranging, for in the more stable professions English women have latterly made tremendous advance, and in England, Scotland, and Ireland women have learned to work creditably and profitably in wood, metals, and glass. Two ladies have undertaken the difficult task of showing just how far in the path of modern civilization the women of India have advanced. Lady Burdett-Coutts has consented to

read before the committee of chosen chairwomen a paper on philanthropic work. Mrs. Fawcett will give her attention to education, and Lady Henry Somerset is the advocate of temperance. The committee will first meet in a congress, divide their labors, appoint sub-committees, and doubtless personally superintend the management of their exhibits at the Fair next autumn.

From what has been accomplished thus far, it is safe to predict that some of the most novel features of the Fair will be the departments showing woman's progress.



MISS LILY PEMBERTON.



# FASHIONS

**W**IDE full sleeves are much in vogue, also guipure lace berthas, looped up on the shoulders above the puffed sleeve. Tabliers of guipure also appear. Two very remarkable dresses are well worth describing, being made in pure Louis XIII. style, to resemble Vandryke's portraits. One had a corsage of black satin with flat basques, high at the back and low in front, with a collar of old Venetian lace in deep points; full puffed sleeves of grey silk with black satin ribbon simulating slashes, and fastened at the top under white lace butterflys; deep guipure lace cuffs, and black and grey skirt.

The prettiest evening dresses worn are of plain satin, and nearly all have wide ribbon sashes which cross at the back and form large butterfly bows with long streaming ends. These ribbons either match or form a contrast to the dress.

Speaking of charming full dress toilets, nothing could be devised more becoming than a model of pearl-tinted satin, outlined with wondrous embroidery of a floral design appliqué upon the faintest shade of green velvet, the blossoms and buds being formed of plated chiffon, in pale green, mauve, pink, green, and yellow, and being stemmed and traced with gold and silver, and tinted tinsels. The skirt of this gown was slightly festooned under the hem, revealing an under petticoat of pale green satin, draped with pale yellow chiffon, edged with appliqué of white lace, and at the back, beneath the train which was divided into two points and edged with the embroidery, appeared again the chiffon petticoat lined with satin. The bodice was cut round back and front and edged with the embroidery, while a belt of the same encircled the waist. The sleeves were of the pearl satin crossed at the top, and showing the arm above a strap of the embroidery. It was a perfect feast of color, this, and at the same establishment also was a walking dress of most admirably blended hues. This was made of a shot rep, russet brown and lizard green, and the bodice had a deep yoke-piece graduated below the waist into a point, made of lizard-green satin, covered with brown silk guipure, elaborately interwoven with gold tinsel.

Grenadine is once more indispensably to the fore. True, it is grenadine considerably idealized by modern art, and not at all like those wiry atrocities that obtained years ago. Black grenadines are mostly in favor when brightened with colored satin. A specially effective one had stripes of black watered silk alternating with hues of heliotrope and primrose.

**A**T no time of the year are women indifferent to the seductions of novel and smart millinery. Here and there pretty bargains are to be picked up, even though the great mass of goods have been shrewdly culled by shrewd shoppers.

For example, a bell-shaped hat of coarse green straw was almost entirely covered with grass, intermixed with cherries and blossoms of red velvet. In the immediate front a tiny spray of the lilies of the valley was placed. A lovely hat of heliotrope straw

bore a shower of natural looking field flowers as trimming; there were cowslips, daisies, clover, violets, and buttercups; all tumbling on cascade to the brim, a smaller bunch of flowers being tucked under the brim at the back. Rather a novelty was found in a bonnet with a very pronounced crown in three shades of cherry color; sprays of green oats and cherry buds and ends of cherry colored velvet, together with a cluster of cherries and a tiny tuft of lilies of the valley, were the trimming.

Nice, the land of flowers, is liberal of the same in her millinery. A very original pink straw of the *veux-rose* tone had the crown almost hidden by an upright bouquet of forget-me-nots and mimosa, intermixed only with a bow of black satin ribbon. Nice has always been famous for its mimosa. Another wonderful creation from the same place had each side of the brim, which was pretty large, turned upwards, and the crown itself and the under portion were covered with tomato-colored velvet, which outside was merely the groundwork for a most natural cluster of polyanthus, a large black rosette in front throwing them into greater prominence. Time was when no one wore a hat in smart society, and now only a few women who are young, in the world of fashionable life, wear bonnets, hence it is that we have so many charming specimens of what a hat should be. A light green one made of rough straw, had a black bow in front and a large bouquet of upright pansies.

Brown is a favorite color, and a fine brown straw hat had been trimmed with rife green, as well as with a wreath of roses, each one no bigger than a shilling, drawn round the jam-pot crown, the Mephisto feathers in black standing up boldly at the back. The waved brims on hats are new and charming, and I French women are trying to bring in the real Empire hats, with the strawberry-potter crowns and broad brims. One of these, trimmed with pink roses, had long straight ostrich feathers placed in all directions, and very wonderful they were. Certainly, quite as wonderful and in as perfect taste was a white Leghorn, with the wide brim at the back simply crinkled up with the velvet straps, for nearly all the best hats have strings secured beneath the brim. These had three erect feathers skillfully intermixed with osprey, and a large and prominent bow. The materials used are all of the very best, and

I have seldom seen anything quite as smart as the headgear at this establishment. Some of the crowns both to hats and bonnets are made of transparent guipure, and a new hat had a brim of this just edged with the straw. A beautiful black openwork straw from Virot had an openwork crown, and was trimmed with roses and with large rams' horn feathers, which are so remarkable that, worn a few years ago out of doors, they would, I am inclined to think, have excited undue notice. Large as are the hats, the bonnets can hardly be too small. A charming little specimen made in cloth of gold of the Marie Stuart form was edged with a ruche of white ribbon and jet, and fitted the head to perfection. Another was of crinoline, embroidered with tiny sprays in color, and trimmed with such natural looking flowers they seemed to be growing there. They cannot fail to set off the beauty of the face.

**B**OOT BRONZE is a color greatly in demand this season for stockings, and many of the openwork patterns are embroidered. A great desideratum is to obtain a hard wearing stocking, and there is nothing better than the spun silk with spliced heels, suitable for high boots.



NO. 140. BLOUSE OR WAIST OF THIS CHINA SILK.



FASHIONS FOR SUMMER.

NO. 142, AN EQUESTRIE GOWN FOR COTTAGE RECEPTIONS. NO. 143, COSTUME FOR WALKING.  
NO. 144, GOWN FOR WALKING OR VISITING.



NO. 141. BLOUSE WAIST AFTER A NOVEL IDEA.

THE buttonless gloves, for country wear, in tan shades, that we can slip on in a moment, are to be recommended, while for full dress the perfect *zude* in the new champagne tint is preferred for evening use. The black velvet *zude* seamless gloves seem to fill a general want, and some of the cheap *zude* are soft and pliable. Smart women wear gloves, whether *glacé* or *zude*, showing every seam sewed with black thread and delicate lines of embroidery upon the back of the hand.

Since it has become the fashion to ride horseback wearing a straw hat, treble button dogskin gloves, in black and white wash leather, are considered the best for equestriennes. Those who want a thicker make must have Russia leather. These latter resemble chevette in substance, but fit extremely well.

ONE of the smartest mantles turned out of late by Worth, is of three-quarter length, made of the richest black peau de soie, lined throughout with almost equally rich cream velvet, then turned back with rich revers, the entire length of the mantle in front, and minutely embroidered in tiny gold threads. The back is composed of a new class of brocade, having a border which forms a plait all around the edge of this mantle. There is a triple flounce of a new kind of lace, about six inches deep, perhaps more, having a new description of wire ground, and edges vandyked with embroidery.

The materials this season are really wonderful. There are woolen *matelassés* in tender colorings of grey tints that fade into heliotrope, and also in cream combined with pink, the surface being very silky. Corduroy has many shades, such as pink, and black stripes shade alternately with pink stripes, navy blue flecked with white, and charming shades of fawn treated in like manner. Fine habit cloths have been brought out with embroidered sprays, adding greatly to their beauty, and a ribbed cloth in grey, with tiny blue forget-me-nots, is extremely pretty. Tucked cloths which are cut for skirts, so as to be both straight and on the cross, have been accepted by the best dressmakers with avidity.

NO. 140 represents a blouse or waist of thin China silk, of a delicate shade of rose. The frill that trims it is gathered on cords, and the edges pinked in deep points and worked in embroidery stitch, and is of a color contrasting with that of the material. It commences at a point near the waist line and gradually widens till it reaches the shoulder, where it is gathered in full plaits and forms large butterfly wings. The sleeves are very voluminous, and are gathered fully in the armholes, being nearly two yards long. They are wrinkled from the wrist to the elbow, and from the elbow to the shoulder are *bourrants*. The waist is finished with a folded sash, in some cases tied at the back with a large bow, and very long ends. This waist is very pretty worn with a plain bell-skirt of silk, with a ruching round the feet; or, it is very charming made in white crepe over a foundation of colored *glacé* silk. The material required would be, with long sash, 10 yards of China silk at \$1.20. The embroidery should be done by hand.

NO. 141 also portrays a blouse waist, but one after quite a novel idea. It is made in strips of surah of different colors, such as golden brown, reseda, and deep blue. The strips alternate all round the bodice and are worked all over in Russian cross-stitch in black, and black puffed sleeves have the deep cuffs worked in the same manner. The material required would be as follows:

1 yard surah, golden brown,	@ \$1.00,	\$1.00
1 yard surah, reseda,	@ 1.00,	1.00
1 yard surah, deep blue,	@ 1.00,	1.00
2 yards surah, black,	@ 1.25,	2.50
		\$5.50

The surah is cut in strips which are sewn together, side by side, until there are four pieces for the front and four for the back. Then the cross-stitch is worked, and afterwards the stuff is laid upon a pattern waist and cut to fit like an ordinary blouse. The belt, collar, and cuffs must be like the sleeves, of black surah.

NO. 142 is an exquisite gown for cottage receptions. It is in the *princesse* style and has the strips cut bias; the back of the waist and drapery of mousseline de soie, embroidered in colored silks, design representing harvest flowers; the puffed undersleeve and the deep full collar are also of embroidered mousseline. The outer sleeve and the drapery in front of the robe are bordered with white satin ribbon, appliqué on the material in crystal passementerie.

NO. 143 shows a costume for walking. The wrap is of black China silk, with short puffed sleeves and a deep flounce of Chantilly lace. The sleeves have frills of lace, and a scarf of lace crosses from the left shoulder and passes under the waist-belt. This should be worn over a dress of maize-colored silk, having rosettes of narrow velvet ribbon around the skirt and train. The hat is a Leghorn, covered with yellow net and clusters of yellow ostrich tips. To make the wrap the following materials would be required:

5 yards India silk,	@ \$1.50,	\$7.50
4 yards Chantilly lace, 27 in. wide,	@ 5.70,	22.16
2 yards Chantilly lace, 18 in. wide,	@ 3.45,	6.90
		\$37.56

NO. 144 portrays also a dress for walking or visiting. The foundation is mauve silk with drapery, and full sleeves of white grenadine striped with lemon yellow. The vest and sash are of yellow China silk, fringed at the ends. The little jacket is of black faced cloth, with revers faced with mauve silk, and very prettily embroidered, or braided in gold over the back and front.

14 yards mauve silk,	@ \$2.55,	\$35.90
5 yards India silk,	@ 1.25,	6.25
7 yards grenadine,	@ 2.00,	14.00
1 1/2 yards black cloth,	@ 4.00,	6.00
		\$66.15



1. Hereafter all correspondence should be addressed to "Editor, Correspondence Department, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

2. Questions sent by our readers will be answered in the order in which they are received. Owing to the large number of letters which reach us asking advice, and to the fact that answers to many of the questions involve considerable research, replies can rarely be given in the same week the letter is received. Our readers should not enclose stamped envelopes, with requests for private correspondence, as questions can be answered only in these columns.

3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

FRITH C.—I was very sure I had given you a second reply concerning the drawings that, unless the post-office officials are at fault, have by this time been delivered to you, but on examination by department, since my first answer appeared, I do not find your name among the answered correspondents. If it is true that I have neglected your letter I offer you an apology for the oversight that was surely not intentional when I was convinced I had not been guilty of the error. The designs on professional examination were pronounced excellent, and give proof of talent, energy, and, possibly, true artistic originality. You very naturally need a great deal of careful training under competent, practical masters to fit you for the profession for which you seem desirous of entering. You should fit yourself for conventional designing and in house decoration, silverware, etc. The door is always open to admit clever designers. At the Cooper Union Art School, in New York, you could gain just the artistic education you need and would profit by. If you could embrace the full course at that school you would then be fitted to enter on a professional career and offer your services as a designer of patterns for stuffs, carpets, wall papers, inlay, frezcoes, and the ornamentation of buildings. The school there is also excellent schools of design in Chicago and Boston. Philadelphia, I believe, is also equipped with one. However, if at all possible, I advise attendance at the Cooper Union, where perhaps, of any art school in America, one can receive the most thorough art education. In case you care to make any inquiries concerning the Cooper Union School, write to Mrs. Carter who holds a high place among the faculty. A letter addressed to Mrs. Carter at the art school in the Cooper Union will be safely delivered.

R. M. H.—To me has been referred a portion of your letter that seemed to ask a question, and though you say you only read the MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, I must insert my reply here and trust to your finding it. Tell the ladies of your house that there are no patterns made or sold of the illustrated fashions in THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN. The fashion plates are drawings made from model gowns in many of the large shops in New York; others are original designs by the artists. There are very few magazines illustrating fashions that pretend to supply patterns also.

A. D. T. W.—I do not wonder that you have resorted in disgust and terror to the ugly, but harmless, yellow hairbrag, but I think you can find a black stocking will wear without rubbing off the dye. Black hose, colored with any dye that does not run, may be bought in cotton at forty-five cents per pair, or in silk and lisle at a dollar and a quarter per pair. The first mentioned are soft and fine, well woven, and wear wonderfully; the silk and lisle are, of course, handsomer, and a better investment in the long run. Stockings of French cotton and weave, costing one dollar and seventy-five cents per pair, wear like iron, and for all occasions are dainty, fine, and suitable.

EXNER.—It is a mistake to suppose that at the great shops only costly articles are kept in stock. Lately I have seen some charming blue and white rugs, that were but ten dollars each. Use your Bagdad rug in the autumn as a portiere. Only hung in doorways for display are those rugs used. One never thinks of laying them on the floor; they do not wear well under the feet. At any upholsterer's in New York City you can buy or order the striped grass Zanibar mats that are so extensively used in house decoration. I advise them for use as window

shades in place of the painted ones you describe to me. These mats are woven nearly a yard in width and from three to four yards long, with fringe at both ends. Cut in half, tacked to rollers, and hung in the windows, they are easily transformed into handsome shades, through which the light filters in soft, dull colors as through stained glass. Again, they are delightful cut into covers for pillows to be used in wicker gallery chairs and hammocks. If used would come up to town for a day or two and go through the shops, you would catch up a half-dozen valuable ideas for the refreshing of the rooms. What you seem most sadly in need of are good practical ideas. I fear you have been reading those interesting and picturesque little newspaper articles of a white wash, a broomstick and a tomato can, it is proposed to make home beautiful. The authorities you quote rarely or never give one the actual costs and dimensions of things, so that, situated in the country as you are, you have come to think that ten dollars will delightfully refurnish the parlor. Better than the newspaper advice is a visit to the shops where you can make estimates of costs and see really nice things.

BLACK ROSE.—Wear your watch as you like and no one will think it strange. For instance, you can, if you wish, pin it up on your left shoulder with an enameled bow knot; it is a fashion highly approved of by servant maids, for enameled bow knots can be had for a quarter apiece, and the effect is considered very elegant. Country girls wear their watches thrust into the fronts of their gowns or in the waist belt, with a short chain and charm dangling down. If you wish to strike a happy compromise, buy a short gold pin chain, suspend your watch on it, and fasten it with a right hand side pin it to your skirt belt or at the waist line of your bodice. (2) It is very much a matter of individual taste. For my part I think the gilt belts in bad style; red and black leather ones, studded at intervals with tiny silver points, are far more neat and pretty. These "French belts," as they are called, are not more than an inch wide; their buckles are also small, and of well-plated silver, and the ornamentation on the leather strap is very inconspicuous. (3) Make your shirts of striped linen lawn or shot silk. The linen lawn shirt waists so widely worn this spring are very cool, and though quite as comfortable, are far less menacing in appearance than those of heavy white linen with their stiff bosoms and heavy cuffs and collars. You can, if you like, make the lawn shirts at home. Gather or tuck them from the shoulders, run a full plaited frill down the front, and from neck and sleeves turn back a deep collar and cuffs edged with a full plaiting. The linen lawns in pale pink, blue, cool browns, and those patterned in checks, stripes, and dots, are all suited for shirts. The shot silk shirts should be made over paper muslin or thin silk linings. For sixty-five or seventy-five cents, and a dollar a yard you can get excellent shot silk. Don't attempt to do anything with the white serge until it has been sent to the cleaner's. At least the skirt and coat can be cleaned of all discoloration. (4) Throw away the waistcoat, and in its place gather a full vest of grey-blue China silk, figured in white. Face the coat fronts with the same silk, and at the bottom of the coat sleeves turn up cuffs of the silk. In this way, at a very little trouble or expense, you can make yourself a very lovely frock, and white serge is more than ever worn this year.

FLORENCE.—I am sure dyspepsia must be the cause of so very unpleasant affliction. I am always loath to give any advice or pass any judgment on such matters, but it surely can do you no harm to try hot water. Clear, very hot water is, you know perhaps, an excellent dyspepsia remedy if properly taken. If I am correct in my supposition as to the cause of the unpleasant visitation, hot water can do you no harm, and will undoubtedly do you a very great deal of good. You may give up any habit you have of drinking tea, coffee, wine, milk, or any great quantities of ice water at your meals; instead take as your only liquid and beverage, a tepid cup of hot water three-quarters of an hour before breakfast, and a tepid cup at the same time before luncheon. Wash your mouth, and in the course of a short trial you will actually learn to like and depend upon it. I have not here the space to devote to a careful detailing of the action and effects of hot water on digestive organs, but I can assure you that it acts as a tonic on both stomach and liver, and has worked wonderful cures in the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia.

HAIR PIN.—(1) The idea certainly is original and very graceful, and I've no doubt that a manufacturing jeweler would give it careful consideration. However, as you seem to care far more for artistic honor than commercial profit, why not submit the design to some manufacturer. Silversmiths are constantly bringing out new

and beautiful patterns in silver jewelry, and so eager are they to supply their market with really beautiful novelties that, in payment for any design of real intrinsic merit sent them, they will present the designer with a copy of the model in silver. Now, if you send to some manufacturer your drawing of the ornamental hairpin, and it meets with their approval, they will give you a silver pin made after your own pattern. (2) The silver thimbles sell all the way from seventy-five cents to three dollars. The cheap thimbles are of coin silver, rather more roughly made than the costlier ones, with simpler designs of ornamental bands below the indented cap. (3) They give up the souvenir spoon idea. The passion for these decorated bits of silver has fairly been run to earth, and the death-blow to them was given directly when plated and oxidized examples were put on the market. I see that some plucky individual has taken advantage of the presidential campaign to bring out a great display of nomination spoons, on the handles of which Blaine, Harrison, Cleveland, and Hill appear in bold relief, while the party cries are lettered in the bowls.

**MELANCHOLY.**—Why don't you try hot water before giving way to absolute despair? Every one drinks hot water now-a-days for the very complaint over which you so deeply grieve, and they tell me it cures persons in the most advanced stages of adiposity. You must drink one tea-cupful of hot water just before rising in the morning. If you can be quiet five minutes after draining the cup, the effect will be far better. Be sure that the water is boiling hot when poured into the teacup, and as quickly as possible sip it down. It is true that the water never warms, but you will burn your lips and blister your tongue, but the heat is the necessary and valuable element that must not be allowed to escape before drinking. In a day or two you will learn to sip the water so deftly, that in three minutes, without burning, you will be able to empty your cup. When taken so hot the water never nauseates, but stimulates, whereas a cupful of the tepid fluid will sicken even the strongest stomach. Do not take more than a small tea-cupful at a dose, though some persons insist that there is speedier efficacy in quantity. One-fourth before luncheon take a second hot water dose, and again, six to eight before breakfast. On stepping into bed help yourself to the fourth and last cup. This hot water course supplies your system with a sufficiency of liquid that you should not add to from other sources. Absolutely give up tea, coffee, and milk, and avoid ice water as you would the deadlyupas tree. Ice water causes dyspepsia, over-fulness, and pallor, and is a fluid that should be denied to the whole race of dyspeptic Americans. In the morning make your breakfast off a dish of fruit—berries for this season—without cream, and very little sugar. If possible, eat your berries in the English fashion, dipping each berry into a small bowl of sugar, and never permit yourself the fattening luxury of cream or milk. A rare chop or bit of steak should, with a few slices of dry, un-buttered toast, follow the berries, and so complete your breakfast. Eggs, soft-boiled or poached, chicken, or a bit of fish may alternate with the chop and steak to avoid variety, but never, as you hope eventually to regain your youthful proportions, touch hot bread, sweets, griddle-cakes, fried potatoes, or oatmeal. You can balance each indulgence in the above-mentioned dishes by an added pound of flesh to your weight, and a sinew of moral will-power extracted from your mental force. For luncheon, fruit, green vegetables, eggs, salads, cold bread, and some kind of meat should form your *menu*. At dinner, clear soups, fish, meat, vegetables, salads, cold dinner breads, and simple puddings or water-cress should satisfy your appetite. Don't do more than sip wines once or twice at dinner, eat slowly, and avoid potatoes, rice, oily dishes, and all things fried or heavily buttered. Of course, you must take exercise, and in the open air. Indoors, there is no exercise quite so excellent for stout persons as a good, long game of battledoor and shuttlecock. After your bath in the morning, dress for breakfast to all but the waist of your gown. Put on a loose dressing-sacque, put up the windows, and, alone, drive the shuttlecock around the room four or five times. This gives your arms and the muscles of your upper body a vigorous stretching, that can also be attained by rowing. Celia Logan says skipping rope is another good form of indoor exercise. Of course, you must not expect to fall off, under this treatment, at the rate of ten pounds a day. Only the ravages of disease, great distress, or some highly injurious patent medicine can bring about so unnatural a result. You must be patient, follow the cure carefully, and weigh yourself at the end of every week, that you may reckon your losses. So far as I have seen, this is the only way to shake off superfluous flesh without detriment to health.

**K. C. R.**—Thrust a fork up to the very end of its prong in the fruit, and, with a sharpened silver knife, cut away in deep strokes the yellow rind and white inside covering. An orange so handled can be rapidly and completely skinned. Then, holding it with the fork above your plate, bend slightly to eat it as you would eat green corn from the cob. You can by this method, peel your

orange and eat it with lively enjoyment, and never touch it with your fingers; in fact, 'tis the only way to manage this delicious fruit at table. Persons who first cut away the yellow skin, then peel off the white inside wrapping, and eat their orange slice by slice, need a bowl, a bowl of water, soap, and a towel to properly clean their face and hands after the haphazard process. (2) No, you are all in the wrong; it may seem a trifling difference, but there is another and a better way of encompassing a banana. First, completely peel the fruit, then lay it on your plate, and, with your fruit-knife, cut it into pieces to be transferred to your mouth with your fingers. Only the ignorant school-boys or the vulgarian bites off mouthfuls as the skin of the banana is drawn away. (3) Eat your grapes by plucking one grape at a time from the bunch, and chewing up the whole round juicy globules. If you do not care to eat the seeds, separate them from the grape with your tongue, and, with your fingers, transfer them to your fruit-plate. To eject the seeds directly from the mouth to the plate is in very bad form, also, to collect them by blowing them into the hand. I don't know why you should think I could find these questions either silly or annoying. It is surely wiser to gain information by questions than by bitter experience and blunders. You have shown a great good sense in writing first, before attempting to solve these puzzling little riddles for yourself.

**M. R.**—Of course, you could get the clams from the New York market, though at rather an absurd expense, I fear. Why don't you substitute fruit—berries, for instance—for that preliminary course? From force of habit only has the tradition arisen regarding the necessity of having bivalves on ice to precede the soup. That tradition is not yet a law, and since the arrival of strawberries in market, New York hostesses have introduced the fashion of serving berries as the inaugural course. For instance, on a small glass saucer, each guest finds at his or her place, a group of six or eight huge berries still bearing their green stems, by which they are dipped in tiny individual saucers of crushed sugar and eaten in two mouthfuls, after the English fashion. After six juicy berries, one's appetite is whetted for a delicate soup. Persons who know the art of enjoying flavors never dip their berries into the sugar.

**PITHY.**—Apply a soft, warm bread poultice to your poor eye. Make the poultice of fresh, soft bread, sweet milk, and a bit of lard. Knead it, when cooked, in a silk handkerchief, and tie over the afflicted orb. A bread poultice soothes and extracts inflammation, and will check the swelling. If your eye, however, by the time this reaches you, the eye will be at least so irascible that I can't forbear giving you a hint for the prevention of styes in future. You now know, by bitter experience, the symptoms of a sty's approach. Directly the itching and burning of the lids is felt, rub a gold ring swiftly over a woollen surface until, by friction, a deal of latent heat is produced. While hot, touch the sore spot with the ring. Throughout the first day that a sty is in process of formation, constantly use the gold ring as directed, and, in nine cases out of ten, the ugly inflammation can be scattered. This is not an absurd superstition, as you may suppose. The heat generated by the friction is the efficacious element, and the gold ring is used only because it is the handiest little object to heat quickly and apply to the sensitive lids.

**ELIZABETH.**—I quite agree with you that 'tis absurd to make up even a charity fair booth of worthless little odds and ends, and I sympathize with the men and women who will give up eagerly, but absolutely refuse to attend the mussy, sticky charity bazaars and sales. However, as you have pledged your aid, do your best, and do it in a sensible manner. I advise a pin booth. I saw one once that was extremely pretty, and so profitably conducted that the proprietress was able to pay her expenses and borrow a pin for her veil, so completely was her stock sold out. Her booth was in the shape of a huge crescent pincushion, that was absolutely stuffed full of pins of every size and color. The saleswoman herself was loaded with her merchandise, for hundreds of well-stuffed tiny cushions hung from her waist and shoulders. Her well-puffed leg-o-mutton sleeves were pincushions, and the elaborate Russian head-dress she wore was decorated with countless long hat-pins with fancy heads. All her pins were sold at just double the dealer's price, and she found no trouble at all in disposing of her wares.

**R. CAMPBELL.**—Only last week, at a stationer's, I saw a little book just suited to your uses. 'Twas leather-covered, and on the back, in gold letters, was the legend, "My European Diary." Turning back the flexible leather flaps, I found the black leaves of the book neatly ruled for diary records not only of events, duties, and details, but a typographic pen and a pencil were slipped into close loops at the back of the book. It seemed to me that this little affair could be easily carried in one's pocket, or thrust into a nook in the travelling-bag, and would be always handy and useful. I think the price of the diary was only two dollars.



**PANSY.**—An entirely commonplace specimen unable to disclose any striking characteristics. The tastes are conventional, thought is conservative, disposition kindly, prudence reasonable on all questions, practical, and disposed to indulge in sentiment. Interest is felt in the opposite sex.

**PERULUS.**—This example discovers more natural ability and vastly more experience and culture than the one above, yet here, too, the mind fails to rise above mediocrity, and tastes and pursuits are of the most ordinary description. The temper is quick and very impatient of opposition, speech shows greater prudence, ideas are clear and practical, without sequence, however, proving how indifferent the reasoning qualities are. Freedom in the use of money, considerable stubbornness, bitter prejudices, quick sympathies, gentle breeding, refinement, a cheerful disposition, admirable self-control, doubtful energies, and sensitiveness to the influence of the opposite sex are likewise defined.

**CRYSTAL.**—Yes, you have character, and plenty of it, with faults that are decided and varied. In the first place you are self-conscious, introspective, and think vastly more of yourself and your own affairs than of all the rest of the world put together. This denotes narrowness and selfishness which are enough to be plain to see. Then, too, with all your genuine cleverness, an unnecessary amount of affectation is mixed, proving a fondness for pronounced mental poses, and a desire for a strong definition between yourself and others. Your temper is high, arbitrary, and bitterly resentful of restraint, you are obstinate to the last degree, find it impossible to overcome even absurd prejudices, and cling tenaciously always to your own way. On the other hand, you are talented, have a clear, alert, fine, and admirably disciplined mind; you are cultivated, well-bred, reserved in speech, vigorous and tenacious of will, show equanimity of temperament, and elegant and literary tastes. Your instincts are all honorable, fancy graceful and romantic, affections sincere, and consequently real feeling is seldom stirred.

**JNO. RYNAL.**—An even genial, pleasant temper, firmness and insistence of will, generous sympathetic impulses, natural cleverness, and a good deal of cultivation. There is some amiable egotism betrayed, with healthy but ordinary tastes, gentle breeding, love of system, and prudence begotten of experience and practical ideas. The manners are attractive and unaffected, the disposition will balance, showing entire consistency of character.

**JNO. RYNN.**—Study enclosed with the above: It is not unlike R, save for a lack of maturity and less control of the emotions. Here the writer is too easily influenced by outside influences, cares much more for superficial appearances, is more loquacious, less vigorous, lacks the same degree of persistence, shows greater ardor and responsiveness, has a sharper, shorter temper, and is more fastidious in little things. No self-consciousness or egotism is discovered. The feelings are deep, and perceptions artistic.

**FRISCILLA PRIMEBO.**—This subject possesses a cheerful, sanguine temperament, is easily contented, never troubles herself with introspection, has vivacity of manner, refinement of taste, a good deal of artistic perception, not much intellectual force, a lively fancy, a sensitive, variable temper, and a will that needs vigor and consistency, is fond of change and pleasure, is discreet and bright in conversation, and impulsively generous, with warm, tender affections.

**MAID MARIAN.**—Cleveland, O. Although the writer complains of having an imaginative, skeptical nature, there is little in the chronography to substantiate such a charge. Some prejudice, but no real stubbornness is seen, the ideas are clear and usually practical, there is no power of argument, no critical or logical judgment, and the mind is scarcely inquisitive enough to analyze closely, but on the contrary it manifests decided conventional restrictions that would prevent vagaries and negative the slightest metaphysical tendencies. The talent disclosed has never enjoyed high culture caprice is tolerated, considerable care is expended upon trivialities, decision is wanting, yet there are refinement, a naturally pleasant temper, and candid and generous instincts to strike a favorable balance.

**POMPELIA.**—This study suggests an abundance of native wit, a resolute and insistent will, a temper held firmly in hand, shrewd common-sense ideas, directness and sequence in reasoning, keen perceptions, versatility of talents, a cultivated intellect, love of finesse, and a preference for diplomacy over direct methods; caution to the point of secretiveness is observed, also an inaccurate mind, restlessness, an insatiable desire for admiration, amusement, travel or luxury, a good deal of self-esteem, some caprice, an attractive personality, liberality in the matter of giving, self-reliance, care in little things, ardor without much tenderness in the affections, a sense of the ridiculous, and a disposition at once ambitious and subject to moments of intense despondency.

**BETINA.**—An impression exists that this handwriting has been delineated before. However, it possesses salient characteristics, notably the three traits upon which information is particularly desirable. Yes, you are energetic, but, if there were less versatility, less nervousness, and more even consistency of temperament, you would be able to accomplish much more. As it is, your enthusiasm is very strong, you are apt to flame and fade, you yield too easily to impulse, and should cultivate practical reason at the expense of emotion. Your fancy is vivid, graceful and undisciplined, you are ardently ambitious, do not display much self-discipline, you are somewhat discreet, and full of originality, having an verance, are sanguine, but has been well polished. No egotism or alert, active mind. You are rather too sensitive to outside affection is betrayed, you are capricious in temper, and lack sentimentality, while showing the interest in the opposite sex.

**LOU IDA.**—There are hopefulness, energy, and physical as well as mental vigor denoted here, with a short, poorly curved temper, and considerable egotism, excessive pride, aspiration, and inability to dread, intensity of feeling, cultivation, socially, criticise closely, or decide questions impartially.

**LA MARSEILLAISE.**—This specimen abounds in vivacity and vitality, a natural confidence, proving its author to be quite different to the terrestrial tastes, an impetuous, fervid nature, totally independent, guided amenities of life, subject alike to elation and despondency, but more by emotion than by reason, having plenty of means to yield much apt to yield to moods of indolence and not possessing a genial self-discipline. The social instincts are strong, disposition is friendly, speech loquacious and often ungarded, perceptual, quick without the least artistic tendency, use of money is affections susceptible and capable of passionate tenderness.

**VEE.**—Conventionalism is seen without the utter commonplace, ness that usually accompanies a highly conservative nature. The writer is unconscious of its limitations and feels much aspiration at times, but the cultivation intellectually is very ordinary, and natural talent must indeed be great to dispense with careful mental discipline. The tastes and feelings are all refined and graceful, manners gentle and pleasing, disposition equable, instincts discreet. Other characteristics are an almost finical attention to detail, decided care for outward appearances, conscientiousness, virtues of a domestic rather than an artistic kind, and sincerity of feeling.

**CAMERON.**—It is quite possible that you are one of many who would decline to accept the most truthful delineation, if it chance that the reading was of a kind to sound self-love. Look about and count how many of your acquaintances would willingly accept reproof for even a conspicuous fault, and then judge of the result which a faithful character sketch in this column involves. It is easy to ask for honesty, but hard to swallow its unpalatable pills. Now, you are an utterly intemperate person, having a negative rather than positive nature. Your virtues are no more striking or interesting than your faults. Equanimity, contentment, and a placid, amiable, cautious and sincere disposition are yours. You are tenderly and devotedly affectionate, are equally incapable of passion or deceit, cherish no ambitious ideas, and know nothing of the heights of ecstasy or depths of despair. You are well bred, are rather dependent upon the approbation of others, have simple, direct manners, and make and keep many friends.

**FECKLED FACE NO. 60.**—No intellectual force or freshness is conveyed here. Indeed, the writer is a kindly, commonplace individual, unable to generate an independent idea, being governed exclusively by public opinion. She is too ready to indulge in egotism, is not guilty of any small affectations, is generous to a fault, has a resolve will that aspires to accomplish great things, and courts admiration with ardor. She is restless, eager for change, suffers from frequent attacks of despondency, has a sensitive temper, is extremely discreet, is interested in the opposite sex, and is generous and warm-hearted.

**BEARLY.**—This is eminently an interesting and clever woman, one who has confidence in herself and inspires others with a sense of her ability. She is dignified to the point of hauteur in her bearing, is resolute, daring, ambitious and persistent where her feelings are genuinely aroused. Her mind is alert, vivacious, polished, and has plenty of individual force; she is equal to keeping her own counsel, yet never fears to speak plainly at the occasion appears to warrant it. Self-esteem and personal pride are disclosed, as well as an imperious will resentful of restraint, a vivid imagination, freedom to the verge of extravagance in the use of money, unstinted liberality in giving, a very critical disposition that accepts nothing on faith, and is analytical and skeptical in the strongest emotions, depth of feeling, physical vigor, energy, fastidiously elegant taste, charm of presence, and too much self-consciousness to be unsatisfactorily devoid.

# THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

VOL. XI.

New York.

For the Week ending JULY 9, 1892.

Chicago.

No. 125.



GROVER CLEVELAND, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT. (See page 351.)  
[FROM THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH BY FACH BROS., NEW YORK.]



## THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

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Payments, which must be in advance, may be made by cheque, postal notes, money order, or registered letter, payable to THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Nos. 5 and 7 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., Beames Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W. C., agents for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN for the United Kingdom.  
BRENTANO'S, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, depot for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN in France.

ADVERTISING.—The advertisements of leading firms solicited; for terms send to offices. Medical and low-class advertisements declined.

## Current Comment.

**NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.**—First Minneapolis and then Chicago has had a taste of a national convention, managed on the principle of a county fair. Minneapolis seems willing to repeat her first experience; Chicago has been the scene of so many big conventions that it may be assumed that her citizens like them. So far as the cities themselves are concerned, it may be assumed that four years hence the scenes of last month will be repeated.

This is deeply to be regretted. The scenes by day and by night that marked the gathering of the Democrats as well as of the Republicans were not at all creditable. Many of the delegates, and a still greater proportion of the shouters, left behind them at their homes the decorum they use in their every-day life, and indulged in conduct that would have disgraced them had they been guilty of it elsewhere. These things are not chronicled in the daily newspapers, but they occurred, nevertheless. The Chicago *Evening*, a Prohibition organ, describes the scenes at Minneapolis. Dens of every description were crowded to bursting. The barroom of the West Hotel was enlarged to ten times its original capacity, and thirty bartenders labored day and night. The receipts are stated to have been \$5,000 a day. The same is true of every other barroom in the city. Some of the scenes described are such as would be expected only in a border mining camp, far from civilization. The scenes at Chicago are described in much the same terms.

These are the natural results of conducting a great convention as a money-making enterprise; but they reflect disgrace upon both parties. In the interest of decency, it is to be hoped that the time will come when nominations for an office of so great dignity as that of President can be made with more decorum and less boom.

**TAMMANY HALL.**—To feel one's own insignificance, it is well to go among strangers. Tammany has carried the City of New York with a high hand. It has worn the robes of a conqueror, and it has wielded the sceptre of government. Pride has swelled its front, and Victory has made its leaders over-estimate its importance.

Chicago snubbed Tammany!

Even more. Chicago heaped insult upon its chiefs, called them "thieves," shouted "go back to your den!" robbed them by exorbitant charges. Even the public hackmen trebled the fares to Tammany men.

This is wrong. Let there be fair play. Honest men are in the ranks of Tammany. It is not for Chicago to call the men of New York "thieves."

The government of the City of New York is honestly conducted under the auspices of Tammany Hall. If it be dishonestly conducted, it is for the citizens of New York to charge the officials and prove the charges. No man, no society, can be called thieves with impunity.

Chicago disgraced Chicago; and insulted New York. We do not regret that Tammany found itself but a small frog in the great Democratic frog pond, but we do regret that the citizens of New York's great sister city should insult her visitors.

**CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.**—A prisoner in a New York Court admitted the other day that he was a thief by profession, and that for more than twenty years he had had no other means of livelihood than stealing. About the same time James Flanagan, of Lowell, Mass., was sentenced at East Cambridge to State Prison for twenty-five years as an habitual criminal.

The New Yorker was a man of at least average intelligence. Nothing was introduced in evidence at his trial which indicated that he was more vicious than his fellows. The ingenuity he displayed in executing his crimes was considerable. He did not find stealing particularly profitable, and at the time of his trial had little money, if any.

Flanagan also possessed intelligence, and seemed without strongly developed criminal instincts, save as regards stealing. He, like the New Yorker, had passed much of his life in prison.

Both cases suggest the old question, Could not something better be done with these men than sending them to prison? It may be that they are thieves by instinct; but it certainly does not seem Utopian to suppose that it could be demonstrated to that that it would be worth while to restrain their evil propensities.

One hundred years ago thieves were hanged; now they are imprisoned. The advance is not so very great. When will the philanthropist arise who will show how to make men of them?

**OH, HERE'S A PRETTY MESS!**—The election in November will be worth watching. Republicans will have a chance to observe the support Blaine men will give Harrison, and to watch the knife of Grandpa Platt; while the Democrats will be afforded an opportunity to note the loyalty of Tammany and the keen knife of David B. Hill. Were ever two parties so bitterly divided?

**BISMARCK'S POPULARITY.**—The acclamations of the people have sounded sweet in the ears of the greatest sovereigns. Many a favorite and many a statesman has found it easier to gain the favor of kings and of the great than the applause of the public. It is possible, therefore, that even a man of Bismarck's traditions and inclinations may have found in the ovations that greeted him on his journey to Vienna, abundant consolation for the studied snubs administered by his own sovereign and the Emperor of Austria.

Not the least significant incident of the visit was the assiduity with which the Russian ambassador placed himself in evidence, while the high officials of Germany and Austria held aloof. This attitude on the part of Russia was emphasized by the despatch of congratulation sent by the Czar. The latter was, of course, influenced by hostility toward both Germany and Austria, as well as by the memory of the friendship which Bismarck, while Chancellor, always showed Russia. There was, however, no such political motive in the cheers with which he was welcomed everywhere, both in Germany and in Austria. These were intended to express the admiration felt for him as a statesman, and as a recognition of the great work he had accomplished in building the German Empire.

As a lesson to the kaleidoscopic emperor who dismissed him, the demonstrations of popular regard are not without value. They should show William II. that while he has the power to turn a servant out of office, he is utterly powerless to influence the judgment of history.

**WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.**—One result of the National Democratic Convention was the prominent place William C. Whitney, of New York, took in the proceedings. In the midst of the heated factional warfare, Mr. Whitney was every inch the gentleman. He fought like a Trojan, nominated his man, reflected dignity upon the party, and won for himself the admiration of his foes as well as his friends. He was an example of what a man of ability and courtesy can be in politics. Although we are more than pleased to hail him President-Maker, we all regret that he does not stand before the country as a Presidential candidate. If Mr. Cleveland is elected, Mr. William C. Whitney, by demand of the country, should be forced to accept a portfolio in the Cabinet.

**MR. REDMOND AND UNION.**—There was a gleam of hope in one of the shindies at Limerick between the McCarthys and the Parnellites. While the factions were fighting so enthusiastically that they did not perceive the police, a voice suddenly cried "Here's Balfour's bulldogs, boys! Let's give it to them." Immediately the two factions stopped fighting each other and joined against the police.

If the two factions would only cease fighting each other all over Ireland and join against the Conservatives, Ireland would have some chance of Home Rule this generation. How much prospect is there of their uniting?

Mr. John E. Redmond, the Parnellite leader, arrived in this country with words of peace on his lips. In his first speech he uttered such admirable sentiments as these: "Without national unity, national freedom can never be achieved," and "I maintain that nothing was obtained for Ireland in the past and that nothing will be obtained in the future save by a particular party, absolutely independent and above every English political combination." Then he went on to emphasize his desire for a united and independent party by declaring that he could prove by chapter and verse that he and his friends were the only people who really wanted union, and that the other side were entirely to blame for any discord that had arisen in the Irish Parliamentary Party.

Just so long as Mr. Redmond and his friends cherish such views regarding union and conciliation, will Irish Home Rule continue to be a dream.

**STANLEY IN PARLIAMENT.**—If Henry M. Stanley could enter Parliament as the average man does, and could

afford to be as much of a nonentity as the average member, a seat in the House of Commons would round off his career nicely. But he labors under two disadvantages. The first is, that he has been accustomed to lead and not to follow; but, being a new man in Parliament, without experience in public affairs, he must be content to follow until he has learned the new trade he wishes to take up. The second disadvantage is that he is Stanley, and, consequently, the public will expect him to do something brilliant at the start. As it is hardly possible that he should, his admirers will be apt to turn and revile him. In a word, Stanley is likely to prove as great a failure in the House of Commons as he was a success in Darkest Africa.

Why he should have aspired to Parliament at all would not be easy to understand, were it not for the gossip that he is obeying the behest of his wife, not his own ambition. Indeed, his candidacy has a flavor peculiarly feminine. It is not difficult to comprehend how an admiring, if not altogether practical wife, having seen the glory of her husband in one direction, should wish him to win fame in another. Every Englishman, after a certain stage, wishes to enter Parliament, and Mrs. Stanley, apparently, does not perceive that her husband's long sojourn amid solitudes and perils has made him different from other men. We are told that Stanley long resisted the persuasions of his wife and her friends, but succumbed at length to the influence of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. As the latter had had a great deal to do with bringing about Stanley's marriage, he could not resist her intercession, and reluctantly consented to enter the political field.

Should the enterprise end in the tragedy that seems probable, it will be pathetic. At the same time, loving women have always been ready to console their defeated heroes, and Stanley is not likely to be less great in his wife's eyes, even should he prove totally unfit for a parliamentary career.

**ROYALISM IN FRANCE.**—The Legitimists of France may well be pardoned for thinking once more that the world is coming to an end. The blow which their cause has received from the recent letters of Pope Leo XIII. recognizing the Republic is fatal. Their cause is dead, and if it reappears upon the earth at all it must be in a state resembling that of a ghost. It can never again, in all probability, engage the serious attention of impartial, sensible men save from the standpoint of history.

The main support of the Royalist cause in France, as in England in the case of the Stuarts, was the influence of the Church. The Chouans who unhesitatingly gave up their lives in La Vendée during the First Revolution, did so inspired by the thought that the sacrifice was for the cause of their religion. The organization through which the Royalists for more than forty years carried on their propaganda, was supplied by the system of worship prevailing in France. Now all practical strength has suddenly been eliminated from Royalism, and the upholders of it find themselves suddenly in the odd, with nothing to build upon save history and a dream.

The blow doubtless falls harder upon the *Comité de Paris* supporters than upon him, for he is a commonplace man, entirely satisfied with his life of a country gentleman in England.



HENRY M. STANLEY.

**SENATOR HILL'S DOWNFALL.**—The day after the Chicago Convention took its one ballot for a candidate for President, the newspapers announced that "Senator Hill had nothing to say" in regard to the result. It is, indeed, difficult to see what he could have to say. The average opponent of Cleveland in his own party had the privilege of forcing a smile and saying that "the nomination was an excellent one." But this privilege was denied Senator Hill. He was in the position of the cow who injudiciously attempted to stop a locomotive. Next to his own nomination, he desired most heartily the defeat of Cleveland. The showing he made in either respect was such as to simply render him an object of ridicule.



SENATOR HILL.

At present he is a fallen idol with nothing to say. Will he ever be able to regain a position approaching that which he has lost? It is doubtful. When he began, seven years ago, the campaign for the Presidency which has just ended in disaster, he had many advantages which he lacks now. He possessed the power and patronage of Governor, and was the natural leader of his party in his State.

He used every means at his command to build up the machine upon which he relied. Now he controls none of these sources of power. His friends are still in control of the party machinery of the State, but their devotion to him is apt to grow cool now that he is discredited as a leader and cannot hope to receive favors whether Cleveland or Harrison is elected. As a Senator he has not proved a brilliant success thus far, and there is little reason for supposing that he will grow.

It may, therefore, be assumed that Senator Hill will find his level below the first rank of his colleagues, and that his prosperity as a political power is over.

**THE RAIN-MAKING HUMBUG.**—It is not easy to conceive how a vote was secured in Congress assenting to an appropriation for continuing the absurd "rain-making" experiments conducted by Gen. Dyrenforth in Texas last year. It is hardly possible that the appropriation will be included in the final estimates; but that it should have been considered seriously at all is a surprising manifestation of the ways of Congress.

It is true that Dyrenforth has had printed, at the Government's expense, a pamphlet describing how he spent last year's appropriation, and making broad assertions as to his success in inducing rainfall by the use of explosives. His claims, however, have been examined by the highest scientific authorities in the country, and have been pronounced to be without foundation. Even better disproof of his assertions is furnished by the testimony of people living in the districts where the experiments were made, who flatly deny many of the statements set forth in his behalf.

It is interesting to note that Frank Melbourne, his great rival in the art of rain-making, is making a good thing of it among the simple-minded farmers of the West. Melbourne makes rain by means of an apparatus no mortal eye but his has seen, and which he carries about in a grip-sack. His plan is to contract with farmers of a large section to produce rain at so much an acre—no rain, no money. This seems a good deal like gambling on the weather; but so long as Melbourne gets the money, and the farmers get the rain, every

one is happy, and there is no unpleasant disposition shown to inquire the true source of the rain, whether it be of nature's or of Melbourne's making.

**ANOTHER "ME-TOO."**—Says Thomas C. to David B.: "D—— the Convention."

Says David B. to Thomas C.: "Me Too."

**MR. BIGELOW'S RUSSIAN TRIP.**—There is one aspect of the case of the expulsion from Russia of Mr. Boulney Bigelow, that ought to be borne in mind before the action of the Russian Government is denounced as tyrannical and outrageous. Once before Russia has suffered severely, and, to an extent, unjustly, in consequence of the incursion of an American journalist. The description Mr. George Kennan gave of the treatment of prisoners in Siberia, injured the prestige of Russia with the world, and hurt the pride of Russians. Now, it is tolerably certain that, while Mr. Kennan may have stated his facts correctly, he interpreted them wrongly.

One does not welcome visitors to one's home when it has been devastated by a terrible calamity. That is the condition of Russia to-day. The Russians are a proud people, independent, and self-contained. Naturally, they do not care to have the sores and nakedness of the famine and of the expulsion of the Jews blazoned to the world. On the contrary, pride and sense of decency alike inspire them to conceal the marks of the sufferings through which their country has passed. In this sentiment right-minded people will sympathize. Now, Mr. Bigelow's mission was to "write up" Russia, and it is an accepted principle that the more lurid such articles are made, the better they sell. With the case of Mr. Kennan before them, it is easy to understand why the Russian officials objected to Mr. Bigelow intruding where he had no right to go.

There is still another reason why we should proceed slowly in this matter. It is the friendship which Russia has manifested toward the United States. This friendship is worth more to us than the right to turn journalists loose in Russia.

**RAVACHOL AND ANARCHISM.**—In Ravachol we see what may be expected from the practical development and application of anarchistic principles. He found society badly organized, and to mend matters, turned thief, grave robber, and assassin. There was nothing about his crimes to excite the admiration awakened by a Claude Duval. They were brutal, the acts of a wild beast. Yet he did not refer them to inherited instinct, which a wolf might urge in excuse of its acts, but claimed that they were dictated by a higher and better wisdom than has ruled the world. He pretended that he was guided by the principles of anarchism, which should restore the Golden Age to the world.

Ravachol was a practical anarchist. There are plenty of anarchists in theory who believe the same principles as he, and who are yet honest men, possessing all social and domestic virtues. They indulge in the dream that the logical result of teaching anarchistic principles is not bloodshed and crime. If they are able to cherish this delusion, it is because they never attempt to put their theories in practice. Ravachol represents practical results.

The organization of society is far from being perfect; but it can never be improved by substituting crime for order, and the indulgence of the most brutal passions for the restraint of law. There is only one way to treat such pests as Ravachol,

and that is the plan that was adopted in Chicago and is now being carried out in Paris. Furthermore, it would be a good thing if the amiable theorists, to whom we have referred, were taught that they have some responsibility in the matter when they preach incendiary doctrines.

**THE HOUSE OF LORDS.**—The beauty of a system of government which includes hereditary lawmakers, has been illustrated in England recently by several incidents. One of them was a speech by Lord Denman. This lawmaker by right of birth likes to speak in the House of Lords, and takes a healthy interest in the affairs of his country. Unfortunately, he often finds himself in the predicament of Mr. Dick in "David Copperfield." Matters wholly irrelevant will intrude themselves. His attention was called to this fact in the course of the speech referred to. His reply deserves to be recorded: "I will not give way in this hereditary house to the best man who ever sat in it," he said. This noble determination to assert his rights is embarrassing, but there is probably nothing to be done. Mr. Dick was not crazy enough to be put into an asylum for the insane, notwithstanding that the lord of Charles I. would intrude upon his memorial, and Lord Denman will continue to help make the laws of the realm.

Another incident is the suit brought by Jessie Bellwood, music hall singer, against his Grace the Duke of Manchester, to recover money she says she lent him to support his extravagances. At the time the transactions are alleged to have occurred, he had deserted his wife for the society of this woman. The suit sheds light upon the question of his fitness to make laws for a nation.

The Senate of the United States has sometimes been called the "American House of Lords," because some of its members are men of great wealth and influence. This designation is wholly a misnomer. Whether or not it is desirable to have millionaires for senators, it is certain that, almost without exception, those in the upper house of Congress are self-made men, whose ability and standing entitle them to the position they occupy.

**"POLITICAL TRICKS."**—English newspapers and English public men are very fond of describing as "political tricks" any steps taken by the heads of our government, the effect of which may be to interfere with English interests. Thus, Mr. Blaine's heaving sea letters were "political tricks"; expressions of sympathy with the oppressed of Ireland are "political tricks"; President Harrison's action in the Chilian affair was a "political trick." These impertinent cries affect to regard American statesmen as intriguing pettifoggers, and deny them the attributes of common honesty of purpose and plain dealing.

"A political trick" was the comment made by English and Anglo-Canadian newspapers upon President Harrison's message recommending retaliation upon Canada for her persistent denial of the rights of American citizens in connection with the navigation of Canadian canals. They credited the President with no higher motive than a desire to pose as the champion of American rights to aid in his own reelection. The Hon. Charles H. Tupper, who certainly should have known better, took up the cry in London. "Mr. Tupper considered it a mere political trick," we are told.

This attitude is insulting to us as a nation. The power of the United States is respected everywhere, and it is true that

we should insist upon due respect for the representatives of the people of the United States. We have always shown a friendly disposition toward Canada, partly because Canada must in time be joined in one way or another to our own nation. In the present case it might be well to insist upon the full measure of our just rights, in order to teach the fatuous representatives of Canada that everything with us is not a "political trick."

**WATCH THE SUN SPOT.**—Democrats in and about the City of New York will have an opportunity to observe a phenomenon if the following message is to be accepted as authoritative.

[Special to THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.]

POLITICAL OBSERVATORY,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

I have the honor to inform you that the sun spot noted in your issue of June 18 is more brilliant than ever. On the 23d of June it spread over the Sun, covering it to the very edges. The Sun presented a very sickly appearance and we are inclined to believe a great change is taking place. It should be watched with care.

J. B. SMITH,  
Astronomer in Charge.

In our next issue we will present a photograph taken by our correspondent which indicates the growth of the spot, and a second showing the change now taking place. These photographs were received too late for publication in the current number.



**EGAN AND SCRUGGS.**—Look out for Scruggs! for the part taken by Egan in the revolution in Chili has fallen, in the instance of the popular rebellion in Venezuela, to a gentleman named Scruggs. What Egan was to Balmaceda, to Palacio was Scruggs. Just as Egan insisted, to the very last, that the dictator would prevail, so have reiterated assertions of the certain ascendancy of the Venezuelan usurper come from Scruggs. Only a few days ago a letter arrived from the United States Legation at Caracas, despatched evidently some weeks before the final victory of the popular troops, assuring the State Department that Palacio was on the point of crushing his enemies beyond recovery, and that his dictatorship was established beyond peradventure. And the valuable information bore the confident signature of Scruggs. If we have not heard so much of Scruggs as we did of Egan, the fault is not, in the man; it is in the name. Scruggs has not the lilt of Egan. It falls not so trippingly from the lips, nor so lightly from the pen. Presently, when the Venezuelans, angered by the discovery of his sympathy with the routed Palacio, begin to demand the recall of Scruggs, the name of Scruggs, become familiar, will go, not exactly echoing, but stumbling and stuttering, throughout the land with all the parade of a campaign issue. Scruggs will make himself felt before the summer is over. Wait for Scruggs!



PAINTINGS OF THE DAY. I. "EAST VICTORY," BY F. ANDREOTTI. (See page 350.)

# Democrats in Convention.

## THE TICKET.

For President,  
**GROVER CLEVELAND**  
of New York.

For Vice-President,  
**ADLAI E. STEVENSON**  
of Illinois.

Chicago, June, 1892.

*Oh! the strange things we see,  
And the strange things we hear;  
For its "Politics," "good Politics"  
you know!*

**A**T THE CONVENTION.—This Tuesday morning, in the City of Chicago, on the twenty-first day of June, in the year of grace 1892, the representatives of the Democratic party, in national convention assembled, begin their deliberations, announce their principles, and nominate their candidates for the high and honorable offices of President and Vice-President of these glorious, free, and independent United States of America.

The place in which this Convention is held is called the Wigwam—a name smacking somewhat of a council place in another city, where an organized band of political free-booters dispense the patronage of city government. In form it is an amphitheatre with a series of horseshoe tiers rising one upon another, with a seating capacity for twenty thousand persons, surmounted with a gallery. An enormous shed pierced with skylights roofs this structure.

A tremendous crowd is seeking admission. They are held back by ropes, defended by a battalion of police. A thunderstorm is fast approaching. The flashes of lightning illumine the skylights with fearful brilliancy. The rain falls on the immense roof which resounds like a great drum and leaks like a sieve. Thousands of persons at the ropes are drenched, and thousands in the Wigwam put up umbrellas. As I write the water falls upon me. I wonder if the roof will blow off—pass away like the much written about scroll.

Still, in spite of all unfavorable conditions, the delegates pour in. They have come to fight. Water is an element which delegates seldom notice. Heaven in its mercy gives them an external application.

Calvin S. Brice, Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, who has been rechristened Calvin Sutherland-Sisters Ilrice, raps, raps, raps, and by a dint of muscle calls the Convention to order, and announces that the Reverend Mr. John Rouse will offer a prayer. Mr. Rouse having invoked Heaven's assistance, Mr. W. C. Owens, of Kentucky, a gentleman unknown to fame, but rejoicing in the favor of Henry Watterson, is called to fill the brief and honorable position of Temporary Chairman. He is conducted to the chair by Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois, the candidate of his delegation for the Vice-Presidency.

Mr. Owens makes his speech, which is lost in the vast hall but caught by the vigilant army of newspaper correspondents, and is disseminated by them throughout the country. Then follows the routine business, such as calling out the names selected by each State for members of the Committees on Credentials, Permanent Organization, Platform, Rules, and Order of Business.

Several resolutions are read and ordered sent to the Committee on Resolutions. One, however, is worthy of note, as it is backed with enthusiastic approval. It is offered by Benjamin T. Cable, an Illinois delegate at

large; it is a happy thought and an evidence of a good heart. It is "That this Convention tender its profound sympathy to that distinguished American, James G. Blaine, in the many afflictions which have befallen him." The passage of this resolution without dissent is agreeable to the nation, and indicates the good heart of the American people.

And then the Convention adjourns unto the following day at eleven o'clock.

## THE SECOND DAY.

**MORNING SESSION.**—The delegates are in their seats. A crowd is in the gallery. If the proceedings were held yesterday they will be more spirited to-day. The crowd has come for the entertainment.

Twenty thousand faces are turned to the platform. In the distance they can only be distinguished as rows upon rows of white faces. If the roof were off and a blue sky overhead, one might easily think himself in the Coliseum or other amphitheatre of ancient days. But there is no sky. Nothing but black clouds outside and foul odors and stifling heat inside.

Although the daily papers have declared that the choice of the Convention will centre on Grover Cleveland as the party leader, the bitter hostility of his foes assures the crowd that the nomination will not be given to him without a struggle.

David B. Hill, of New York, is put forward as the choice of the anti-Cleveland faction. For days, Tammany, an organization which has captured the State of New York and ruled it, has paraded the streets of Chicago and urged in the delegation rooms of many States the nomination of David B. Hill.

Now, as a matter of fact, neither Tammany nor Hill has either the respect or confidence of the Democracy.

Public sentiment distrusts the faction which seeks to control the party, and the man who defeats the wishes of his party in order to gain a personal victory.

Tammany stretched out its hand and clutched the municipality of New York; strengthened by the spoils of office, it has seized the State, and now it seeks to grasp the patronage of Federal power.

David B. Hill, in 1888, lost the electoral vote of the State of New York in order to run ahead of his ticket and be elected Governor of New York.

The vote of the Convention will decide whether the country will support a wily politician who was a traitor in 1888 and a society which went hand in glove with him, or brand both man and society with the weight of its disapproval.

It is the virtue in the Democratic party it will put to rout the Rum-God of New York and his cohort of Tammany braves.

But there are other men than the Fat Fisherman of Buzzard's Bay and the Rum-God of the Empire State



W. C. WHITELY.



J. S. DOBBINS.



HENRY WATTERSON.



WM. M. SHERMAN



WM. H. CROKER



GOV. FLOWER



WM. J. THOMPSON



OWEN C. STEPHENS



WM. W. HOWARD



THOMAS C. BAYARD



JOHN L. COOK



A. C. CAMPBELL

who bear the presidential bee a buzzing in their bonnets.

There is the Democratic Spartacus of Tom Reed's Congress—Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland. Small in stature, mighty in ambition, a Senator in Washington, and a quiet pipe layer for the Presidency in room 106, Palmer House. As a lad he served his apprenticeship to politics as a page in the United States Senate, and as a man he distinguished himself upon its floor in resisting the autocracy of the Republican party. He knows every twist in the tangled skein of politics. Though out for the Presidency, if it comes his way he does not declare himself. No one can read his thin, clean shaven, sharp featured, jesuitical face. His pale blue eyes have the light of intelligence and wisdom, but tell no tales of personal desires. Now and then he glides out of "106" to glide into the rooms of the National Committee, but only for a brief stay, then back again. Visitors from delegations ask him to declare himself. "Bring me a written pledge of votes sufficient to elect," he replies. The old fox! Politicians of a day's growth cannot pull an ass's skin over him. What a fine Secretary of State he would make!

Another would-be President is that round-headed, pot-bellied, genial absurdity, Roswell P. Flower, a stock broker by trade, a creature of Tammany by occupation, and a gubernatorial flake by politics. Down in his below par heart he fosters a sneaking hope that if the Rum-rod fails the New York delegation will be transformed into a favorable wind to blow into the sail of his ambition. All day he sits in the parlors of Messrs. Croker and Murphy, Tammany's chief plumbers, pensively watching and hoping.

And the line, like Banquet's line, stretches out. Gov. Campbell, of Ohio, has his hand out for the White House door. But he is a long way off. He, like Gorman, is not inclined to put out his shutter to announce his intentions. Like Caesar, he puts away the crown each time more gently than the other. He swears his allegiance to Cleveland, still hopes that his party will command him to lead the Democratic legions in November.

It is half-past eleven o'clock. Temporary Chairman Owens calls the Convention to order. The face of prayer is again repeated, in the person of the Rev. Alfred Henry, of the Methodist-Episcopal Church. He invokes Heaven "to guide the choice of this Convention so that its nominees, in character and conviction, shall represent the spirit of modern Democracy, of progressive Democracy, of the Democracy that is arrayed on the side of the masses as against the classes, and that strives to lift from the shoulders of the people the burdens borne for the benefit of a favored few." What rot, Rev. Mr. Henry! While you were putting in your petition you forgot that several gentlemen of other persuasions had filed similar prayers on the occasion of the Republican Convention. Prayers at political meetings are about as consistent as prayers would be if offered up at a meeting of a gang of robbers assembled to discuss their plans.

During the prayer several delegations, headed by banners, enter and take their seats.

Temporary Chairman Owens announces that Mr. William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, is the choice of the

Committee on Permanent Organization for Permanent Chairman. He introduces him "as one of the bravest Democrats in America."

Now the bands strike up, the delegates cheer, and the gallery thunders its applause.

The crowd in the gallery has constituted itself a very considerable factor of the proceedings. It has cheered itself hoarse, it has called for speakers, it has drowned the voices of delegates. It has generally misbehaved itself. Vainly has Temporary Chairman Owens endeavored to suppress this turbulent, obstreperous mob; vainly has he cried "Order!" Vainly have the delegates demanded that the Chair establish "Silence in the gallery."

I realize how the mob in a certain gay capital of Europe, one hundred years ago, contrived a convention; how it silenced speakers, intimidated orators, and interrupted debate.

I realize that the stuff of the French Revolution is packed in the gallery of the Wigwam. It is as explosive. All it needs is the match of intense excitement.

There are cheers. "The bravest Democrat in America" is announced. His task is plain. To govern the assembly, to silence the gallery.

In him the delegates behold the unification of their desire for order. In him is vested their supreme will. They look to him.

Let us glance at this "bravest Democrat in America." He mounts the platform. A college president with the looks of a Presbyterian minister. He wears a white vest, black coat and trousers, and a white tie. On his breast he wears as a decoration an enormous lodge. His face is intellectual, his eyes deep set and dull-looking, his hair, eyebrows, and moustache mouse-colored. A whisp of hair falls over his forehead. The crowd in the gallery glance at him with curious eye. Has the Master come into the Convention? Will order be established? No. They felt it, gallery and delegates. This "bravest Democrat in America" is a man of words, not a man of masterful character, the man whose majesty of self is a defiant menace to riot and disorder.

The Permanent Chairman is merely a gifted speaker, one of those human vessels which pour out words and occasionally leak an idea.

The Master of the Gallery has not come, and the Gallery rules the Convention.

It is grotesque; this mild looking, clerical individual with a big lodge and a white tie in the presence of a mob—a clergyman at a target excursion.

Still, he is a taking speaker, even though he is not a presiding officer. He discusses the tariff. Whips over the old straw, and plainly indicates that nothing new in the issues of the party would cause men to rally to the support of the ticket.

And the din can be heard by a few, the observations of the Chair, that Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, has presented a gavel of zinc with which Missouri hoped the duty on that material will be speedily demised.

The gallery cries out for Campbell, Campbell of Ohio. And the hand plays the "Campbell's are Coming." And all of this is out of order.

But Chairman Wilson, the friend and allierent of





WM. P. VALE.



C. H. HOBBS.



J. P. SHERMAN.



JOHN D. KELLOGG.



JAMES W. WOODWARD.

Cleveland, hammers with his zinc gavel, and there is uproar.

Now I see a pretty scene. Don Manuel Dickinson is in one of the isles, surrounded by Cleveland men, urging them to insist upon the immediate nomination of Grover Cleveland. Now springs to his feet one Bourke Cockran, a stout, thick-necked, round-faced young Irishman, the orator of Tammany Hall. He swells high to bursting with indignation, the veins in his neck fill and his eyes bulge; earnestly and vigorously he demands of the Chairman that the aisles be cleared, that caucuses in Convention be stopped, and that silence be established. Around him cluster the Big Chiefs of Tammany—Croker, Murphy, Sickles, Flower, and Grant—approving his stand.

This is a rare show to the gallery.

The mob cries "platform." It is willing to hear him speak; but this gifted demagogue of the people is out of humor with the people. It believes he is saving himself for his effort in setting forth the honor and luminous qualities of his chief, the Rum-God of the Empire State. A mob laughs when its idol shows the temper of a peevish woman, and forgives with applause.

I have seldom witnessed such a scene in a national assembly. The Chairman with his zinc gavel is powerless.

Don Dickinson moves for an adjournment.

The gallery cries "no."

Nothing is heard of the debate which ensues.

Chairman Wilson announces the motion carried. The Convention is adjourned.

EVENING SESSION.—It is five o'clock.

Every seat is packed. The gallery, delighted with its achievements of the morning, is prepared to run the Convention.

It will be a long session. It will doubtless be a stormy one.

The cohorts of the Rum-God are determined to give the Fat Fisherman a struggle for the office of standard-bearer.

I am told private wires are run to the parlor of David Hill, and that he advises Big Chief Croker, of Tammany; private wires also run to Gray Beales, and Honest Grover Cleveland, with his brave-hearted little wife, wait the news.

Cleveland is in the hands of his friend William C. Whitney. If he had had the sense to remain in those gifted hands four years ago, he would have been in the White House to-day.

Four years have taught Grover Cleveland lessons. He learned the rottenness of New York State machine politics at one time, and at the next that he required a manager. His remarkable genius of good luck gave him William C. Whitney.

Let us look at Whitney! A gentleman by birth and breeding; a man of elegance, polish, and innate refinement; a lawyer who won his spurs at the bar, entered political life, ascended the ladder to a position in the Cabinet; a Secretary of the Navy who built up the navy, thereby leaving a perpetual monument of his wisdom and ability; a business man with large enterprises under his

control; a man of fortune; able, honest, trustworthy, energetic, with no desire for positions in public life; a man who could be Governor of his State, or Senator—brings to his friend Cleveland his wealth, ability, and energies. Months ago he said: "When the time comes, I am going to take off my shirt and work for Cleveland."

Tammany would have given him a Governorship or a seat in the Senate to keep that shirt on.

But the shirt came off.

And Tammany now says: "Well, we like Bill Whitney all the same; he is a good fellow fighting in the wrong cause."

Whitney is near me. I see by the nerves in his face the story of his fight. Beside him are his lieutenants, Harrity, Dickinson, and others. They have said to Croker: "We will nominate Cleveland on the first ballot."

And Tammany chiefs reply: "It is a bluff; Whitney plays the best game of poker in the East; he is bluffing."

But Croker and the officials of the State of New York—Flower, the Governor; Sheehan, Lieutenant-Governor; Mayor Grant of New York, the District Attorney, and others, who have the Empire State to force the Rum-God upon the "people" of a nation—are down-hearted. It is half-past five and Chairman Wilson pounds with his gavel.

The Convention comes to order.

Another reverent gentleman, Green by name and verdant by nature, sends upward a long prayer, and the gallery yells.

Governor Campbell visits delegation; recognized by the gallery, he is applauded.

Jones, of Missouri, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, rises to read the report of the Committee on Resolutions. Jones, who is playfully styled "Whiskers" by his friends, provokes a storm by the first word he utters. Mr. Vilas takes the platform to read the platform of the party. When he comes to the line, "the long line of Presidents from Madison to Cleveland," the supporters of Cleveland rise to their feet. For fully fifteen minutes the demonstration is tremendous. Tumultuous cheers fill the vast amphitheatre; banners, umbrellas, canes, handkerchiefs, hats, are frantically waved. Michigan waves the banner of Cleveland in the face of New York. Dickinson urges them on, and General Sickles shakes his crutch at it. For a while the delegates conduct themselves like infuriated animals. They are restrained from coming to blows.

It is amusing to see the police. They feel they must do something to restore order. Mr. Whitney's coat is torn open by a Chicago policeman to see whether he has a badge and business on the floor; ex-Mayor Grace is pushed into a newspaper correspondent's seat; Bourke Cockran is jostled, and the delegates are pushed and twisted about by the stupid but well-meaning police.

The heat is intense. Scarcely a man has his coat on. The kid glove element of the Democratic party look like workmen in the trenches.

There is a majority and minority report on the tariff. "Whiskers" Jones is opposed by Larry Meade, of Ohio,



JOHN D. KELLOGG.



W. J. SHEPHERD.



THOMAS H. JONES.



Wm. C. BARKER.





JOHN P. STARNES.



JOHN P. STARNES, JR.



JOHN P. STARNES, JR.



JOHN P. STARNES, JR.

Everybody wants to speak. Watterson, Hensel, Wallace, Cockran, Sheehan, and Collins want to be heard. And so do the n. h.

The n. h. has it. Chairman Wilson hammers with his gavel. He cannot command silence. He touches a button and signals the band to strike up.

All voices are drowned in music. The majority report favors the plank of 1884, the minority the plank of 1876. Finally a vote is taken. By a sweeping majority the plank of 1876 is adopted.

This is defeat for the Cleveland men; victory for Watterson.

This vote practically amends the plank which caused the defeat of 1888.

It is now nearly ten o'clock at night. The names of the candidates will be put forward. There is the wildest excitement in the gallery. The hour has come. The delegates get themselves ready for the struggle.

Chairman Wilson vainly endeavors to suppress the uproar. Alabama is called to put in nomination her choice for the Presidency. Alabama is not ready. She surrenders her place to New Jersey.

Governor Abbott, of New Jersey, springs to his feet. He declares that he presents the name of a man born on the soil of New Jersey; a man who has twice carried the electoral vote of the State, and will do so in 1892; a Democrat who his State believes can be elected. He names the name of Grover Cleveland.

What wild shouts; what hurrahs; what waving of banners! The band strikes up "Tarara Boom-de-ay." It was a grand, swinging chorus from enthusiastic Democrats. They shouted that way in June, 1888.

In the gallery Dr. Mary Walker made herself conspicuous. She endeavored to lead the cheers. Poor unfortunate woman. Her breeches killed her. She was a failure—just such a failure as all women are who forsake the hearth, the cradle, and the home to cut a figure in the rough and ready world of men.

Now the rain comes and the roof cannot keep it out. It falls on the followers of Cleveland, the Honest and Upright, and the factions of the Rum-God. It dampens the delegates, but does not quench the flames of their ardor. Still, amid the rumblings of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning, the business goes on.

Now comes William C. DeWitt, of Brooklyn, to the platform to present the name of David B. Hill. The old gag "I am a Democrat" was given with force, but it was rank and had a foul smell. It reeked with the slime of pipe laying and machine hog rolling. He bolstered up his candidate with the mention of such splendid names as Sickles and Shoups.

John F. Buncome, of Iowa, presents the name of Horace Boies. New York cheers; it will give appearance of strength to any candidate other than Cleveland.

Mr. Fenton, of Kansas, seconds Cleveland's nomination. Alexander McKenzie, of Kentucky, the wily, of the Blue Grass State, repeats his spirited performance of 1888, in seconding Cleveland. General Patrick Collins, of Massachusetts, denounces the faction in the

Democracy, and demands the nomination of Cleveland as proof that the party is not controlled by a faction. Hensel, of Pennsylvania, demands Cleveland.

Col. John R. Edwards, a small pocket edition of the late P. T. Barnum, seconds the nomination of Hill. The gallery interrupts and guys him and will not have it said that Hill represents the Democracy.

Henry Watterson, who did more in 1888 to injure the ticket than any other man in it, seconds the nomination of Boies.

Senator Daniel, of Virginia, seconds the nomination of "that upright, straightforward, unaltered Democrat, David B. Hill."

Hill's friends cheer; the gallery jeers. The uproar is awful. George Rames, of New York, demands that the Chair keep order. The zinc gavel is pounded in vain.

Bourke Cockran, the mighty gas-bag of Tammany, springs to his feet, glowing with excitement, perspiration, and anger. He shakes his fist at the Chairman—a favorite gesture of this demagogue. He, the Demon of Tammany, threatens to withdraw from the Convention.

Cries of "clear the gallery!" come to the Chair. Wilson orders the Sergeant-at-arms to keep order in the gallery.

A motion to adjourn is made. The Chair decides that the motion is out of order pending the roll call of States. Cockran appeals from the decision.

The roll call goes on. It is now two o'clock in the morning. The ballots are to be taken.

Alabama casts 14 for Cleveland; Arkansas, 16 for Cleveland; California, 18 for Cleveland; Colorado gives 5 to Boies and 3 to Hill; Connecticut, her 12 to Cleveland; Delaware, her 6; Florida, 5 out of 8; Georgia, 17 out of 26; Illinois, her 48 solid votes; Indiana, her 30; and so it goes—Cleveland votes swelling; Hill nowhere. New York gives her 72 Tammany-controlled votes to Hill. The machine responds to the man.

But the tidal wave of ballots sweeps Cleveland on to the front.

Grand work, Mr. William C. Whitney! Congratulations, Mr. President-maker!

Now for the count: Total votes, 906. Cleveland, 616; Hill, 114; Boies, 104; Gorman, 36½; Carlisle, 14. Necessary to a choice, 606.

Cleveland nominated on the first ballot! Hill snowed under. Cold day, David! Bad day, Mr. Tammany, for the "braves!"

Your one hour's eloquence, Mr. Cockran, was an ill-wind; Mr. Danton, of Tammany Hall, Tammanyville. David, you were killed by your own machine! Who killed David B. Hill? I, said Tammany Hall, with my little Crokers; I killed David B. Hill.

Amid the thunder of applause and the waving of banners and the blaring of the band, the Convention adjourns at half-past three in the morning.

### THE THIRD DAY.

AT THE CONVENTION.—Delegates weary. Hill men depressed. All hunch anxious to go home.



JOHN P. STARNES, JR.

Gray is determined to go on the ticket as Vice-presidential candidate. New York promised him its support.

Gray does not care who takes first place, if he only gets the second. He would sit on two stools, be they Cleveland or Hill.

New York drops him and supports Illinois's choice.

Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois, had small hopes of nomination when he went into the Convention. Whitney took him up, and nominated him.

Adlai E. Stevenson is a democrat of the old school, popular

with the Democracy of Illinois, served a term under Cleveland as First Assistant Postmaster General; was member of Congress in 1876.

The work of the Convention is over.

The candidates have been nominated. The gallery is satisfied, and amid hurrahs, catcalls, and shuffling the Convention adjourns.

All will meet on the field in November.

It will be a queer fight. What will New York Democrats do?

AMERICAN.



(From a recent photograph by C. M. Bell, Washington, D. C.)

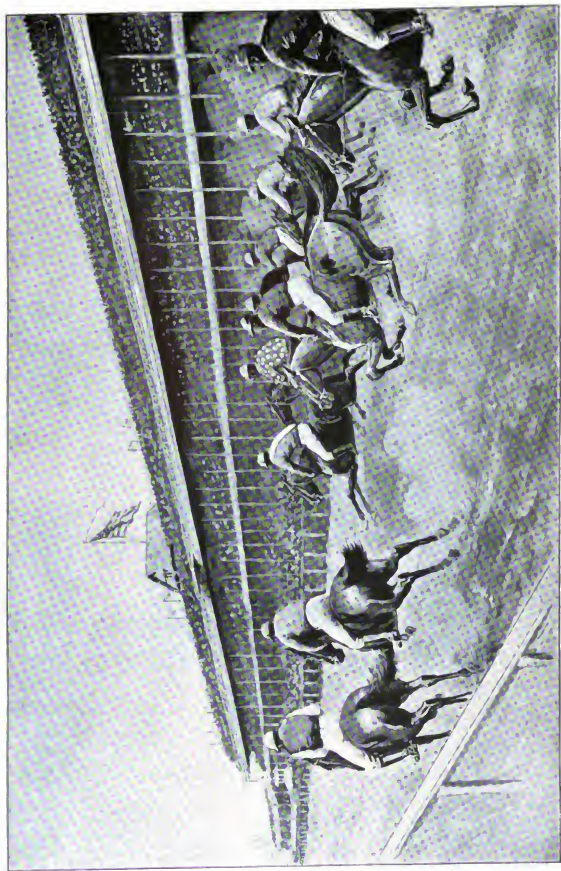
### ADLAI E. STEVENSON.

DEMOCRATIC VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

### Vice-Presidential Candidate Stevenson.

THE Hon. A. E. Stevenson is a Democrat of the old school. There is nothing of the Mugwump either in his temper or traditions. The State of Kentucky, fifty years ago, did not nurture any political half-breeds, and Adlai Stevenson's early surroundings were of the nature to discourage tepidity in political sentiment. In 1859, when about twenty-four years old, he started in to practice law at Matamoras, Ill. Here he remained for ten years, during which period he served as Master in Chancery of the Circuit Court for four years, and as District Attorney as long. In 1864 he stumped the State for Gen. McClellan, who was then the nominee of the party. Ten years later he was chosen to lead the forlorn

hope of the Democrats in a Congressional election. His opponent was Gen. McNeill, a Republican of especial partisanship, and the district had always been Republican by a majority of about 3,000. Stevenson was elected by a majority of 1,200. During the Hayes-Tilden tragedy of 1876—for the rape of the Presidency was a tragedy, as time will show—Stevenson was in Congress and was among the hottest opponents of the infamous schemes of Morton, Chandler, and others of that set. Upon retiring from Congress he resumed the practice of law at his home, Bloomington, Ill., and did not come again into public life until appointed First Assistant Postmaster General under Cleveland. Stevenson's popularity in Illinois transcends the bounds of party. He will get the votes of hundreds of Republicans who admire his gruff, sturdy, honest simplicity. Stevenson is a man of the Thurman type.



SUBURBAN DAY; FINISH OF THE RACE FOR THE SUBURBAN HANDICAP AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY, JUNE, 1892.

MAJOR DORRIS, SHERIDAN, AND FAMILY, REALIZING HIS DANGER, GOES TO THE WHIP ON MAJOR DORRIS, THE "ANASTAS" TALKS WITH THE MEN FROM MONTANA, BLEEDING ADAMS, SO THERE IS THE IMPACT OF HIS ALIEN, ENJOY BY EACH AT FIRST, AND THEN DIED IN 1901. AS THE MAJOR TIES, BOSS MONTANA GAIN, AND FINALLY, WHEN THEY YARLS FROM THE WIFE, AND THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THE SMOKE AND SPOOTS OF THE MULTITUDE NOW BEHOLD A MAREKON, YARLSON IS CONVINCE OF VICTORY.



N

EW YORK CITY is the centre of the American horse racing world. About it no less than four great race tracks, conducted under the liberal auspices of four wealthy Jockey Clubs, set before the racing public, spring and fall, attractive programmes. Now, however, can add to these a feature of interest equal to that furnished by the Coney Island Jockey Club at its spring meeting. In the brilliant calendar of race days, there is no event to match the Suburban Handicap.

The well-deserved popularity of the Suburban Handicap has raised it to the dignity of national consideration. From the Atlantic coast to the Pacific seaboard, from the frozen regions of the North to the sweltering bayous of the Gulf States, the result of the race is anxiously awaited. Indeed, the interest, so wide-reaching, so intense, is peculiarly significant of the love of Americans for gambling. It would be absurd to say that the millions of people who seek early and accurate information concerning the performances of the several swift "cracks," have any affection whatever for the noble beasts. Their concern is as to the decision of the judges. This means the losing or winning of money. The statement that no less than ten millions of dollars change hands by reason of the Suburban is neither wild nor improbable. It is a cold, solid fact.

This race is annually run during the month of June, on or about the same day of the month. The value of the race is \$25,000; \$5,000 to the second, \$2,000 to the third. The distance is one mile and a quarter. The weights are announced February 1.

If you, good sir, or lady fair, have little or no regard for creature comforts, Go to the Suburban; if you are anxious to be jostled, elbowed, set your bones creaking, and your ribs groaning, Go to the Suburban; if you wish to smell vile tobacco, be spat upon, and sworn at, Go to the Suburban; if you want to strain your eyes until they feel like hot grapes, and see nothing of the races, Go to the Suburban; if you want to preserve your love for your fellow creature, for sport, and get a clear idea of what is taking place on the race track, Don't go to the Suburban.

Down by the sea, within half a mile of the ocean, the Coney Island Jockey Club has set its track. It is as perfect as human skill and capital-lots of earth and money can make it. The clubhouse and grand stand, with an enormous seating capacity, adequate on all other occasions, afford meagre accommodations on this eventful day.

Before the race the betting enclosure seems to yawn for population, even though two hundred persons are walking about. "I could scarcely believe there were fools enough to fill this fool's paradise. But, as the song goes, 'a woman of the keenest wit is apt to be mistaken, oh!'" During the races men fought to enter this densely packed shed,

straggled faintly to reach the book-makers' stalls, jostled, elbowed, and shinned one another, in order to invest their hard-earned money in tickets that would become waste paper.

And this eighteenth day of June is Suburban Day! Onionous clouds rise above the ocean and move landward slowly. They are dark and threaten rain. Still they may change their minds, and roll and growl miles away from these few acres where the sporting event of the season is about to take place. Now and then a thin, transient cloud passes over the race course, marking its passage with a shadow which gives to the greensward a deeper hue; and again, this moist and airy trespasser is joined by other kindred, boon companions, veiling the blue arc above, and widening the shadows below; thus causing thousands, who seldom look upward, to scan the heavens with curious eyes. Thus between smiling skies and frowning clouds the hour, the all important hour, draws nigh.

By boat and rail, by buggy, barouche, and gay belted coach drawn by four prancing steeds, the motley crew assembles to witness the prowess of the aristocrats of the turf. With shouts, and cries, and calls they fill the seats on the grand stand, press into the members' boxes on the club gallery, and swarm over the gently sloping lawn between stand and rail.

Society, that mysterious and incongruous delegation from the ranks of the people, is fully represented. The descendants of the shopkeepers of a generation or two back look over the heads of the shopkeepers of the present generation, and are assured that racing is thus, by their presence, given a proper endorsement. The bright clothes and gay hats of the women relieve the sombreness of masculine attire, and lend to the picture an appearance of sweetness and cleanliness as cheerful to the eye as an oasis in the desert.

One hears little about horses in all the throng. Down near the paddock is a small, reserved space for members, which, as yet, has never been invaded by woman. Here a few men congregate and talk horse stables, breeding, and performances. These men have for the fleet-footed runners a wholesome and genuine affection. It was here August Belmont, Wiltshire, and a few others who have raised horse-racing to the standard of excellence it has attained as a national sport, sat and talked of the possibilities of the turf. But the crowd, the great, sweltering, vulgar crowd, have a day's interest only. They are out to make or lose money. Remove the betting ring and its opportunities to gamble, and the track would be poorly attended. One would think every man in America was possessed of riches on Suburban Day, judging from the rolls of bank notes with which every man seems provided before the race.

Mark you, before the race!

Three races have already been run. There has been some excitement and a great deal of betting, but all are holding back for the event—the event of the day.

The hand played popular tunes; the clouds rolled away for



SUBURBAN DAY: MARCUS DALY'S GREAT FOUR-YEAR OLD MONTANA, WINNER OF THE SUBURBAN HANDICAP.

a time, the ladies in the boxes became excited, and the thousands poured into the betting enclosure. Preferences in horses were followed with "bucking." Money accompanied selections. The choice of the crowd was for Montana, His Highness, Major Domo, and Pessara.

And now the contestants for the Suburban come on the track. A thrill follows the blood in a thousand veins. The hour is at hand. The hope of the Morris stable is centred in Russell. He first comes past the grand stand. A rousing cheer is given. Littlefield, his jockey, apparently hears nothing. Down the track he shakes out his mount, and speeds him a furlong. He is followed by Poet Scout, the pride of Kentucky, the best blood of the famous blue grass region, the gem of the famous Longfellow, "Pittsburgh Phil," and "Bob Aiken" place heavy stakes on this mount, although the public touch him gingerly. As the lengthy, slashing colt sped past, there were many who feared that that long gait would fetch him in the lead. Tournament followed, led by his colored trainer, while Lamplighter, escorted and fondled by his owner and trainer, came out of the paddock.

Now comes Montana, with a coat like polished bronze, and His Highness, the favorite. Behind follows Pessara, the second in the Brooklyn Handicap and the winner of the Metropolitan Handicap. The appearance of these three horses brings out a storm of applause. After these comes Locohatchee, the representative of the Ranocas stables, whom Hamilton had to declare two and a half pounds over, which raised his weight to 104½ pounds.

After the jockeys are weighed and mounted they are passed over to the starter, and then they file past the grand stand, proudly carrying the gay colors of their stables. The parade over, they canter down the track to the starter's stand.

What turning and twisting at the post! These gallant thoroughbreds are like a bevy of boarding-school girls. It is impossible to keep their heads in the direction necessary—the right one. The jockeys, too, are full of tricks and endeavors to get off to the front and close to the rail. Twice Starter Kove thought he had them off, but Locohatchee and Pessara stood still with their heads in the wrong direction. Again a fine break for a start was spoiled by Hamilton and Locohatchee. Finally the bunch got moving, and at a moment the red flag struck the dust.

"They are off!"

A thousand voices took up the cry.

Then came the struggle to see, the rush to the fence.

And they were off! Major Domo on the inside, Pessara on his right, Poet Scout and His Highness in the centre, and Russell on the outside, jumped the quickest into their bridle, Lamplighter and Tournament being close on their heels, with Locohatchee, who seemed sour and obstinate, conspicuously last. As soon as they settled down, Major Domo and Russell drew clear of their field, followed by Pessara who was two lengths before His Highness, Tournament, Picknicker, and Poet Scout, with Montana last, except Locohatchee, who, with irritating indifference to his owner's good money and hopes, refused to properly exert himself.

Utterly regardless of the predicament of the Ranocas colors, Major Domo, lapped by Russell, rushed past the stand like a whirlwind, heedless of what might confront them, without pity for those behind them. Pessara, unable to vie with their heart-breaking speed, had dropped back three lengths, and was accompanied by Tournament, with the tall, narrow Picknicker, the stout little His Highness, and the big, sturdy, white-faced Poet Scout, lapping one another two lengths before good, honest old Raceland, and Lamplighter, with Montana two lengths away, apparently unequal to the pace, and Locohatchee still skulking in the rear.

Faster and faster went the willing Major Domo, with Russell hanging on to him like a leech, and the burly Tournament, for once in his life, trying to overtake the leaders. As they made the far turn Major Domo shook off the Morris "crack," and as he passed the half-mile pole he was two lengths before Russell, who was barely clear of Tournament, with Pessara, His Highness, Picknicker and Poet Scout two lengths away doing their utmost to make up their lost ground, and Locohatchee, who was becoming interested in the mighty

struggle, by the side of Montana, who was being driven by Garrison, still the last pair.

As they continued Major Domo slowly but surely increased the gap between himself and Russell who still persisted in dogging his footsteps, while Pessara, with a great effort, moved up to Tournament's girths, Picknicker, His Highness, and Poet Scout still racing alongside one another, while old Raceland was already becoming leg weary, and Lamplighter was holding his position under persuasion.

Half way down the backstretch Major Domo had left his field six lengths behind, and as he neared his stables Tournament could no longer stand the big pressure, and he, in company with Russell, dropped back. All this time Garrison had continued driving Montana, who, never faltering, began to mow down his field, and as they made the far turn Lamplighter commenced to move up, Locohatchee still struggling in the rear, but evidently overhauling his fast tiring rivals. Half way down the turn Pessara and His Highness relinquished all hopes of catching the leader, and Major Domo, still full of life, swung into the homestretch five long lengths before the horse of California, the trusted of the public. By this time Garrison had become anxious, and straining every fibre in his body, he asked Montana to make one supreme effort. The big-hearted colt answered his call as only a thoroughbred can, and by the time the last furlong was reached, scarcely daylight separated him from the leaders.

Only another two hundred and twenty yards and the great struggle would be over. Major Domo was doing all he could to keep in front to the end. He knew there was an opponent close on his heels, but he was weary.

His legs were like tons of lead; he could scarcely drag one after the other; yet, for his master's sake and the glory of it, he must struggle on. Oh! that he was as fresh and strong as he was two minutes before; but such hopes were useless. Heavier and heavier became his legs, until he staggered with exhaustion and, unable to resist Montana's determined rush fifty yards from home, he was vanquished by a scant length. While this relentless struggle was being fought, Lamplighter was overhauling the two at every stride, but his gallant effort was too late, and he had to be content with the barren honor of third position, beaten by the narrow margin of a head. Poet Scout was fourth, five lengths away; Locohatchee was fifth, Pessara sixth, and Russell and Picknicker the last pair.

For whom do the cheers of the throng go up? Is it horse or is it rider? Might not the touch of Garrison's whip, the jab of his spur, the encouragement of his voice, have pushed Major Domo to the infinitesimal added exertion that would have brought him first under the wire? Might not even Lamplighter have responded to the cheery sympathy of that bunch of vigorous muscles and magnetic nerves that straddles the winner? "And the waves bound beneath as a steed that knows its rider," says Byron.

Even the prosy mind of the professional bettor takes into account the innate mastery that blends horse and jockey into the flying Centaur—eager, keen, confident of victory. The man of wagers stakes his money not alone on blood, record, or form. He must know what hand will direct the form, what voice will stir the blood, what mind will compare the past achievements of his mount with those of his rivals.

No wonder that while Montana is led away to his stable, sponged, rubbed, blanketed like an athlete, a host of shouting, exultant, half-crazed men lift his rider from the ground, decked with the buds and laurels of an Olympian victor, to smile his patronizing response to myriad applauders.

## PAINTINGS OF THE DAY.

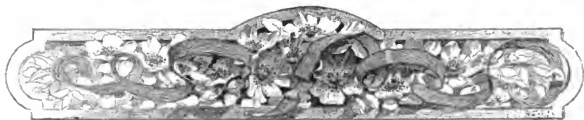
I. "EASY VICTORY." BY F. ANDREOTTI.

WE reproduce, on page 350, "Easy Victory," by F. Andreotti, a painting characteristic of the artist and essentially pleasing in itself. The tale told by the laughing eyes and smiling lips is too evident to need explanation. The artistic qualities of the painting are as excellent as the subject is charming. The modeling of the face in particular is most skillfully executed, and the effects of the lights and shadows are judiciously arranged.





OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS: LIV. WILLIAM J. LEMOINE. (See page 382.)



## IN SEARCH OF A LOST RACE.\*

“THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN’S” EXPEDITION, SENT TO EXPLORE THE RUINED PUEBLOS OF THE SOUTHWEST.

### VI. THE GREAT RUINS OF UPPER McELMO CREEK.

AFTER having examined the ruins and hieroglyphics of Yellow Jacket and Hovenweep Canyons, the survey moved up the famous Ruin Cañon for a distance of ten miles. This cañon is one of several which branch from Upper McElmo Creek, and have been known only to wandering cowboys and Indians. The Wetherills, a family of several brothers, were recently through the cañon with a Mr. H. Jay Smith. But THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN SURVEY was the first to attempt to examine the extensive ruins thoroughly.

The gorge containing the ruins forks at its upper end, and the ruins themselves occupy the northwest branch and a few hundred yards of the main cañon just below the forks. There is only one large ruin in the northeast fork, which is at the head of the cañon. Mr. Cowen’s map, made from a careful survey, gives the exact location of each one of the towers, dwellings, and cave-shelters.

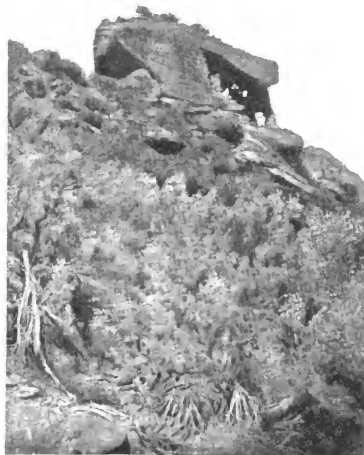
The cañon containing the ruins does not average more than seventy feet in depth from the mesa on either side. It is not very wide, yet a wilder place could scarcely be imagined. Great crags of sandstone jut out on either side, masses of rock have detached themselves from the walls and tumbled into the gorge below, a dense growth of sage brush covers the bottom, while the topmost ledges hang out for many yards, thus forming natural caves. The inhabitants of the cañon took advantage of the inaccessible nature of the gorge and constructed three kinds of buildings

therein. First, large towers with very thick walls; these were placed upon commanding positions. Second, compartment houses, or small pueblos, which were built so as to be protected by the towers. Third, cave dwellings and cave-shelters. The former were well constructed and consisted of one or more walls, inclosing a natural cavern in the rock. The latter were

very primitive indeed. It seems as if many of the inhabitants of the valley had lived in natural caves or in the great hollows formed by one large flat rock resting upon another. Occasionally small walls were built on the most exposed side, but more frequently the rocks alone formed the walls and roof of the habitations.

This group of ruins is so important that it necessitates a detailed description. Beginning at the east and running west, we have lettered the more important ruins on the map. The small and dilapidated ones, to the number of about thirty, are not lettered. The first ruin in sight is a large tower lettered “A.” As one approaches it another

tower lettered “B,” standing alongside of “A,” is observed. These two towers have been named “The Twins,” on account of their similarity. They are both built on large oblong sandstone boulders just below the edge of the cliff. “A” is 16 feet high, and 19.3 feet across at the base. The rock upon which it stands is 24 feet high and 48 feet in length. It has no windows, and the only entrance to it is a small door, 1 1/2 feet in width, at the bottom of the tower on the eastern side. As in the case of nearly all the towers of this group, one side is square and the other rounded. It is really a



CAVE-SHELTER WITH RUINS OF TOWER ON TOP OF BOULDER.

The boulder seems to have been hollowed by the combined action of wind, sand, and water. The shelter is divided into two rooms by a partition. The boulder is about 30 feet long and 12 feet high. The rubbish on top indicates that a small tower once stood there.

\* See Nos. 111, 116, 119, 121, 122, and 124 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.



combination of a square and a circle. The masonry is excellent, sandstone blocks, averaging 14 by 5 by 4 inches, having been used in its construction. The several towers similar to "A" and "B" were manifestly designed for defense, for on all sides are small port-holes about 3 or 4 inches in diameter. Those in the lower story point directly outward, those in the second slightly downward. All the port-holes are plastered within with adobe, so that an arrow or spear could be discharged easily.

Tower "A" consists of four rooms upon the ground floor. Toward the east, the room in the square end was 4 by 4 by 2.7 feet. The central chamber was 7.5 by 6 by 4.3 feet. The two rooms in the west or circular end were 7.6 by 6.3 feet. A fissure separates the rock upon which "A" stands from the main cliff.

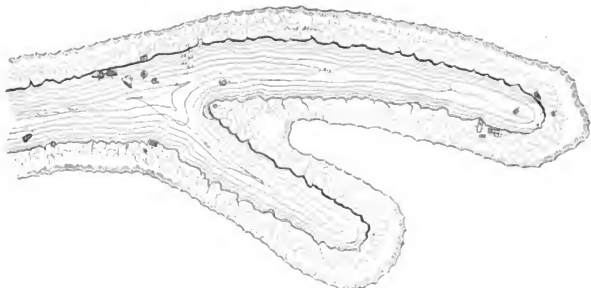
Tower "B" is now two stories in height, the third, or upper story, having fallen down. It is 21 feet in height at present, its walls 14 inches in thickness, and its diameter at the base is 21.4 feet. A fissure, 8 feet in width, separates it from the main cliff. It was originally divided into six rooms upon the ground floor. The rock upon which the tower was built stood 34 feet in height. Just underneath

some time and care would be required to scale the cliff, and the occupants would have abundant opportunity to repel a number of invaders who were without ladders. The rafters in all the towers are in the last stages of decay. Scarcely half a dozen in the entire series of buildings extend across the rooms.

Hollow Boulder "C" stands opposite the junction of the two upper cañons, and is 39 feet long and 20 feet high. The rock leans somewhat, about eight degrees. Within the boulder is a hollow 18 by 7.8 feet. The cave is walled and divided into two rooms. The outer wall has fallen down and the inner room alone remains standing. This cave dwelling is in a bad state of preservation, and the original shape of the entire dwelling cannot be determined at present. There is the remains of a tower on top of the boulder.

Many rattlesnakes abound in Ruin Cañon. Several nests were discovered in the neighborhood of the Twin Towers and Hollow Boulder. The young men of the survey saw several, a few of which were killed, but the larger ones escaped.

Square Tower "D" stands upon the topmost ledge directly opposite the point, the dividing ridge between the cañon forks. The entrance faces the cañon, and the building



MAP OF RUIN CAÑON, SAN JUAN COUNTY, UTAH.

(Drawn from an actual survey by C. Conner, C. E., of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN'S Expedition.) This map shows the location of the principal ruins and of the towers defending the entrance to the cañons. The country is of the most rugged nature, but there is every indication that it was once the home of a considerable population.

the base of the tower, atmospheric agencies in past ages cut out a small cavern some 12 feet in width and 5 feet high. Primitive man took advantage of this and constructed two small cave dwellings. Numerous port-holes were observed in Tower "B."

Stronger habitations could scarcely have been constructed by these people, even had they more improved implements with which to work. When one considers that all these thousands of sandstone blocks were hewn out with stone tools, and fashioned into buildings by primitive masons; that arches and doorways and windows and port-holes were accurately and neatly and substantially constructed, one justly accords the builders a degree of architectural skill reached only by races of other lands who had the use of metal and the communication of thought by written characters. In these towers there is but one entrance to each room. The entrances are usually toward the cañon or, as in the case of Towers "A" and "B," toward the edges of the boulder highest from the ledge below. This would necessitate the use of small ladders, which the builders could draw in and thus prevent their enemies from entering rapidly. That is, entrance could be forced to many of the towers without ladders (as we climbed in, but

stands 12 feet in height, 21.3 feet east and west, and 10.8 feet north and south. There are no windows, but numerous port-holes. The masonry is only fair. As the entrance is 3 or 4 feet from the edge of the cañon, an enemy could readily gain access; so the builders constructed two walls, several feet in height, at each corner of the building nearest the cañon. The building commands the unprotected boulder dwelling below. There are at least twenty port-holes in the walls.

Ruins "E" and "F" are half way between the top and the bottom of the northwest cañon. Both are dilapidated, and although notes, as in the case of all the smaller ruins, were taken in full, a description of them would scarcely interest the readers of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

Square Tower "G" is the tallest tower standing. It was built upon a boulder 10 feet high, 16 feet wide, and 20 feet long. It originally had four stories, three of which are now standing. The tower tapers at the top. There are no port-holes in the lower story, quite a number in the second, and very many, indeed, in the third. We are convinced that it was the most important position for defense in the entire group. The fourth story would command the plain above. Even should the enemy succeed in eluding the other towers,

they would be unable to pass this one in safety. Should any of the defenders become wounded, they could descend into the lower story and be perfectly safe. The doorway is T-shaped. Many of the entrances to the building are of this peculiar pattern. A similar preference in constructing doorways has been noted in the ruins of Mexico and Yucatan. Possibly it has some symbolic significance. The masonry in the tower is second only to that of "L" and "N."

As will be seen from the map, ruins "G" to "N," inclusive, are all bunched together in the head of the cañon. It seems to have been a preferred spot for dwellings and, consequently, a very vital point to be defended. The water has washed out a great cave, marked on the map "K," in the north side of the cañon, and a smaller one in the northwest end of the cañon, marked "J." Tower "G" splendidly com-

dwelling thus formed. The doorway is about the smallest we encountered. An examination of the interior of this dwelling resulted in the finding of ashes, pottery fragments, and bones, covering the floor. Most of the cliff houses have been occupied until fully 18 inches of debris cover the stone floors beneath. One of the men was set to work excavating in several of these chambers. He found nothing of importance. Roving bands of Ute and Navajo Indians have gutted nearly all these ruins. The post traders pay the Indians for such pottery, axes, and arrow-heads as they bring in, hence the vandalism is encouraged.

At the point marked "K" the cavern in the cañon is 150 feet in length and 20 feet in height. The wall above hangs over at least 20 feet. The Cliff Dwellers constructed within the friendly shelter thus afforded a large compartment dwelling



THE TWIN TOWERS.

Both are built on large oblong sandstone boulders, just below the edge of the cliff. As in nearly all the towers of this group, one side is square and the other rounded. They were manifestly designed for defense. All the port-holes are plastered with adobe, so that an arrow or spear could be discharged easily.

mands both of these. Upon the mesa, extending back for 20 or 30 yards from the edge and following the curvature of the head of the cañon, is a good sized pueblo ruin at present almost entirely destroyed. Buildings, marked "H" and "I" upon the plan, protected the two sides of the pueblo next to the mesa. "H" stands 15 feet high and 30 feet at the base. "I" stands 11 feet high and 14 feet at the base. Both of them have numerous port-holes. Great piles of debris surround the base and follow the curvature of the cañon for 130 yards. Where the walls have fallen one can trace circular and square rooms to the number of forty or fifty. Rectangular rooms are also discernible.

Descending to the bottom of the cañon, we find cliff house "J." The boulder outcrops 10 or 12 feet. A wall has been built across the mouth of the opening, and a small but secure



SQUARE TOWER "G."

This is the tallest tower standing. It had originally four stories, three of which remain. It was the most important position for defense in the entire group. It was so constructed that should any of the defenders be wounded, they could seek safety in the lower story, the walls of which were without loopholes.

of nine rooms. Each room was small, but taken altogether they covered an extent of about 60 feet, 14 feet in height, and 16 to 18 feet in depth. The walls dividing one room from another, and also the front walls have nearly all fallen down. There is a trace of one T-shaped door. The stones used in constructing the room are much smaller than those found in the towers. The base of the cliff rooms are 15 feet from the bottom of the cañon. Quite long ladders were required in gaining access to them.

Dwellings "L," "M," and "N" are three of the largest and most important ruins in the entire cañon. "L," in particular, is splendidly preserved, and comprises the best architectural skill displayed in any of the buildings which we have attempted to describe and illustrate. The stones in it are all neatly trimmed and well laid. The three ruins stand



directly upon the edge of the cliff. On the cañon side "L" is 39 feet long, and is divided into five rooms; on the side of the mesa there are four rooms. Two and a half stories are standing, and about one and a half have fallen, making its original height four stories or twenty-six feet. There is but one doorway, and that faces the cañon. It is 20 feet from the steps, cut in the face of the rock, to the cañon below. As in the case of the building previously mentioned, a very long ladder must have been used to gain access. The circular end is toward the east. There are port-holes pointing so directly downward that a man standing at the base could be

shot by those within. The walls are a trifle over 14 inches in thickness. "M" and "N" are fortified compartment houses, comprising a total of twenty-six rooms. They were once connected. A high semicircular tower stands on the east side or toward the mesa. One of the larger rooms in this was cleaned out and examined. It had been used for many years, and the bed rock was worn smooth by the long occupation. Bushels of ashes, pottery fragments, several mortars and pestles, and a large stone axe were found in the debris. The walls of "L," "M," and "N" are 3 feet thick at the base but taper toward the top. In a certain portion of "L" it appears that the wall was broken through, either by an enemy or for some unknown purpose, and afterward repaired.

Tower "P" is on the point where the cañon divides. It is circular and only one story in height, although it commands a very important position, and stands on a high boulder. It is in a badly decayed condition. The port-holes command the whole cañon. Tower "Q" stands upon a high boulder about half way down the side of the cañon. It is 13 feet in height, or 50 feet from its top to the bottom of the cañon. But one side is standing. In order to get the altitude it was necessary to climb to the top of this frail, tottering wall. This feat was accomplished, not without considerable risk, for one could look straight down the side of the boulder to the cañon below. The wind was blowing a gale, and that, together with the weight of the man, made the old wall vibrate perceptibly.

"S," "T," and "V" are small ruins in a bad condition. "R" is a good sized compartment house standing originally two stories in height, on the edge of the cliff, and having six rooms upon the ground floor. It is 33 feet in length and 19 feet in width. There is one small separate room joined to it, 9.2 by 8.4. As in the case of "S," "T," and "V," it is upon the north side of the main cañon below the forks.

"U" is a very strong compartment house, or castle, built upon a huge boulder, slightly below the main cliffs on the north side. It is separated from the cliff by a fissure 30 feet in width and 25 feet deep. The rock has a slope or dip toward the south, of eight degrees, and toward the east of about the same. The house upon it is 39 feet long, 9 feet wide, and 15 feet high. It was divided into four rooms, and was about as inaccessible as any one of the ruins. This castle, standing so high upon its foundation, caught the first rays of the morning sun. It formed a beautiful background for our camp, which we pitched near it, alongside of a small spring.

Some very important facts concerning the ancient dwellers in the San Juan Valley, properly known as the Cliff Dwellers, are deduced from this group of ruins. First, the ruins are miles from any other group. Second, the soil about them is not tillable. Third, there is no indication from the Lower McElmo that such a body of ruins exists at its head. Fourth, the character of the buildings indicate that they were constructed for defensive purposes. Fifth, we were unable to find a cemetery or burying-ground accompanying the ruins. Sixth, so far as we are able to judge, the ruins do not mark the existence of a people greatly different from the pueblo dwellers the Spaniards found living in this very region in the sixteenth century.

With reference to the ruins themselves, they mark the existence of a considerable village. When that village was inhabited, we are unable to say. We are inclined to the opinion that it was abandoned several centuries ago. In support of this theory, we would offer the following facts: Many of the ruins are tumbled down, some of which scarcely a vestige remains. A great many of the stones used in the walls have been taken from other buildings, because they are covered with mortar on the outside or show re-dressing. The wind has shifted great banks of sand about the base of many of them. The stones show great weathering, and many of the steps, cut in the sides of the canon to lead to the cliff houses above, have been almost entirely worn away by the action of wind and sand.

The ground in the canon and upon the surrounding mesa is strewn with arrow-heads, pottery fragments, and implements and utensils used both for hunting and domestic purposes. The total number of rooms in the entire series is not far from three hundred and twenty. It will, therefore, be seen that a considerable population was supported at this place.

Upon coming up the valley the ruins present a very striking appearance. High up upon the cliffs or upon isolated boulders, they stand out in strong relief against the sky. They seem all the more important because of their division into two groups. Each ruin is a fortress in itself.

The pueblo dwellings are scattered broadcast throughout all the fertile valleys of the San Juan. The Mound Builder villages and enclosures of the Ohio Valley are also scattered over a great territory. The cliff inhabitants' dwellings are located in villages at the heads of narrow, deep, and barren gorges. One naturally asks why the builders did not follow the customs of other aboriginal tribes. It is apparent that they were pursued and hunted to the death by savages from a distance, and were, therefore, compelled to seek out these inaccessible homes. The reader may naturally inquire, "If the soil of the canons was barren, upon what did the inhabitants subsist?" Mr. Gannett's article upon the hieroglyphics will answer this question. When a barbarian makes pictures he naturally portrays those things, animals, and other life with which he is familiar; in fact, it would be impossible for him to do otherwise. So that when we see hundreds of figures of goats and sheep in the groups of picture-writings, we naturally conclude that he reared both goats and sheep. Thus he had food, milk, and wool and hair for clothing. The Messrs. Wetherill have found great deposits of turkey dung and bones in the cliff houses, and they firmly believe the inhabitants domesticated the turkey. While in Ruin Canon nothing could be raised, beans, pumpkins, corn, and melons could be had by barter from the larger villages of the same people in the Mancos Canon, forty miles away. Suppose in case of a siege such supplies had been intercepted, the hardy Cliff Dweller would have no trouble in existing on his goats and turkeys.

It is very strange that no cemetery was found near the ruins. Possibly continued trenches in various directions might reveal it. Our stay in the canon was necessarily of brief duration, and excavating on a large scale was entirely out of the question. When some of the members of the present survey were at Port Ancient, in Ohio, a few years ago, the burial ground of the people who constructed the earthworks was not discovered until after weeks of patient digging. If



TOWER AT JUNCTION OF CANONS.

It is circular and only one story in height, although it commands a very important position. It is badly decayed.

the same measures were observed in Ruin Canon, we are confident that the archaeologist would reap a large reward.

It has been demonstrated by the work of the government, the World's Columbian Exposition, and private surveys in the Mississippi Valley, that the country was occupied in pre-Columbian times by tribes of savages of varying intelligence. None of them were civilized, nor could they, on the other hand, be considered barbarians. The same law, we are convinced, can be applied to the inhabitants of the San Juan Valley. The pueblo builder and the cliff house builder stood on an equality as regards architecture and pottery making. The pueblo inhabitant was a superior tiller of the soil, the cliff house resident a superior warrior, possessed of some idea of the principles of fortification and of the best means for defense. The inscriptions upon the rocks cannot properly be called hieroglyphics, but partake more of the nature of pictures such as the Indians of the plains were wont to make upon buffalo hides, giving an account of the exploits and history of the heads of certain clans. If we mistake not, the Bureau of Ethnology has advanced similar conclusions, based upon the careful studies of their various representatives in the field.

Our conclusions do not necessarily imply that the cliff houses are of recent date. Many of the pueblos are modern, but the cliff dwellings themselves have every appearance of age.

There is a great opportunity for the student of archaeology in the McElmo Canon, but he should not fall into the error of a romancer, and attribute virtues and ability to the aborigines above that which they really possessed. Americans can take a lesson from the patient and thorough French or English archaeologists who make no rash statements, or advance hasty conclusions. Following in the footsteps of this survey, some institution should send a party of competent archaeologists to open cemeteries, measure crania, collect implements and utensils, and follow out in detail the plan we have already outlined.

Then will the life of the ancient dweller in the San Juan Valley be fully appreciated and understood. Hasty travelers and relic hunters have already done an immense amount of damage in connecting these people with the Atlatls on one hand or the Mound Builders on the other.

WARREN K. MOOREHEAD.

## Ineffable Meanness of Some "Great Dailies."

JOURNALISM may not have lost the breed of noble bloods, but surely a strain of infinite vulgarity seems at present to have the upper hand.

The pettiness of the daily press has long since passed the remotest bounds of impudence; it is now wallowing in the rankest fens of impudence.

One wonders upon what scant and dried-out kickshaws our printing-Casars feed, that they are grown so mean.

Though all times and all seasons are fit unto their varietal wits for the discovery of their paltriness, it seems to take a good four years for the full exhibition of their ill-conditioned fancy. Just as the ancient athletes reserved their utmost endeavors for the quadrennial display on the Olympic fields, so the recurrence, every four years, of a Presidential campaign is the occasion of the tensest exertion of journalistic vulgarity.

Why men who are proposed for the posts of a nation's highest distinction, should be made the special victims of this periodic riot of vile taste, must probably remain forever one of the most closely guarded secrets of the journalistic cult.

It is in the most unblushing scrutiny into the smallest concerns of life, the most minute discovery of all the details of domestic arrangements, the blatant exposition of every little intimate feature of family and household, that the evil genius of the diurnal press evinces itself most conspicuously.

Think of one of the "great dailies," for example, hastening to announce the discovery, gleaned from a Broadway haberdasher, than an ex-President of the United States, who has recently received a renomination, wears silk undershirts!

**Silk undershirts.  
Why not?**

And not content with imparting this valuable information to the public, the editor of the "great daily" publishes the results of his investigations into the probable cost of a nether-shirt of such fine material, and of a size sufficient to compass the girth of the wearer.

One might think that such prying methods could go no higher.

But the genius of journalism, in this particular instance, pursues the logical sequence of matters and comments upon the proportionate expensiveness of the garment that completes the train of evidence of the ex-President's luxurious modishness.

Factional hatred may possibly account for such indecorous license—nothing can excuse it—but, in the case of an equally distinguished example of journalistic immaturity, there is not even that dubious palliation of the offence.

In the account of the domestic ordering of Mr. Whitelaw Reid's affairs, that I take from another of those "great dailies," there is not the slightest sign of even latent bad intention. On the contrary, the author of the strange screed in reference could not have worked with shrewder kindness if he had especially designed the ephemeral memoir for campaign purposes, and for its obvious ingenueness, one might fancy that it was cunningly planned and wrought to appeal to various elements in the community—elements of no particular regard in ordinary times, but to be tickled and coddled sedulously in the momentous days preceding an election.

The palpable ear-marks of a less subtle intention, however, preclude any such apology for the matter.

It is just simply a plain every-day exhibition of villainous bad-taste.

Not quite so flagrant as the instance of the silken undergarment, and prompted by an opposite motive; but still the same vein in its essential quality of manner.

A mere glance at the unbroken furniture and well-preserved bric-a-brac in Mr. Reid's house at Ophir Farm convinced the editor of the "great daily" before us that the married life of the "litterateur" and the "millionaire's daughter" had been singularly peaceful and happy; more, "it is idealistic."

This declaration is preceded by sundry sly hints of the emotions and uncertainties of the preliminary courtship; "but in the end," we are told with supererogatory exactness, "he was accepted" and "she became his wife."

Having thus satisfied himself of the regular and orderly marital status of his host, the editor walked out upon the piazza where he almost had his breath carried away by the marvellous sight of Mr. Reid's two children apparently absorbed in volumes of juvenile stories.

"Later, when introduced to Master and Miss Reid, he was afforded an opportunity to examine their books."

The young man gave no certain index of the reader's character, but "a moment's chat with little Jean, as she turned the leaves of her book, 'The Wide-Awake Story Book,' convinced the editor that she was a child of keen perceptions."

Determined, however, to learn something definite of the mould and temper of the nine-year-old scion of possibly-vicerepresidential stock, the editor ventured to put the youth through the critical test of an interview.

**Master Reid interviewed.**

This is the result of this daring piece of journalistic enterprise, omitting a few inconsequential details:

"You are fond of reading, are you, Ogdin?" the editor queried.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you glad to get back to Ophir Farm after being so long abroad?"

"Yes, sir."

"You like America better than France, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"He seems to be patriotic," observed the editor, turning to Mr. Reid.

"I should hope so," responded the father, beaming proudly.

"What sort of amusements do you go in for, Ogdin? Have you a pony?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have you dogs?"

"Yes, sir."

The evident precocity transpiring from this remarkably clever and non-committal category of answers is not surprising when it is learned from the editor that the hopeful's mother, whose first thought is of her home and children, had too high an opinion of the dignity and responsibilities of motherhood to share them with a nursing bottle.

It is when the Park Row Boswell reenters the mansion that he loosens the snaffle of his nice discrimination and allows his licentious fancy for details to run riot.

There he finds that "little Jean, though only eight years old, has her own private bath-tub attached to her room, which is a marvel of beauty, while Master Mills, a cheery little lad of nine bright summers, is similarly provided for on his side of the house."

**Miss Reid, aged 8, and Master Mills, aged 9, have bath-tubs on opposite sides of the house.**

What could more clearly attest the superiority of the Reids' menage over that of the common run of families whose children are cruelly forced to share their bath-tubs with the kitchen help and the chambermaids?

A household wherein such extravagant care is bestowed upon the comfort of the little ones, is, of course, proportionately generous in whatever touches the lord and lady.

"Mr. Reid has a private bath-room simply elegant in its appointments," and he uses it every day. "Mrs. Reid's sleeping apartments," the conscientious editor tells us, "are furnished in red with exquisite taste, and are connected by a private hall with Mr. Reid's bedroom," showing that the European custom of placing the *chambre de lit* of the respective heads of the family at opposite sides of the courtyard, has never gained a footing in the household of the former Minister to France.

Going below stairs, the editor finds that "the male servants at Ophir Farm are a model set. There is, however, an utter absence of display or parade of the master's ample wealth."

Now, what a contrast is presented by that latter comment, to the pomp and ostentation that prevail in the servants' halls of people who are not running for office! Can't you see, in your mind's eye, a long line of Mr. Reid's cooks, butlers, scullions, and maids, standing, sedate and simple, with not a suspicion of "display or parade of the master's ample wealth"? Compare that Arcadian, almost religious, picture with the wonted vision of the kitchen floor, with the roast-cook strutting about in a Tuxedo, the pastry-baker lolling around in a

suit of white Thibet cloth, and dish-washers performing their duties in pearl tint kids!

Breaking away from the impressive "absence of display or parade of the master's ample wealth," Boswell makes his way to the attic floor where he discovers that "Cecile, Mrs. Reid's

**A Swiss guard.** maid, entered the family as a nurse and served in that capacity for some time. She is a Swiss Protestant from Lausanne, and her mistress prizes her highly." I don't care to question the merits of the young lady or to doubt that she came from Lausanne, but there is a fine Quartier Latin odor about that fetching cognomen of "Cecile" that suggests a very brief stay in Lausanne.

"Miss Such, the children's governess, is a highly accomplished woman." "Their first governess was Miss Ribghini, but as her health recently failed and she is now in Europe," the Reids' historiographer can furnish us no account of her talents and equipments. It is to be presumed, though, that she is a very superior person.

There are, besides, "two nurses, a German girl, and a Swiss girl who speaks French, both selected because of the advantages derived by the children from conversing with them in foreign languages," and as if we were not already sufficiently impressed with the chaste charms, the domestic simplicity, and the perfect appointments of the *menager*, the Park Row Boswell drags us off to gaze upon a handsomely decorated apartment, especially reserved as "a place for tender confidences between mother and children"—a decided improvement upon the rude recess in the wood-shed, that in families of less elegance is set apart for the "tender confidences between the children" and whichever head of the household has the ordering of those affairs.

Surely conscientious accuracy could go no further than in the article from which I have quoted so liberally. Even the excursion to the nether-garments of a candidate, undertaken by the editor of another of "the great dailies," is inferior as an affair of historical precision whatever may be its excellence as a work of letters and politics.

It is the constant excuse of the editors of "the great dailies," that in giving out the rubbish and rot with which their columns teem, they but supply a public demand.

And yet it is open to question whether there is any irresistible popular cry for an account of the sort of undershirt affected by one candidate, or the fashion of bath-tub employed by another.

## EMIN'S DEATH DESIRED.

EMIN PACHA, with characteristic Teutonic perversity, refuses to hasten the solution of the African question by dying. With the disappearance of the stubborn little German, several of the European powers fancy they would see their way clear to what they term a protectorate over a great stretch of African territory, once nominally held by him for Germany. Ever since he returned to his stamping ground in the Wadial region, after Stanley had succeeded in rescuing him by inciting mutiny and rebellion among Emin's troops, and by dragging the leader himself down to the coast almost by the tails of his coat, the European diplomats have been endeavoring to rid themselves of his awkward presence on earth. They have had poor Emin tainted by rumor with everything from acute sciatica to virulent smallpox. A dozen times they have pointed thumbs downward in the hope and expectancy that Emin would turn toes upward. But it was no go. Once they went so far as really to drop him out of a window in Zanibar, but "Dutch luck" was against them, and they did no more than break a few of Emin's bones and fracture his skull. For some days after the accident they rested their hopes on the probability of pyæmia; but Emin hadn't been a target for African malaria and arrows for ten years to be carried off by such a bagatelle as blood-poisoning. So, to the consternation of all diplomatic Europe, he arose one morning, put his broken limbs into splints and his fractured skull in a sling, and trotted back into the interior. He is still engaged in the peaceful pursuit of gathering bugs, and a large German flag secures him the freedom from interference required by his entomological studies.

## Fads, Facts and Fancies.

### Commentary upon Events, Episodes and Incidents of Current Interest.

WHITELAW REID's salary of \$8,000, as Vice-President, would compensate him in part for the added expense of employing union labor in the office of the *Tribune*.

WHAT with political conventions and the opening in New York of a restaurant by an unfortunate and eccentric old gentleman named Hutchinson, the newspapers are having a busy time of it.

PAIEREWSKI's performances have met with such unprecedented financial rewards in London that it is now only a question of days before Mr. Burnand, of *Punch*, comments on the skill with which he *lets* the piano.

FEEDING at the public crib in Washington seems to possess all the virtues of Peruvian bark. Malarial mists from the Potomac are said to be growing in virulence; but the old proverb about few office-holders dying and none resigning continues to hold its own.

EMPEROR WILLIAM has been thrown from his carriage again. This is the sixth time within the past four months that the court-circulars of Germany have recorded similar narrow escapes of the beloved kaiser from such accidents. William is evidently bound to keep his name before the public, if it takes a leg.

THE recent riot at a bull-fight in the Spanish province of Jaen has recalled public attention in this country to the cruelty and brutality of the national sport of Spain. Criticism and comment, however, had better be somewhat tempered in view of approaching prize-fights to-a-finish, and in consideration of the fatal outcome of several recent initiations into college societies.

THE only effective argument yet advanced against the establishment of the proposed church-saloons, is the fact that places of that sort always dispense a very poor quality of liquor. It is a curious circumstance that a man may possess the nicest judgment in the fit choice of psalms, and yet go all to pieces when it comes to the selection of the brand of beer best suited to his congregation.

IT is said that due warning has been served on the managers of the Republican campaign to choose their language with some care when seeking to influence voters by grotesque allusions to Mr. Cleveland's physical proportions. Strangely enough, it is a newspaper in Mr. Harrison's own home that offers the timely advice, reminding the promoters of the President's interests that whatever may be Mr. Cleveland's girth and heft, Mr. Harrison himself is no peachbloss vase in grace of contour, nor a Sassoferrato in delicacy of color.

IN this parlous period of politics and summer-landlords, it may be well to recall the warning words of the late Walt Whitman. "We New Worlders are in danger," he said, "of turning out the trickiest, slyest, 'cutest, most cheating people that ever lived. These qualities are getting radically in our business, politics, literature, manners, and filtering in our essential character. They taint the splendid and healthy American qualities, and had better be well understood like a threatening danger, and confronted and provided against."

THOSE who sneer at the usefulness of our consular service should keep in mind the active part played by Mr. John C. New, the Consul-General to London, in the renomination of the President. Mr. New came hurriedly across the Atlantic for the confessed purpose of assisting Mr. Harrison's political

intrigues, and as he stood on the deck of the vessel that was to bear him back to his diplomatic post, looking "as chipper as you please, with a red boutonniere in his left lapel, and a silver grandfather's hat just below it," he announced his intention "to come back when the campaign was well under way to help elect Harrison."

WHISKERS are coming to play a great part in American politics; but it is noted that they are deemed useful only as means to an end. Simpson, Rusk, L'effler, all abandoned their luxurious whiskers once they were well launched on the current of political advancement. E. Burd Grubb, whose wealth of hirsute decoration waited him into a conspiracy that brought him a foreign Ministry, has suddenly cast off his capillous mask, now that he stands face to face with a nomination for the governorship of New Jersey. Of all the men, indeed, who may be said to have worn the Deliah of politics with the Samsonian wiles of whiskers, President Harrison alone remains unshorn.

THE heirs to the millions of the late Sidney Dillon have set an example that might be followed with satisfaction, if not advantage, by the beneficiaries of other wealthy testators. Noting with surprise that Mr. Dillon had omitted or forgotten to devote any portion of his abundant estate to purposes of charity, they at once united to repair the consequence of the millionaire's lapse of memory, and set apart a considerable moiety of the estate for benevolent uses. Happily, their generosity does not involve any embarrassing sacrifice on their part, as the one hundred thousand dollars devoted to Mr. Dillon's reputation for genuine charity will not seriously hamper the heirs of the ten millions amassed by the financier.

THESE torrid times have brought the dog-fanciers rushing to the front with statistics to prove that no dog, mastiff, terrier, spitz, or cur, ever acquires rabies from heat, food, distemper, or from any other cause, except the contagion from some other animal previously ill with the same disease. The certainty of the real origin of a beast's tantrums will doubtless ease the agony of many a poor devil in the throes of hydrophobia, but in the meantime the dog-pound and the Pasteur Institute may as well continue business at the old stand. And, by the way, if neither heat, food, distemper, nor anything else but direct contagion breeds hydrophobia, won't some one kindly tell us the cause of the disease in the animal that imparts that contagion?

THE bilious prophets who predicted an uninterrupted decadence in the quality of theatrical performances in this country, must feel rather cheap in the face of the announcements that Henry Irving has decided to present his production of "Henry VIII." to American theatre-goers, and that Lottie Collins will regale them with her version of "Tarara-Bloom-de-ay." As the two attractions are under the control of rival managers, it is probable that separate visits to the theatre will be necessary in order to see both of the performances. It was thought at first that Miss Collins's song might be injected into Mr. Irving's production, to lighten the gloom, as it were, of Shakespeare's sombre work; but the contention of the cisatlantic managers makes the combination impracticable.

PERHAPS it may not be amiss for the directors of the regnant party to give some heed to the polite suggestion of their opponents. Their unwillingness to accept a hint of a similar character during an electoral struggle will fresh in men's minds, precipitated a campaign of scandal so flagrant that decent members of both parties united in condemnation of such unblushing measures of politics. During the campaign in reference, the Democratic managers learned of the intention of their rivals to make base use of an ill-founded rumor concerning the private life of one of the candidates. They promptly warned them that the retaliation would be in kind, and sought to convince them of the vileness and vanity of such manoeuvres. The advice went for nothing, and, as a consequence, the community was insulted with an exhibition of soiled linen rarely witnessed in a civilized country.

WARD McALLISTER is constantly evolving some ingenious discovery that startles the lodgings of society, and of philosophy, as well. Now he announces that his historical researches and psychical researches have convinced him—against his will, he timidly insinuates—that George Washington, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Disraeli, Abraham Lincoln, Napoleon Bonaparte, Julius Caesar, and other persons of that sort, had what Mr. McAllister daringly believes to be "individuality." Just what this peculiar quality is, what stuff 'tis made of, or how they came by it, the venturesome exploiter of the novel theory does not assume to explicate. 'Tis much, though, he declares emphatically, that persons who are not individualistic are without individuality, and that without individuality one can not be individualistic! In the article enunciating these revolutionary views, there are latent indications that the fearless author believes himself to come within both classifications.

PERSONS having friends confined in State-prisons for any of the minor offences—such as homicide, mayhem, or vitriol-throwing—will do well to note that these are the times especially provided by a merciful providence for the securing of pardons. It is a stony-hearted official, indeed, who can resist the appeals of a criminal's pals and sympathizers in the weeks preceding a national election. Governor Flower, of New York State, has shown such a peculiar kindness toward malefactors with a large political following, that the taxation for the support of penal institutions and their inmates is likely to be materially reduced between now and the date of the Presidential election. An effort is now being made to induce him to stretch his executive clemency into a full pardon for the brute who revenged himself on a workman in a rival establishment by burning out the eyes of the latter's baby boy with vitriol. As the imprisoned beast is a member of a society containing hundreds of voters, Governor Flower will doubtless see his way clear to his release.

THOUGH the passing of tragedy from the contemporary stage of many countries has for some time attracted the complaining comment of students of the drama, Italy remains steadfast in her regard for the more serious form of stage-work. Whatever slight tendency the Italian writers may have indicated toward the frivolity of the northern barbarians, was completely checked by the sensational success of Mascagni, and now the best talent of the land of song and languor is directed in the lines pursued with such brilliant appreciation by the author of "Cavalleria Rusticana." The new work, entitled "I Pagliacci," by a new man named Leon Cavallo, was recently performed at Milan amid repeated interruptions by applause of the extravagant heartiness that one sees only in the theatres of Latin communities. The fact that the story of the opera was serious in treatment and tragic in theme did not lessen the delight of the gay and careless Milanese. It is evident from the character of Cavallo's first effort that the failure of "Cavalleria Rusticana" to please American audiences has had no immediate effect on Italian art or artists.

THE fashion of quitting the town for the summer has spread so thoroughly among all classes and all callings, that a condition prevails in many centres of population, not unlike that attending an epidemic of cholera or yellow-fever. A few days since, a woman of the first social prominence in New York was taken with a sudden illness, and though her household had employed from time to time almost every physician of distinction in the city, a hurried call at their offices brought no other result than the information that one had gone to Newport, another to Saratoga, a third to Har Harbo, a fourth to Jerusalem, and so on throughout the list. The few medical students and scattered ambulance surgeons who were left behind were in such demand that the husband of the stricken lady was forced to beg of an apothecary at a neighboring corner to forego his preparations for departure on a three-months' outing in order to concoct some relief for the patient. The hackneyed complaint about the overwork and worry of Americans will soon be put on the same shelf with the national prejudice against cigarettes and the Philadelphian fondness for scrap-ape.

## Stranger than Fiction.

**How Helen Keller, a little girl, deaf, dumb, and blind, raised subscriptions to help a child similarly afflicted. Marvellous results of patience and teaching.**

To have been deprived of the sense of hearing and so to have lost the power of speech is sore affliction; but to have lost as well the power of vision, to have the whole visible earth annihilated, all the various modes of delicate proportion, all the beautiful varieties of light and color, whether in art or nature, irrevocably lost to one, is an appalling affliction.

— Thus, with the year  
Seasons return, but not to me  
returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of  
even or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or  
summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human  
face divine;  
But clouds instead, and ever  
during dark  
Surrounds me, From the cheer-  
ful ways of men  
Cut off, and, for the book of  
knowledge fair,  
Presented with a universal blank  
Of nature's works, to me ex-  
pung'd and rased  
And wisdom at one entrance  
quite shut out.

There is nothing more pathetic and affecting in the whole range of English literature than this appeal which Milton made in his own person to the sympathy of his readers in his sublime address to light. But still more pathetic is the condition of those to whom nature has shut out other entrances for wisdom. Happily man has discovered ways for ameliorating that condition, and nowhere has he been more successful than in this country.

To the Kindergarten of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind, at Jamaica Plain, near Boston, there have been recently admitted two most interesting cases—children who are deaf and blind and dumb.

There has been in the Boston institution for some time a girl named Helen Keller, who is also deaf, dumb, and blind. How this child succeeded in raising funds to enable a poor boy similarly afflicted to enjoy the same advantages as she had, is a story which entitles her to be placed on the roll of the world's heroines.

Thomas Strenger was born in Greene County, Pennsylvania on July 3, 1886. He came of unhealthy stock, but his senses appear to have been perfect during his infancy. On October 14, 1889, he was taken ill with cerebro-spinal meningitis. Three days later he had become deaf and blind, but he continued to talk freely and plainly during his illness. He was sent to the Allegheny Hospital, in Pittsburgh, to see if his hearing or sight could in any way be restored. His case was pronounced quite hopeless, and, bereft and forsaken, he was about to be thrust into an almshouse when the kindly feelings

of some of the managers prevailed, and he was allowed to remain in the hospital while application was made for his admission into the Boston institution.

Helen Keller learned his story. His case took hold of her mind and stirred her soul to its profoundest depths. A great deal of money was required to hire a competent teacher for the boy, and she determined to raise at least part of it. She commenced at once to solicit contributions from her friends, and at the same time to practice strict economy by denying herself soda-water, of which she is exceedingly fond, in order to save her pennies for the benefit of her little brother in affliction.

Last winter Helen's faithful dog, Lioness, with which she was presented by her generous friend, Mr. William Wade, and which proved to be a trusty companion and an affectionate playmate, was ruthlessly shot and brutally killed by a policeman, while running hither and there at large in a public square in Sheffield, Ala. The beautiful spirit of the child was shown in connection with this dastardly deed. Though distressed beyond measure at her loss, she did not allow her grief to affect her charitable disposition, and all that she would say about the semi-barbarian murderers of her pet was this: "I am sure they never could have done it if they had only known what a dear good dog Lioness was."

These words, conveyed to Mr. Wade, and published by him in the *Forest and Stream*, of New York, touched the hearts of many of the readers of that paper. As a consequence, Mr. George O. Goodhue, of Danville, Quebec, started a subscription list with a view of raising sufficient funds for the purchase of a new mastiff. Mr. George R. Krehl, of London, editor of the *Stock Kipper*, asked the privilege of making up whatever balance might be needed to complete the requisite amount, or of defraying the whole of the cost in case Mr. Goodhue's project should fail. Mr. J. Otis Fellows, of Hornellsville, N. Y., proposed to present Helen with Erant, an elder sister of Lioness; and, while he was making inquiries as to where the animal should be sent, Mr. Wade insisted upon paying its price, and his wish prevailed.

That Helen was very grateful to her generous friend for this fresh token of his affection goes without saying. At the same time she was most anxious that Tommy's future career should be held as of greater importance than her pleasures, and that it should receive adequate consideration. She was delighted to have her lost companion replaced; but the deliverance of the little boy from the labyrinth of isolation was of the utmost concern to her.

She wrote many touching letters to her friends with regard to Tommy's case. Here is one she sent to Mr. Goodhue:

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS., March 9, 1891.

MY DEAR FRIEND, MR. GOODHUE:—I am going to write you a little letter, just to tell you how happy I am to hear that I have a dear friend far away in Canada, who was grieved because I should never see my beautiful Lioness any more. When Mr. Wade wrote



WILLIE ELIZABETH ROBIN.



and told me about you. I knew that you were very good and generous, and I could not help loving you very much indeed. I would like to know if you have any little boys and girls, and if you have I would love to hear about them and their pets. I love great, faithful dogs like Lionesa, but I love little boys and girls still more. Has Mr. Wade told you about Tommy, the little blind and deaf child? The light and all pleasant sounds went out of his life when he was only four years old. He has no gentle mother to lead him about, and his father is too poor to send him here to Boston to be educated. Is it not pitiful? I tell all of my friends about the dear little fellow, because I am sure they will want to help bring light and music into his sad life. How happy Tommy would be if he knew that knowledge and joy were awaiting him with a bright smile at the blind children's kindergarten. And now, good bye, dear friend. Lovingly, HELEN A. KELLER.

The dog lovers of America wishing to gratify Helen's overmastering desire, determined to raise a fund in her name for the benefit of her little *protégé*. It seems hardly credible, but is nevertheless a fact, that a suggestion was made by a member of the Pittsburgh Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at one of its meetings, that part of the money subscribed by these lovers of dogs should be paid to the hospital for the damage little Tommy had done while he was there.

Helen's heart was filled with joy when she heard what was to be done for her *protégé*. Subscriptions to her fund came even from England, and, on April 6, 1891, Tommy was taken to the kindergarten at Jamaica Plain, whither Helen and her teacher repaired to take care of him and train him until the services of a special tutor could be engaged. She describes his condition after he had been a few days in the kindergarten to her friend, Mr. Wade, in the following letter:

KINDERGARTEN FOR THE BLIND, April 18, 1891.

DEAR, KIND MR. WADE:—I have some beautiful news for you. Little Tommy, our sweet human plantlet, is here in this pretty child's garden, and teacher and I will give him his first lessons. I did not imagine he would be so small and helpless, but we love him all the more for his helplessness. We have taught him to walk a little by himself, and to take some food, and soon we hope to give him his first word. I can hardly wait patiently for the time to come when he will be learned to spell with his baby fingers. I forgot to tell you that he is a pretty little fellow with soft dimpled hands. I think it will make the kind gentlemen who are giving money for Tommy's education glad to know that they are helping bring light and gladness into a little life which is all dark and still now. I shall write Mr. Millais a letter and thank him for the kind gift. How grateful Tommy will be by and bye for this love and kindness! HELEN A. KELLER.

The Mr. Millais, to whom she alludes in this letter, is the son of Sir John Everett Millais, the celebrated English artist, whose portraits of children are so well known in this country. In her letter to Mr. Millais she writes:

It is very beautiful to think that people far away in England feel sorry for a little helpless child in America. I used to think, when I read in my books about your great city, that when I visited it the people would be strangers to me, but now I feel differently. It seems to me that all people who have loving, pitying hearts, are not strangers to each other. I can hardly wait patiently for the time to come when I shall see my dear English friends and their beautiful island home. \* \* \* You will be glad to hear that Tommy has a kind lady to teach him, and that he is a pretty, active little fellow. He loves to climb much better than to spell, but that is because he does not know yet what a wonderful thing language is. He cannot imagine how very, very happy he will be when he can tell us his thoughts, and we can tell him how we have loved him so long.

To-morrow April will hide her tears and blushes beneath the flowers of lovely May. I wonder if the May-days in England are as beautiful as they are here.

While Helen and her teacher were still in charge of little Tommy, the ladies' visiting committee held a reception at the kindergarten, which proved to be one of the events of the season, and which was attended by a very large number of people representing the intelligence, the benevolence, and the wealth of Boston. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Bishop Brooks were present, by special invitation. The latter complied readily with Helen's urgent request that he should serve as her interpreter, and made in behalf of her little *protégé* a brief but

most eloquent appeal. The result of this appeal was that further subscriptions were made to the fund and in a short time sufficient had been raised to pay Tommy's expenses for about two years.

In the latest report of the institution we read:

In pleading the little boy's case and striving to enlist public interest in him, Helen was actuated by the highest motives and stirred by the noblest impulses. She often disclosed such unexpected resources of reasoning, combined with an uncommon depth of feeling, and rose to such fervor of appeal as to surprise and overwhelm her hearers or correspondents, and to make herself fairly irresistible. There burns in her soul a quenchless and an absorbing desire to snatch away from the jaws of misery and ignorance all afflicted children, and to lift them up to the fellowship of men. Her life writes out the perfect law of love, not in verbal terms, but in deeds that reveal all its depth and breadth and height.

When Tommy arrived at the kindergarten he was four years and nine months old, in good health, and physically well developed. From the report we learn:

Mentally, however, his sickness, its results, and his subsequent environment had retarded his growth and left him a pretty child, with baby face and manners. At every friendly touch he would turn with arms outstretched to encircle the neck of any stranger. He showed no preferences among persons, and would go to one as readily as to another. He walked but little, and, if left to himself, would drop upon the floor and begin to creep. He manifested a happy disposition, his face was generally lighted by a gentle, placid smile, and in his whole appearance he was a remarkably sweet and winning child. He had no signs to express his wants except those of early infancy. He could cry lustily if deprived of something he wanted, and struggle vigorously to go in the direction he wished. In creeping he usually wobbled, because he had learned by experience that his feet suffered less than his head in encountering obstacles. His favorite plaything was a bunch of keys, and with this he would amuse himself for a long time.

His attendant in the hospital was a night nurse, and Tommy had become accustomed to sleep much during the day and to be wakeful at night. The first efforts at the kindergarten were directed toward reversing this habit, and it was not long before he slept at the usual hours of healthy children. A special teacher was provided for him, and the same methods have been employed as with the other children, but as yet he has not learned the name of any object. They after day he passively allows his fingers to be put in position to spell the name of some object which is shown to him, but he makes no attempt to form the letters for himself, and they are evidently meaningless to him. He has given up creeping and now walks perfectly well; he examines objects with some skill, and there seems no lack of intelligence in the little fellow. As yet, however, it is only passive and we all wait with eager interest the awakening of the dormant mental powers.

Another most interesting case admitted into the kindergarten is Willie Elizabeth Robin. She was born at Throckmorton, Texas, July 12, 1884. She had begun to talk, and was considered an unusually precocious child until she reached the age of eighteen months, when she was attacked by an illness called "catarrhal fever" by one physician, and by another "neuralgia of the head." On the fourth day a redness of the left eyeball was noticed, which so increased that on the seventh day her parents became alarmed. The physician prescribed an eye-wash, which produced swelling and greater irritation. Poulticing was then tried, but without effect, and for a week the swelling was so great that examination of the eyes was impossible. It is thought that deafness occurred first, that the loss of sight was more gradual, but that since the violent inflammation which closed her eyes on the seventh day she has never seen.

Her health became fully restored, and she grew in beauty and in vigor, the loss of sight and hearing interfering but slightly with her freedom of locomotion. Two little sisters came to her, one after the other, and Willie took care of them, amusing them in just the ways that a hearing child would use. When baby had finished eating, Willie would perceive it. She would then take her down from the table, lead her away, and carefully wash the little one's face and hands before attending to her own.

Willie was once taken to town, where she had a tooth

extracted. Six months afterwards the doctor who pulled it called at the house with another physician. The little girl examined the stranger first, by passing her hands over the soles of his feet, then smelling of her hands; then touching him in various places in like manner. Finally she turned from him to the doctor whom she had met in town, and, after a similar inspection, she opened her mouth and touched with her finger the cavity left by the tooth he had extracted.

She seemed to judge the size of persons by the length of their feet; but she measured children by their height from feet to head, and chose for playmates those nearest her in size. She made known her wants by signs, and it was only necessary to give her a sign once. When she came in contact with something beyond her comprehension, she would make a great effort to talk, uttering such sounds as "bah, ah, ah!" and once, about a year after her loss of hearing, she spoke the word "ma" as plainly as she used to speak it. Such was Willie Robin when her mother took her to the kindergarten, December 20, 1890.

She became interested in the children directly, singled out little Katie as her companion, and followed her everywhere. No direct teaching was at first attempted. She was allowed to run about, to become acquainted with the members of the household, and familiar with the building and her surroundings in all their details. Meanwhile her teacher was studying her, and trying to win her affection. Her love of order was noticeable, and it was soon apparent that an appeal to her understanding was more effective than the use of force. Her bath afforded an early illustration of this. Having no common language, her teacher did not try to explain her wishes before undertaking to give Willie the first bath. The child was very strong, and she resisted with all her might. The next time the teacher began by taking her charge into the bath-room, let her feel the water, and then one of her companions who was undressing. Then Willie understood what was expected, and without the slightest hesitation, began to prepare for the bath, which she really enjoyed.

A week after her arrival at the kindergarten, Willie began to manifest a liking for her teacher, Miss Thayer, and would leave her mother or the children to go with her. Mrs. Robin remained at the kindergarten only two days longer, gradually withdrawing herself, so that Willie might not grieve when she left her. The result proved the wisdom of this course. Willie had already begun to enter into the life of the kindergarten household, and did not know when her mother went away.

On the day following, December 31, Willie's lessons began. Three words were selected—*fan, hat and ring*—and, provided with the corresponding objects, Miss Thayer seated herself beside her little pupil, and began work in real earnest. She gave Willie a small fan, allowed her to examine it and use it, then made the letters *f-a-n* in the child's hand. She gave her another fan, again spelling the word, and, after showing her several, of different styles, and spelling the word each time, she took a *hat* and repeated the lesson with that object. The lessons upon these three words were repeated day after day, and she was taught to fashion the objects with paper and with clay. January 3 her teacher gave her a lump of clay, spelled *h-a-t* in her hand, and by signs indicated her wish that Willie should make one. She repeated the spelling several times, and then left the child to herself, and awaited the result. To her surprise and delight, Willie produced a hat. Yet she could not be sure that it was not by a happy accident that the child had hit upon the right object. She wished to test her. The day before, Willie had made first a hat and then a fan, and her teacher had already seen that she was inclined to repeat things in the exact order in which they were first learned. To test her knowledge of the word, therefore, she again called for a hat, and again the little girl modelled a hat. Then her teacher spelled *f-a-n*, and Willie made this also, after a little hesitation.

By March 31 Willie had a vocabulary of somewhat more than one hundred and twenty-five words, and if she wanted a drink, she asked, in finger speech, for a *cup* (or a glass) of *cold water*, instead of folding her arms and beating them savagely against her chest, as had been her custom three months before.

The ladies' visiting committee held a reception at the kindergarten April 20, and Helen Keller, Edith Thomas—who had become a great friend of Willie's—Willie, and little Tommy Strenger had a share in entertaining the guests. Although it was a new experience for Willie, she did her part well, using her little stock of language in conversing with those who were interested in her. She was now beginning to make sentences, and to use some forms of politeness. May 3, she asked, "What is that? Please give Willie bread and butter." May 10, having been taught to say, "Please may Willie go to Boston?" she, of her own accord, asked, "Please may Willie have a handkerchief?"

As the spring advanced, her teacher frequently took her out of doors to give her lessons from natural objects. One day she led her to the orchard for a lesson upon trees. Willie had already learned about the trunk of her own body, and she felt first of that, then of the trunk of the tree—comparing them. Next she examined the branches, and showed that her arms were also branches; and when she discovered some tiny leaf-buds, she pointed to her own eyes and back to them, indicating that the buds were the eyes of the trees.

When she had been only nine months under instruction, she had a vocabulary of more than four hundred words, and readily understood nearly every question or remark addressed to her.

Willie manifested so strong an inclination to talk that her teacher taught her to articulate a number of words, such as *mamma, man, mill, moa, arm, Tom*. Her voice is so natural that it is difficult to believe that she cannot hear. In some way she caught the idea that we talk into people's ears; so one day she put her mouth close to the ear of her teacher, and said "mamma!" She was delighted when she found that Miss Thayer heard what she said, and put her own ear close to her teacher's mouth, that she might speak into it. She asked if Tom could hear. Her teacher told her that neither she nor Tom could hear—that when she was a little baby she was very sick, and that made her deaf and blind. Many questions followed. She asked about Edith and Helen, Dora, Katie, and several other children who had been her companions, and was told that Helen, Edith and Tom were blind and deaf like herself, and that Dora and Katie were blind, but they could hear. She was interested in what she was told, and probably understood it.

When Willie entered the kindergarten she manifested no signs of affection for any one. She showed decided preferences, and had her favorites among the children, but kisses or caresses she neither gave nor received. Indeed, she repelled them in a wild, rude way. But the influences which were aiding her mental development also reached her affections. A month after Willie's arrival Miss Thayer makes this touching note in her journal:

I really think Willie is growing more affectionate, too. Before going to bed, she threw her little arms about my neck and pressed her lips close to my cheek. She does not know how to kiss yet. This is all new to her.

Willie is described as being neat and orderly in her habits, and working industriously upon anything in which she is interested, leaving it reluctantly when the bell rings for recess. From the first she showed much skill in handiwork, and she has made good progress since. She possesses great physical strength, and a will that is equally strong. At first, having no language with which to express her feelings, if she were urged to do something against her will, she resorted to primitive means of expression, and would strike and kick and even bite. On a few occasions, when in a passion, it has been very difficult to control her, but she had learned something of discipline in her own home. Her mother had wisely perceived the importance of making this unfortunate child amenable to authority, and little Willie had gained such a wholesome fear of punishment that her fits of naughtiness have been comparatively few and of short duration. This fear of punishment prepared the way for her instruction. Soon her affectionate nature was stirred by the kindness and devoted attention of her teachers, and with increased knowledge she grows more gentle and lovable.



## THE BUILDING OF AMERICA.\*

### IV. THE DUTCH SETTLEMENT OF MANHATTAN ISLAND. BY FRANK H. NORTON.

It is a pleasure, after the gloomy begira of John Bradford and his little company of ascetic Puritans from England, and after the still more grave and solemn exodus of the Huguenots from France to the American colonies, to contemplate the entire contrast presented by the voyages of the Netherlands to the American Continent, and their settlement at New Amsterdam. Whereas, in both the instances already mentioned, the immediate cause of the expatriation was religious in its character and the result of religious persecution; nothing of the sort was the case in regard to the simple-minded Dutch merchants and artisans who settled the New Netherlands, and especially New Amsterdam or New York. This great movement of the Dutch was purely a business enterprise, a commercial undertaking from the start.

The Dutch in the latter part of the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth century, were exceptional in their enterprise as explorers and colonists; in fact, they closely followed the Portuguese in this respect. They were also the richest commercial nation on the globe. They had succeeded in conquering their independence from Spain, and wresting their own dominion from the sea. The story of the ditches and dykes of the Netherlands is the story of the Dutch character—of its courage, its enterprise, and its determination, as well as of its loyalty to whatever was believed to be a right purpose. Holland was at this time building a thousand vessels a year. While the Dutch traded with all the European nations, their richest commerce was with the East Indies; and in order to carry on this commerce safe from all competition, the States-General had incorporated, in 1602, the Dutch East India Company, which, by its charter, was granted exclusive monopoly of the trade in the Eastern seas—beyond the Cape of Good Hope on the west, and the Straits of Magellan on the east. It was this charter which originated the Dutch movement in the direction we are now considering, as the unsuccessful efforts which they made to discover a polar route to the Eastern seas started the English into exploration, and brought to the front Henry Hudson, an experienced English navigator, who made two voyages in behalf of English merchants in 1607, having the same design as the Dutch.

Though Hudson was unsuccessful in these voyages, he became fired with the ambition of discovery, and after applying in vain to Henry IV. of France for aid, he succeeded in inducing the Dutch East India Company to give him command of a little sixty-ton craft, the well known *Half Moon*, or *Half Moon*, with which he set forth to discover a Northwest passage. Hudson sailed from Texel, April 6, 1609. He had a rough voyage with his little craft, and did not reach the banks of Newfoundland until July. After remaining here for a while, he steered southwestward and reached Penobscot Bay, where he stayed a week to make repairs and then began to coast along in a southerly direction. He stopped on

his way at Cape Cod, which he took to be an island, and called New Holland; and then he got as far south as Chesapeake Bay, turned again, and sailed northward to Delaware Bay; and at length, on the 2d of September, sighted the highlands of the Neversink, which he described, as is well known to all readers of the history of New York, as "A good land to fall in with and a pleasant land to see." He anchored over night, and the following morning began to explore his new discovery. He seems to have run into Rockaway Inlet, and afterward into the Raritan and the Narrows. At length, however, after these false starts, he struck the idea of rounding Sandy Hook, and then, it is stated, landed a boat's crew at Coney Island—these being the first white men that ever set foot on the soil of the Empire State. After this Hudson found himself fascinated by the mysterious land unto which he had come, and, as well, by the curious appearance and brilliant garb of the natives thereof.

It can readily be imagined that in the beautiful September weather, the shores and islands of New York's inner and outer bays must have presented a brilliant and picturesque appearance to the surprised Hollanders. As far as the eye could reach the land would be seen covered with forests and shrubs; while now and again there would appear from among the trees, the graceful and stalwart figures of the Indian aborigines, dressed in their mantles of feathers and fine furs, and decorated with copper ornaments—all of them, moreover, friendly and generous to the strangers, whose advent was as surprising to them as their appearance was to Hudson and his companions. It is gratifying to know that the latter treated the Indians with due recognition and return of all their kindness, and at once established the most friendly and satisfactory relations with them. This state of things continued until a week later, when one of the boats of the *Half Moon*, while on its return from an exploration of what is now Newark Bay, was attacked by the natives, and an English sailor killed by an arrow and two others wounded. It would seem that these bloodthirsty natives were the Manhattan Indians, another tribe from those that had been previously met. On the 9th of September the man who had been shot was buried in a grave dug on Sandy Hook, the spot being christened Coleman's Point, that being his name.

On September 11, the *Half Moon*, which had heretofore done all its exploration by boat, passed through the Narrows and anchored in New York Bay, remaining there, however, only one day. Canoes filled with men, women and children came to the ship, bringing oysters and vegetables, which were purchased, but none of the natives were suffered to come on board. On the following day, the 12th, Hudson started up the river which now bears his name, and by means of which he expected to find the long-sought passage to the Indies.

\*NOTE.—The view of New Amsterdam, given at the head of this article, is taken from Doctor Adrien Van der Duin's map, published at Amsterdam in 1650. The buildings indicated are as follows: A, the fort; B, the church; C, the pole on which to hoist a flag on arrivals; D, the governor's house; E, the weigh house; G, place of execution; I, the company's store house; A, the town house.

\*Previously published in this series. I. "The Founders of New England," in No. 122 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; II. "Strangers in a Strange Land," in No. 123, III. "The Huguenot Settlements of America," in No. 124.

This he called the Groot River; the Indians had named it Shatenue, and the Mohicans otherwise, according to the language of the tribe. The Dutch called it Mauritius, after Prince Maurice of Nassau, and it remained for the English, when they obtained possession, to give it the name of its discoverer. Hudson proceeded up the river as far as the site of Albany, which he discovered was as far as he could go by ship, and which he reached on September 10, 1609. Along the shores the explorers met many Indians of different tribes, all of whom seemed more gentle and more friendly than the Manhattans. After four days' stay, looking for a passage, Hudson began the descent of the river. He had previously seized two Indians on board his ship at Sandy Hook, designing to carry them home with him, as was the custom among explorers. The consequence of this act was, that on reaching Manhattan Island again, the explorers were attacked by the natives, and again later, with heavy reinforcements, but with loss only to assailants—nine warriors being killed by the musket shots of the Dutch, while the latter sailed along unharmed. Hudson sailed for Europe on October 4, and two years later met with a tragic death in the Arctic regions, where he was still seeking for the Northwest passage.

Now, while Hudson practically discovered the Hudson River and Manhattan Island—just as Columbus discovered America, as a matter of fact—as early as 1524, Verrazano, a Florentine navigator, reached the American coast about where Wilmington, North Carolina, is now built, and, sailing northward, thence actually entered the Bay of New York, and pushed his way some distance up the Hudson River, passing, on his way, the island afterwards known as Manhattan.

The Dutch East India Company, while dissatisfied with the results of Hudson's voyage, inasmuch as it did not result either in the discovery of a Northwest passage, or in the finding of the riches in gold and gems supposed to exist in these western regions, still became sufficiently interested in the accounts of the rich furs which Hudson gave, to send out a vessel the following year to trade with the Indians. This enterprise was entirely successful, and was the precursor of many others. The officers and crews of the vessels, as they returned, gave interesting descriptions of the aborigines, from which could be derived a very just idea of their nature, their manners and customs, and their mode of life, etc. Thus, the Manhattans were described as a very fierce nation, hostile to strangers, but not unwilling to sell for knives and trinkets, or other small wares that took their fancy, such of their lands as were desired by the explorers and colonists. On the west bank of the bay and the river were the Sanhicans, who were deadly enemies of the Manhattans, and described as a very much more decent tribe. There were also the Tappaanes, from which we have Tappan Zee. These barbarians, as they were called, were found to be, in some instances, a migratory people, having no fixed habitations, sleeping upon the ground or on rushes, and living by hunting or fishing. Others had fixed places of abode, their dwellings being built with rafters, in the form of an oven, covered over with the bark of trees, and so large that they were sometimes sufficient for several families. They possessed very little in the way of household furniture, having merely mats and wooden dishes, with flint hatchets. Their pipes, made of flint, were most ingeniously perforated, and sometimes prettily carved. Their clothing was composed of skins of wild animals, especially of the beaver and fox, which were sewn together, and they used or discarded them in accordance with changes in temperature. Their weapons were bows and arrows, the latter being pointed with sharp flint stones or fish bones. Their boats were simply dug-outs, being hollowed by fire from the trunks of trees. Their food consisted of maize or Indian corn—from which they made a sort of bread—fish, birds, and wild game. They appeared to have no religion and no worship of any benign divinity. On the contrary, they prayed, if at all, to the character which represented, in their mythology, the devil, and which they called Menitto or Menetto, and which was the Great Manito or Manhito of many other tribes of Indians living in the interior of North America. They seem to have had no political government, but did have chiefs, whom they called sackmos or sagamos. It was found that if they were



PETER STUYVESANT.

humanely treated they were hospitable, ready and willing to do service, and asked very little remuneration for any labor they performed. They were, however, suspicious, and, if injured, were revengeful.

The success which followed the first Dutch venture in America caused the East India Company to undertake a regular commerce with the new province, making the island of Manhattan the chief depot of the fur trade in America, and establishing agencies there to collect peltries from the Indians while the ships went back and forth to and from Holland. The first agent sent out is said to have been one Hendrick Christensen. He laid the foundation of the present city by building a redoubt or small fort, enclosing four little houses, just where No. 39 Broadway is at present. At the same time—this being in 1614—the first vessel built in America was constructed from timber on the island and launched off Manhattan. It was a yacht of sixteen tons burden called the *Restless*. This little vessel was launched in the spring, the entire winter of 1613-14 having been occupied in building it, and, by its means, the neighboring country was pretty thoroughly explored. The Housatonic and Connecticut Rivers were discovered, as were, also, Montauk Point and Block Island, which was named after the captain of the *Restless*, Adrian Block. This daring navigator explored the waters of Narragansett Bay, discovered Rhode Island, which was originally named Roode or Red Island, and coasted northward as far as Nahant Bay and Cape Cod.

The earliest Dutch traders, for some years after their arrival, accustomed themselves to the habits of the Indians, leading a wandering and unsettled life. They associated freely with the native women, and, altogether, were a rather rude and lawless class.

On October 11, 1614, the merchants who had fitted out the first expedition to the new country were chartered by the States-General, the province being for the first time named New Netherland. The merchants now formed themselves into an association called the United New Netherland Company, and began to carry on operations on a much more extensive scale. Parties were sent to explore the interior, and to collect furs from the natives, and these were stored at the depot of Manhattan and Fort Nassau, which was built on Castle Island, a little below Albany, and named after the stadtholder. The charter of the United New Netherland Company expired by its own limitation in 1618, and it was not renewed, although the company continued to trade for a few years longer under a special license, and, in fact, up to 1621. On the 3d of June of that year, the West India Company was chartered for twenty-one years, and received exclusive jurisdiction over the province of New Netherland.

It is interesting to note that at the time when Pastor John Robinson was at Leyden, preparing for the Puritan flight to

America, he sounded the Dutch government with a proposition to establish the new colony at Manhattan. Although the thrifty Dutch merchants would have been quite willing to have these staunch and solid Englishmen go out and so help them to increase and multiply and thrive in their new dominion, the States-General refused permission. The Dutch government, in fact, had other views, desiring to make a military establishment in the New Netherland, and, therefore, not needing or desiring the pious aid of the English Puritans. So the West India Company took charge of affairs in the colony, having unlimited power to make contracts with the native chiefs or sachems, build forts, administer justice, and appoint governors and public officers, the appointments, however, to be subject to the approval of the States-General. The association had managers in five principal Dutch cities—

some of the new features brought into the wilderness; the landing of chests of household goods, and the preparations for the old-fashioned European routine of domestic duties began the movement towards civilized life. The thirty families who first came over scattered themselves over the country. Eight of them remained at Manhattan, a few settled on the Jersey shore, and the Walloons established themselves on Long Island, at Waal-Hoog, or Walloons' Bay—now known as Wallabout; and there, it is said, was born, in 1625, Sarah de Rapelje, the first child of European parentage to see the light in the province. This statement, however, has been disputed, and the place of her birth alleged to have been Albany, where her parents are said to have resided about that period. In 1625 there came over three ships and a yacht, having on board a number of families, with their furniture,



THE DUTCH SETTLEMENTS IN NEW NETHERLAND.

(From a map supposed to have been printed in 1671 and now in the War Department at Washington.)

Amsterdam, Middleburg, Dordrecht, one in North Holland, and one in Friesland and Groningen.

In 1623 the Amsterdam branch or chamber fitted out the *New Netherland*, a ship of two hundred and sixty tons burden, having a passenger list embracing thirty families, and sent it to the land whose name it bore, for the purpose of founding a colony. A number of these new colonists were Walloons or French Protestants. As soon as this ship arrived and disembarked its freight on our shore, a new era of domestic rule was begun, and an actual colony and permanent settlement established in place of the rather nomadic state of things which had previously existed. The voices of women speaking in a civilized tongue, the cries of children, the lowing of cattle, and the call-notes of domestic poultry, were

farming implements, and other belongings, including 103 head of cattle. Soon after, two more vessels arrived, and the colony now numbered some two hundred persons. In the beginning, of course, everything was crude, and there were many difficulties to encounter before any practical home life, such as the Dutch were accustomed to, could be established. The privations, however, of the Dutch in the New Netherland were not to be compared with those of the Puritan settlers at Plymouth; in fact, it was not very long before the industrious Hollanders had set up their homes, made after the Indian fashion, with saplings and bark, but having wooden chimneys and glazed windows, and the better constructed being furnished with cellars. In the course of a few years more substantial dwellings were erected of solid timber, these

being generally one story in height, having two rooms on the floor and a garret above. They were framed and clap-boarded, and the roofs thatched. The houses were generally surrounded by strong palisades for protection against the savages. Inside of these dwellings would be found only the simplest and most necessary articles of furniture for every-day use; the great chest with its precious stores of household goods being the most imposing. There were no chairs, but their place was supplied by stools, which were rough-hewn from the trees of the forest; and the rude shelves formed the only cupboards. The bedstead was the "slaap-bank," or sleeping-bench, where the grand feather bed, brought over from Holland, was placed in state.

Except in the principal street, where a few houses fronted the landing-place, there were vegetable gardens attached to the dwellings, and a few of the settlers planted the seeds of fruit-trees. It is said that a devastating war arose on account of the shooting of an Indian girl who was caught stealing peaches in a garden on the Broad Weigh, near the present Bowling Green.

The first director of the province of New Netherland was Cornelius Jacobson Mey. In 1624 he returned to Holland, and was succeeded by William Verhuist, who was recalled at the end of a year, when Peter Minuit—a well-known name—was appointed director-general, with orders to organize a provincial government. This government included a director and council, a "koopman," who was secretary of the province and bookkeeper of the company's warehouse; and a

traffic with the Indians during a period of ten years, may not be without interest:

Years.	Beavers.	Otters.	Value.
1624.	4,000	700	\$10,550
1625.	5,205	465	12,320
1626.	7,258	357	17,000
1627.	7,520	370	22,648
1628.	6,951	734	24,430
1629.	5,013	681	24,834
1630.	6,641	1,065	27,205
1632.	13,513	1,661	57,250
1633.	8,800	1,385	36,559
1635.	14,891	1,413	53,970

The Dutch called the first fortification which they set up on Manhattan Island, Fort Amsterdam, and the name of the



TITLE OF DUTCH MAP SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN PRINTED IN 1671.

"schout fiscal," who was a sort of sheriff, and, at the same time, a kind of attorney-general, and also acted as the executive officer of the director and council, besides being a collector of the port or general custom house officer. With such officials, and with Peter Minuit at the head, the new government started early in the year 1626. To the credit of the director-general, it is said that the first act of his administration was to perform that time-honored duty of purchasing the island of Manhattan from the Indians for the Dutch West India Company, for the sum of sixty guilders, or twenty-four dollars, the island being set down in the bill as fifteen miles in length, by from a quarter of a mile to two miles in breadth, and estimated to contain twenty-two thousand acres.

It must not be forgotten, while considering the domestic and political condition of the new colony, that the Hollanders were here for business purposes only, and it will not be uninteresting to mention the results of their venture during the early years. The following table, showing the returns of the emigrants to the Holland Fur Company, derived from their

island was New Amsterdam. This fort was staked out by a Dutch engineer on the triangle formed by the southern part of the island. It was a block house surrounded by cedar palisades. It contained a horse mill, and the religious services of the colony were held in a large room on the second floor of that useful structure. Then there was a stone building with reed thatch, which was put up for the company's warehouse. There was no clergyman or schoolmaster in the colony, wherein it widely differed from that of Plymouth. Soon after Minuit arrived, he instructed his secretary to send a friendly letter to Governor Bradford, at Plymouth, with the hope that pleasant relations might exist between them, and this letter was the first communication between the Dutch and the New England colonists. It was agreeably answered by Bradford, but the latter raised the question of Dutch trading within the limits of New England.

In the meantime, while the company watched over the safety of the colony and took care of its property, it was shrewd enough to set apart for itself six farms, called "bouwerijs," four of which were spread along the east shores

of the island, the other two lying on the western side, extending to Greenwich Village. Another scheme for sequestering the property was devised in Holland in 1629, when an act was passed by the States-General, granting to any member of the West India Company who should found a colony of fifty persons upwards of fifteen years of age, within four years after notice of his intention, the title of patroon, with the privilege of selecting a tract of land sixteen miles on one side or eight miles on both sides of a navigable river, and extending as far inland as they chose, anywhere within the limits of the province, except on the island of Manhattan. This feature of the constitution of the province of the New Netherland has lasted down to our own time, in the instance of the Van Rensselaers, the last patroons. The company reserved to itself the island of Manhattan, with the exclusive right to the fur trade, and a duty of five per cent, on all trade carried on by the patroons. The latter were required to compensate

below Fort Orange, including the present counties of Albany and Rensselaer, to which was given the name of Rensselaer's Wyck. Another director, Michael Pauw, took up a tract of land on the Jersey shore, including Paulus Hook, Hoboken, and surrounding country, and called the whole Pavonia; afterwards he added to this purchase that of Staten Island.

Meanwhile the West India Company found that the patroons whom it had created were becoming so powerful, through their great privileges, that they were able to get the fur trade into their own hands, and this became such a grievance that the directors determined to limit their authority. In carrying out this determination, however, a very serious quarrel arose, resulting for one thing, in 1632, in the recall of Peter Minuit, because, as was alleged, he favored the pretensions of the patroons.

Out of this act originated the difficulties between the English and the Dutch, as to the proprietorship in North America,



LANDING OF HENDRICK HUDSON FROM MANHATTAN ISLAND.

(From the painting by R. W. Weir.)

the Indians for the land they took, and to maintain a minister and a schoolmaster. Among other things, the company agreed to furnish the colonists with a sufficient number of negro servants for an indefinite period of time, thus introducing the principle of slavery into the colonies of the New Netherland. The patroons were petty sovereigns in their own rights, perpetual proprietors, feudal lords of the soil, possessing complete jurisdiction over their tenants, who could not leave their service during a stipulated time. They possessed manorial privileges, including the rights of hunting, fishing, and fowling on all lands within their domain. Such privileges, of course, constituted a most tempting offer, and quite a number of merchants at New Amsterdam took up land under the act, purchasing it from the Indians. And it was very soon after that the agents of Killian Van Rensselaer, a director of the company, purchased the lands above and

and more particularly in regard to the province of the New Netherland. The English laid claim to the province on the ground of prior discovery, declaring the province to be the property of the Plymouth Company, under a patent granted by James I. The Dutch held that their purchase of the land from the natives gave them a better title. The English declared this claim to be invalid, because the Indians, as they said, being a nomadic race and not bona-fide possessors of the land, had no right to dispose of it—a peculiarly English mode of argument. The English would have enforced their view of the situation—always providing that they could have done so, and they were not, as a rule, remarkably successful in their conflicts with the Dutch—had it not been that just at that time they had a little civil war of their own on their hands, and were not prepared to do anything more than threaten and bluster.



# Chased by Pirates.

MARCUS was a runaway slave whose life I had been the means of saving. That happened in Louisiana. The next time I came across him was when he clutched my arm in a dark street in San Francisco, as I was going home from the opera. San Francisco was the Mecca of the riff-raff of the earth in those days. To be stopped in a dark street at night generally meant that the other man was planning to stick a knife into you. So I was getting ready to speak first with a pistol, when Marcus introduced himself.

His tale was short but moving. It seems that he had seen me that morning when I engaged passage on the brig *Traveler*, bound for the Sandwich Islands, and his purpose was to warn me, upon no consideration to embark upon the vessel. Then he disappeared.

When I reached the hotel, I told Trevor about it. Trevor and I were travelling aimlessly around the world. We put together what we knew about the *Traveler* and what I knew about Marcus. The *Traveler's* passengers besides ourselves were mostly miners, with belts well lined with gold, and the *Traveler's* cargo was a valuable one. The inference seemed clear that Marcus had turned pirate, and that pirates had their eyes on the brig; for there were still pirates in those days.

Forewarned, forearmed. The next day we visited the *Traveler* to inspect the means of defence. On deck were four likely looking guns. Below deck we found Capt. Simpson, the master of the *Traveler*, a shrewd, daring Yankee. We made his acquaintance and suggested that as he would have a quantity of gold on board, besides a valuable cargo, it would be wise to be prepared to resist an attack of pirates.

"Step in here," he answered, and, going into the main cabin, he showed us a rack full of muskets, while the bulkhead was adorned with pistols and cutlasses. "I have no want of ammunition either," he said quietly. "However, I don't believe much in the stories which are afloat about pirates and such like gentlemen."

This seemed satisfactory. We moved our effects on board and watched our fellow passengers arrive. One of them proved to be a Mr. Habakkuk Gabby, a Yankee wandering through the world in search of fortune and always alighting on his feet eventually. He came on board with a somewhat small portmanteau and a somewhat large hatbox. He seemed to take particular care of the hatbox. Among the crew after

we sailed, I was rather surprised, but not startled, by seeing Marcus.

I thought there was no use saying anything more to the captain, but turned my telescope occasionally towards the shore we had left. Before long I observed a schooner pass through the Golden Gate. She was a large vessel, with an unusually wide spread of very white canvas. There had been several large schooners in the harbor when we left, mostly under flags of South American republics. I looked around, and none of them appeared to be making any preparations for sailing. This might be considered a suspicious circumstance.

I pointed the schooner out to Capt. Simpson. He took a steady look at her.

"Yes, she is certainly a rakish-looking craft," he said. "She may or may not be honest. If she follows us, we'll alter our course after nightfall, and I doubt if she will catch up with us before that time."

Though I did not regret having come on board the *Traveler*, I must own that I watched the stranger rather anxiously. Supposing she did overtake us, though we had guns and arms enough, how far could we trust to this mixed crew to use them? Was Marcus alone on board? He might play us some trick, corrupt the rest of the crew, injure our guns, or dampen the powder.

About a couple of hours before nightfall I took another look at the stranger. She was standing after us under all the sail she could carry. When he saw this, the captain looked rather more serious than before. The passengers were mostly new to him, and he could not tell how far he could rely on their support. There were about twelve of them, besides five women. We sounded the men, to ascertain how far they were likely to show fight, while the captain and his mates tried in the same way to learn the disposition of the crew. The results, when we compared notes, we thought altogether satisfactory with the exception of one man.

Darkness came quickly, and the last glimpse we got of the stranger showed that she was following directly in our wake, and had gained considerably on us. Though we believed that we could have beaten her off, still the captain decided soon after dusk to alter our course from southwest to northwest, which would, during the night, allow the stranger to pass far ahead of us. I had taken note of the appearance of the man we suspected of being Marcus's accomplice, and Trevor and I determined to watch him, should he take the helm.

I turned in early, and Trevor was to call me for the middle watch. When he came below, he told me that the man had been at the helm for two hours, but had kept the ship on the course given. In the morning watch the same man came on deck again, and at once went to the helm. I was still on duty. I did not speak to him, but continued walking the deck, giving an occasional glance at the binnacle. A fierce oath which came from between the man's teeth more than once, reached my ears. I waited till the man's spell at the helm was over, and he had given the proper course to his successor, before I went below. As I passed the man at the watch in my walk, I heard him mutter: "Well, this is a rum course for the Sandwich Islands, I guess!"

I was back on deck again soon after daybreak, for I could not shake off the idea that the schooner we had seen was in chase of us, and would manage somehow or other to waylay



us. I went aloft and looked around the horizon. Not a speck was to be seen on the surface of the ocean. I breathed more freely. The news had oozed out that the captain supposed the schooner was a pirate, and it was amusing to observe how full of fight all the passengers became when it was known that no vessel was in sight. Habakkuk Gaby said very little. He merely remarked: "If they want us, they will not let us slip by them so easily!"

About noon, after the captain had again gone aloft and discovered no vessel, he hauled once more to the southward. For days we had lovely Pacific weather, and our heroes employed themselves in cleaning their arms and practicing shooting with their pistols at bottles thrown into the water, and very good shots some of them were. I was once under the impression that the Pacific was uniformly calm. Had I still held to that opinion, I should have been deceived. The wind had fallen, the heat was very great, and the brig lay rolling her yards into the water. Sometimes it seemed as if she would go completely over. Many of the passengers who had hitherto held out, and boasted of being excellent sailors, now lay prostrated on the deck or in their cabins; they must have been well-nigh stewed. Capt. Simpson cast many an anxious glance round the horizon. Suddenly he ordered all sails furled, and advised the loungers about the deck to go below.

"We shall get it thick and strong before long," he added.

We did, indeed, for even before the sails were furled, a white sheet of foam covered the ocean, the blast came roaring and hissing along the surface, sea rose above sea, as if it had been the work of magic. Over heeled the brig until her yardarms touched the water; I thought that she would never rise again. Everything was let go, ropes were flying about, blocks swinging here and there; the sails flapped loudly, and struggled to release themselves from the bands which held them: the wind roared and shrieked in the rigging; the voices of the captain and mate could scarcely be heard amid the uproar.

The men were in an instant aloft endeavoring to shorten sail, but the canvas for long resisted all their efforts to secure it to the yards. I observed that Marcus was particularly active. Trevor and I, who had both been at sea a good deal, lent our assistance. Marcus and the man regarding whom our suspicions had been aroused, were on the main-topmast yard. The topmasts were bending and quivering, and it seemed impossible that they could stand the strain put on them. It was clear that those on the yard had not sufficient strength to furl the sail. The captain ordered all the remaining hands on deck aloft to help them, and, led by the first mate, they were on the point of ascending when another squall, more furious than its predecessor, struck the ship. Most of the main-topmast shrouds and backstays, and other standing rigging gave way, as if they had been so many rope yarns, and with a fearful crash the mast and its spars fell over into the raging ocean, carrying with it all the men on the yard. The wreck of the mast still remained attached to the brig, which being now relieved of her aftersail, and having also this drag astern, answered her helm, and ran off before the gale. Several of the men were still clinging to the wreck, but as the brig increased her speed through the water they were one by one torn away. Still one man remained nearer the vessel than the rest. He was endeavoring to haul himself up; but the danger of letting go his hold even for an instant to advance his hand was very great. Though he was nearly hidden by the foam, I recognized his features. It was Marcus. I saw that without assistance he would be lost, and resolved to try and save him, though I felt at the moment that there was a great probability of my Aunt Becky losing her nephew, and never hearing an account of my adventures.

Calling Trevor and one of the sailors to my aid, I fastened a rope around my waist, the end of which I told them to hold, while I took another in my hand with a bight in it. Lowering myself on a part of the rigging and the end of the topsail yard, which was close under the counter, I scrambled along, half covered by the foam, and with difficulty saving myself from being washed off, till I got a short distance from Marcus. I could go no further. Watching my opportunity, I hove the brig over his head, but the risk of his being carried off in attempting

to get through it was very great; or, if it was drawn tight, of its catching his neck and strangling him. For an instant the spar on which I stood surged up; I ran along it, seized Marcus by the shoulder, drew him through the bight, and shouted to my friends to draw us up. I don't know that they could have heard my voice, but they saw my sign and began to haul away with all their might. It was as much as they could do, however, to get me out, and had I not been able to help myself, I doubt if they could have succeeded. I was almost exhausted when I clambered on deck, but with the remaining strength I possessed I aided them in hauling on the rope to which Marcus was secured. At that instant Habakkuk Gaby put his head up the companion hatch to see how things were going on; for all the passengers, with the exception of Trevor and myself, had taken shelter below. I called him to our assistance; he came immediately, and his long sinewy arms soon enabled us to rescue the black from his awfully perilous position. Marcus was in a far worse condition than I had been, and I sent the steward down below for some brandy and water. This revived him and he began to look about him. His eye soon caught Habakkuk's earnest gaze fixed upon him.

"I thought I knew you," he said.

"And I guess I've not forgotten you," answered Habakkuk. "Well, anyhow I've helped to save your life."

Towards morning the gale began sensibly to abate, and by noon the wind and sea had considerably gone down. The sun shone forth, and we began to put the ship to rights as well as we were able with our diminished crew. By degrees, too, the spirits of the passengers rose as they recovered from their alarm and seasickness and got over their fears of the pirate.

A couple of days passed. The wind was easterly, the sea smooth, and we had every prospect of a satisfactory termination to our voyage. We had come on deck after dinner, and were lounging, enjoying our cigars, and spinning long yarns, when the man at the musthead shouted out: "A sail on the weather bow!" We might naturally expect to fall in not only with one, but several sails on the voyage; but we picked up our ears when the lookout reported that she was a large schooner, and standing towards us. When this was announced, I saw Marcus go aloft. His countenance was very grave when he came again on deck, and from this circumstance alone I had no doubt that the schooner was the pirate. To escape from her was out of the question, for even before we lost our main-topmast she sailed much faster than we did. I walked up to Marcus, and without addressing him by name, but merely as if he had been one of the crew, asked him what he thought of the craft in sight.

"That you should treat her as a friend till she proves herself a foe," he answered, and turned away, as if not wishing to hold any further conversation with me. A little while after he went aloft, and taking out a white handkerchief from his pocket, held it over his head for some minutes. He then came down and walked the deck with apparent unconcern.

In a short time the schooner, which carried no flag, drew still nearer, and fired a shot across our bows, as a signal to us to heave to. Capt. Simpson, having examined our antagonist carefully through his glass, complied, scowling against his will. The schooner hove to to windward of us, and in a short time two boats full of armed men, whites, browns, and blacks, most of them ferocious-looking fellows, came alongside. Most of our crew were forward; the passengers were aft. Marcus stood by himself near the gangway. The captain went forward to receive his unwelcome visitors.

"We thought that we should have missed you altogether," I heard one of them say to Marcus.

Marcus, in a low voice, spoke earnestly to three or four of them, who seemed to be officers. They listened to him attentively. He pointed to our shattered main-mast, and seemed to be explaining how he had been carried overboard and hauled in again.

"Very well," said one of the men, who proved to be the captain: "we do not wish to take their lives, but we must secure ourselves against the risk of being informed upon. If every person on board will swear on the Bible not to act as a witness against us, or in any possible way to do anything to lead to our capture or punishment, their lives shall be safe."



THE RESCUE OF MARCUS.

LOWERING MYSELF ON TO THE END OF THE TOPSAIL YARD, WHICH WAS CLOSE UNDER THE COUNTER, I SCRAMBLED ALONG, HALF COVERED BY THE FOAM, TILL I GOT A SHORT DISTANCE FROM MARCUS. THEN I QUICKLY BOVE A RIGHT OF ROPE OVER HIS HEAD.

We could do nothing but accept this compromise. Then everybody was called on deck and told to remain, while the pirates went below, broke open the boxes and chests, and possessed themselves of all the valuables they could find. Meantime, the passengers and men were ordered to strip, and pistols were produced to hasten our movements. It was ludicrous to see the contortions of our companions and their lachrymose countenances, as they wriggled themselves out of their garments and exhibited belts of various shapes and dimensions, fastened round their bodies. No one surpassed Habakkuk Gabby in the expression of misery and regret which his countenance exhibited, as he unwound a belt of golden dollars which he had carefully secured round his waist. As he held it out to the pirates, the corners of his eyes curled up, till he found vent for his feelings in a flood of tears. All the more valuable baubles and other articles among the cargo were selected and carried on board the schooner.

"Now, my friends, I propose sending a prize crew aboard you, who will see you safe into a harbor, where you are to remain for a month before putting to sea," said the pirate chief. "You may not like it, but you would prefer it to being murdered, and such I can swear was the fate I intended for one and all of you."

We begged to assure the pirate he was perfectly right in his conjectures. Not till the pirates left the brig were we allowed to go below. I happened to be near Habakkuk at the time. His old hatbox lay kicking about the cabin. A gleam of satisfaction lighted up his eye as it fell on it and he saw that it had not been broken open. He scarcely looked at it, however, but gave it a kick and threw it into a corner of his berth, where it lay jammed and out of sight. His spirits rose considerably after this.

The pirate crew took the brig to a deserted island, surrounded by a network of reefs. There they ordered all hands, passengers and seamen, to employ themselves in cutting wood for the schooner, and in filling her casks with water and carrying them off to her. This done, we received an order to dismantle the brig and to carry all her rigging and stores on shore.

"Oaths are very fine things," the pirate chief said with considerable wisdom; "but I always find it well to make them doubly severe. I shall therefore require you to dismantle your brig, and to carry all your rigging and stores on shore. Some of the former I shall require for my schooner, and you can supply their place at your leisure from the trees growing on the island. I tell you that you must consider yourselves fortunate in having fallen into the power of so lenient a man as myself."

This announcement was far from pleasant. The reason of it was very clear. The pirate's object was to prevent us putting to sea for some time to come, and by any chance giving information which might lead to his detection. The dismantling of the brig having been accomplished, the pirates left us. Marcus remained behind. He said that association with us had made him desire to be honest.

Our first employment on being left to ourselves was to explore the island. It was almost level, the highest part being little more than two miles long and about a quarter of a mile wide, in the shape of a horse-collar; the interior being a lagoon of blue water, with a narrow and shallow entrance from the southward. This description will serve for many of the coral islands of the Pacific. We had not gone far when we came upon numerous traces of inhabitants, and a little further on we found ruined huts, mostly burned, and deserted taro plantations. As we walked further, we discovered among the bushes the blanched bones of several human beings, picked clean by land-rabbits. Further on were several more. At first we thought that the inhabitants of the island had been cut off by small pox or some other epidemic, but on examining the remains bullets were found among them, showing very clearly that they had been shot to death. A still larger number were afterwards found in the farthest extremity of the island. From these and other circumstances, we supposed that the inhabitants had been attacked by white men, that some, having defended themselves to the last, were killed, and that the greater number had been carried off as slaves. That

our suspicions were correct, we afterwards discovered; and we had good reasons to suspect that the schooner which had captured us had been engaged in the affair.

We fitted up the *Traveller* as quickly as we could. When she was ready for sea, the services of Marcus were called into requisition to assist in piloting her out from among the reefs which surrounded the island. It was a difficult and dangerous undertaking. We got free at last, and, without compass, and with no other guide than the stars and sun, made sail with the object of trying to find the Sandwich Islands, and avoiding running on any of the numerous reefs and rocks likely to be found in our course.

The pirates had acted wisely in taking away our compasses, and there seemed little probability of our ever reaching a port where, should we break our oaths, we could give information which might lead to their detection. Our progress was very slow; for not knowing where we were going, we were compelled to heave to at night to avoid running on a reef.

Another small island appeared, which, as we approached, was seen to be surrounded by a reef, over which, even in the calm weather we were then enjoying, the sea broke heavily. We gave it a good offing; but as we passed it, we saw through our glasses, on a point where the sea was calmer, the hull of a vessel. Her masts were gone, but she herself appeared to have held together tolerably well. We stood towards her, and, the brig being hove to, a boat was lowered. I went in the boat, and so did Marcus, with others. With some difficulty we got on board the wreck. She was a large fine vessel. I saw Marcus looking curiously about.

"Come here below," he said to me.

I followed him into a handsome cabin, where my eyes fell on what we so much required—a compass. He opened the door of a side cabin, and produced the binoculars which had been taken from the *Traveller*, and the captain's sextant, chronometer, and even his books of navigation. These were indeed prizes. On board also we discovered all the articles taken from the *Traveller*. There could be no doubt, then, of the fate of the piratical schooner. What had become of her crew? We were on our return when I heard a sailor cry:

"Oh, Master Beaver, come here, sir, please! Here's a sad sight, indeed!"

I hastened up to where the man summoned me, and there I saw six or seven human bodies. We had no difficulty in discovering how they had died: for close to them a round shot lay embedded in the root of a tree, while two others were shattered by the same missile.

From our report, Capt. Simpson was of the opinion that the pirate had been chased by a man-of-war, and that, either intentionally or by chance, she had been run on a reef; that the crew had quitted her, that the greater number had been lost or captured, and that others, attempting to defend themselves on shore, had been shot down without mercy by their enemies.

Fortunately, the chronometer which had been taken from the *Traveller* was uninjured and still going, while the sextant and compass were also in good order. A week later we reached the Sandwich Islands.



FIGURE 1. SAW SIX OR SEVEN HUMAN BODIES.

## Louisiana Floods.

### Destruction of Property in the Region of New Orleans.

The destruction of property by the annual overflows in the States of the Lower Mississippi, since the close of the war, was estimated in 1890 at nearly eighty-five millions of dollars.

Damages wrought by the recent disasters by water in the hapless South will probably bring those ugly figures to a round hundred millions.

And, apparently, a remedy for the evil is as far off as ever. The many floods that have occurred along the Mississippi during the last fifty years do not seem to have taught any very valuable lessons to their victims.

The region around New Orleans, according to latest advices, has suffered more seriously than in any of the overflows since 1851. The breaking of one levee alone, situated only a few miles from New Orleans, resulted in a loss of \$8,000,000. One of the most dangerous crevasses occurred at the Avondale plantation, owned by Blanton & O'Donnell. It is on the west bank, near Waggaman Station, on the Texas and Pacific

twenty-five feet wide, at three o'clock in the afternoon fifty feet, and by nightfall it reached eighty feet. Both the Mississippi Valley Railroad and the Illinois Central concentrated a large force of men and material at the break, which it was first reported could be closed, but despite their efforts it continued to grow.

The Belmont levee, in St. James Parish, about five miles above New Orleans, had been recognized as a danger point for several days, and the planters of the neighborhood had a large force of laborers at work there strengthening the levee, over which the water poured freely. Work was suspended only when the men were compelled to quit, completely broken down. An hour afterward the break occurred.

These crevasses cut the Mississippi Valley Railroad between New Orleans and Baton Rouge, the State capital, into four sections. The company had built an incline at Bonnet Carré, and was running its trains over that break, but at the last two crevasses it threw up the sponge and announced that it would do no local passenger business and would send its freight North over the Illinois Central Railroad as far as Jackson, Miss., thence to Vicksburg, and thence over its own line to Memphis.

In a short stretch of twenty-eight miles on the east bank of the river there are now three ugly breaks, that at Bonnet Carré, which occurred last month; at Belmont, and at Pros-



AMID THE WASTE OF WATERS.

Railroad, twelve miles north of New Orleans, and in a bend of the river. This break occurred at six o'clock in the morning; it was only twenty-five feet wide at noon, but at eight o'clock at night was fifty feet wide and nine feet deep. It is in a section where it can do a great deal of damage to the sugar plantations.

The bursting of the Davis levee threatened to play ducks and drakes with several railroads running into New Orleans, and the officials of these systems, with their fully organized forces, did their utmost to anticipate the violence of the flood. The Southern Pacific road had a barge in the immediate neighborhood, laden with lumber and all the other materials necessary in case of a break. Within an hour after it was reported, all the materials needed were at hand and 300 laborers. Unfortunately, notwithstanding this promptness, nothing could be done, and not only was it found impossible to close the break, but even to hold the ends of the levee.

While these men were still making their hopeless fight against the break in the Davis levee, another crevasse occurred on the New Orleans side of the river, and nearly opposite the Avondale break. This was on E. Sarpy's Prospect plantation, in St. Charles Parish, twenty-two miles above New Orleans, on the line of the Mississippi Valley Railroad. It occurred at eight o'clock in the morning; at noon it was

pect. The Bonnet Carré crevasse is 180 feet wide, and is under control to this extent, that the ends of the levee have been riveted and the break is not growing wider.

The situation on the lower coast, below New Orleans, is deplorable indeed. The New Orleans and Southern Railroad, running from here to Pointe à la Harpe, and which has made a desperate fight against the numerous crevasses there, has finally given up the battle and will run no more trains, but depend on boats.

"You might as well say that the whole east bank of the river is gone," said Secretary Bell of that road. "There are now three very serious crevasses between the city and Poydras plantation. The one at Villere, seven miles from the city, is now fifty feet wide and about five feet deep. On account of a deep basin between the levee and railroad, it is very difficult to get material to it from the land side, and on account of the dense willow growth on the batture in front of the levee, it is impossible to reach the crevasse with material from the river.

It is believed that unless these recent crevasses can be closed speedily, they will inflict a loss of from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000, without including the damage caused by the interruption of business to three of the largest railroads running out of New Orleans. There are from 2,500 to 3,000 hands at work on all the crevasses now open.



CORNELL'S NEW PRESIDENT.

IN the selection of Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman for the presidency of Cornell College, the directors of that institution have shown their non-sympathy with the regnant notion that the head of an institution of learning should be a business-man instead of a scholar.

Dr. Schurman's life, since early youth, has been passed in the pursuit of learning. He is said to have concerned himself but little with men and affairs, and it will be interesting on that account to note whether Cornell will keep pace, in its advancement, with other great schools, whose chief direction is in the hands of more matter-of-fact personalities.

The story has been told of his descent from an old Dutch family, which came to New York and settled near New Rochelle more than 200 years ago; of his father's removal to Prince Edward Island, and his birth there in May, 1854; of his studies while a lad on his father's farm, and of his beginning a clerkship in a general store at thirteen years of age, which lasted two years. Then, apparently with some realization of his unusual powers, he began an earnest struggle for a thorough education, knowing that he must be dependent upon his own labors for his support in the meantime. His success in winning money prizes was extraordinary, and it was largely by means of the income derived in this manner that he paid the expenses of his protracted periods of study.

In the year 1880, he made the acquaintance of President White, who was then American Minister to Germany, and who in 1885 recommended him for a chair at Cornell. From 1880 to 1882 he was Professor of English Literature, Political Economy and Psychology at Acadia College, N. S., and from 1882 to 1886 Professor of Metaphysics and English Literature in Dalhousie College. Since that date he has been head of the Philosophical department at Cornell, first as Sage Professor of Philosophy, and since 1891 as Dean of the Sage School of Philosophy.

His wife, a young and very pretty woman, the eldest daughter of George Munro, the millionaire publisher of New York, and, like her husband, the picture of health, is nearly always his companion in his walks, wet or dry, and there is little of the country about Ithaca they have not "footed" together.

## OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS.\*

LIV. WM. J. LEBMOYNE.

NOT every one who has admired upon the stage the art of Mr. William J. LeMoine is aware of the fact that he has a distinguished record as a soldier as well as a player. Early in the war he enlisted, and served until incapacitated for further fighting by a severe wound.

He was born in Boston, Mass., in 1831, and made his first professional appearance in Portland, Me., May 10, 1852, as the First Officer in "The Lady of Lyons." Mrs. Edwin Forrest Sinclair and George Vandenhoff being the stars. In September of the same year he went to the Troy Museum, at Troy, N. Y., where he played first old men for a season of ten months.

The following season he travelled through the West, playing the part of Deacon Perry—which was written for him—in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." During the summer he joined John Buckland's company at the Theatre Royal, Montreal. From there he went to the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, then under the management of Henry Willard. In December of the following year, 1855, he joined the Walnut Street Theatre company, Philadelphia, where he remained three years. In the autumn of 1858 he went to Charleston, S. C., under the management of G. F. Marchant, played one week in Charleston, and then travelled as manager for Marchant through his circuit, comprising Wilmington, N. C.; Savannah, Atlanta, and Augusta, Ga. Next he engaged with E. L. Davenport, then manager of the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, for the seasons of 1859 and 1860.

On the breaking out of the war he aided in recruiting Company B, of the Twenty-eighth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. He was commissioned first-lieutenant, and afterwards promoted to captain. He commanded his company at the battles of "James Island" (Charleston Harbor, Second Bull Run, Chantilly, and South Mountain. In the last battle he was wounded. Being incapacitated for active service he resigned, and was honorably discharged.

Returning to the stage during the season of 1863-4, he played with Ben Dellar in St. Louis. From St. Louis he went to Albany, where he remained a season and a half, then going to the new Continental Theatre, Boston, where he finished the season. The following two years were spent at Wood's Museum, Chicago. September 2, 1868, he began an engagement at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, where he remained three years.

The seasons of 1871 and 1872 were passed with Augustin Daly, at the old Fifth Avenue Theatre in Twenty-fourth Street, New York. The following three seasons were spent at the Boston Museum. He then returned to New York, playing three seasons at the Union Square Theatre, one season with Augustin Daly, and five at the Madison Square Theatre. He is at present in his fifth season at the Lyceum Theatre.

It is hardly necessary to give a list of the parts which Mr. LeMoine has played, because they are familiar to all theatre-goers. As an actor he is thoroughly artistic in his methods, and the characters of old men that he depicts upon the stage are one and all exquisite creations.

\*Formerly already published in "Our Gallery of Players," Pauline Hall, in No. 77 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; Fanny Davenport, in No. 77; Mrs. Langtry, in No. 74; Fay Templeton, in No. 74; Marie Johnston, in No. 75; Marie Templeton, in No. 77; Laura Moore, in No. 78; Ada Rehan, in No. 79; Gertrude Coyne, in No. 80; Della Fox, in No. 81; Anna D'Arville, in No. 82; Rosina Valdes, in No. 83; Marion Merrill, in No. 84; Helen Heron, in No. 85; Isabelle Lyphart, in No. 86; Ellen Terry, in No. 87; Annie Myers, in No. 88; Julia Marlowe, in No. 89; Marie Helene Malipina, in No. 90; Mrs. Agnes Beer, in No. 91; Marie Darrington, in No. 92; Joseph Jefferson, in No. 93; Henry Irving, in No. 94; Jane Hading, in No. 95; Adrienne Arthur, in No. 96; Wilson Barrett, in No. 97; Margaret Walker, in No. 98; Stuart Robson, in No. 99; Thomas Salvini, in No. 100; Benoit Constant Cooperlin, in No. 101; Edward H. Southern, in No. 102; Sarah Bernhardt, in No. 103; Lillian Russell, in No. 104; Hattie Bower, in No. 105; Frederic Bond, in No. 106; F. F. Elder, in No. 107; Francis Wilson, in No. 108; Louis James, in No. 109; Joseph Hawthorn, in No. 110; Robert B. Marshall, in No. 111; Mrs. George Drew-Barrymore, in No. 112; Marie Lilli Lehmann, in No. 113; Annie Russell, in No. 114; Jean Lantier, in No. 115; Rose Cushman, in No. 116; Emma James Storey, in No. 117; Loretta Ross, in No. 118; Viola Allen, in No. 119; Maurice Barrymore, in No. 120; Grace Henderson, in No. 121; and Mrs. John Hallen, in No. 122.



QUEEN VICTORIA sent among other presents to the King and Queen of Denmark, upon the occasion of their golden wedding, a cask of Loch-na-Gar whiskey, nearly twenty years old. As the whiskey was made upon Queen Victoria's estates, and is not for sale, no advertisement is involved in this announcement.

SQUIRE McMULLEN, of Philadelphia, was one of the figures at the Chicago Convention that attracted interest from the point of view of the picturesque. He was the right-hand man of the late Samuel J. Randall, and it was his proud boast that he had attended every National Democratic Convention since that of 1860, at Charleston.

EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEF, of Austria, has followed the fashion of other European potentates, and has had constructed a railway train for his exclusive use. It consists of eight coaches, one of which carries an electric light plant, and another is a kitchen. The Emperor himself will travel in two coaches, one for sleeping, and the other including dining-room, library, and smoking-room.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA is the latest victim of Chicago enterprise. He is the director of the world famous Marine Band, at Washington, but he has been persuaded to remove to the World's Fair city to lead a great military band. When he took charge of the Marine Band, in 1881, it was in a moribund condition, and he has improved it until no official or social function of importance is complete without it. Besides this work, he has written many marches and overtures, and he is now at work on a comic opera.

THE Grand Duke of Hesse has received the Order of the Garter from Queen Victoria. The official announcement of the honor was accompanied by an order dispensing with all initiation ceremonies. This omission was thought to savor of unroyal economy, until it was discovered how strong was the hold the officials interested have upon their fees. It is now said that ceremonies or no, it will cost the Grand Duke nearly \$1,000 in fees to the Dean and Chapter of Windsor, for the privilege of having his banner hung above the stall assigned him in St. George's Chapel.

KING ALFONSO, of Spain, has, at the tender age of six, entered the lists to contest with Emperor William, of Germany, the palm of absolutism. He gives to his attendants orders which he expects to be obeyed with all the confidence of a spoiled child. While driving with his governess the other day, he neglected to return the salutes of his subjects on the ground that he was too tired. "Then," rejoined the governess: "if you do not obey me, I shall not allow you to continue to drive with me." The King was equal to the occasion. "Halt! Carlos," he cried to the driver. "Stop the horses; the lady wishes to get out."

WAN-BUN-O was a remarkable Indian. He was hereditary chief of the Delawares in Ontario, Canada, and he was a consistent and earnest advocate of total abstinence. He visited England some years ago to raise money for educational purposes among his tribe, and is said

to have been almost the only Indian who was proof against English customs, and kept his pledge inviolate. During his tour he traveled 6,000 miles, opened six bazaars, addressed 200 meetings, and collected about \$2,500. Among medals he wore were a George III. medal, given to his grandfather in 1796; one given to his father by General Brock, and one given to his great-grandfather by William Penn, as being a signer of the famous treaty.

WALTER NEWMAN HALDEMAN attends to the business of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, while dashing Henry Watterson looks after the pyrotechnics. During the war, as editor of the *Courier*, he had a lively experience. The paper being suppressed by Gen. Robert Anderson, he made his way into the Confederate lines and resumed publication there. The paper instantly became an enormous success. To secure trustworthy news from the North was difficult; yet this was just the news most eagerly sought. Because Mr. Haldeман's ingenuity and enterprise enabled him to procure files of Northern papers, he was able to supply the demand. After the war the *Courier* was consolidated with Mr. Watterson's *Journal*.

FATHER MOLLINGER, priest and physician, is reputed to have left a large fortune when he died, much of which was derived from the offerings of pilgrims who came to be cured at the shrine of St. Anthony, Pittsburgh. In ten years, it has been estimated, more than three hundred thousand persons sought his healing ministrations, and his income has been placed as high as \$150,000 a year. On St. Anthony's day, when his blessing was believed to be most efficacious, the shrine has been visited by as many as ten thousand persons. It must not be suspected, however, that he sought money in return for his help. He charged nothing for his services; patients were merely at liberty to contribute to the poor-box of the church if they desired to do so. The present chapel he built at his own expense, and it is said to be one of the greatest repositories of relics outside of the monasteries and churches of Italy. He was a Belgian by birth, belonged to a noble family, and devoted himself to the priesthood in fulfillment of a promise made to his mother.

JOHN J. ZULLE is ending in poverty at his home, in Philadelphia, a life spent in work for the benefit of his race. Of pure African blood, and born in Bermuda, he came to the United States when eight years old, mastered the printer's trade, and became one of that band of colored men who worked so earnestly to secure the abolition of slavery. He was a foremost member of the Hamilton Society. This organization, instead of celebrating the Fourth of July with joy and feasting, met in a hall on that day each year and spoke against this "Land of Liberty" holding human beings in slavery and depriving them of their rights of citizenship, and each member made a vow never to take part in the festivities of the Fourth of July until every human being here was free indeed. He was also one of the most active officers of the "Underground Railroad," in Philadelphia, and many a slave who escaped to Canada owed liberty to Mr. Zulle's assistance. He was connected with many other societies for the advancement of his race. Now, when past four score, he finds himself in need.



**K**OSSUTH'S solitary seclusion in his self-imposed exile at Turin, was in striking contrast with the national demonstration of sorrow at the funeral of General Klapka, his former companion in arms in the battle for Hungarian liberty. Ten thousand persons followed the body to the grave, among them Ministers of State; nearly the whole Hungarian parliament and a large representation of the Austrian army, against which General Klapka fought nearly half a century ago. In many ways the demonstration showed that the wounds of 1848 have been healed, and that Austria and Hungary have now a patriotism in common. While the one patriot thus received all the honors his countrymen could bestow upon him after death, the other still persists in his voluntary banishment from his native land, cherishing in extreme old age the dream of an independent Hungary. In his home in Turin he lives in material comfort, and has the satisfaction almost daily of receiving the homage of Hungarian visitors. He spends much of his time working upon a history of Hungary, which he hopes to complete before he dies.

**P**RINCESS BISMARCK is not less naïve than her husband is great. It is related that a *Chargé d'Affaire* was at a large dinner-party given by Prince Bismarck in Berlin. Observing that the Princess was apparently greatly disturbed about something, and very restless, finally leaving the room, he inquired of the son, who happened to be seated next him at the table, whether his mother was ill.

"Oh, no," he replied; "not at all. But you may have noticed a disagreeable odor of singeing meat, and mother has just gone into the kitchen to see about it."

"Awfully poor dinner," he observed later; "but the fact is our cook has been in the family twenty-five years, and father does not feel he can turn her off, though she does not meet our requirements now at all."

On another occasion, after dining with the Premier, he joined the Princess in answer to her beckoning finger.

"I want to sympathize with you in your family affliction," said Frau Bismarck.

"You are very good, Princess, but I was not aware that I was laboring just now under any form of family affliction."

"Oh! yes," the Princess rejoined; "the bed-bugs, you know. You must call in a 'jager.' I knew about it because your wife told the Countess, and I, of course, learned of it, too!"

**L**ORD SPENCER has been compelled by his financial difficulties to announce reluctantly that the famous Althorp Library is for sale. Many volumes have been written about this marvel among collections. It is the most splendid private library the world has ever known. Its size, though in itself unparalleled, is a minor feature. Its 50,000 volumes have almost without exception some uncommon value of their own. They represent the rarest editions, and most historic bindings, and most precious examples of illumination and early printing on vellum, all in a state of unusual preservation. Its lists of early Bibles alone fill over 100 pages of Diddim, and many of these are valued at thousands of dollars each. There are fifty-seven Cantons out of a possible ninety-nine known as the productions of his press, and three of these are unique copies. All the crude beginnings of printing in Holland, Germany, Italy, and Flanders have here the most complete representation. The dispersion of the library is made necessary by the fact that Lord Spencer's estates in Northamptonshire are all either agricultural or park land, and have been for years becoming poorer by reduced rentals. So long as his solitary heir, his brother, remained childless and the title threatened to lapse, he might have made other sacrifices to keep going and hold Althorp Library till the end. But the birth of a son to his brother gives a hope of continuance to the male line of the Spencers.

**T**ERESA URREA is the name of the young woman who has been convulsing the wilds of the state of Sonora, Mexico, by her power of healing. She was born, so we are informed, at Cabora, a village in the heart of the Sierra Madre, and this year celebrated her twentieth birthday. She is described as tall and slender, with a dark olive complexion,

and singularly penetrating and expressive black eyes. So much for commonplace facts. Now for the marvellous. When a girl she was remarked for her habit of remaining for hours praying in the old Mission Church of St. Anthony of Padua. Two years ago she began astonishing her neighbors by her power of healing the sick and the crippled. So great did her fame grow that her father, once a prosperous farmer, has been impoverished by the crowds of pilgrims that flocked to his farm, claiming hospitality from him and health from his daughter. Nothing was too marvellous to relate of her cures and the supernatural source of her power. The population was divided between venerating her as a saint and burning her as a witch. Gradually she won the influence of a Joan of Arc over the masses of superstitious Indians, and, whether by design or not, produced the same effect upon their warlike spirit that the Ghost Dance wrought upon the Sioux. They began attacking villages and adopted as their war cry "Viva Teresa! Viva la Santa de Cabora!" So the Mexican authorities have arrested her. They were also said to have had her shot.

**G**ATSCHKOWSKI furnished a splendid illustration of the ease with which the shrewdest of men can be cheated by a well equipped quack. He was not above the level of the veriest nostrum seller or tooth puller, save in the particular that while the latter practice at cross roads and county fairs, and are low priced, he sought a fortune in the cultivated and refined society of St. Petersburg. He was a civil engineer and was employed in the survey of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Upon his return to civilization he told the story of the discovery of "vitalein," his wondrous remedy. By chance, he said, he wandered into a country previously unknown, somewhere upon the border of China and Tibet, where fragments of a forgotten people dwelt. To his surprise he found that all the inhabitants were young, and none was ever ill. Upon learning that he was an officer of the great White Czar, one of them, who confessed to five hundred years, imparted to him the secret of the Elixir of Life. Subsequent developments showed that the elixir consisted chiefly of borax and glycerine, but people of the highest rank in St. Petersburg accepted his story, as well as the statement that the elixir was compounded of ingredients extraordinarily costly and difficult to obtain, besides being long and laborious of manufacture. So they were willing to pay enormous prices for it, until Gen. Gresser died in consequence of it and Gatschkowski fled. A curious circumstance in the affair is that Gen. Gresser was one of the most efficient and astute chiefs of police in Europe, to whom the tranquility of St. Petersburg is chiefly due.

**J**ACQUES INAUDI, the lightning calculator, of whom mention has already been made in THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, is the subject of a report made to the French Academy of Sciences, by a special committee appointed to study him. The committee did not learn much. There is nothing, it is stated, unusual in Inaudi's appearance or cerebral development. He has no special memory for dates or events; he cannot repeat after a brief lapse of time prose or verse which he has learned by heart, nor can he understand how anyone can play a game of chess without keeping an eye on the board. Oddly enough, too, Inaudi has little memory for figures which he has read. "I hear the numbers," he remarked; "and it is through the ear that they fix themselves in my brain"—in fact his memory is only brought into play through the ear. If asked to repeat a few rows of figures which have been shown to him on paper, he generally breaks down, but he has correctly remembered as many as four hundred figures two hours after the list had been read out to him. He dreams often, but only of figures, and Dr. Charcot says that he actually solves problems during his sleep. He multiplies and subtracts invariably from left to right, beginning with the big numbers. Far from falling off, Inaudi has steadily gained ground during the past few years. He undertakes calculations on a larger scale than he did formerly, and solves more elaborate problems. The lightning calculator was born at Onorato, in Piedmont, in 1867, and at the age of six was employed in looking after sheep in the mountains. Although he had not been taught to read or write, he already amused himself with complicated sums.



EDITED BY MARY L. BISLAND.

**AN ODD ACCOMPLISHMENT.**—The newspapers have widely quoted, in a tone of admiring surprise, the fact that a New England metal worker beat a common copper cent into the shape of a tea kettle. The minute kettle is, they report, in every respect an exact miniature reproduction of the big bright copper boilers that, in farmhouses, still sing cheerfully on the hob, and, altogether, the clever workman has fallen heir to far more extended notoriety from his tiny kettle than ever more pretentious labors will bring him. However, his skillful effort with the hammer is not so uncommon an accomplishment as the newspaper reports might lead one to believe. A friend tells the writer that, among her English acquaintances, is a family of brothers and sisters, each endowed with graceful gifts which, at their pleasure, they have turned to professional account. An author and an artist of no mean ability share a portion of the well-divided family talents, while a younger sister, who has not decided for what special profession or art she is best fitted, often amuses herself by beating small silver coins into charming tops. On the smooth stone floor of the kitchen in the venerable family home, she will lay a silver sixpence or shilling, and, with a silversmith's hammer, beat out a fruit basket, a wee drinking flagon, or an elaborate dish, complete with double handles and a separate top. With gold and copper coins, she can work out almost a full table-service, and yet her family regard her as sadly lacking in solid artistic capacity. The amateurish work in silver is merely a pastime, and the array of fairy dishes usually fails to the share of childish visitors and youthful relatives.

**THE OXFORD SUMMER.**—Every year, in the passenger lists of the transatlantic steamers, are recorded an increasing number of names—commonplace or unique, musical and dignified—that belong to a class of quiet, traveling American women, bound for that Mecca of the inhabitants of the Republic—Europe. They are, with very few exceptions, professional women—these gentle, reserved, trimly-dressed travelers—women a little past their first youth, a trifle precise in manner, signing themselves very often in a business-like form, without any prefix of Miss or Mrs., and, could statistics be gathered, are in the majority of the spinster persuasion, and cross the ocean in couples, small groups, and, not infrequently, quite alone.

They are recruited from the great corps of women teachers in public and private schools, professors in colleges, instructors in art, music, and the languages; artists, authors, professional nurses, peculiarly thrifty secretaries; in fact, the best exponents of feminine American professional life make up this body of travelers, who, earners of their own livelihood, and ambitious to gain breadth and culture, have labored hard to secure, in middle life, that most desired event in American life—a trip abroad. There was a time when, as despised tourists, these women were willing to go. In fact, but a year or two back, only as one of a tourist company's flock was Europe possible to the underpaid teacher. She was not sufficiently confident to undertake the appalling expense and responsibility of the voyage, either alone or in a private party. But, to-day, that is all changed; and when the untrammelled spinster finds the deposit figures in her bank-book growing long, her thoughts turn to Italy, England, Germany, and France, and she begins to dream of schemes of pleasure that would have seemed positive nightmares to her grandmother.

To England, very naturally, the embryo traveler's thoughts seem first to turn, and just now the literary women are discovering that in Oxford the best side of English life is to be found—the most solid return for the venture of the trip to be gained, and the most central point of interest discovered of all other towns in the island. One would certainly advise the teacher and the author, about to venture on the first economical voyage, to put up in Oxford town. Oxford is beautiful, quiet, and inexpensive. There one can find lodgings for astonishingly small sums, particularly when one takes into account the almost predestinate picturesqueness of the delicious old houses in which a couple of rooms can be rented furnished, for a month or two, while very nice American table-board is provided by one's landlady.

One woman who lived for an ideal summer in Oxford, advises two travelers to rent a bedroom and sitting-room, perhaps, for a month, and secure but one meal a day from nine hostesses. In the town market one can buy, she says, strawberries and cream, milk, eggs, and bread, of the pasty-crook very English tart, and the tea caddy and kettle will contribute the feminine staff of life; so, at the smallest expense, breakfast, luncheon, and five o'clock tea can be self-prepared in the sitting-room. For weeks the old town itself will keep one keenly interested and unceasingly charmed, the libraries afford a bountiful supply of valuable reading, and the courses of lectures in the colleges are all-important to the students of history, philosophy, and literature. Oxford is but just outside the roar of London streets, yet the sleepy quiet of her thoroughfares soothe after sight-seeing days in the great city. A bit away are Warwick Castle, Kenilworth, Cumnor Hall, and Stratford. To the south a short journey lies Salisbury and Winchester; to the north, Rugby and Cambridge and Eton, between Oxford and London. By all means, if a woman and her friend wish to see the best and finest of England in the pleasantest and most economical manner, let them make their temporary home in the shadow of the greatest university in the world.

**THE MISSING LINK.**—Every now and then, when some over-enthusiastic advocate arises to proclaim, through the medium of the magazine or newspaper, just how flattering has been the material progress for the year, of women interested in the world's work, a learned gentleman who wears an alphabet of title initials after his name, and who is profoundly averse to this modern heresy of vanning woman out of her homely provinces, comes forth to explain just why it is that women can never, never, never hope to know the mental strength of their brothers. Professor This says the abyss that prevents an equal sharing of rights is inequality of physical strength; Professor That brings other undeniable facts, braced up by many Latin quotations, to prove the incapacity of woman; and this year, after a very absurd weighing of brains, a great doctor announces that the real reason of woman's secondary place in the world is just what her actual lack of brain matter, and that the missing link we hope connects woman's rights in one endless chain with man's, can never be found, for it never existed. Woman is positively the inferior human being. A great storm of contradiction and counter evidence has fallen about the great doctor's ears in consequence of this wonderful weighing of brains, and, after all, he is not so sure he has found the real reason for the



necessary subjection of woman-kind. Even more recently than this pother over relative brain weight, has been brought forward a refreshed theory, that women only imitate—they do not originate. Is not that a proof, cries the revivalist, of a once well-discussed question? Not at all, my dear sir. Just listen to these facts:

A leading publisher of games and maker of toys for children says that ten years ago only men thought out new schemes for games, and from men he bought all the games played with cards, dice, etc. However, in the past five years, women have turned their thoughts to the making of games, and latterly, this publisher has been fairly pursued by the feminine inventors of clever, well-conceived, carefully worked out, and ingenious games, and of these inventors he has bought many of his most profitable publications. Many board and game cards submitted were, of course, worthless, and suffered prompt rejection; while a respectable proportion showed an originality of conception and execution worthy the cleverest men. This is but a straw. Let us hope, however, it may aid to break the obstinate back of the learned gentlemen who fear and despise the intellectual rivalry of their sisters.

A QUAIN CHARITY.—Among traits of character, that of unthinking generosity both in giving and doing is, without doubt, the promptest to manifest itself in children, and it is also the strongest impulse in old age. Here is a pretty case in point, of an old Quaker lady whose memory runs far back into the history of New York early in the century. Her father's house, built in what was, seventy-five years ago, the quietly elegant residential district of the city, occupied a goodly space of land just where the great cables of the Brooklyn Bridge find grip on Manhattan Island. In those days, when the United States were but a callow nation, the denomination of Friends was powerful and prosperous, and among the poor of the Meeting House parish, one gentle Quakeress found many grateful receivers of her generous giving. As a girl, a woman, and busy matron she shared the blessings of prosperity with those less fortunate, until the day came when a deep arm chair, spectacles, and a stout walking-cane were the substitutes given her for the thefts time made of natural forces, and a careful personal superintendence and extension of her ministrations were denied her. Of late she has originated a plan by which she can extend one little benefit and one innocent pleasure to the children, her special *protégés*. She invents and makes wonderful scrapbooks for sick babies and the children in day nurseries. From pasteboard boxes she cuts the backs for her books, and neatly covers them with gaily colored cretonnes, and of stout muslin makes the fifteen leaves that each book contains. Then from the illustrated papers she steadily clips pictures, both colored and in black and white, and a keenly discriminating, sympathetic sense is displayed in her choice of them. These indiscriminately she pastes on the white muslin book sheets, when the delightful volume is quite ready for presentation. For the hospital children who must lie on their backs when reading or turning pages of picture books, she adds a flap of pasteboard at the back of the book that will, on the principle of the standing photograph frame, so support the book comfortably on the reader's knees or chest, that he or she with unwearied hands has but to turn the leaves.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—That the pride of the American husband may be humbled, and the ambitious spirit of the American wife may be sustained, the story of the German beer garden and club has become a tradition among us. The conservative German is pleased to share, so we are expected to gather from the pretty tale, all joys, comforts, and pleasures with his spouse, and thereby displays a nobler generosity than the American, over whose club floor is invariably written the legend, "No woman may enter here." Of late the disposition has been shown to relax in a degree this discipline regarding club management, and whether of very shame at his own selfishness, or of a desire for gentler social influences in his co-operative home, women are gradually gaining entrance to these masculine retreats.

Not that the women asked for, or seemed even to desire it,

have these hospitalities been offered. American women are too independent for that. Yet flattering to the sex is it that men are now freely and generously inviting to their clubs their wives, sisters, and sweethearts. It began, this evasion of stern rules, by the housewarming at which feminine attendance was earnestly solicited. On the heels of the housewarming came the yearly reception and special days. Then club members who were husbands voted for that valuable adjunct of all modern clubhouses, the ladies' dining-room, and now the newest and finest of the country clubhouses that have been opened this year, make most generous provisions for women. A portion of the upper floor of the new Seavanhaka Yacht Clubhouse, on Oyster Bay, Long Island, is devoted exclusively to occupation by women. Four charming bedrooms and a spacious bath-room are theirs to occupy a day, a week, a month, if they like. Every comfort for them is provided, and though masculine taste was exercised in the furnishing and decorating of the rooms, no small amount of generous forethought was expended on the task. Ample dressing-tables, wardrobes with mirror doors, low, softly tufted chairs, vases for flowers, snug closets, and a great array of hooks, show that the house committee took thought of those for whom they were providing. In the great open reading-room that looks out on the Sound, in the dining-hall, writing-room, and billiard-room, the rights of men and women are equally divided. Then for the broad space of west balcony, called the ladies' gallery, deep cushioned chairs, lounges, and low tea-tables are prepared. A touch of the porcelain buttons, set in the frame of the balcony door, brings a liveried servant with dainty tea-trays, or white-capped maids to run errands and minister to all wants. One is inclined to wonder if at any time the German wife is asked to temporarily desert her home, leaving behind her all domestic trials and responsibilities, and with her husband spend a free, idle, gay week at the club. We think not.

OUNCES AND POUNDS.—In the days of the First French Empire, when dress belts rose to a level with one's shoulder blades, and the feminine body from instep to waist lines measured, according to the varying canons of beauty, a full yard and a half in length, every woman prayed or labored for a slender body.

The means by which the average woman of the Empire period attained the ideal slenderness is not pleasant to think on. Mme. de Staël who, in her days of youthful vanity, was inclined, from over-indulgence in indolent habits, to fleshiness, sat often for two hours of a morning in a bath of water as hot as she could bear it, was rubbed down afterward, and drowsed heavily from so injurious and exhausting a process prescribed as excellent for reducing flesh. Another handsome madame drank vinegar, pure lemon juice, and eat inordinately of pickles, that robbed her plump cheeks of color and did not appreciably diminish their rounded contour. We boast to-day that women have grown more sensible in their appreciation of serious situations, and we indulge ourselves in the delusion that in the day when slenderness is again the imperative fashion, that by wholesome athletics and harmless but effective treatments, superfluous pounds and ounces are shaken from overweighted human frames.

A bit of history proves that we are quite wrong in our pleasant suppositions. The Turkish bath is now the most popular recourse of the fashionable women who find themselves, by over-indulgence in table delicacies and indolent habits, too stout to fit in smart gowns of the season. Sweets, creams, pastries, rich gravies, bonbons, and fattening foods are lavishly indulged in by the woman who confesses her will too weak to resist such vulgar allurements, but is reckless enough of her health to subject her sensitive system to repeated and exhausting attacks. A woman boasts that she reduced the circumference of her arms by a rigid course of massage. Thrice a week she was under the *massuseur's* hands, and in the course of time the once fair round arm of this girl of twenty, shrank and shrivelled to the size of her wrists, refusing ever again to resume decent proportions. Turkish bath frequenters are pallid and limp of flesh, and those who dose themselves with patent lotions injure their digestive organs beyond repair.



## FASHIONS.

**A**LMOST every woman has a grey gown left over from last season, and where the costume is of old pink, it is advisable to rearrange it with a tint of old pink, which can be used for yokes and sleeves and the hem binding. These made-over dresses may be also improved by the introduction of the new paillette trimming. This is made on an invisible net foundation, and some dozen little paillettes in steel color are grouped in a circle to form a flower, with steel beads all around and in the centre.

Another decided novelty is cloth woven and colored to resemble cracked china closely. It is called Craquela. It is made in an old pink tinge shot with white, and having silk spots in brocade at intervals in electric blue. Soft fine diagonal India cashmires have assumed quite a new face this season, and one piece shows two sorts of stripes, the one plain silk with a silk brocade, the other with bright colored tiny flowers, such as pink with green foliage on blue, or heliotrope on fawn. They often have vests, or waistcoats, or yokes and sleeves of rich silk brocade of the same color as the flowers.

Evening robes have assumed a new character this summer. A black soft Lyons silk serge has a distinct and separate



NO. 151. TEA GOWN.

train made of accordion-plaited crepe de chine matching the hanging sleeves. A new kind of silk has coarse colored ribs, closely set, such as green on pink. It is known as the Atlanta, and the very prettiest effects are opalescent.

**T**HE present mode of dressing the hair is so universally becoming that it is to be hoped it will be long ere there is a change. The drawings on page 388 represent several varieties of the mode known as classic.

**N**O. 146 shows a pretty way of arranging the hair for evening dress; it is curled in front in what is known as a baby bang; the sides are in crinkly waves. This is done by the method shown in sketch No. 147, a clever little contrivance for making the hair go in large waves. The Grecian knot at the back and a white satin bow on the left side, make this an extremely pretty style for a young girl.

**N**O. 148 shows another mode of evening hair dressing. The front is arranged similar to the first, but the knot at the back is higher, and thrust through the glossy coil is an arrow hairpin of tortoise shell with the arrowhead in gold filigree. In addition to this ornament, is a gold ring the size of a bracelet, hung over the coil of hair.



NO. 150. TRAVELLING CLOAK.

**A**YET more ornamental style is shown in sketch No. 149. In outline it resembles the foregoing modes, but the coil of hair is larger and higher at the back of the head; and under it is a mesh of pearls, like a net, and above the coil, is a pearl ornament, mounted with two coque feathers.

For out-of-door wear, with a sailor hat or turban shapes, the hair is usually dressed quite low on the neck, and for very young ladies a bow of ribbon ties it back. Elderly ladies have wavy fronts of grey hair, that is very soft and pretty looking. The coronets and bows of velvet are still worn.

**N**O. 150 portrays a travelling cloak of tan-colored China silk, or it would be very pretty made in Gloriosa. The silk being less than a yard wide, it would take about fourteen yards at about one dollar a yard. The last named material is double width and one dollar and twenty-five cents per yard, and eight yards would suffice. It can be obtained in black, grey, brown, or navy blue.

**N**O. 151 is a tea gown to be donned at a cottage reception; it is of ivory-colored China silk, trimmed with Mechlin lace, and a belt of gold gauze ribbon.



LATEST FASHIONS IN COIFFURES. (See page 387.)

NO. 146, COIFFURE FOR EVENING DRESS.  
 NO. 147, COIFFURE FOR EVENING DRESS.

NO. 148, METHOD OF OBTAINING CRINKLY WAVES.  
 NO. 149, A MORE ORNAMENTAL COIFFURE.



1. *Hereafter all correspondence should be addressed to "Editor, Correspondence Department, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."*

2. *Questions sent by our readers will be answered in the order in which they are received. Owing to the large number of letters which reach us asking advice, and to the fact that answers to many of the questions involve considerable research, replies can rarely be given in the same week the letter is received. Our readers should not enclose stamped envelopes, with requests for private correspondence, as questions can be answered only in these columns.*

3. *Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.*

BLUE ROSES.—Four of the samples I promptly condemned; two are very nice. My reason for advising you against the pretty figured goods is that that quality of material will not wash. Suppose you try a bit in water to prove it for yourself. If you are buying these curtains for only one season's wear, then the madras will serve admirably; but I understand that you expect to wash and rehang them next summer. In the latter case the madras will disappoint you sadly. Costly madras can easily be cleaned, and will warrant the expense of a professional cleaner's art, but the cheap madras is not worth so much outlay. It is pretty, I know, and in the shops I see great bolts of the soft goods charmingly figured in soft, dull colors, and all the newest designs. There is, however, an excellent substitute for the madras in muslin. If you will drop into any one of the big dry goods shops on these late spring days when remnants are on the muslin counter, you will be able, for an amazingly small sum, to pick up short lengths of charmingly figured lawn, as soft and decorative as dotted Swiss, and in colors sure to suit your wall paper and furniture-coverings. These remnants contain just about enough goods to make these small curtains. The fine, washable quality of the muslin fully warrants your trimming them with lace, and if, when you take the curtains down in the autumn, you put them away unstarched, you will find them next summer as fresh and crisp as ever. I must not forget to add that when the curtains are washed, do not let your laundress use the common rosin soap on them. In the suds of ivory soap they should be washed, and dried in the shade, else the soft colors in their figuring will fade entirely.

BRUMENTHAL.—I don't know any safer, purer application for the teeth than Oriental tooth-paste. You can buy it at any drug-gist's, and by following the directions given on the wrappers that enfold each jar of the paste, you should most assuredly be able to whiten your teeth nicely. Use the paste once or twice a week on your tooth-brush, and, on an average of once every three weeks, rub a touch of camphorated chalk on your brush. Sometimes, even with most careful brushing, dark lines linger between the teeth. These you could remove by chewing the end of a sulphur match into the rude semblance of a brush, and with it rubbing the dry chalk into the nooks and crevices where the dark spots appear.

GRAY.—Why do you not, my dear correspondent, cudgel your own brains a bit for new ideas, and not merely depend upon the inventive talent of others to supply you with novelties for your work? That is too often the stumbling block in woman's path to fame and fortune, and particularly in the case of women who use their needles professionally. It is so easy to imitate, and, apparently, so difficult to originate. Now the chief value of fancy work is constant novelty. The patrons of women's exchanges and art needlework bureaus delight in something new, whether it be for use or ornament—a novel fancy in China decoration, a quaintly shaped pincushion, unusual types of paper flowers, candle shades, German favors—no matter what, so it shows the effort of a pretty inventive talent, combined with taste and some thought. The business managers of the exchanges tell me that their most prosperous consignors are those who either do the very beautiful and artistic work, or are ever sending in something new. Believe me, it was only for your good that the head of the exchange wrote you that offending letter. As I read it I see she really meant to be most kind, most helpful, and most sympathetic. If she was a little brusque in her method of offering her very good advice, you should not take offence. Ask any business

man to read it and he will, I am sure, see nothing harsh or unkind in her choice of terms, but a concise, exact statement of fact, with a very compact sentence of valuable suggestion, such as any kindly man would write to another man whom he believed guilty of business mistakes. I can't agree with you that she has any hostility against you or your work, and my advice is that you keep the letter, and begin at once on an entirely new plan. She tells you the pincushions do not sell because they are commonplace in shape and decoration, and because at least five other consignors are filling the salesroom's shelves with similar wares. Instead of being discouraged over this news, accept the suggestion she gives and employ the cushion materials in making sachets, as she directs.

Now, what I mean by new idea is this: when you begin on your sachets put aside all thought of imitating any of the styles of sachets you have seen, and, even if it requires a week's time and no little mental labor, try to think out quite an original scheme of sachet. Here is something, at least, as a hint. All wealthy women who have handsome gowns, lay dress basques in long drawers, stuff the sleeves with tissue paper to prevent wrinkles, fold in the goods, and lay sachet-bags inside the fronts to lend a sweet perfume against the next wearing. It seems to me you might, of white cambric and cotton batting, make a sort of form for the sleeves of basques, something like the shemakers have in woolen trees. Two long cotton rolls should slip into either sleeve and be connected by a pad of cotton. Thus, you see, the rolls could be slipped into the basque sleeves, and the centre pad rest in the body of the waist, and both the cotton dummy arms and pad well impregnated with good sachet powder, would be excellent forms on which to slip dress-stuffs at a saving of time and patience over the tedious tissue paper stuffing process. Cotton batting is inexpensive; the casings might be of colored crepe-cloth whipped with silk to match, and neatly finished off with narrow ribbons. I have never seen any sachets like those above described, and it seems to me women would gladly buy them at a profitable price. Now, my idea may not be really practical; I merely give it as an illustration of my meaning. It is something that has never been tried, it is useful, and it is a pretty little luxurious detail that might tempt money from well-paid poets. There are dozens of other styles in which to make sachets; for instance, the other day I saw in a rich young woman's bedroom a big silk bag hanging inside the *armoire* where her underlinens were kept. The bag was of blue silk—sky-blue embroidered in forget-me-nots—and across one side of the bag silk ran the words "In Her Hair." The bag was lined with quilted silk padding, and was full of stockings. The young woman confessed the useful receptacle as of her own invention. She wanted something convenient to keep her stockings in, and she wished to give them a sweet perfume. Accordingly, she made and embroidered the bag, and in the cotton of the quilted lining, sprinkled sachet powder with a liberal hand. Directly her maid mends and marks her stockings, they are rolled up and dropped into the bag for future use. I am sure, if you make the effort I advise, you will succeed, and, in the course of time, will win a letter of frank commendation from that very business-like lady manager. Then, in the day of your prosperity, you will be able to re-read the first curt epistle, and see how sensible and well-meant were her words. Of course, you may write me whenever you have a mind to, and I will find it a pleasure to read and answer your letters.

ISABELLE.—I have given your letter my most careful attention, and I most sincerely wish I might write out a receipt that would, if regularly taken, quite cure your unfortunate ailment. However, there is nothing I can do. You are the one to effect the cure—I can only advise. Now, there are persons who, very unjustly and stupidly, define shyness as vanity, selfishness, and conceit. Never was there a greater mistake made. Shyness and women are not necessarily convicted of any one of the above faults of character, and conceited, vain men and women are never shy. Diffidence is as distinct a trait of character as bad temper or generosity. That very great author, Lafcadio Hearn, is so shy he is awkwardest schoolgirl, yet I hardly think even his bitterest enemy would accuse him of vanity, selfishness, or conceit. It may be some comfort to you to know that you have companions in misery. I think your own words quite explain your case. You are, I am sure, young and have had very little to do with the outside world. You have known few strangers, but have had a life-long acquaintance with your daily associates. I take for granted you are now about to go into society, and, though you ardently long to make friends, to love and be beloved by many, you find yourself foolishly alarmed by the mere presence of strangers. Yours is so common a case that I feel inclined to dismiss you with the cold comfort that experience, years, and wider association with the world will give you the assurance of manner you need. Yours is not, I am positive, constitutional shyness, but the shyness of youth. It is sure to wear off in time. I am going to tell you to stop thinking about the impression you make on people, but try

another plan. The very next time you are introduced hold out your hand, and give the stranger a good warm hand-clasp; blush and stammer as much as you please, but force yourself to say that you are very pleased to meet him or her, and if you know the least thing about the person beforehand, dash right into the conversation as you would into a cold bath, in case, of course, he or she makes no effort to talk first. In the happy event that you are not obliged to begin the conversation, you need not take the dreadful plunge, but you must keep up your end of the conversation no matter what happens. Even if you know you are saying foolish things, don't be so afraid as to seem indifferent, and, above all things, don't let long pauses of silence come. Talk, talk, talk—keep right at it—stammering and stammering must not be allowed. The empty spaces in conversation must not be allowed, and after efforts of this kind you will find the next experiment less difficult to carry through gracefully. If you think persons interpret your diffidence as ill-breeding, you are sadly mistaken. They see as clearly as you do that shyness is the cause of your awkwardness, and no misfortune of manner is so charitably considered in society. Remember this: that 'tis far better to talk too little than too much—to be over-shy than over-bold. There is no cure for your affliction but by steadily working against it; no matter whether you make mistakes and endure anguish of confusion, don't give up the fight. Try to take a deep interest in others, listen attentively to any conversation your companions may carry on, though it be only in monosyllables, answer intelligently, wear an amiable expression, and the evil spirit of shyness can be exorcised.

S. R. C.—Your letter has puzzled and interested me not a little. Your question is one not easily answered, and, after the most careful consideration, I have come to the following conclusion: If your daughter attends a fashionable school in New York, she will not accomplish all you desire her to master. The best schools for young ladies who have wealthy parents, are by no means schools of the highest grade, as regards their curriculum or methods of study. Clever and ambitious girls who have a special talent for music or art, prefer to board or live with relatives in the city, and take special private or class or course work in their chosen art. This is done that the pupils can enjoy special instruction and private study. If you choose one from the list of high-toned, well-conducted private schools for young ladies, your daughter will enjoy the following advantages and disadvantages: she will be given a most comfortable, charming, and protected home; her chaperons, guides, and instructors will be gentle and, sometimes, highly cultivated, discreet women; her associates, in one sense, will be young girls of her own birth and tender breeding; she will get occasional glimpses of fashionable and brilliant society, and most of all, will be taught the most excellent society forms and customs; for the drawing-room, the dining-table, the streets, and the opera, she will be taught to bear herself with ease and grace; riding and dancing are two valuable accomplishments carefully taught; of singing, painting, instrumental music, and the languages, she will learn, well—as much as she has a mind to; also, as much as she chooses to accumulate of the simple English branches. None of the pupils of the average fashionable school cares to learn more of any art than will suffice to amuse her leisure and please her friends. Daughters of wealthy parents have no need for a profession. The instructors and heads of the schools appreciate this fact, and strive to turn out graduates versed in the drawing-room arts. Such is the education wealthy society-women want and need. Judge, if you wish your daughter to learn more than that. Now, you can send her as special pupil to one of these schools, but she will be apt to lose a measure of her energy and ambition, for, young as she is, she is liable to suffer from the unavoidable association and influence of unambitious companions, who regard a follower of an art or profession as a working person, and, therefore, not of their kind. This is, of course, merely the result of youthful ignorance and often deplorable snobishness. I advise this—that you send your daughter to New York to the home of a relative, where she will be well cared for, and can devote all spare time and attention to art work at the Cooper Union. I wonder that you say your daughter is too young to attend classes at an art school. She is, perhaps, too young to go alone to and from the class-rooms, but surely not too young to take up the work given classes, and by emulation and friendly association with earnest class workers, gain that most valuable instinct of work-interest and ambition. I suggest your writing to Mrs. Carter and gaining from her all possible facts in connection with the school under her charge. You have been most sensible and clever not to permit your young daughter to receive false or careless instruction; and at the Cooper Union she should take her first lessons under capable masters, who will not only teach her the science, but the highest poetry, literature, and the true traditions of art. If there is no relative in New York whom you could intrust with the young girl, or a trustworthy friend who would take her as a sacred charge, there then remains but two methods of which you can

avail yourself to place her safely and pleasantly in this great city. Either send her as special boarder in a private school, or place her to board with a family in whom you could repose implicit trust. You may expect to hear from me again on this subject, as I will be glad to render you any real assistance in my power, and really aid in solving the troublesome problem.

MILES AFRICANUS.—I fear by this your skeptical friend considers his wagen won, and that your faith in THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN has been somewhat shaken. Your query, however, has never been forgotten. You can appreciate that so unusual a question as yours called into requisition a rather more extended knowledge of the merchant marine than ordinary unprofessional mortals possess; therefore, I was at some pains to procure satisfactory data on so unfamiliar a subject. I discovered that New York a line of sailing vessels carries freight and, occasionally, passengers to Port Natal. These vessels afford accommodations for passengers, and make the trip in fifty-five or sixty days in good weather. With the masters of the vessels one must make all arrangements for passage, etc., as the transportation of passengers is entirely optional with the captains. As to the cost of the trip I can give you no helpful information, for no regular schedule of rates for passage between New York and Africa has, so far, been fixed upon. This I suggest—that you come to New York and, in person, arrange with the master of some outward bound vessel, bargaining your price after carefully inspecting the quarters offered you on board. Where the passenger lists, etc., are in the hands of a company that makes fixed rates, you can easily calculate the cost of the voyage; but, in this case, arrangements must be made in person. From my information on this matter of African trips, I judge the price of passage is not beyond the reach of modest means, and that the accommodations could be endured by one who finds sixty days of the sea no unpleasant mode of life.

R. R. D.—Philadelphia. I cannot forbear answering your kind little note, for, though it asked me no questions, it recalled to mind some facts that had very nearly escaped me, and for this freshening of memory I am very grateful. I at once recollected, on your mention of it, the valuable and interesting articles on birds—for Olive Thorne Miller is far too charming a writer to be altogether overlooked, even by those who find no interest in feathered pets. I have always enjoyed great amusement and pleasure in association with two canary birds. One is a decrepit old fellow of ten years of age. His days for good duckings in a tub of cold water are over, and he seems to find the chief pleasure in life in sitting quietly under a good blue of his younger companion. His companion is five years old, a gay little morsel of yellow feathers, only willing to bathe on alternate days, however. I have not, so far, had to do with an obstinately dirty canary who would not take to his bath after the following course of treatment: Remove all but one perch from the cage; take away both seed and water cups; place a full cup of tepid water in the cage, that must hang in its accustomed place, but be sheltered from the vulgar gaze by a light white cloth falling over top and sides. Leave the bird alone in the cage with his bath tub at least an hour every morning, until he consents to plunge and dip as a cleanly bird should. Directly he does bathe, the cloth, tub, and wet cage paper should be removed, and housekeeping for the day served up with his breakfast.

## THE MART AND EXCHANGE.

1. Letters to Mart and Exchange must be marked "Mart and Exchange" on the left hand top corner of the envelope, and addressed, "THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."
2. Append initials or "nom de plume" to all communications for this column. Private addresses will be withheld at the office of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, through whom all communications should pass, in order to insure the good faith of those making use of the department.
3. No letters will be forwarded unless accompanied by stamp.
4. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

## FOR SALE.

Tarantulas, scorpions, golden-horned toads, centipedes, trap-door spiders, etc., etc., insects offered for sale alive or well mounted on cards.—R. P. HILL.

Puma.—Mountain lion, large size, well mounted, first-class specimen, excellent advertising piece for furrier's show window.—J. H. H.

Mocking Bird.—Eighteen months old, raised by hand, very healthy, and a fine singer. Will send to any tupper full directions for feeding bird, etc. Large brass cage included in the sale. If desired, the bird, however, will transfer to a small cage. What price I offered?—E. M. ORR, OFF.

Camera.—No. 4 Kodak camera; takes four by five prints; is in excellent condition; price, \$40.—G. A. K.



## GRAPHOLOGY.

By L'INCONNUE.

### RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. *Persons desiring to test character-reading by handwriting should send at least fifteen lines of original composition in the subject's handwriting, and signed by an assumed name, under which the reply will be given.*

2. *Letters must be marked "Graphology" in the left hand top corner of the envelope, and addressed "L'Inconnue, care of Editor, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."*

3. *Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.*

CAROLUS.—Your study was delineated only a few weeks ago and you have doubtless seen the reply ere this. Letters received the middle of last November are now being answered.

SOUVENIR.—Your delineation was published in No. 113 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, dated April 16 last, but owing to an error in printing was made to appear as "Souverner" instead of "Souvenir."

FRID, C. F.—It will necessarily be some months before your communication can appear, but it is impossible to specify any exact date in the present overcrowded condition of the department.

ABDUL-ADIRAHIM.—"L'Inconnue" must regretfully decline to give second delineations, under any circumstances, while the work is so far behind.

GLADYS W.—Your study was received and filed, and will receive attention as soon as the letters of March 15, 1892, are reached.

MONTVILLE.—This correspondent is a stickler for system and order, and all her life has struggled to bring her nature under implicit discipline. In this effort she has met with only partial success, for at times her fancy still runs riot, the will tends toward a certain exaggeration, and her temper will never cease to be stormy if it feels the least aggrieved. Nevertheless she is a sweet, genial, conscientious woman, calls her obstinacy firmness, and is cheerful, self-reliant, free of caprice, and unselfishly loving to her friends.

LUKE VITAE.—You do give some indication of literary taste, but proof of decided talent is wanting. You are fond of bookish things, have rather a reflective mind, are too indolent to pursue culture to a very exalted point, and must subdue your egotism, prejudice and caprice in order to achieve breadth of culture and the gift of conception. There are sufficient individuality, self-confidence, and aspiration to advance your dramatic career; you do not neglect detail, show equanimity of temperament, cheerful, good nature, and an entire absence of affectation, all of which will count in your favor professionally.

E. THANKSGIVING.—This is a conventional handwriting, but indicates so much polite polish that its conservatism is usually lost sight of. Earnestness and persistence of purpose are seen, with a high arbitrary temper intolerant of interference, physical virility, elegant and, at the same time, material tastes; passionate love of luxury, pleasure and beauty in every form; alleged candor that conceals extreme caution; high bred, graceful manners, unobtrusive self-esteem, and some pride of bearing. Clear, practical ideas, ability to make her personality felt, a lively and romantic imagination, a disposition to criticize others, ardor, ambition and cheerfulness are among the other characteristics observed. Intensity of feeling may be added.

AGNOSTIC.—A fully chosen pseudonym, for the subject is not only lacking in faith, but betrays an inability to reason with sequence or logic, that may, perhaps, account for the doubling frame of mind. Ability to pull to pieces is discerned, but no constructive capacity, and while inquisitiveness, a fondness for analytical research, close criticism and powers of observation appear, the argumentative gift is poor and there is a tendency to rest content in a low level of thought. The fancy is active and unrestrained, speech is carefully considered and guarded, the will is devoid of vigor or good staying qualities, temper kind, and tastes commonplace.

BLUE GRASS GIRL.—This subject possesses a buoyant, cheerful temperament, is devoted to pleasure, society and healthy luxuries,

is very sweet tempered, cherishes no exalted ambitions, but is well content to pursue the even tenor of her way. Candor, sincerity, ardent, demonstrative youthful affections, simple, attractive manners, abundant self-possession, plenty of pluck and determination, unintellectual tastes, quick perceptions, natural shrewdness and judgment, together with many domestic virtues, are implied.

BLN H'IE.—Pseudonym used before; postmark, Carbondale, Ill. There is no question of the correspondent's cleverness. He is a more than ordinarily attractive man, who has fine intellectual attainments that are kept burled by his varied and unflagging interests. His cultured sympathies are broad, but admirably poised, is seldom carried away by emotional enthusiasm, yet has a virile, sanguine, aspiring temperament, bitter prejudices, and despises all that is negative or vacillating. His principal infirmity is his temper; that is intolerant and violent when thoroughly roused, is ever imperious, and requires constant discipline to hold it under. His will, too, is arbitrary and resents even the opposition of circumstance, but is firm and inspires respect. Some carefully concealed self-esteem is betrayed, the tastes are elegant and enlightened, bearing extremely dignified, and for so strong a nature it is singularly free of vagaries.

GAIL C.—Alas! there is nothing to say of so pale a temperament, and where conventionality so unmistakably exists, the graphologist is at a loss for something to take hold of. Quite a respectable list of negative qualities may be reckoned, including the timidity, systematic habits, gentle manners, courteous, and discreet speech of the writer. She is completely bound down by the limitations of her mind, and offers little for delineation.

A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.—Much of the same conventional narrowness is manifested here, save that in this example the will is vigorous and very persistent, seldom relinquishing an object until the end is obtained. As the author mentions his youth, it may be that maturity and experience will broaden and lend independence to his ideas, and his active fancy may carry him beyond the dreary commonplace. He is not very cheerful, is too easily discouraged, is not exacting enough of himself, and has not achieved culture to boast of. His temper is unnecessarily short and sensitive, his caprice needs control, fortunately he is free of egotism, is instinctively discreet, is devoid of affectation, and is economically inclined.

LANDOFF.—You give no graphological indications of conceit, and neither is egotism nor love of display betrayed in the letters. Your handwriting suggests you as too clever by half to yield to undesired adulation, your sense of honor is too keen for conceit, and egotism would undoubtedly be offensive to your rather fastidious tastes. You have an acute and active mind, are passionately fond of argument, and by force of lucid and logical reasoning are quite capable of holding your own in disputation. Careful mental polish is observed, also habits of system, totally independent ideas, interesting and often amusing conversation, several whims, abundant individuality, indifference to detail, a hopeful, ambitious disposition, and a resolute will not to be diverted from a line of conduct once adopted. You are often too frank for prudence, are talented and have improved your opportunities, despite affectation, are a good companion, are not indifferent to the attractions of the opposite sex, but show no romantic sentiment or demonstrative tenderness. Your temper is capable of alarmable violence when really disturbed.

TAFT.—Conventional courtesy is sacrificed to unmitigated frankness in this department, and honesty is invariably accorded to every correspondent. This handwriting signifies a highly imaginative and impressionable temperament that often permits the fancy to fly away after a tangent, yields too hastily to influences, is susceptible, romantic, loves sentiment and poetry, is generally genial, devoted to admiration, deeply interested in the opposite sex, demonstratively and tenderly affectionate, aspiring, moderately persistent, more idealistic than practical, is unpretentious and cultured without being intellectual. The personal attractiveness is strongly defined.

TOMMY T.—Despondency is plain to see, with so inconsistent a will that naturally self-confidence has suffered. Strength and weakness are displayed by turns, showing inequality, indolence, and a way of letting things go too much by default. The writer is easily discouraged, and though fully capable of sustained mental effort, is not a persistent enough idealist or high idealist, is susceptible, individuality, absolute self-unconsciousness, generous sympathies, a comfortable companionable disposition, love of travel and change, indifference to detail, a lively fancy, hospitable, social instincts, an easy temper, and susceptible affections are defined.

QUEEN.—Is a person who refuses to endure the least intrusion, resents opposition, likes to dictate, and will not tolerate the smallest domination from others. This arbitrary instinct is not, however, accompanied by the least harshness or violence. On the contrary, she is very gently obstinate and insistent of enjoying her

own way. The writer is certainly not free of affectation, but rather cherishes her few vagaries, lays considerable stress upon worldly opinions and appearances, has a vivid and somewhat romantic fancy, is most delicate in speech, fastidiously refined, and is strong more than sweet.

**DEBILITATE.**—There is nothing in this specimen to indicate youth or inexperience. The qualities are those of a matured, admirably poised, calmly self-assured individual, who has tested many people and things and therefrom deduced firmly grounded decisions. No uncertainty is betrayed, the will being resolute, equal and unyielding, and seconding a fair amount of ambition that is sanguine of success. The whole character is well knit and excellently balanced, significant of an active, receptive, cultivated mind, dominated by strong and usually correct judgment that reasons lucidly and logically, is not often betrayed in an extreme, but shows shrewdness, clear, quick perceptions, originality of ideas, and contempt for meagre conventionality. Generosity without tenderness or sympathy is observed, with prudence of speech amounting to secretiveness, the tastes are enlightened but material, self always takes first place, and in the close attention to detail, broad effects are frequently sacrificed.

**TRIVIALITY.**—On lines. Now, with just a trifle more of mental culture this correspondent would escape from the limits of commonplaceness in which he or she—as the case may be—still lingers. The potentialities are all commendable, suggesting a dignified, self-contained, energetic nature, discriminating, resourceful, able to contemplate both sides of a question without prejudice, being honest and earnest of purpose, showing a quick but not ugly temper, direct, unpretentious manners, simple tastes, a few strong enthusiasms, and depth as well as uselessness of sentiments.

**DUKE BANK.**—This correspondent is apt to see the dark rather than the bright side of life, and succumbs to moments of mental depression. One cause of his despondency is an irresolute, easily influenced, and unhelpful will, that is often about by diverse impressions and emotions, and often impulse to dominate the dictates of practical reason. His prejudices are virulently strong, his energies are too apt to wax and wane from day to day; he has abundant cleverness, shows splendid possibilities, but is deficient in consistency, cheerfulness, and staying qualities.

**PIRRO.**—Study enclosed with the above; shows on the contrary an ardent, sanguine temperament, sustained ambition, a determined, aspiring will, an impulsive, but not always to be reckoned upon, violent, unreasoning stubbornness on several important questions, uncontrolled impulse, emotions that frequently beset trouble, a capricious, interesting, self-reliant, over-indulgent person, whose speech tends to exaggeration, whose fancy often runs riot, who is totally lacking in self-discipline, and yet displays so many fine qualities that it seems a pity they were not better keyed up and toned down. Accuracy and straightforward methods might be cultivated to advantage, as a proneness to finesse and employ diplomacy is noted.

**SHAKY.**—The third example in this series is nothing like so characteristic as the second; no such salient virtues and failings are described. This subject is in need of a stiffer backbone, being too susceptible, too much interested in the opposite sex, and cherishing more of romance and sentiment than is healthful in this practical age. The affections show an excess of demonstrative tenderness, the tastes are fastidiously refined, the will, when exercised, is capable of strength and persistence, but is too often willing to let matters slide rather than take trouble to right them. Loquacity, indolence, a good deal of undeveloped talent, a generally sweet temper, hopefulness, and lack of critical judgment make up the sum of the traits described and doubtful.

**ZANU.**—Pseudonym doubtful, but the study will be recognized as the fourth under one cover. It is overflowing with energy and ardor, presumably youthful, as so vivid a fancy and so much physical vigor are rarely displayed in a more mature chirography. Cleverness, quick thought followed by hasty, often ill-considered, action, restlessness, impatience, impetuosity of opposition, a sweet but intensely impatient temper, ready sympathies, lack of balance and poise, absolute self-confidence, passionate fondness for pleasure, material joys, admiration, and a natural interest in the opposite sex are disclosed. The writer is very apt to be a leader wherever she is, for her buoyancy is infectious, and she dearly loves to control others by the exercise of her ready wit.

**T. N. M.**—Nuttallburg. On lines. A confession of faults, of course, disarms criticism, and it is difficult to point out a correspondent's failings when she herself calls attention to her shortcomings. It is quite true that energy, a well stimulated ambition, and self-reliance are lacking, and it is likewise a fact that the writer's mind and tastes are sadly narrowed by conventional limitations. Humor, refinement, gentleness, a mild, earnest will, a dis-

ciplined temper, conscientious sense of duty, quick sympathies, an absence of all pretence, and devotedly tender affections are displayed.

**PERFECTLY.**—Here the artistic perceptions are keen and correct, the imagination is active and very graceful; love of poetry, music, color, flowers, in fact, beauty in every form, is passionate; speech is loquacious, admirably selected but not always entertaining, affections are demonstratively tender, impulses extremely generous, culture high, tastes fastidiously elegant, temper accustomed to dominating others, and disposition sanguine as one familiar with successful achievement.

**J. W. D.**—This is a good conventional handwriting that fails to indicate any special talent or original fault. The writer has a quick, uncertain, but not an ugly temper, lacks neither natural strength of will, is impulsively generous, restless and fond of change, absolutely without pretence or affectation, capricious, imaginative, often indiscreet in speech, and energetic and indolent by turns, has susceptible affections, refined rather than material tastes, cherishes many bitter prejudices, and could strive for higher culture and a stricter self-discipline with advantage to his qualities of head and heart.

**THEODORA.**—No lack of individuality is manifested here, where every stroke of the pen shows resolve and self-confidence. Faults and virtues are freely mingled. Among the former should be included a decided egotistical tendency, an imperious temper, an arbitrary will that only yields under heavy pressure, stubbornness, bluntness and abruptness of speech frequently imprudent in its utterances, too great an indifference to appearances, a want of critical acumen, and indifferent powers of selection. On the other hand an original mind is discovered that thinks independently, and might be safely trusted if the writer would curb an inclination towards eccentricity. The disposition is sanguine and ambitious, sense of humor is very lively, observation close, contempt for the commonplace excessive, and affections passionate and selfless.

**VIOLLET.**—San Antonio. This correspondent shows an ardent, highly emotional temperament, acutely sensitive to varying impressions, and unhappily over-hasty in accepting outside influences. She is imaginative, cares greatly for romance, poetry and sentiment, is passionately fond of beauty in every form, has pretty, graceful tastes, finds it difficult to repress her eagerness for commendation, is susceptible, devotedly and sincerely interested in the interests in the opposite sex, loves luxury, amusement and the pleasures of the table, is gregarious in her instincts, has a hot, impatient temper she tries hard to control, and is overflowing with vitality and enthusiasm. The trouble is, she is undisciplined and likes better to contemplate a conquest rather than put forth the effort to achieve it, too much of her moral force is consumed by her warm feelings, and she wills and wishes more often than she acts. Her intellect is alert and polished, she is generous to a fault, is not a bit conventional, has strong personal attractions, and will find that better self-command will tone up her whole character.

**PANXY.**—Pseudonym used before; postmark blurred, but somewhere in Pennsylvania. Now here is the type of a prudent, methodical individual, who represses the slightest show of spontaneity, is ever guarded, correct and conservative. With this precise, methodical manner the deadliest commonplaceness is seen, as well as an even temper, a somewhat despondent nature, and genuine, unobtrusive affections.

**VIII. IN B. J. R.**—This is presumably a youthful scribe, who, at all events, fails to discover deep mental culture, though the natural perceptions are good. Plenty of talent and quickness are displayed, along with carelessness, too much reliance upon luck and aptitude, and not enough steadfastness and plodding industry. The mind is vivacious, receptive and versatile, impatient prone to exaggeration, will helpful, ambitious and impulsively energetic, tastes refined, speech incautious, reasoning powers logical, department dignified.

**CARNATION PINK.**—A graceful, pleasing personality, a tenderly affectionate disposition, a very sweet temper absolutely devoid of caprice, a dignified, self-disciplined person of extended cultivation, is not a linguist, and is without literary perceptions. She is rather a cheerful, self-controlled, refined, warm-hearted, cautious, and trustworthy person, whose temper is sweet, manners dignified and unpretentious, fancy lively, will determined, impulses generous, who uses much wit freely, is practical without materiality, and strong and faithful in her attachments.

**EMMA T. WAREEN.**—Presumably a pseudonym, as no other signature is appended. The writer has enjoyed the ordinary educational advantages, but is not a person of extended cultivation, is not a linguist, and is without literary perceptions. She is rather a cheerful, self-controlled, refined, warm-hearted, cautious, and trustworthy person, whose temper is sweet, manners dignified and unpretentious, fancy lively, will determined, impulses generous, who uses much wit freely, is practical without materiality, and strong and faithful in her attachments.

# THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

Vol. XI.

New York.

For the Week ending JULY 16, 1892.

Chicago.

No. 126.



AT PEESKILL CAMP, N. Y.—SPORTS—EGG IN SPOON RACE. (See page 399.)



## THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

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Payments, which must be in advance, can be made by cheque, postal notes, money order, or registered letter, payable to THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Nos. 3 and 5 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., Beams Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W. C., agents for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN for the United Kingdom. EMBERTON'S, 27 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, deposit for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN in France.

ADVERTISING.—The advertisements of leading firms solicited; for terms send to offices. Medical and low-class advertisements declined.

## Current Comment.

**NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.**—The suggestion of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN that reform is urgently needed in the manner of conducting the National Conventions of both political parties is meeting with favorable response in every direction, and is in harmony with proposals that have been made regarding the arrangements in future years.

The most important of these proposals is the resolution offered by Gen. P. A. Collins in the closing moments of the National Democratic Convention. It provides that the National Democratic Committee shall provide at the next convention accommodations for only the delegates, the alternates, and the press. This would be effective in eliminating the show feature which proved so highly objectionable both at Minneapolis and Chicago, and would assist powerfully in giving the assemblage the appearance of a deliberative body.

Andrew D. White, formerly President of Cornell University, has written some sound comments upon this resolution in a letter addressed to Gen. Collins. "No one," he says, "can sit in a National Convention of either of the two parties under this system without being reminded of the French National Convention just before the downfall of the French republic, when liberty had deteriorated into utter license, and the voice of the whole people of France was drowned by the howling, screaming, hysterical mob of Paris in the galleries." He disposes in short order of the contention that the people have the right to assist at a convention which is to decide a matter in which they have so deep an interest. His objection to the present system, he says, is that it enables a single state, or even city, to pack the galleries so as to absolutely thwart the free expression of the popular will, and may in time enable individuals or corporations to control conventions in this way by the lavish use of money.

Mr. White wisely concludes that the country has had enough of the menagerie system of conventions. There is one point which he overlooks, and that is the frightful waste of money which the present methods entail. The amount expended upon the Tammany band of delegates and shouters from New York cannot have been less than a quarter of a million of dollars, and the total amount expended by the thousands who attended the convention at Chicago cannot be expressed by fewer than seven figures.

**THE SEARCH FOR PEARY.**—It is scarcely probable that the fate of Lieut. Robert E. Peary, his wife, and his exploring party will be made known to the world before six weeks or two months. The plan of the Relief Expedition that sailed from St. Johns, Newfoundland, in the whaler *Kite*, is to proceed directly to Disko Island, off Greenland, where interpreters, Eskimo dogs, and fur clothing will be procured, and after the passage of Melville Bay to Cape York, the coast will be searched carefully for traces of the missing party.

As to the probabilities of finding Lieut. Peary and his party alive, it may be said that they are good. The expedition was as well organized and equipped as most enterprises of the kind, and although it is undeniable that it was lacking in certain important supplies, none of them were vital. As for the dangers and difficulties of spending a winter upon the ice cap of Greenland, we know tolerably well what they are from the experiences of Peary himself and of other travellers, notably Dr. Nansen, and it may be assumed that they can all be overcome with due precautions and under average conditions.

It is reasonable, therefore, to suppose that early in the autumn we may expect to welcome the party home and to chronicle important additions to our knowledge of the arctic regions.

**"HEIRS WANTED."**—Minister Lincoln is making a praiseworthy effort to protect his fellow countrymen from being swindled by the so-called English estate agencies. He may succeed in putting an end to the operations of William Lord Moore, but that ingenious gentleman is certain to have imitators.

Are Americans more gullible than other people? An ingenious Cuban has long been writing to well-known men stating that he is imprisoned in Havana for having robbed a lottery; that the proceeds of the lottery are buried in the United States; and that for a small sum of money to enable him to mitigate the hardships of jail. The fact that he persists in his letter writing year after year indicates that he has victims.

A Spaniard follows this plan: Selecting a prominent man as his victim, he writes to say that the person addressed has been guardian of an orphan heir to millions. Circumstances are added to give verisimilitude, and the letter ends by offering bait for some large sum, such as \$5,000. There is the same reason for supposing that this man finds his scheme profitable as in the case already cited.

It is unnecessary to refer to the deep rooted belief that exists in the Anneke Jans estate, the Townley estate, and half a dozen others. We might also speak of the prosperity of "green goods" swindlers and dealers in spurious bricks of gold, and might refer to the fact that money is constantly being spent in the search for lost treasure ships. Enough, however, has been said to indicate the large field of operations of the swindlers, among whom are found the men that Minister Lincoln is endeavoring to suppress.

**CHICAGO'S WATER SUPPLY.**—The newspapers that are publishing sensational reports about Chicago's water supply are pursuing a course both unwise and unpatriotic. It is as senseless to exaggerate a danger as it is to understate it. The effect of each extreme is eventually the same—to lull to false security. There would be some reason for the warnings given by the newspapers if it were true that the city officials did not appreciate the fact that there was danger of the water supply being tainted. This, however, does not appear to be the

fact. On the contrary, the authorities foresaw years ago the danger which now threatens, and adopted measures, which seemed wise and well considered, to obviate it. The project laid out involved the remodelling of the water supply system, and necessarily required much time to be carried out. It is nearly completed now, and there is no reason for believing that after a very short time there will be any further trouble. At the present time, the worst that can be said of the water used for drinking purposes in Chicago is that it is advisable to adopt the very ordinary precaution of boiling before using. To refer to the water as "almost hopelessly tainted," as some newspapers have done, is equivalent to a malicious and criminal libel uttered against an individual.

If it were desired to injure the Columbian Exposition, no better method could be adopted of effecting the purpose intended than by slandering the water supply. Visitors simply will not go to a city where there is doubt about the purity of the water used for drinking. More than one exposition has already been rendered a failure by a cause of this nature. To continually refer to "Chicago's tainted water supply" is equivalent to waving the yellow flag of the plague in the face of the world.

**THE ISSUE IN ENGLAND.**—Lord Salisbury celebrates in his election manifesto the work done by his government. He praises the condition of the finances, the army, and the navy. He contends that much has been done for the working classes, and expresses the hope that more will be accomplished. Then he speaks of Home Rule, which, he declares, affects one interest to which, above all others, the election is vital.

Mr. Gladstone's manifesto is almost wholly a plea for Home Rule in Ireland, and, from the standpoint of sentiment, he adds to the strength of his argument by a pathetic allusion to the probability that before the opening of another campaign he will be in his grave. Thus the two leaders join issue on the question of Home Rule.

There is, nevertheless, another influence at work that may prove more potent in determining the result of the canvass than all the appeals to unionist patriotism and arguments regarding the justice of Home Rule. It is the feeling of unrest prevailing in industrial England. The campaign of education that has been going on among the working classes for years is bearing fruit. Workmen see that methods of production and manufacture are constantly being improved; and that at the same time their condition does not grow better in the ratio that they desire. Strikes and lockouts decrease their earnings. Conditions of trade arising from the development of the world's commerce seem to press more hardly upon them than upon their employers. They are asking what is the use of the magnificent organization they have attained if it cannot accomplish something practical.

In default of securing definite results, human nature likes to turn out those in power. It is not impossible that blind love of change may disregard the skillful appeals of both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury.

**PRANKS OF GERMAN OFFICERS.**—German army officers seem more dangerous to the comfort and peace of mind of ordinary citizens they meet than the fabled American policeman, or the cowboy of the West in his palmy days. Reference has already been made to the brutalities practiced by subalterns upon recruits to train them in the way they

should go. The acts of the officers are in the nature of pleasantries in which they give vent to their high spirits.

Thus, Lieut. von Lucius, of the First Hessian Hussars, compelled two casual citizens he met in a beer garden to give him the military salute, and jump over his leg, threatening them with his sword in case they refused. The case of Lieut. Hapfner, of the Bavarian Infantry, is more serious. He tried to cut down with a sword an editor who had criticised his conduct toward a private soldier.

Emperor William has taken the army under his especial protection, and has acted at times in a manner that gives the impression that he would be found the friend of the soldier rather than of the citizen in case of a controversy. With officers giving such practical illustrations of his teachings, citizens generally will be apt to find another reason for supporting Prince Bismarck in his revolt against his master.

**THE SUN SPOT.**—In our last issue we presented to our readers a photograph of the spot on the Sun, and announced

our intention to publish in this issue a second print of the phenomenon. About the 20th of June last the spot was observed to undergo a change. It seemed to swell, bulge, and distress the Sun, which took upon itself a green and sickly appearance. During the next two days the light which shines for all at a two-penny power grew more and more dim, until it shone like a farthing rushlight, the spot meanwhile spreading itself to the very edges. On the 23d, the spot obliterated the Sun, which sank, emitting treacherous rays, behind Tammany Hall. The politicians now holding a wake over the remains of David, the fallen Rum-God, swear to knife Goliath of Gray Gables in November. Between now and November the spot will be worth watching, especially from the district in and about the City of New York.



**NAVAL APPRENTICES.**—To the problem, how to get a new navy, has succeeded the problem, how to get sailors to man the new ships. The enquirer studying the question, naturally turns to the apprentice system, designed to be the source from which to obtain a constant supply of trained seamen. Congress has ordained that a number of apprentices equal to ten per cent. of the number of sailors may be enlisted. Instead of the good results hoped for, it is found that fully ninety per cent. fail to remain in the service after the expiration of their term of enlistment.

In trying to ascertain the reason why this should be so, the first idea that occurs to persons familiar with methods practiced on men-of-war a century ago, is that they are driven out of the service by the harsh and cruel treatment of those above them in rank. According to an investigation made by the Boston Herald, this is not the fact. Some harshness there is,

and there must be, so long as one man has the right to command another; but complaints of this nature from the apprentices, so far from being the rule, are surprisingly few in number. The general testimony seems to indicate that the apprentices are well treated and well cared for, and are subjected to only so much severity as is good for them. The reason why they do not continue in the service must be sought in another direction.

Apprentices are enlisted between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years, and are required to serve until they are twenty-one. They receive a \$45 outfit of clothing free and pay of \$9 a month. This is gradually increased to \$11. Upon their discharge they have the privilege of enlisting as seamen. During their apprenticeship they receive a careful training, both in the duties of seamen and mentally, so that upon their discharge many of them are better educated than they would have been had they remained ashore and followed a trade. What is the prospect before them of rising in the world? There is practically none, and this is probably the best explanation that can be given of the failure of so large a proportion to enlist. They are well fitted to make their way in the world but they are denied the common privilege of American young men to push themselves ahead.

In the army every private soldier has an opportunity of winning a commission. This is not true of enlisted men in the navy. The highest point they can possibly reach is that of warrant officer, and few such appointments are made in the course of a year.

It has been suggested that a remedy for this state of things might be found in restoring the plan formerly practiced of appointing a number of the most worthy apprentices every year to the naval academy. Such appointments would be prizes worth striving for. Another remedy would be in opening some line of permanent promotion to deserving sailors. Whatever plan may be adopted, the matter is worthy of the serious attention of the rulers of the navy.

**THE SITUATION IN NEW YORK.**—President Harrison would be a man of the most abundant faith if he did not feel great anxiety as to the result of the canvass in the State of New York. At best, the State is doubtful with pronounced Democratic tendencies; and in addition the machinery of the Republican party is utterly in the control of two of the foremost opponents of the President. Ex-Senator Platt made all the fight there was against Harrison at Minneapolis, while Warner Miller naturally feels antipathy towards the man who permitted him to lie in the cold outside the breastworks for so long.

As a rule, defeated party leaders are inclined to grant to the successful candidate for the nomination the privilege of electing himself if he can. Messrs. Platt and Miller do not propose to concede even so much as this to Gen. Harrison. It is not intended to intimate that they are meditating treachery, and propose to defeat at the polls the man they could not overcome in the convention hall. But it is obvious that they will conduct the canvass with much less enthusiasm and zeal than they would have displayed could they work for the man of their choice, and to this extent Gen. Harrison's chances of serving a second term in the White House are seriously diminished.

Were Messrs. Platt and Miller in politics professionally, the situation would be different, for then they would be inspired to activity by the knowledge that they would lose all

hope of office unless they won. Mr. Platt, however, is notoriously a politician merely for the fun of the thing and the pleasure he finds in setting up and knocking down candidates. Mr. Miller originally had ambition; and doubtless the embers of hope of high office still burn within him; but it is not to President Harrison that he looks for the realization of his ambition.

**OUR LEGATIONS ABROAD.**—One moral of the case of Capt. Borup, be he innocent or guilty of selling French military secrets to Germany and Italy, is very plain.

What use have the United States for military and naval attachés at London, Paris, etc.? For what good purpose should representatives of the United States degrade themselves by resorting to underhand methods and bribery to obtain the secret of powers with whom we are at peace?

The truth is, the posts of military and naval attachés at European legations are maintained solely to furnish desirable places for certain officers possessed of influence, either social or political. Heretofore it has been supposed that they were harmless; the case of Capt. Borup shows that they are not.

Therefore they should be abolished along with a great many other offices which red tape and bureaucracy have developed and now maintain.

**CYRUS W. FIELD.**—History will honor him whom his own generation has ceased to honor.

Now and then the great soul is made to shine in mortals. Their intellects are kindled with the spark men call genius.

They give to the world more than the world possessed before; then they pass away.

Millions have come and millions have gone.

In the glorious record of brilliant deeds done for the benefit of mankind, some few names will shine forever with undiminished light. One of these is that of Cyrus W. Field.

In ancient days the lofty soul shone as it does in these. As time passed the petty doings, the smallnesses of the man were forgotten, and he arose to the dignity of a god in mythology or hero in legend.

We in this prosy age mark these men of destiny, rub our shoulders against them, throw our banquets at them, affect a familiarity, and fetch them down to our level; then we are up and away to pay tribute to a ballet dancer or the latest after-dinner Yoric.

Cyrus Field has had his little nicenesses. We have grown familiar with his tricks and his ways. We have grown weary of hearing of his great exploit; still, history will forget all this and leave him the one man of the world who joined two continents and made thought immediately interchangeable. Indeed, he is a hero of the nineteenth century!

**ENGLISH ELECTIONS.**—Even a Presidential canvass, like that of eight years ago, is a thing of sweetness and light in comparison with the scenes attending the elections in England. Mr. Gladstone's venerable years are not sufficient to protect him from the missiles of the mob. Experienced public speaker as he is, Mr. Chamberlain was compelled to leave the platform abruptly, completely exhausted, and was assisted, half fainting, to a carriage, "in consequence of the ferocity of the demonstrations that greeted his plea for a fair hearing. No mercy is shown to women, even. At one meeting at which Stanley strove to be heard, "Mrs. Stanley burst into tears, twice rose to her feet, and then sank into her seat," a spectacle that had only momentary effect upon the ruffians

who were badgering her husband. Upon another occasion "she was almost in hysterics when she left the hall, and she screamed several times during the mob's attack upon the carriage." Timothy Healy was pelted in Dublin with stones, flour, and mud—a circumstance not altogether incomprehensible.

Newspapers of both parties have been guilty of great scurrility, and cartoons have been circulated which verge on indecency. Yet no vital principle is at issue to stir men's passions to the dregs.

Our English contemporaries would do well to reprint for the benefit of their own readers, some of the sermons they have been preaching for years upon the subject of American methods and manners.

**JUDGE GRESHAM'S DECLINATION.**—Judge Walter Q. Gresham has afforded additional evidence of his ability to make a good President of the United States by the manner in which he declined to consent to be a candidate for the office. A week before the convention of the Third Party met at Omaha, he expressed his determination in unequivocal terms. The persistent use of his name as a possible Presidential candidate of the party was called to his attention by a newspaper interviewer, and he squarely declared that he would not accept the nomination.

His course should serve as example to public men who have before their eyes the mirage of a Presidential nomination. It is given to few men to see clearly in such a case. The greatness of the office, personal ambition, the unwise counsels of friends, all combine to make the obstacles seem very small, and to lead the victim to a defeat which may almost destroy the fame and position built up by a lifetime's work. How much better would it not have been for Mr. Blaine's name had he stuck strictly to the declarations contained in his February letter, and had refused to listen to the voice of those who tempted him to be a candidate, and to suffer the most inglorious overthrow of his career! It would be easy to point to other examples of unwise ambition. The death of President Arthur and of Gen. Hancock has been ascribed in part, at least, to the disappointment felt by the one at his failure to secure a renomination, and by the other, at his crushing defeat at the polls.

The ambition to be President is a worthy one, but it is also one that is full of danger to him who cherishes it.

**DUELS IN FRANCE.**—Night cabmen in New York City—night hawks, as they are fittingly called—are rightfully esteemed among the toughest of the inhabitants of the metropolis. There is a story of one of them who after a long and successful career of extortion and violence was compelled by the preeminence of his crimes to flee from the police and seek a refuge in the toughest part of the Far West. Newspaper readers and admirers of Bret Harte are familiar with the turbulence of the citizens of that region. Almost daily they may read despatches from mining towns describing the encounter of two or more champions provided with repeating rifles and revolvers, and they will recollect that every such despatch ends with the words, "forty or fifty shots were exchanged, but neither man was injured." Sometimes the ending is modified by the killing of a bystander; but rarely by the death of one of the principals.

Into this happy region came our New York cabman, and his New York manners speedily rendered him exceedingly dis-

agreeable. Whenever he felt himself insulted, as he frequently did, he would promptly punch the head of his opponent. This was in gross violation of the strict etiquette observed. The McAllisters of the West had decreed that in such cases the two fighters should retreat around corners as quickly as possible, firing their rifles and revolvers as they ran away from one another. To rush up to a foe and punch his head incontinently was unanimously voted bad form. So they boycotted the cabman, and declined to insult him any more.

Something of this nature seems to have happened in France in the case of the Marquis de Mores. For years, duels between statesmen and journalists in Paris have been a source of unflinching joy to Americans, they were so harmless and so absurd. The feeling of security which every French duellist has cherished has been rudely destroyed by the act of the Marquis in killing his man. To be sure, he alleges in extenuation that it was an accident; but what kind of excuse is that? To a duellist slain, it is merely a matter of detail whether he has been pinked by accident or design.

The death of Capt. Mayer is not without its uses. It has shown to the French duellists the unexpected peril to which they were exposed. They are taking prompt measures to avoid such disagreeable *contretemps* in the future. Instead of boycotting the Marquis de Mores, like the cabman in the Far West, they are talking of abolishing the duel altogether. Which would be a very sensible thing to do!

**THE NATIONAL GUARD.**—A proposition is being discussed relative to bringing the National Guard of the various states more directly under the supervision of the War Department at Washington. A circular explaining the project states that it is proposed to establish a Militia Department under the Secretary of War, having as its chief an officer of the rank of brigadier general, who, with his staff, should belong to the regular army. The governor of each state could continue as commander in chief, and appoint his own staff. The advantages of this plan are enumerated as including uniformity of organization, equipment, and drill, and securing a body of educated officers whose business it would be to advise and instruct the militia.

The plan would have much to recommend it were the purpose of the National Guard, as at present organized, to supply a body of troops supplementing the regular army and forming part of it, after the fashion of the reserves in European countries. The tendency in the United States, however, has always been to maintain a broad line of separation between the regular army and the National Guard. The latter has been organized in the various states as a state organization, bearing the same relation to the army that a state legislature does to Congress. It hardly seems as if the advantages outlined are worth the radical changes of policy proposed.

Indeed, the results described can be and are being obtained under the present arrangement. The relations between the regular army and the National Guard are most friendly, and the officers of the latter show eager pride in adopting suggestions and improvements coming from the former. Under these circumstances, perhaps it would be advisable to let well alone.





PAINTINGS OF THE DAY: II. "BEHIND THE SCENES," BY LUDWIG KNAUS. (See page 419).



TO come across a famous leader of the german carrying his steel as zealously as though he were robbing an Aladdin's lamp in the hope of evolving some new figure for the dance; to find a purdy, florid stock-broker, who can draw his check for a fortune—and have it honored, too—scrubbing his tent floor as though his future livelihood depended on the excellence of his work; to see a merchant, sluggish with prosperity, trundling a barrow creaking with camp rubbish, or a meditative politician bending under an unaccustomed load of water, are, to the curious and trifling, the most potent attractions to the storied heights of Peekskill.

The annual encampment of the National Guard of the State of New York has a phase much more serious and no less interesting to the general body of citizens. They pass over the accounts of puerile pranks, of labored amusements and stupid misadventures, and regard the institution with the dignity and concern that it merits.

For it really is something more than the dress parade of an awkward squad; and the martial apprentices are brought to this regular rendezvous for something besides marching up the hill, then marching down again.

When one recurs to the important part played by militia soldiery in the late war, it seems odd that the organizations of armed citizens should be so lightly considered. In reality they are the nation's force of "reserves," and in a country that gets along comfortably and satisfactorily with a standing army of twenty-five thousand men, the reserves may justly claim attention more serious than that beset by gaping yuleks and bus-miswatches from the country round about the cantonment.

The militia of the State of New York may fairly be said to outrank in fitness and discipline that of any other commonwealth in the Union. In point of numbers it far outstrips the enlisted reserves of any other State. The great commonwealth of Pennsylvania, the superior of New York by 50,000 men in the number of citizens available for military duty, can not show a roster of enlisted militia more than half as large as that of the Empire State. Ohio, with a fighting population only a trifle smaller than New York's, boasts an enlistment of a paltry 4,000 men. Their uniforms in many instances, however, are very gorgeous. Illinois, with nearly 600,000 men liable to military duty, has to move around lively to scrape together an array of 3,500 for use in riots or parades. As in the case of Ohio, however, several of the Illinois companies sport uniforms of billy-bred splendor, and it will be recalled that when an officer of one of these organizations appeared at the Court of the Shah of Persia, whither he had gone as United

States Minister, the Eastern monarch felt so cheap and inconsequential in the presence of the raze-dazzle regimentals of his visitor that he postponed the audience until the Court could array itself in the extravagant glory that the occasion demanded.

The camp at Peekskill is conceded by all military experts to be the best located, the best arranged, and the best controlled military encampment in this country, if not in the whole world. Probably it has no peer as a permanent camp. From year to year improvements have been made until now the place serves as an example and model of its kind. There are now two parade grounds—one for extended field manoeuvres and the other in front of the color line for ceremonies and parades. After years of ploughing and scraping both plains have been made absolutely level. The mess hall is now a permanent structure, with every possible convenience in the way of kitchens and store-rooms. The water system is excellent, with taps at the head of each "street," and a house containing some two hundred bath-rooms. The camp is lighted by electricity, and from its position on a sandy plateau the drainage is perfect. On three sides the ground slopes abruptly to the water's edge; on the fourth side rises a rocky eminence, cutting off the severe winds which sweep through the highlands and would otherwise sweep the tents off into the Hudson. As it is, some pretty severe storms, brewed in the gorges of old Dunderberg, come down on the camp every summer and frequently do considerable damage.

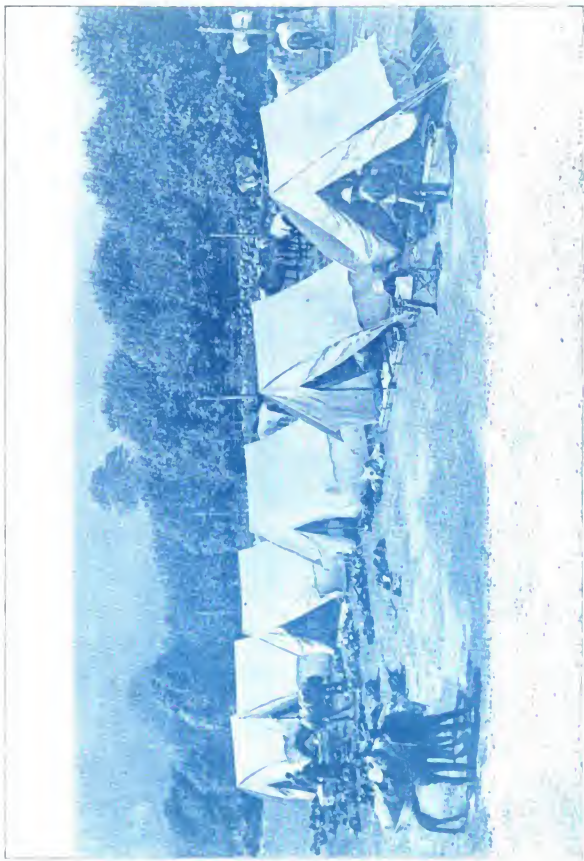
Matters are so ordered that every command has a sennight's tour of duty at the camp once in two years. This regular experience of field-work and camp-life has vastly increased the efficiency of the guard. The ludicrous fuss and feathers that made the militia the butt of the paragrapher, the inspiration of the cartoonist, has been done away with; useless and inefficient organizations have been disbanded, and the commands brought down to a practical working basis.

Those whose business it is to judge the value of a command, to consider its probable usefulness in emergencies, are of the opinion that the conduct of a body of men during a few days of trial under canvas in the field, is the best index at hand of the mettle and make-up of a company. Camp records weigh much heavier than is generally supposed, in the judgment by the State authorities of the worth of the various troops and troupers.

Even such seemingly inconsequential diversions as the sportive contests of skill between different companies, pass for something in the minds of those concerned with the efficiency of the "reserves." And, indeed, what could better prove the firmness of a rider's mount than the handkerchief chase, or



AT PEESKILL CAMP, N. Y.: TENTS OF THE SIXTY-NINTH, NEW YORK. THE RELIEF GUARD, VIEW OF THE DRILL GROUND.

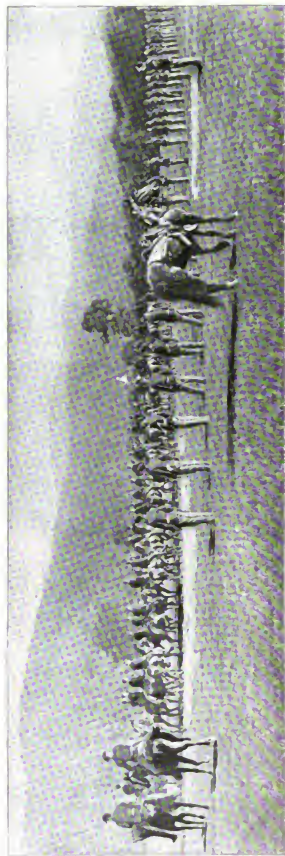


AT PERSKILL CAMP, N. Y.: EVENING AT TROOP "AN" QUARTERS.





AT PEEKSKILL CAMP, N. Y.: TROOP "A," N. G. S. N. Y., FIRING ON A BATTALION OF THE SIXTY-NINTH, NEW YORK.



AT PEEKSKILL CAMP, N. Y.: TROOP "A" AND THE SIXTY-NINTH, NEW YORK, PASSING INSPECTION.

the single stick-charges? What could more severely test the trooper's steadiness of arm than the egg race? To take an egg in a spoon, mount a horse, and ride a race, holding that spoon at arm's length and not lose the egg, is not easy.

Even a potato race is not to be despised in proving a trooper's steadiness of nerve and degree of celerity, while tug-of-war and similar games of brawn and prowess are obviously valuable in ascertaining the vigor and endurance of the citizen soldiers.

Much more than usual interest attaches to this year's encampment, largely because of the fact that the new drill regulations are being put into practice for the first time.

Ten years ago American tacticians were convinced that the army and the National Guards of the United States were sadly

The regiments and companies assigned to Peekskill this year went there comparatively well prepared to manoeuvre on the field in extended order, and when the Sixty-ninth Regiment and Troop A closed their tour of duty, they had practically satisfied the army officers detailed there for observation that the new regulations will answer, and may be safely used by the government in case of war, until further inventions in the destructive power of ordnance shall demand a still further change.

So deeply concerned was the government in the work done in the direction in reference, that while hitherto one officer of the army has been detailed to stay at Peekskill mainly for the purpose of making a complimentary report, and to show that the army is in sympathy with New York's endeavors to



AT THE PEEKSKILL CAMP: POST COMMANDER AND STAFF AT THE CAMP OF INSTRUCTION.

1. Lieut. John T. French, Jr.,  
Fourth Artillery, U. S. A.
2. Col. Joseph G. Story,  
Post Quartermaster.
3. Maj. Chauncy P. Williams, Jr.,  
Third Brigade, Post Inspector.
4. Maj. H. P. Saxe,  
Tenth Battalion, Inspector of Drills.
5. Capt. N. B. Thurston,  
Twenty-second Regiment, Inspector of Drills.

6. Capt. A. L. Judson,  
Tenth Battalion, Asst. Inspector of Drills.
7. Lieut. E. E. Hardin,  
Seventh Infantry, U. S. A.
8. Capt. J. S. Shepherd,  
Twenty-third Regiment, Post Adjutant.
9. Lieut. George T. Howman,  
Seventy-fourth Regiment, Asst. Inspector of Drills.
10. Col. Fred. Blaisdell,  
A. A. General, Chief of Staff.

11. Brig. Gen. Frederick R. Halsey,  
Paymaster General.
12. Brig. Gen. Joshua M. Varnum,  
Chief of Ordnance.
13. Maj. Gen. Josiah Porter,  
Post Commander.
14. Brig. Gen. Thomas H. McGrath,  
Inspector General.
15. Col. John C. Bates,  
Second Infantry, U. S. A.

behind the times in the methods used in manoeuvring troops. After years of study the new drill regulations were evolved by a board of army officers, and were adopted by the government with, perhaps, some misgivings. There was no method convenient or certain, except on paper or with a small body of men, for the government to ascertain the merits or demerits of the new system. As a matter of fact, too, there were not enough regular soldiers at any one post to give the rearranged tactics a proper trial.

By the desire of the national authorities, New York adopted the new order of things. During the past winter the various regiments were initiated into the mysteries and manoeuvres of the novel regulations, and in their armories they began to put them into practice.

perfect its National Guard, this year permission was asked to have four officers of the regular army on detail at the camp. Among these were three of the board which compiled the new regulations—Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Bates, of the Twentieth Infantry; Major Henry C. Hasbrouck, of the Fourth Artillery, and Lieutenant John T. French, of the Fourth Artillery.

The Sixty-ninth Regiment were particularly likely to give the new regulations a fair and even favorable trial. They have long since lost the amateurish regard for Dutch-toy regularity and clock-work monotony of movement. That sort of thing does admirably for a corps of ballet girls or a cadet school parade; but it is intolerably irksome and even mean to men intended for the real business of fighting.

## JOHN W. FOSTER.

THE man who steps into the shoes lately occupied by the feet of James G. Blaine is in an awkward position. He has to stand comparison with a man who, however much we may differ with his politics and dealings, is, we must allow, the most notable American of this *fin de siècle*.

John Watson Foster, who has been appointed by President Harrison to succeed Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State, is not likely to ever set the Potomac on fire. He is an intimate friend of the President, and, as General Harrison loves to dabble in foreign affairs, there will, probably, be more harmony between the White House and the State Department than there was when Mr. Blaine was in power.

Mr. Foster, who was born at Evansville, Ind., in 1834, spent a year at the law school of Harvard, and was admitted to the bar at Evansville in 1855. Commencing practice with ex-Governor Baker, he remained in his native town until the outbreak of the Rebellion, when he accepted the appointment of major in the Twenty-fifth Indiana Infantry. After the capture of Fort Donelson he was promoted lieutenant-colonel, and, subsequently, colonel of the sixty-fifth Indiana Mounted Infantry, and still later was colonel of the 136th Indiana Infantry. During Burnside's expedition to East Tennessee he commanded the advance cavalry brigade, and was the first to occupy Knoxville in 1863, and on the occupation of that entire section of country, was given command of a military division. He was present at the battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Holly Springs, Knoxville, Cumberland Gap, Murfreesboro, Bean Station, and Nashville.

At the close of the war, in addition to his practice of law, Mr. Foster engaged in journalism, assuming the editorship of the *Evansville Journal*. In 1869 he was appointed postmaster of that city, and then commenced his political career. He was chairman of the Republican State Committee in 1872, and managed affairs so well that, while Hendricks was elected Governor in October, the electoral vote of the State was cast for Grant a month later. This success led to his appointment as Minister to Mexico in 1873, and, in 1880, he was reappointed by President Hayes.

Mr. Foster is an experienced diplomat, for after he had done good service as United States Minister to Mexico, he occupied similar positions in Russia and Spain.

In March, 1880, Mr. Foster was transferred to Russia, and held that mission until November, 1881, when he resigned to attend to private business.

On his return to this country, Mr. Foster established himself in practice in international cases in Washington, D. C.

After the failure of the Senate to ratify the Spanish treaty which he had negotiated, it was afterward withdrawn by President Cleveland for a reconsideration. Some weeks later Mr. Foster was instructed to return to Spain to reopen negoti-

ations for a modified treaty. This mission, however, was unsuccessful, and Mr. Foster remained abroad but a few months.

During Mr. Blaine's illness Mr. Foster was virtually in charge of the State Department, and on *dit* that he was the cause of that gentleman's retirement from public office.

According to a story recently told by Michael H. De Young, editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Mr. Foster forced the resignation of Mr. Blaine by insulting him at a conference with the Canadians who were in Washington seeking reciprocity. Mr. Blaine expressed certain views concerning the subject under consideration. "Those are not the President's views," remarked Mr. Foster curtly, according to Mr. De Young. Mr. Blaine at once terminated the conference and wrote his letter of resignation.

This story has been denied by Mr. Mackenzie Powell, the Canadian Minister of Customs, who was present at the conference where the incident was said to have occurred; but there are a good many people who continue to put their faith in Mr. De Young's statement.

Mr. Foster's appointment has given general satisfaction at Washington, where, however, it is regarded as only a temporary one. He will probably serve until next March, when, if Mr. Harrison is reelected, the President will, in reorganizing his Cabinet, reward some more valuable political worker with the portfolio of State. Mr. Foster is a good politician, but his tastes run more to the practice of his profession than they do to politics.

That the President should have appointed two cabinet officers (Attorney-General Miller and Mr. Foster) from Indiana, neither of whom has any considerable political influence, has created much surprise among the politicians at Washington. A Republican Senator, who is on close terms with the Administration, is reported to have thus explained the President's action: "It does seem strange that Harrison should have

chosen a man without political influence to be the premier of his Cabinet, but he did so solely for the reason that he intends to devote nearly all of his time, from now on until November, to his campaign for reelection, and he desires to have at the head of his State Department, a man thoroughly acquainted with its policy and its routine, so that when he is absent from Washington or engrossed in political work, he can feel absolutely confident that his foreign department is in capable and trustworthy hands. Therefore, he set precedent aside, turned down the Republicans who had candidates, and selected the man of his choice."

Mr. Foster is very prompt and businesslike in his methods and is an affable, unassuming man of kindly disposition. In personal appearance he is tall and slender, with thick snow-white hair and bushy white side whiskers and moustache. He is an active member of the Presbyterian Church, and lives at Washington in a large double house on I Street, which he has owned for many years, and which, during his absence in Mexico, was the residence of Judge Gresham.





EVEN the petty but potent meanness of the German Emperor did not avail to dull the marriage festivities of Prince Bismarck's son Herbert and the Countess Margarethe Hoyos. The streets of Vienna through which the bridal couple drove on their way to the church where they were made man and wife, were thronged with the populace, who made a holiday of the union. Austrian officials were not present in the crowds that filled the church and highways leading there, but their absence was not noticed in the generally brilliant assemblages.



COUNT HERBERT BISMARCK AND HIS BRIDE.

named Lorenz, threw a great roll of paper containing a petition at the carriage occupied by the Count and Countess Herbert and the Prince. The roll struck the Prince in the breast, and then fell to the bottom of the carriage. Count Herbert picked it up and tossed it out into the crowd. Prince Bismarck did not appear to be startled by the occurrence. The crowd started for Lorenz, and handled him roughly, but the police interfered before serious harm was done him, and carried him off to jail.

Count Herbert's wife is the second daughter of Count George Hoyos, lieutenant in the Austrian army, and of Countess Alice, formerly Miss Whitehead, daughter of the celebrated torpedo manufacturer.

Of the many branches of the Hoyos family, this one is of Spanish origin and married into the very highest families of the Austrian nobility. It was while at Graz, accompanied by her parents, that Count Bismarck made her acquaintance. On May 16 they were at the theatre witnessing a performance of "Quintus Horatius Flaccus." During the *entr'acte* Count Herbert noticed a loud talking gentleman, with a bushy black



There was a burst of cheering when Prince Bismarck and Count Herbert arrived. They acknowledged the greeting, and then awaited, at the door of the church, the appearance of the bride. The ex-Chancellor looked a giant beside the group that surrounded him. He was attired in the uniform of the German Garde du Corps, and wore a helmet surmounted with a silver eagle. Count Herbert wore the blue uniform of the First Dragon Guards. Both father and son wore the red and green ribbons of the Austrian Order of St. Stephen.

Five minutes later another burst of cheering announced the arrival of the bride. She advanced slowly up the aisle, escorted by Prince Hohenlohe von Below, of the German Embassy at Rome. The whole assembly arose as the bride passed up the aisle, and, facing the aisle, bowed to her. As the bridal party left the church they were again lustily cheered, especially Prince Bismarck.

Vast crowds of workmen and students awaited their arrival at the Palfy Palace, and would not leave until the great Chancellor had addressed them a few words of reconviction. As the carriage drew up, an insane Bavarian workman,

beard, accompanied by a young and beautiful blonde whose face was full of expression. They were seated in the foremost row of the parquet. The lady was Countess Hoyos and the gentleman her father.

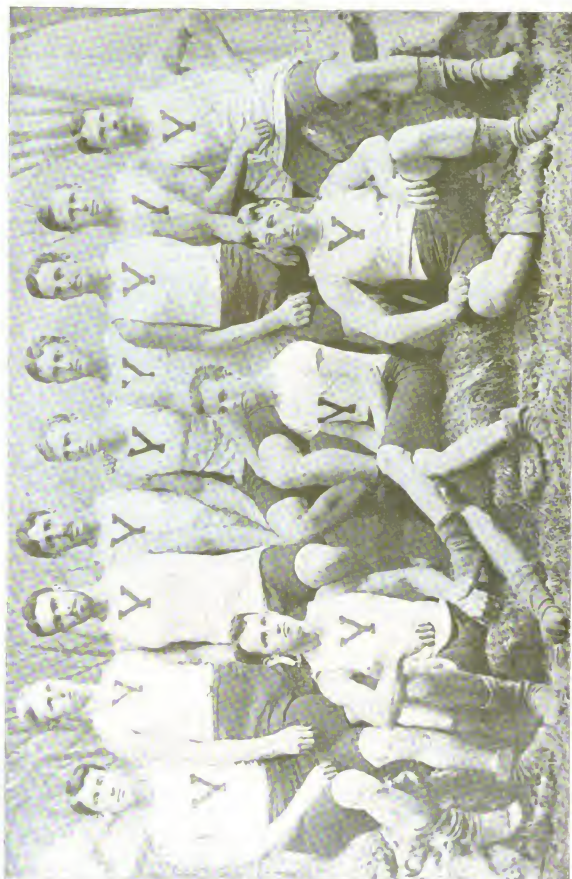
After this Count Bismarck and his *fiancée* were frequently seen together on the most fashionable thoroughfare of the city.

One who knows the Countess well thus describes her:

"Countess Hoyos is sylphlike, with dreamy blue eyes and golden hair. She is unmistakably English in appearance, and only the graceful courtesy with which she greets a stranger betrays the fact that she was cradled on the Adriatic. She showed all the pleasure of an unspoiled girl in trying on a host of new dresses."

Count Bismarck is a full twenty years older than his bride.

At one time he gave promise of achieving distinction in the politics and diplomacy of the Empire, but the incomprehensible hostility of William toward the ex-Chancellor has relegated upon the son, and Count Herbert seems doomed to a life of elegant leisure. He is described as proud and even overbearing in his manner.



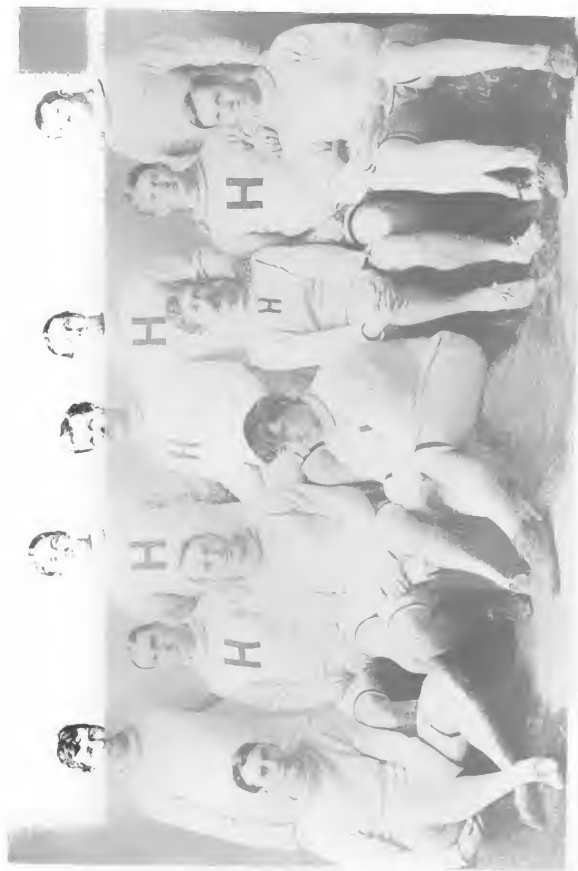
COLLEGE OARSMEN: PORTRAITS OF THE YALE UNIVERSITY CREW. (See page 425).

1. T. L. Chandler,  
2. Leroy Rogers,  
3. B. R. Ives (Nov. 21).

4. R. D. Price (Nov. 21),  
5. J. A. Bartlett (Nov. 21),  
6. E. F. Galland (Nov. 21).

7. A. E. Graves (Nov. 21),  
8. J. H. Hurland,  
9. A. J. Balliett (Nov. 21).

10. E. A. Johnson (Nov. 21),  
11. T. E. Townsend (Nov. 21),  
12. A. L. Van Hook (Nov. 21).



COLLEGE OARSMEN. PORTRAITS OF THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY CREW. (See page 428).

1. F. H. Wadsworth (No. 3).

2. C. W. Cummings (No. 4).

3. S. N. Randall (No. 5).

6. R. A. Stone (No. 6).

7. R. G. Waters (No. 7).

8. M. Newell (No. 8).

9. F. Lyman (No. 9).

10. D. B. Nade.





OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS. LV, JAMES LEWIS. (See page 402.)



## VII. ACROSS THE DESERT.\*

## CAMP SAN JUAN, UTAH.

We were preparing to leave for Bluff City, and had packed most of our outfit, expecting to start early in the morning.

The San Juan River was unusually high, and its tawny waves dashed against the bank scarcely forty feet from our tent. In the early morning we had noticed that the river was within six inches of the top of the bank, but did not suppose that it would rise sufficiently to compel us to move.

About supper time the cook went to the stream for water, and upon his return informed us that four inches of the rise would bring the water on a level with the ground occupied by our tents.

We had built a large fire, and were sitting about it, smoking and telling stories. The guide had been relating one of his bear stories. We were not inclined to take much stock in the guide's stories. He had told us a great many, in fact, too many for the region, as very few bears had been seen by any of the hunters in the last five years.

The tent occupied by the teamster, cook, guides, camp-boy, and Mr. Rowley, was pitched much nearer the river bank than the supply tent and the one in which dwelt the remainder of the party.

The camp-boy had withdrawn from the fire some time before. As we were having an uproarious time, joking the guide about his experiences with the grizzlies and the silver tips, they were suddenly confronted by the camp-boy, scantily attired; he was greatly excited, and as he ran toward us he cried: "The bank is caving in just back of the tent!"

We all ran to the scene of the accident and found the water dashing over the ground so near the back of the tent that unless something was done quickly Rowley would lose his birds and animal skins and his bedding. We jerked down the tent as quickly as possible, and carried canvas and contents to a place of safety, some two hundred yards away. The men were ordered to throw up a bank around the other two tents. This engaged the entire force for something more than an hour. We rolled the cook's wagon onto a knoll four feet in height, and then all hands turned in with the expectation of rising about five o'clock.

The San Juan was not content with making us move one tent. The day had been very hot, and the melting snows in

the mountains swelled the stream higher and higher. It crept up, inch by inch, and about midnight the waves covered a piece of low ground alongside our tent. As the San Juan rises, the waves get higher. The river carries more sand and mud in solution than any other stream in the country.

It has never been satisfactorily explained how the waves start in this singular stream, but we know, from personal experience, that sometimes they reach a height of three or four feet. Whether the wind blows or not seems to make no difference.

It was about midnight when a wave about two feet high got under full headway and swept inland, drenched the bottom of our tent, and flooded the ground outside the embankment. Some of the water dashed over the little levee we had thrown up, and found its way inside. Of course, everyone woke up instantly, rolled up his blankets, and rushed outside. The first man out, upon stepping over the embankment, found himself in about a foot of water.

Then there was a commotion! We carried our clothes, valises, and blankets to the cook's wagon, and, returning, pulled down the tent and stored it on top of a deserted Indian clay lodge near at hand. The supply tent was not safe either, and we had to take that down and carry all the heavy boxes of Armour's canned beef, the canned goods, specimens, trunks, ropes, etc., two hundred yards back to a hill.

There was no more sleep for us that night, and we passed a very cheerless time of it waiting for daylight.

The wagons were loaded and the burros packed. We set out for Bluff City after partaking of a good breakfast. It would have amused the manufacturers of Armour's extract of beef to see to what use we put their most excellent preparation. If we understand rightly, from directions, it is to be largely diluted in water and prepared just as in hotels. That was not sufficient for the men of the survey. No matter how strong the extract might be, they preferred solid matter to liquid. So the cook was in the habit of pouring a can of corn, one of tomatoes, and fifteen or twenty peeled potatoes into a pot along with the extract, and such other odds and ends as

NOTE. The above illustration is from a sketch made on the spot by Mr. Bran W. Lane, showing the wagon containing the stores of the expedition sailing over the desert en route to Camp San Juan, Utah. The country is a bleak waste of treeless, almost impenetrable, sand.

\* See Nos. 121, 116, 119, 122, 123, 124, and 125 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.



he had in the larder. To a man out of camp this would hardly be palatable, but it suited us first rate.

After such a stew had vanished down the throats of eleven hungry men, we set out over the sand desert separating Gillett's trading store from Bluff City. This was the worst trip we had in the course of the expedition. We disabled two horses, came near losing our cart-boy, and suffered greatly from thirst. The distance was only twenty-two miles, yet we were two days in making it. I can give no better idea of the great difficulties experienced in traversing the San Juan country than by describing our journey mile by mile.

The men in charge of the trading store have to haul their freight from Mancos. The road passed near our camp, and is frequently travelled by the traders. Therefore we had an easy road of it for a mile and a half. From the store to Bluff City there is a trail which the Mormons occasionally use when it becomes necessary for them to visit Durango. But as they raise nearly all their own commodities, and make their own clothes, they seldom have intercourse with the outside world.

One mile beyond Gillett's store the trail crosses a small creek. The creek is filled with quicksand. You can stand on a flat, table-like surface of a grey compact sand, and if you jump up and down a little, the whole mass will shake and quiver like an enormous bowl of jelly. If you keep on jumping, the soft, pliable crust covering the sand beneath will suddenly break as does "rubber ice," and let you down up to your knees. Once in that far, it will be impossible for you to get out unless there is someone near at hand to throw you a rope. The trail approaches on a perfectly level mesa until it reaches the edge of the creek; then there is a steep descent of about forty degrees for some distance. Across the creek is about one hundred feet, and then comes another steep incline on the opposite side. We saw there was going to be trouble, and so, unhitching one of the teams, we put four horses on one wagon and started them slowly down the bank with all of the wheels chained so they could not revolve. Even with such a powerful drag, the wagon ran on to the horses and came near being upset. When the wagon reached the quicksand we had to stop for a moment to unlock the wheels. While this was being done, the wheels settled about eight inches, and it was just all the horses could do to start the wagon and cross the trembling, shaking, treacherous level. Our four horses could not pull the wagon up the other side, and Smith and Mathews, the gunies, unlimed their lariats and fastened them to the wagon-tongue. Then they dismounted and gave their two splendid horses, the bays, the six animals were barely able to drag the wagon on to the mesa beyond. Our second wagon, being lighter, was taken across with less difficulty.

Mr. Cowen, the surveyor, weighs about two hundred and forty pounds. As he was trudging through the sand, he stepped into one of the ruts made by the wagon and went down to his knees. Several of us rushed back and seized him by the

arms, dragging him through sand and water to the other bank. Those who had hold of him, in a spirit of fun, pretended to have continual fears for his safety, and instead of releasing him immediately upon getting him out of the rut, pulled him clear across the creek upon his knees.

We rested upon the mesa, and as we started up our burros spied several strange burros. When burro meets burro there is invariably a conflict. Despite the efforts of our horsemen, our nine burros pursued the three strangers, scattering pots, pans, Armour's canned beef, and other articles all along the road. They ran for two miles before they could be held in check. This second trouble caused a delay of an hour. When the burros were at last brought into the trail, the teamsters stopped and the boys who had been riding dismounted. The sand was about ankle deep, and as far as the eye could discern it was covered with sage brush. Along the San Juan River was a fringe of trees, small, stunted, and hardly worthy of the noble name. For ten miles we trudged through the

sand. For my part, I would rather walk five miles on an Ohio pike than one mile on any of the "roads" in Southern Utah or Northern New Mexico. Those who have not tried it can scarcely imagine the feeling of fatigue which speedily overcomes travellers on such paths. One may be a good pedestrian, but the continual exertion of pulling the feet out of the soft, yielding sand, setting them forward to take a good stride—only to find that your step falls about a foot shorter than you intended—will wear out the average walker speedily. You cast your eyes about you to see something of beauty, but you see nothing save great frowning sandstone cliffs, an occasional crow, a coyote, or a sand crane. You sigh for the green fields and shady woods of the East. You would give all the relics and cliff-houses you have seen in three months for a drink of good limestone water. You must keep your eyes on the ground for rattlesnakes and tarantulas; at the same time you must watch the cliffs afar off on your right for cliff-houses and towers. You think you see a dwelling, and you call

a halt. Just as you raise the glass to your eyes you hear a buzz in a bush from which, perchance, you may have familiarly plucked a twig but a moment ago. You jump, draw your revolver, and as you cover the bush you see a great flat-headed rattler just in the act of striking. With great pleasure you put a bullet through his head, then inspect the cliff through your glass, and command, "march on!"

On this particular day of which I write, about ten miles of that sand was all we could make by one o'clock, when we halted for dinner. We bent about the sage brush, and having scared out the lizards and tarantulas, broke off a sufficient quantity of twigs to make a small fire; we boiled coffee, dried some of Armour's breakfast bacon, and laid ourselves down upon the hot sand to rest.

Dinner over, we set out, hoping to make ten miles by night, but we were doomed to disappointment. We came to a place where the road ascends to the second mesa. It is called Sand



IN THE DESERT: BARRIERS OF SAND.

Hill, and it well deserves the name. I remember to have read, when a boy, of a traveller in Egypt who was unable to travel five miles in a day, on account of sand impeding his progress. If I remember rightly, he had three or four camels; that was all; I suppose he hadn't any wagons. We were all the afternoon in getting up that quarter of a mile stretch of hill. The burros went up smiling, that is, if a burro can smile. They can go anywhere. The horses were halted and a consultation held. We decided to partially unload the wagons, and to put six horses upon each wagon. How the poor creatures strained and tugged! They understood their business well. They would stretch themselves out, and settle down into a steady pull, so long and hard that it seemed as if you could almost hear their hearts beat. The two "cow" horses, with long lariats connecting the pommel of the saddles and the tongue of the wagon, were used as anchors: that is, when a very steep part of the hill was reached where there was a little sand, these horses at a word from the guides would bunch their feet together and lean away from the wagon just as they lean when the lasso has fallen over the horns of a steer. They were not so strong as the team horses, but more wary, and had greater powers of endurance, so that when the team horses were resting, they would hold the wagon from sliding down the hill. There was not a stick or a stone within a mile with which the wheels could be blocked; to chain them was not of much use, and this was our novel method of holding our wagons stationary.

We had nearly reached the top with the first load when one of the team horses gave a jump, swerved to one side, and then fell in the harness. He had dislocated his shoulder. We got him out as best we could, and taking two of the more steady burros, rigged up rough breast straps for them out of some old leather bands, and put them ahead of the tongue with the "cow" horses; thus we reached the top of the hill. The other wagon was entirely unloaded and taken up empty. The horses were turned loose to "graze." The delicate sarcasm in that word "graze" can be appreciated only by a man who has been through the San Juan country.

An old-timer of the region turns his horse out to graze after a hard day's work, on territory where there is about as much grazing as there is in the middle of Broadway, New York. The horse is lucky if he can find sage brush tops green enough for him to eat. At first glance you would not think that he could find anything at all; it is only by going along the edge of the river that he does get any grass. The load of the second wagon was carried up the hill by the burros, and then we started to set up our camp.

No reader of this news magazine who has never made a "dry camp" can appreciate the inconvenience and hardship which it entails. Any old-timer would rather encounter the Indians, poisonous reptiles, and other things which the average

Easterner regards as terrible, than a "dry camp." Our experience has been that the lack of three necessities—wood, water and grass—is far more dangerous to an expedition's health than any band of Indians that ever roamed the plains. You can keep out of the way of Indians, but you cannot get water where there is none; you can kill a rattlesnake, but you cannot get wood where none grows. You can avoid a tarantula, but you can't find grass in a rainless region. Someone may ask why we did not carry grain, wood, and water with us. Any old packer would reply that horses eat so much when they depend entirely upon the feed from the wagon, that it is impossible to carry supplies for more than two weeks. There are so many things to be carried on an expedition that one must make a supply depot while he is in a country where roads are fair, and turn to it when in need of provisions. We carried usually seven hundred pounds of oats—enough for our stock six days. If we had attempted to carry wood and water in addition, we should not have been

able to get horses enough to pull the wagons, and each horse added to the outfit would have necessitated more water and more grain.

There is but one way to get through the Great American Desert. To go with pack horses and as little baggage as possible, and to keep near enough to Bluff City for to get supplies. Men have tried to cross above Bluff City, where there are no settlements or ranches, and in nearly every instance they have left their bones bleaching upon the white alkali sands. It is hard enough to get from Ohio to Bluff. Just consider for a moment! Ohio is thirty-five miles from the mouth of the Mancos. Not a white man, not a ranch, and no water in the entire distance! Mancos Creek is thirty miles from Nolan's trading store. Not a white man or a ranch can you see until you get to Nolan's! The force at that store consists of three white men, two women, and two children. Forty miles from Nolan's to Gillett's, and not a white



IN CAMP: DINNER UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

man or a house. Twenty-five miles from Gillett's to Bluff, over the most forlorn looking desert that the sun ever shone upon. Or, a total of one hundred and thirty miles of desert, traversed by the San Juan River, and but five creeks, all of which contain water largely impregnated with alkali. A hundred and thirty miles (which is not Indian reservation), existing in this fair United States, in which the traveler sees but two stores, containing a total population of nine white people!

We camped on that sand ridge, opened cans of peaches for supper, and drank the juice in order to quench our thirst. Some of the boys walked to the river two miles away, and brought back a precious bucketful of muddy water. We each took a tinful of this, and sighed for more, but we were too tired to go back to the river. The stock was turned loose, and allowed to wander in search of water. Nearly every one that night slept on wet blankets, as the result of the flood the night before. We did not rest at all well, and woke up in the

norming thirsty, cross, tired, and half sick. The guide informed us that water could be had four miles ahead, so we decided to get breakfast there, and trudged along through the sands as best we could.

We had to abandon one wagon on the mesa for lack of horses to pull it. We left one of the teamsters in charge of it, and put our three good horses on the lighter wagon. On the way to Bluff, we came to a place where there was a sheer wall of rock on one side, three hundred feet high, and a deep precipice on the left, at the base of which roared the San Juan River. A rock had slipped out of its bed and fallen over the edge of the road on the river side. It left barely room for the teamster to get past. As he drove over, the wheels on the lower side slid down a little, the wheels on the upper side tilted a moment and then righted themselves. The wagon passed safely, but it was a ticklish moment.

For three weeks we had been passing through a region which afforded no water which Mr. Lane, our photographer, could use in developing negatives. The surveyor had used the end gate of the wagon on which to make his maps. The artist had a small board, about two by three feet, as his easel.

The roads had been so terribly rough that the surveyor's level and transit and the larger camera were severely injured by the rough jolting of the wagons over rocks and ruts, so it was with feelings of relief that we entered Bluff and established a permanent camp. From thence the wagons were not to be taken further West, but instead the pack train and the horses would be sent into the neighboring cañons, which were supposed to be filled with interesting runs.

Our experience in crossing the desert, as narrated, will give the reader an idea of the inconveniences to be expected during a trip to the Southwest. One of the great causes of suffering was the lack of water. Frequently, upon reaching a stream about sundown, the members of the expedition would be so tired and thirsty that they would throw themselves on the ground, in the mud or quicksand, and, without waiting to dip up water in a bucket and let it settle, would drink out of a shallow, dirty stream scarce two inches in depth, counting themselves lucky that they could obtain even this.

WARREN K. MOOREHEAD.

## OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS.\*

### LV. JAMES LEWIS.

JAMES LEWIS, "the old-man" comedian of Mr. Augustin Daly's famous company, and the best known and most popular comedian in any stock company on the American stage, was born in Troy, N. Y., fifty-two years ago. A full-page illustration of this favorite actor will be found on page 408.

He was at the age of nineteen teaching at Troy, when a friend of his asked him to play his part at the Museum, while he (the actor) ran down to New York. Mr. Lewis had never been on a stage, but he had a weakness for "mumming." Within twenty-four hours he had learned his part. His friend found New York so fascinating that he did not return to Troy, and James Lewis stepped into his shoes.

Henry Labouche tells us that Mr. Lewis "having once sniffed the footlights and realized the stimulating influence of popular applause and laughter, he took kindly, though without enthusiasm, to his new calling. The odd part of the affair was

\*Portraits already published in "Our Gallery of Players": Pauline Hall, in No. 71 of *The Illustrated American*; Fanny Hurst, in No. 72; Mrs. Langtry, in No. 74; Fay Templeton, in No. 75; Marie Jansen, in No. 76; Marie Tempest, in No. 77; Ellen Moore, in No. 78; Anna O'Keefe, in No. 79; Georgia Cryan, in No. 80; Della Fox, in No. 81; Anna O'Keefe, in No. 82; Rosina Vokes, in No. 83; Marie Manly, in No. 84; Helen Barrett, in No. 85; Isabelle Frechette, in No. 86; Ellen Moore, in No. 87; Annie Myers, in No. 88; Julia Marlowe, in No. 89; Marie Helena Andrija, in No. 90; Mrs. Agnes Booth, in No. 91; Marie Burroughs, in No. 92; Joseph Jefferson, in No. 93; Henry Irving, in No. 94; Jane Hading, in No. 95; Adelaide Arthur, in No. 96; Wilton Barrett, in No. 97; Margaret Mather, in No. 98; Stuart Robson, in No. 99; Thomas Sedgwick, in No. 100; Bertha Constant Conquest, in No. 101; Edward H. Sotherton, in No. 102; Sarah Bernhardt, in No. 103; Lillian Russell, in No. 107; Helen Hastings, in No. 108; Emma Stone, in No. 109; Ada Rehan, in No. 110; 1071 Francis Wilson, in No. 106; Louis James, in No. 109; Joseph Hawthorn, in No. 110; Robert H. Mantell, in No. 111; Adelaide Prince, in No. 112; Minnie K. Galt, in No. 113; Mrs. George J. Barrymore, in No. 114; Miss Lili Lehmann, in No. 115; Annie Russell, in No. 116; Jean Lorraine, in No. 117; Rose Cushman, in No. 118; Fanny Hurst, in No. 119; Edith Booth, in No. 120; Viola Allen, in No. 121; Maurice Barrymore, in No. 122; Grace Henderson, in No. 123; Mrs. John Galt, in No. 124; and Wm. J. LeMayne, in No. 125.

that he said nothing at home for some time of his proceedings. Speculations were rife in the domestic circle as to how "Jimmy" spent his evenings, but he was a reserved and reticent lad, and modestly preferred to keep his own counsel. The mystery was solved by his sister visiting the theatre one evening, when, to her amazement, she recognized her brother on the stage. But, though convinced of his identity, she said nothing to him upon his return, waiting for him to speak first. Master James, however, resolutely held his tongue, and remained for some time under the pleasing delusion that he had not been found out. The truth was, that his mother, regarding his new departure as a mere boyish escapade, denied it wiser not to interfere, never doubting that the stage would soon lose its attractions for him.

But the hopes of Mrs. Lewis were not to be realized. "Jimmy" stuck to the stage, of which he was later to become such an ornament, and drifted out West in a strolling company. At some small city the strollers were acting in a building used in the daytime as a school-house, and Lewis was sent to the belfry to announce the commencement of the performance by tolling the bell. On another occasion, when he was playing the part of Touchstone, in "As You Like It," a Yankee low comedian was, owing to the exigencies of the staff, cast for the part of Charles, the Duke's wrestler. He looked the part perfectly, but he did not take kindly to the language of Shakespeare. When he stepped forward to utter the vaunting lines, "Come, where is the young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?" he became embarrassed. His lips moved, but he uttered no sound. Sweat poured from his brow. He had forgotten his lines, and the prompter had gone out "to see a fellow." After a moment of suspense, he became desperate and convulsed his audience by drawing out, "Say! Where 'bouts is the chap that wants to measure his mother?"

"Jimmy" Lewis did not serve a long apprenticeship. He soon made his mark and gave up "barntorning." He was in the South at the breaking out of the war; in fact, he was present at the inauguration of Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederacy, at Richmond in 1861. He escaped from Savannah by the last steamer which was permitted to leave that port. Through that most genial of American humorists, Artemus Ward, he obtained his first engagement in New York as leading comedian at the Olympic Theatre, under the management of that perennial Mrs. John Wood. Prosperity spells his career after this. In 1879 he joined Augustin Daly's company, and under that gentleman's able management has proved himself to be one of the foremost of American comedians.

Mr. Lewis "laments quite pathetically that he is not a humorist off the stage, though the twinkle of his eye betrays his words, and his quaint utterances form a pleasing contrast to the melancholy and dejected tone which pervades the private conversation of most professional comedians."

Another charm about Mr. Lewis is that he never "starred."

### SARATOGA'S WATERS.

THE great Dr. Herzig, of Marienbad, is of the opinion that the waters of Saratoga are almost matchless in their virtues and potency as healing agents; but he asserts that few patients who set out to take advantage of their worth, derive any real good from them. The famous physician lays the blame on the unwillingness of persons to take seriously a "cure" to which they have too easy and too ready access. He points out numerous instances of Americans who have come under his care in the Bohemian Spa. Many of them acknowledged that the train of life at Saratoga rendered it almost impossible for the patient to remain true to the diet and quiet absolutely necessary to the successful pursuit of a cure. "And yet these same persons," Dr. Herzig once said to the writer, "come to such a place as Marienbad, and observe every single detail of our system—a system famously trying, severe, and stringent—with the most rigorous fidelity." This readiness to maintain a *regime* that galls them intolerably at home, he attributes to the fact that a journey of three or four thousand miles impresses the patient with the due importance of the cure. They regard it more lightly when they have it at their door.



PROFESSOR T. W. DWIGHT.

PROFESSOR THEODORE W. DWIGHT, who died on the 29th ult., at the age of sixty-nine, was one of the most eminent lawyers and teachers of law in the United States. He came of an ancestry distinguished in colonial times. His father was a son of Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College over one hundred years ago. He took a course of law at Harvard, and when he was twenty-four years old the trustees of Hamilton College elected him Maynard Professor of Law, Civil Policy, etc. He was invited to New York by Columbia in 1858 to take charge of the projected law school of the college.

It is in this branch of the law, as an expounder of it, that Professor Dwight made his fame. His lectures gave him a world-wide reputation, and to them many a young man who has risen to a distinguished place at the bar is indebted. They were as simple as the law was complex, and many lawyers to-day remember, with a feeling of gratitude, the professor's clear exposition of knotty points. For thirty-three years he held the chair as Professor of Law.

Those who remember him in after years are not likely to forget his handsome, imposing head, crowned with its full shock of silver white hair, his black, sparkling eyes, his quiet, humorous smile, his patient, gentle manner. How many dances have sat before the kind old professor, and how weared his soul with their asinine questions? How many clever men have gone out to win their spurs? How many have failed?—how many succeeded? Thirty-three years of life—how much took place in the world while the kind old professor sat in his chair!

Prof. Dwight upheld successfully the validity of the law permitting graduates of the new institution to be admitted to the bar on presentation of their graduating diplomas. He wrote a large number of decisions which have become authority.

When the New York Law School was established last year many of Prof. Dwight's pupils became students in the new institution, where his system of instruction was practiced. On his resignation from Columbia a large number of prominent lawyers who had been his pupils, and warmly admired his simple, democratic character, published a tribute composed of testimonials to his worth. He leaves a widow and one daughter, the wife of Dr. E. L. Partridge.

## Fads, Facts and Fancies.

### Commentary upon Events, Episodes and Incidents of Current Interest.

MISS ANNETTE ASTORIA, who sought to amuse the Austrians with her feats as "the Georgia magnet," has been driven out of Vienna as a mountebank and a fraud. It is a bad year for the magnetic gentry.

THE cutting-short of Mr. John Redmond's visit to this country seems to occasion considerable comment and surprise; but inasmuch as the few days' sojourn of the leader of the Parnell forces sufficed to bring him many thousands of dollars for campaign purposes in Ireland, there appears to have been no particular reason for him to prolong his stay on our shores. It will be recalled that most of the money that had been handed over to the late Mr. Parnell for furthering the cause of Home Rule, had been deposited in Paris banks in such a way that, upon the demise of the famous Irishman, the funds were deemed a part of his personal estate and, therefore, beyond the reach of his coadjutors.

THE case of Captain Borup who is charged by the French authorities with betraying to Germany and Italy important military secrets secured by him in his capacity of attaché to the United States Legation at Paris, will have served some use if it succeeds in calling widespread attention to the uselessness, if not danger, of such undemocratic adjuncts to our peculiar diplomatic service. Our government has not more need of such decorative embellishments as Military Attaches to legations, than it has of brass bands or ballet-masters as factors in the Agricultural Department. Captain Borup admits that he secured, by polite intrigues, valuable information concerning the French defenses of Toulon, but he asserts that such information was for the use of the Department of War at Washington. Now, fancy the Department of War at Washington worrying itself over the defenses of Toulon!

THE Italian and the Spanish residents of New York have asked for permits to erect statues of Columbus, and a club of foreigners at New Haven, Connecticut, have also announced their purpose to raise an idolonic monument to the great commander. Their example will doubtless find many followers between now and the opening of the World's Fair, with results not wholly pleasant to contemplate. The quality of statues hitherto erected in our parks and public gardens is not such as to encourage any new hopes of the works about to be set up. Any one who has ever gazed upon the bronze figure of Garibaldi in New York's Washington Square, will tremble at the possibilities of the determination of our foreign-born fellow citizens to try their hand on Columbus. National feeling is most commendable; but when it leads men to disfigure the landscape of their adopted country with misshapen caricatures of their favorite heroes, it might be well to induce them to temper their national zeal. We have enough to answer for over here with our saturnine Lincolns, our cadaverous Hamiltons, pudgy McClellans, and wobbly Grants, without adding to our responsibilities with a lot of Columbus models by barbers and carved by cobblers. Go easy on your statues, gentlemen!

IT is rather refreshing, in the face of the accounts of White-lake Reid's princely castle at Oplir Farm, with its retinue of scarlet-livered servants, to read of the genuine simplicity of Grover Cleveland's life in the frame cottage at Buzzard's Bay, where a German cook and an Irish "upstairs girl" suffice for the wants of the modest household. It is a peculiar circumstance, by the way, that whereas Democratic officials retain the modest train of life advised by the father of the party—the incomparable Jefferson—Republicans, when advanced to power, assume a sumptuous extravagance that smacks strongly

of imperial tastes and ambitions. The moment the Harrisons came to Washington, it will be recalled, there was a great outcry on their part of the inconveniences and inelegancies of the White House. Even in the matter of equipage they broke through the long-established customs and traditions of national etiquette, and instituted a splendor of livery quite out of harmony with the general tenor of modes in the executive mansion. In this connection it is decidedly pleasant to read that the Democratic Governor of Massachusetts, Mr. Russell, rides in on his horse every morning from his home in Cambridge to the State-house in Boston, a distance of about three miles, and takes his seat at his desk, booted and spurred, for the transaction of the morning's official business. He is the most democratic Governor Massachusetts has had for many years, and after the routine of the day is over he is accessible to any visitor who chooses to call on him.

THE killing of Captain Mayer by the Marquis de Mores has availed more than any similar tragedy to arouse the French people to a sense of the horrors and senselessness of duelling. Two bills have been introduced in the Chamber of Deputies to suppress the practice altogether. Henri Rochefort urges that fencing schools be closed because they promote the duels, and Paul de Cassagnac, himself a famous duelist, calls for the abolition of the field of honor. The French found no objection to well-balanced contests of skill with foil and rapier, so long as they involved nothing more serious than a drive to the loins, a little stiff exercise and possibly a "pink," and, finally, a reconciliatory *déjeuner* at Armonville. But when the code is made to include something very like deliberate murder, it is felt that matters have reached a pass so serious as to demand instant check.

THE case of the Marquis de Mores, who has lately attracted notice by the frequency and fatality of his meetings on the field of honor, possesses a certain psychical interest, inasmuch as it indicates very vividly the effect of occupation and surroundings on temperament. Some years ago de Mores engaged enthusiastically in the slaughter of cattle and the sale of meat. From his abattoirs in the West, he stocked stalls and shambles in various large cities of the country, and counted on making a rapid fortune in his venture. His risky schemes fell to the ground from a trivial and peculiar circumstance. The Marquis's intimate familiarity with the repulsive details of his business somewhat perverted the native refinement of his tastes. When he painted his shops a blood-red hue from floor to ceiling, arrayed his employees to look like headsmen, decked his wagons in a particularly gruesome crimson, the Marquis little thought that all this suggestive show would drive patrons from his doors. He did not stop to take into account that what had come to possess an unwholesome fascination for him, might remain quite shocking to the major portion of the community. De Mores' change of temper kept pace with his change of taste. From a man of repose and self-restraint he turned to one of excitement and violence. His ill-considered deeds of passion in the West made life so disagreeable for him there that he betook himself to Paris, where his strange madness for bloodshed has caused him to become in turn a rabid advocate of anarchy and a persistent practitioner of duelling.

MR. BLAINE may take with him unto his retirement the consolation of having won the admiration of the best brains in European politics. Of the man who has been so vividly treated by his party, Count Herbert Bismarck lately said: "To give and take is the sum total of an astute diplomat, and in this Mr. Blaine seems a master. He must be a very gifted man, with large perceptive powers and an astute turn of mind, like some of his noted predecessors, able to foresee coming events and shape his course accordingly. He certainly expeditious and always, arranged amicably all questions while we were in office." It seems unfortunate that the only man in the Harrison Cabinet calculated to lift the administration into respect, should have been nagged and worried by his petty colleagues into premature desecration.

MODERN literateurs who go snooking about for the acquaintance and patronage of past-masters of the craft, may find something of interest in an account given by Dr. Ireland of an episode at an art exhibition held in Manchester in 1857: "While we were looking at the pictures of the Old Masters I saw Alfred Tennyson and Woolner, the sculptor, enter the room together. I pointed them out to Hawthorne, who looked long and steadily at Tennyson. I said to him, 'Will you not speak to him and shake hands with him?' to which he replied, 'Oh, I could not do that. I never saw him before; it would be obtrusive,' etc. 'Nonsense,' said I; 'let me go to him and tell him you are in the room. I am sure he would be delighted to meet you and exchange greetings.' 'No, no; I cannot allow you to do this.' I again remonstrated with him. I urged him to join hands with Tennyson, in spite of conventional introductions and stupid earthly limitations and customs. I contended that the fact of their being in the same room and within a few insignificant feet of each other on this very day had been evidently ordered from the beginning of time, and that it would be a wilful thwarting of the designs of Providence if the meeting did not become an actual and accomplished fact—that such meeting was in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, etc. All to no purpose. He was inflexible. So these two men never spoke to each other in this world. Hawthorne afterward recorded in his journals how Tennyson was pointed out to him on this occasion, and he devotes several pages to a minute and elaborate description of him, showing the quickness and keenness of his observation."

AS a matter of business, Chicago should have shown some moderation in her treatment of the horses who slept within her gates during the recent political convention. But the reports of those who were forced to endure the outrageous impositions of all classes of Chicago's traders, inn-keepers, and change-of-money, point to a perfect riot of insult and greed directed against the delegates, their friends, and followers. In view of the near approach of the World's Fair, for whose success the entire nation has a concern, it is unfortunate that some bounds were not put upon the violence and rapacity of our esteemed fellow citizens in the West. The memory of their misdeeds will abide with so many, the recitals of the monstrous conduct of that portion of the community with which visitors must come in contact, will spread so far and wide throughout the land and across the seas, that intending travellers to the Columbian exhibit will be forthwith deterred from their purpose. It would needs be a bold and hardened person to expose himself wittingly to such evils as has been shown to beset the city that isn't builded on a hill.

A WELL-DEFINED plan is on foot to punish our English cousins for the insensate rejection of Augustus Daly at the famous Garrick Club of London. Mr. Daly's friends, who are more considerable in quality than in number, are preparing to avenge the unkindness put upon the foremost American manager, by a studied inhospitality toward future suitors from England for American esteem and vogue. The Irvings, Wilbards, Harretts, and Wyndhams will no longer be greeted down the harbor by tugs noisy with champagne and music of the brass and chin orders. They will not find carefully chosen committees waiting at the dock to hurry them off to the comforts and luxuries of the Lotus, the Lamb, and the Players' Clubs. The newspapers, too, are to be made a part of the little conspiracy to turn a cold shoulder to the mummifying varlets from the ungrateful isle. Even the public is to be aroused into rebuking the graceless conduct of the Londoners toward Mr. Daly, by withholding their patronage from the foreign players. Every possible obstacle, in short, is to be thrown in the way of the pleasure and profit of the miming waylars. All of which goes to show that Mr. Daly is a fellow vastly more popular than any one had supposed.

LONDON advices state that Mrs. Mackay, the wife of the California Croesus, has bought some noted racers and is going to set up a stable. That famous portrait by Messonier may prepare for a move.



Arms of Captain Smith.

## The Building of America.

V.—CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH OF VIRGINIA.

BY BYRON P. STEPHENSON.

THE true founder of Virginia has been stripped of many of his self-conferred laurels by modern research. The rough sketch of his life contained in "The true travels, adventures, and observations of Captain John Smith, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America; beginning about the year 1593, and continued to this present 1629," is such a marvelous series of romances, so sparkling with fact and love adventures, that one cannot but regret that he has been called—and, we fear, with some reason—a blustering braggadocio and his autobiography "the gaseconades of a beggar."

Captain Smith did succeed, however, in making many of his contemporaries believe in him, and nearly all the minor poets of the day celebrated his fame. One of these, Braithwaite, breaks out into the following laureate-like laudation of his hero:

Two great shires of England did thee beare,  
Renowned Yorkshire, Gaunt, styled Lancashire.  
But what's all this? Earth, sea, heaven above,  
Tragabigzanda, Callanata's love,  
Dear Pouchontas, Madame Shano's too,  
Record thy worth, thy birth, which, I give,  
Even with thy reading, such choice solace give,  
As I would wish (such wishes doe well)  
Many such Smiths in this our Island.

Alas! there were many such "Braithwaites in our Israel," and most of them sang of Smith in equally bad verse.

Captain Smith "was borne [1579] in Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, and a Scholler in the twis Free-schools of Allford and Louth." His father anciently descended from the ancient Smiths of Cradley, in Lancashire, and his mother from the Rickards at Great Heck in Yorkshire.

His parents died when he was thirteen, and "left him a competent meercen." Even before his father died his mind was so "set upon brave adventures" that he "sould his Satehell, bookes and all that he had intending secretly to get to sea, but that his father's death [i.e., 1592] stayed him."

"But now," continues the "True Travels," "the Guardians of his estate more regarding it than him, he had libertie enough though no meancs to get beyond the Sea."

About the age of fifteen yeeres, [1594] hee was bound an Apprentice to Master Thomas Sewall of Linn, the greatest

Merchant of all these parts, but because hee would not presently send him to sea, he never saw his master in eight yeeres after. [1595-1603.]

The fact is, Master John Smith took French leave and accompanied "Master Peregrine Barty into France, second sonne to the Right Honourable Peregrine, that generous Lord Willoughby and famous Souldier." In Paris he could find nothing to do, and, after about two months' stay there, left the French capital on foot with a very lean purse. While staying there, he made the acquaintance of a certain Mr. David Hume, possibly an ancestor of the historian, who gave him letters of introduction to influential persons in Scotland, asking them to "preferre him to King James." But before going to Scotland he served for three or four years in the Low Countries.

His visit to Scotland was not a success, for he had "neither money nor meancs to make him a courtier," so he returned to Willoughby.

Where within a short time being glutted with too much company, wherein he took small delight, he retired himself into a little woodlike pasture, a good way from any towne, environed with many hundred Acres of other woods; Here by a faire brook he built a Pavilion, of boughes, where only in his cloaths he lay. His studie was Machiavelli Art of Warre and Marcus Aurelius: his exercise a good horse, with his lance and King; his food was thought to be more venison than any thing else. What he wanted his man brought him.

The romantic life of the young soldier soon became the theme of wondering gossip in the sparsely scattered neighborhood. Amongst others, the Earl of Lincoln sought him out, and was so charmed with his spirit and manners that he introduced him to an Italian nobleman of the name of Palaloga, and his (the Earl's) Master of Horse, with a view to perfect his *protégé* in his *manceuvres*. Smith did not need much instruction in that particular, but was so pleased with the conversation of his new friend that, more fully to enjoy it, and winter, moreover, being close at hand, he left his forest dwelling and took up his abode at Tattersall.

Conversation, however refined and instructive, could not long suffice for such a restless spirit as Smith. He longed for action, and determined upon setting out *via* France for Hungary, where Christians and Turks, champions of Crescent and Cross, were engaged in deadly conflict. He embarked for St. Malo, then the second port in France, but the vessel, through stress of weather, brought up and anchored off the shallow inlet of St. Valéry-sur-Somme, where the destined founder of Virginia came to irreparable grief, after a fashion which proved that, however much he might have profited by the study of Marcus Aurelius, the crafty precepts of the Florentine had not borne congenial fruit in his mind. Let him describe in his own words: "The notable villany of four French Gallants, and his revenge; SMITH throwne over-board; Capitaine LA ROCHE of ST. MALO releves him."

Thus when France and Netherlands had taught him to ride a Horse and use his Armes with such rudiments of warre as his tender yeeres [aet 16-20] in those martiall Schooles could attaine unto; he was desirous to see more of the world, and trie his fortune against the Turkes; both lamenting and repenting to have seene so many Christians slaughter one another.

Were John Smith alive to-day how much "lamenting and repenting" he would have to do over the slaughter of Christians by pulpit and press! But this is a digression.

Opportunities casting him [in the Low Countries] into the company of four French Gallants well attended, fainting to him the one to be a great Lord, the rest his Gentlemen, and that they were all devoted that way; over-persuaded him to goe with them into France, to the Duchesse of Mercury [de Mercur], from whom they should not only have meancs, but also Letters of favour to her noble Duke, then General [i.e., Sept. 1598] for the Emperour Rodolphus in Hungary; which he did with such ill weather as winter alloweth.

In the dark night, they arrived in the broad shallow Inlet of Saint Valeries sur-Somme in Picardie; his French Lord knowing he had good apparell, and [was] better furnished with money than themselves, so plotted with the Master of the ship to set his and their owne trunckes, a shore, leaving Smith aboard till the boat could returne, which was the next day after twelve evening; the reason here alleged was the sea went so high hee could not see

\*Previously published in this series: I. "The Founders of New England," in No. 12 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; II. "Strangers in a Strange Land," in No. 123, III. "The Huguenot Settlements of America," in No. 124, IV. "The Dutch Settlement of Manhattan Island," in No. 125.

sooner, and that his Lord was gone to *Antica* where they would stay his coming. Which treacherous villain when divers other soldiers and passengers understood, they had like to have slain the Master, and had they known how, would have runne away with the shippe.

There is possibly some truth in Mr. John Smith's first experience with a "bunco steerer," but we think he must have left his veracity in the pocket of one of the pair of breeches that his French lordship stole. However, he lies so quaintly that we cannot refrain from quoting some of his *perambulations*.

Our readers who know Britain will be interested in the following adventure Smith says he had with the robber Curzell, better known as Carson. It may also interest them to try and parse Mr. Smith's sentences.

Not long after, as he rassed Thronon, a great grove of trees between *Countess* and *Dine* (Dinan, we presume), in *Britanie*, it



*They are the Lines that show thy Fate, but they  
Show thee thy Grate and Glory brighter be  
Thy Fate, thy Graces and Fovle Overthrowes  
Of Salvages, much Credit by thee  
Best thou thy Sport and to it Glory flye  
Se thou art Wither without, but Gild it within  
If in thy Fortune yet Smith's tale to leave  
If in thy Fate to make Smith's tale to leave.*

*(Painted as then at Portsea,  
By the Painter, Robert)*

was his chance to meet Curzell, more miserable than himself. His picturing injuries had so small patience, as without any word they both drew, and in a short time Curzell fell to the ground; while from an old ruined Tower, the inhabitants seeing them were outshied. When they heard Curzell confess what had formerly passed, and that him in dividing that they had stolen from him, they fell by the ears among themselves, that were active in it, but for this part he excused himself to be innocent as well of one as of the other.

Our hero reaches Marseilles and embarks for Italy, in a vessel filled with pilgrims bound for the sacred shrine of Notre-Dame de Lorette. As Mr. Smith was an ardent supporter of the new opinions, fluent in sarcastic speech—provoked, moreover, by the abuse of the Paris passengers who cursed him and his sovereign (Good Queen Bess) for Hugues-

nots, and the English nation for pirates—anyone who can believe him at all, can also believe that having chafed the pilgrims for their faith, he at last worked them to such a frenzy of rage that they resolved to pitch him overboard. They did it, too, but with such commendable moderation and so near to a small island, used as pasture ground for goats and cattle, that he easily reached it by swimming. As he expresses it, "God brought him to that little Isle where was no inhabitants but a few kine and goats."

The next morning some ships "put in by the storme" and he was rescued.

Mr. John Smith, after a "desperate Sea-fight in the Straights," arrives on Hungarian soil. Then he begins to deal at wondrous deeds.

After the loss of *Caniza*, the *Turks* with twentie thousand besieged the stronge Towne of *Olumpach* so straightly, as they were cutt off from all intelligence and hope of succour.

Mr. Smith, "this English Gentleman," turns up as a *deus ex machina*, and acquaints "Baron Kissell, Generall of the Archdukes Arillery," that he

Had taught the Governour, his worthy friend, such a Rule, that he would undertake to make him know anything he intended, and have his answer, would they bring him but to some place where he might make the flame of a Torch scene to the Towne.

This device enabled Baron Kissell to inform "the Governour" that he was about to attack the *Turks* at a specified time and hour, and to ask him to cooperate with the army of relief.

To which Smith added this conclusion, that two or three thousand pieces of match fastened to divers small lines of an hundred fathome in length being armed with powder, might all be fired and stretched at an instant before the Alarm, upon the Plain of *Hynsburge*, supported by two staves, at each line end; in that manner would scene like so many Musketeers, which was put in practice, and being discovered by the *Turks*, they prepared to encounter these false fires, thinking there had been some great Armie: whilst Kissell with his ten thousand being entered the *Turks* quarter who ran up and downe as men amazed.

To cut a long story—may we venture on the word "whopper"—short the *Turks* were obliged to raise the siege and return to *Kanizsa*. In acknowledgment of the good services rendered by him to the Imperial cause, Mr. Smith was rewarded and made captain of 250 horsemen under a most mysterious "Earle of Meldivitch."

There is a castle called Ober-Limbach in Hungary, close to *Kanizsa*, but there is no record of its having been besieged at the period in question.

Now we come to "the siege of STOWLE-WESENBURG; The effects of Smiths Fireworks; A worthy exploit of Earle ROSWORME; Earle MELDIVITCH takes the BASHAW prisoner."

*En passant*: it seems to us that Mr. John Smith—we beg his pardon, Captain Smith—was not only the first to signal with torchlights but also discovered the art of making "head-lines," as they are called in the newspaper world. But to return to our nutrons, Captain Smith played an important part in this siege of Stowle-wesenburg, at least according to his own account.

Having prepared fortie or fiftie round-bellied earthen pots, and filled them with hand Gunpowder, then covered them with Pitch, mingled with Brimstone and Turpentine; and quartering as many musket-bullets that hung together only at the Center of the division, stucke them round in the mixture about the pots, and covered them againe with the same mixture; over that a strong Sear-cloth, then over all a good thickness of Towse-match well tempered with Oyle of Lin-seed, Camphur and powder of Brimstone; these he fully placed in slings, graduated so neere as they could, to the places of these assemblies.

Captain Smith seems to have had as great a weakness for fireworks as the small "fourth of July" boy. We hear again of "a pretty stratagem of fire-works by Smith" at the battle of Rotentub, but we must leave his warlike deeds to recount some of the love affairs he became entangled in before he founded Virginia.

After the battle of Rotentub, our worthy Captain was taken a prisoner by the *Turks* and sold for a slave.

Hee fell to the share of *Barbato Begall* who sent him forthwith to





# THE BUILDING OF AMERICA.

"THE TRIP, TRAVEL, ADVENTURES AND OBSERVATIONS OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, IN EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA."

(From a print in the original edition.)



Adria[napolis, so for Constantinople to his faire Mistress for a slave.

By twentie and twentie chained by the neckes, they marched in file to this great Cite; where they were delivered to their severall Masters, and hee to the young *Charatus Tragabigzanda*.

This Noble Gentlewoman took some occasion to show him to some friends; or rather to speak with him; because shee could speake Italian, would feigne her selfe sick when shee should go to the *Banians*, or weep over the graves, to know how *Rogall* took him prisoner, and if he were, as the *Bashaw* writ to her, a *Belonien* Lord conquered by his hand, as hee had many others; which ere long hee would present her, whose ransomes should adorne her with the glorie of his conquests.

But when she heard him protest he knew no such matter, nor ever saw *Rogall* till he bought him at *Asopolis*; and that hee was an *English-man*, onely by his adventures made a Captaine in those Countreys. To trie the truth, shee found means to finde out many [who] could speake English, French, Dutch and Italian, to whom relating most part of these former passages [as] he thought necessarie, which they so honestly reported to her, shee took (as it seemed) much compassion on him; but having no use for him, lest her mother should sell him, she sent him to her brother, the *Ymmer Bashaw* of *Nalbritis*, in the Countrey of *Cambia*, a Province in *Tartaria*.

One potent reason for this prompt action on the part of the susceptible *Tragabigzanda* was that her mother, an unpleasantly inquisitive old lady, had become apprehensive of the possible consequences of her daughter's frequent colloquies with Captain Smith, and was meditating how, in the interest of Turkish domesticity, she could, without noise and scandal, seize the poor gentleman and reconsign him to the common slave-mart. So the loving *Tragabigzanda*, to prevent such a lamentable catastrophe, dispatched Captain Smith, under escort, to the "Country of *Cambia*," with a message to her *Bashaw* brother, enjoining him to treat the illustrious captive with kindness and consideration.

We are strongly led to suspect that quite another character was given of Captain Smith by the *Bashaw's* mamma. Be this as it may, the destined founder of *Virginia*, who had fondly based "his hope of deliverance upon the love of *Tragabigzanda*," found that that love, or more exactly, grateful resentment, that he, a Christian dog, should have inspired a Turkish dame of high degree with such a sentiment—conferred upon him the favor of an iron neck-collar, half-cloth shirt, the office of slave to the other slaves, and a diet of soup, of which the main ingredient was horse-gut. "Their houses," he tells us, were "much worse than your *Irish*."

The Captain's sufferings are terrible, and, to escape from them, he commits murder with extenuating circumstances.

So long he lived in this miserable estate, as he became a thresher at a grange in a great field, more than a league from the *Ymmer* house [at *Nalbritis*]. The *Bashaw* as he oft used to visit his granges, visited him; and took occasion, so to beat, spur, and write him that [*Smith*] forgetting all reason, he beat out the *Ymmer* braines with his threshing bat, for they have no flails; and seeing his estate could be no worse than it was, clothed himselfe in his clothes, hid his body under the straw, filled his knapsack with corn, slon the doors, mounted his horse, and ran into the desert at all adventure.

Finally, Captain Smith reaches a Christian outpost on the Don. Here, again, a great lady—*Callamata*, he names her—receives him with gracious favor.

Sixteen dayes he travelled in this feare and torment, after the Crosse, till he arrived at *Asopolis*, upon the river *Don*, a garrison of the *Muscovites*.

The governor, after due examination of those his hard events, took of his irons, and so kindly used him, he thought himselfe now risen from death; and the good lady *Callamata* largely supplied all his wants.

My lady *Callamata* furnishes John with the means of reaching *Hermannstadt*, *Transylvania*. "Received there with much hospitality and gratulation," he proceeds to *Bohemia*, where, "at last, he found the most gracious Prince *Sigismundus*, with his Connell [*Henry Colda*, Earl of *Meldvitch*]." The most gracious Prince gives Smith "his Passie, intimating the service hee had done, and the honor hee had received with fifteen hundred ducats, to goe to repair his losses."

He takes a trip on the European continent, and then goes in for a little buccaneering.

*Merham*, a captain of a man of war then in the Road, invited Captaine *Smith* and two or three more of them aboard with him; where he spared not anything he had to express his kindness, to bid them welcome, till it was too late to go on shore, so that necessitie constrained them to stay aboard.

A fairer Evening could not bee; yet ere midnight such a storme did arise, they were forced to let slip Cable and Anchor, and put to Sea; spooning before the wind, till they were driven to the *Guenaries*. In the calmes they accommodated themselves, hoping this strange accident might yet produce some good event.

"Strange accident" did—at any rate, according to Captain *Smith*—"produce some good event," for not only did they take "a small *Barke* coming from *Teneriffe* loaded with wine," but also captured some Spanish vessels.

"Then he [*i. e.*, *Smith*] returned into England."

This was in the fourth year of the seventeenth century. John Smith was then twenty-five years old. How he later became tired of "wasting his life away," and associated himself with a number of gentlemen who were projecting a scheme for conveying a body of colonists to *Virginia*, in the hopes of realizing the dazzling dreams of Sir Walter Raleigh, we must tell in another article.

## A VENERABLE YEW-TREE.

THERE stands in the churchyard of Darley Dale, England, a yew-tree which is said to be the most venerable in the world. Many authorities claim for it a fabulous age, making it as much as three thousand years old. It is thirty-three feet in girth, but its trunk has suffered not a little from the modern goths and vandals who have carved their names in the bark, and employed other methods of mutilation.

"Whatever may be its precise age," says the Rev. Dr. John Charles Cox, "there can be little doubt that this grand old tree has since sheltered the early Britons when planning the construction of the dwellings that they erected not many years to the west of its trunk; to the Romans who built up the funeral pyre for their slain comrades just clear of its branches; to the Saxons, converted, perchance, to the true faith by the preaching of Bishop *Diuma* beneath its pleasant shade; to the Norman masons chiselling their quaint sculptures to form the first stone house of prayer erected in its vicinity; and to the host of Christian worshippers who, from that day to this, have been borne under its hoary limbs in women's arms to the baptismal font, and then on men's shoulders to their last sleeping-place in the soil that gave it birth."

## PAINTINGS OF THE DAY.

II. "BEHIND THE SCENES." BY LUDWIG KNAUS.

WE reproduce on page 398 a painting showing the most popular if not the greatest example of Germany's chief painter of genre. "Behind the Scenes" tells a story at once picturesque, romantic, and homely. Ludwig Knaus must certainly have passed many an hour in intimate association with the gipsies of the savidus ring, to have mastered such minuteness of detail, such convincing fidelity of feeling as characterize this example of his genius. There are humor, pathos, and the hint of tragedy in "Behind the Scenes." What could be more delightfully droll than the old king of the castor hurrying from his audience, still convulsed with his witticisms, to quiet the baby with the feeding bottle? Even more delicately suggestive is the introduction of the Mephistophelian figure of "the wicked old Baron," whose purpose is not hard to guess. The lazy indifference in the pose of the showman's wife, the lack of concern in his own face, make it clear, however, that the intruder's banal compliments and keering gallantries put the vagrant home of the pair in no great danger of an elopement. Their stay in the town where they are playing will be made the pleasanter, perhaps, from the patronage of the titled old beau. The children will revel in honours, the clown and his buxom spouse will enjoy many dainties from the Baron's own table and wine-cellar, and the receipts will be acceptably swelled at every performance by the price of a box which the Baron will seldom occupy. But, ere the vagrants have reached another town in their wanderings, they will have forgotten all their lordly Maicenas.



MR. PANMURE GORDON.

OF late a new class of securities has become recognized on the exchanges of this country. Many of them have afforded the public safe investments for money at a higher rate of interest than afforded by government and gilt edge railroad bonds. The introducer or promoter of this new form of securities was Mr. Panmure Gordon, who recently visited the States as a guest of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the American financier. During a former visit he purchased many American breweries for an incorporated English syndicate, also the Stock Yards at Chicago.

A man whose influence in commercial circles has been so potential, is a personage in whom thousands are interested. The picture we give is from a photograph of a portrait by Prof. Herkomer, R.A., recently painted and presented to Mr. Gordon by several Scotch societies of which he is an influential member and president.

"Mr. Panmure Gordon was educated at Harrow. He entered the army, being presented with a commission in the Tenth Royal Hussars by Lord Panmure, the War Minister. After four or five years' service he retired, and paid a visit to China and Japan, entering there a mercantile firm, where the ground-work of a subsequently successful commercial career was formed. He returned to England and took up the Stock Exchange as a profession. He is the president of the Scotch Kennel Club, and has wrought good service in the north, raising that club to the same high level of public opinion and respect as its sister institution, the English Kennel Club. The Scotch Kennel Club presented him with a very beautiful antique silver casket and parchment document, acknowledging his valuable services in having made the club a national institution. Mr. Panmure Gordon has always taken the greatest interest in breeding collies. At his kennels at Loudwater, Here, a score or more of the red pattern are always to be seen. Amidst the broad bitches, White Heather, Blue Kitten, and Ormskirk Dolly stand well high quite in the foremost rank of the collie world, while the champion Chantre was in his day a phenomenal winner, crediting his owner with some sixty-nine first prizes alone.

"As a fisherman and trout breeder, Mr. Panmure Gordon's talents are of a high order. He leases the celebrated Denham Fisheries, Uxbridge, recalling to mind pleasant memories of that unrivalled sportsman, the late owner, General G. Goodlake, V.C. Some 40,000 to 50,000 eggs were hatched this year at Denham, and trout of four, five, and six pounds are often to be caught on that beautiful stretch of the Uxine. At Loudwater the walls of the old hall are covered with heads of deer stalked in past seasons at Inchae and Glenmore. Mr. Panmure Gordon is a sportsman of untiring energy, bright colors, and a cheery companion."

## PERSONALS.

### About the Men and Women who make the history of our own times.

**M.** DEIBLER, the executioner of Paris, has disposed of 220 of his fellow beings, and is now thinking of retiring. He has a miniature guillotine in a glass case on the mantel-piece in his parlor, does not receive visitors, and finds amusement in playing the violin.

**P** RINCESS MARIE of Edinburgh, the *fiancée* of Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, is declared to be the prettiest member of the British royal family. She is devoted to yachting. Besides beauty she possesses a large fortune in her own right, which is doubtless a subject of congratulation with her betrothed.

**P** OSTMATER-GENERAL WANAMAKER was seen out driving in Washington the other day behind a fast Kentucky roadster. Beside him in the buggy was President Harrison; on the President's knee was Baby McKee, and it was Baby McKee who was driving the two heads of the government.

**J** EAN INGELOW is now sixty-two years of age, although the admirers of her poetry may find difficulty in crediting the statement that she can grow old. She still works hard, and finds relaxation in the study of botany. Three times a week she gives what she calls a copyright dinner, to twelve poor persons just discharged from hospitals.

**J** ANE HADING has well defined ideas on the subject of the stage as a profession. She would never advise the average young girl to adopt it. The life is wearing, and an actress, to be successful, must give herself up to her art completely, thinking of nothing else. But the case is different, she thinks, as to a girl who belongs by family and early associations to the stage.

**M** OY HOE, a Chinaman, whose headquarters are at San Francisco, has one of the most curious contracts of any existing in the United States. He is employed by the Chinese Companies at the Golden Gate to seek out and gather the bones of his deceased countrymen for shipment back to China. In carrying out his duties he travels incessantly from one extremity of the United States to another. He has collected the bones of thousands of Chinamen.

**Z** OLA is not at all despondent over his second defeat for election to the French Academy. On the contrary, he is rather inclined to be encouraged. Upon his first candidacy he had only eight votes; this time he held the eight and gained two more, making ten in all. If he lives long enough he thinks he may yet secure enough votes to elect him. His successful competitor is one M. Lavisse, said to be a college professor of some merit and an historian of some value.

**W** ILLIAM J. CAMBELL, the new chairman of the Republican National Committee, is a successful lawyer of Chicago. His ability may be inferred from the fact that he has been counsel for the Armours and others who are satisfied with nothing short of the best. His inclination to politics was the cause of the memorable quarrel between Senator Fawcett of Illinois and President Cleveland. He is rich from his law practice, and goes into politics for the sake of the fun.

**P** ROF. DAMASKIN, a teacher of mathematics at Athens, thinks he has solved the problem of reaching the North Pole. His idea has the merit of novelty, if not that of practicality. He proposes to build a locomotive which, besides going as a locomotive should, shall also build a track on the ice as it proceeds, keep the travellers warm, and haul a car laden with provisions. At thirty miles an hour he calculates to bring the Pole within twenty hours of Spitzbergen. All he needs now to carry out his plan is money.

**IDA LEWIS**, who used to be known as the Grace Darling of America, is passing her days in peaceful and happy obscurity. She is now Mrs. William H. Wilson, of Black Rock, Conn. She was born at Newport, R. I., in 1841, her father being keeper of the Lime Rock Lighthouse. When eighteen years old she saved from drowning four young men whose boat had been upset, and in the next few years she performed half a dozen more feats of daring. This part of her career ended, however, with her marriage.

**WHITELAW REID** is thus described as he appeared when a war correspondent with the army before Corinth: "He was as thin of figure as he is to-day, but far more delicate in health. I have often thought and told him that his ill-health in his early days had warned him to be careful of his strength and to nurse it. Hence his sinewy strength to-day. His face and head, and particularly his neck, were classical in outline, more defined than now, after thirty years of hard labor; but he is blind, who, looking at grey Reid now, can not picture the raven-haired youth of '62."

**CHIEF ARTHUR**, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, lives in a handsome house on Euclid Avenue, Cleveland. He was an engineer on the New York Central Railroad in 1874 when he was elected to his present office, and since then his Scotch thrift and shrewdness have amassed him a considerable fortune. His management of the Brotherhood has been marked by extraordinary success. He has been a firm and consistent opponent of strikes, and has urged conferences and arbitration to settle disputes. Along with the order there has grown up a flourishing mutual assurance society, with a membership at present of 13,000.

**PROF. SCRIPTURE** is making arrangements to establish a novel department of psychology at Yale, and is now having fitted up a laboratory to provide methods for studying psychological phenomena. His aims and his processes are exceedingly abstruse, as they naturally would be, seeing that they are intended to throw light upon the relations between mind and body. One of the simplest machines which will be used in the mind-hunt is the apparatus to measure the time elapsing between the receiving of a signal and the reaction. For example, Prof. Scripture will try to find out how quick a wink really is. One machine employed is capable of measuring an interval so short as the thousandth part of a second.

**GIOVANNI GIOLITTI** affords a striking contrast to the Marquis di Rudini, his successor at the helm of the Italian ship of State, and it is predicted that he will have better success in steering it through the stormy political waters of the time. While Rudini is a type of polished nobleman, Giolitti is a type of the *bourgeois* and the official. Next to Cavour, he is the youngest premier Italy has known. He was born in Piedmont in 1842, and at the age of twenty-seven entered his political career. He has occupied himself principally with financial questions which have given him a training to cope with the most important question of the day in Italy. He was a supporter of Crispi until their alliance was broken by a disagreement upon a plan of customs reform.

**MRS. CLARA MCADOW** is treasurer of the Board of Trade of Billings, Montana. She arrived in the town while the Northern Pacific was building. She knew something about clerical work and something about nursing, and these two accomplishments, with a letter of introduction, procured her employment at a small salary. When she had saved a little money she bought a town lot and doubled her money. Then she went into the real estate business, and prospered, until she was able to offer \$11,000 for the Spotted Horse mine, which a storekeeper had taken in payment of a debt. The storekeeper was touched by her lack of business sagacity, and chivalrously told her the mine was not worth the money. She persisted, bought it, and took \$50,000 out of it in six months. Then the storekeeper married her.

**MONSIGNOR O'CONNELL'S** name is familiar to Americans through his office as rector of the American College at Rome. He is a native of Richmond, Va., and although one of the youngest rectors the college has yet had, he has the name of being one of the best. He is a man of deep scholarship and sound judgment, and his cultivated manners, unassuming courtesy, and broad ideas, make him a most charming companion in social intercourse. The importance of the office he fills can hardly be over-estimated, in view of the fact that a large proportion of the students of the college eventually rise to the highest ecclesiastical rank in the United States. Thus in the first graduating class were Archbishop Corrigan, of New York; the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn; Bishop Northrup, of Charleston; Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco; Monsignor Seton, and the Rev. Dr. Keuben Parsons.

**WILHELM BUSCH** is the Mark Twain, and more, of Germany. "Almost as funny as Busch" is a popular expression used to describe what is superlatively comical. Americans know him chiefly through the genuine fun bubbling in the pages of *Fliegende Blätter*. Besides being a humorist, he is a caricaturist, and both his writings and sketches are alike remarkably free from anything that can offend or wound. He is nearly sixty now and has retired to his native village, where he devotes his well-earned leisure to the cultivation of bees. Just as Rossini thought himself a good cook, Busch imagines that he has conquered the science of the apiarist. Each visitor is served with a honeycomb, and the host is disappointed and annoyed if the gift does not win him enthusiastic praise. If any one speaks admiringly of his work, literary or artistic, he replies, "Yes, yes, but what do you think of my honey?"

**CLARA BARTON'S** name appears in the newspapers regularly whenever a great calamity occurs in any part of the United States. She is president of the American branch of the Red Cross Society. She began her career of ministering to the afflicted early in the Civil War, and has pursued it with unflagging devotion and self-sacrifice ever since, both at home and abroad. After finishing the work entailed by the war she went to Europe to rest, and was in Switzerland when war broke out between France and Prussia. She at once hastened to the succor of the wounded, and so successful was she in organizing a hospital service that Emperor William I. bestowed upon her the Iron Cross of Merit. She is said to be the only woman in the world who has received this honor. In the yellow-fever epidemic at New Orleans, the earthquake in Charleston, the Ohio and Mississippi floods, and the Conemaugh disaster, she was alike helpful and conspicuous.

**NICOLAS ILARIONOVITCH SKRIDLOFF**, Commodore in the Russian Navy, was appointed to accompany Admiral Gervais at the time of the visit of the French fleet to Cronstadt, and is now in Paris enjoying the good will of the French, which he attracted at that time. He is the picture of a sailor, of colossal stature, with broad shoulders and an immense chest. His face exhibits the utmost good nature imaginable. And he is a hero from away back. During the war of 1877 between Russia and Turkey, he undertook to blow up a squadron of Turkish monitors in the face of the certainty that he would be blown up himself, if he succeeded, and of the probability that he would be blown away. His friend Veresteghin, the painter, was along with him on this expedition. In 1887 he visited the United States as commander of the Russian cruiser *Strélok*. It was almost a toss-up in those days whether or not there would be a war between Russia and England over the advance of the former in Central Asia. As the single cruiser might inflict enormous damage upon English shipping, the *Strélok* was attended from port to port by a couple of British ships of double her fighting capacity. Had war broken out Captain Skridloff would undoubtedly have furnished the novel spectacle of a naval battle off our coast.



## MY AUNT'S DIAMOND.

**I**T was in the White Mountains. As it was rather late in the season, few people remained in the hotel: all were rapidly on the wing, and for the most part homeward bound.

There was one traveler who, like myself, was stationary for a short time; one who every day brought with him to the dinner-table his letters, several newspapers, and a book. These he arranged around him, and, after attentively studying the menu, devoted himself apparently to the examination and perusal of them during the spare minutes that intervened between the serving of his dinner. He spoke not a word, except to the waiter; he was a short, spare man of about fifty, with restless light grey eyes that wandered furtively towards every face and scanned it stealthily. His complexion was a mixture of the wan and livid; his hair was thin and grizzled, and he had neither whiskers, beard, nor moustache. Indeed, he was so closely cropped and shaven that he had the appearance of an actor ready for a make-up of any kind. He wore a white cravat, rather broad, and tightly tied by its extreme ends, and his coat was buttoned straight up to meet it. On the holiday trip one encounters such oddities, both in appearance and manners, that probably I should have taken no particular notice of this man, had I not several times noticed that his eyes were peering above the paper he pretended to be reading, and were steadfastly fixed on me. There was perplexity in their expression, as if the same thoughts that afterwards haunted me were puzzling him—where and when we had met before. There was admiration, too, in those furtive glances; but it was not for me personally. The attention lay in the flash and sparkle of a lustrous diamond ring, which I then constantly wore on my right hand. It was a single stone, of good size, and of extreme purity and brilliancy. It had been valued by a dealer in precious stones at \$2,000. It had been given to me by an aunt two years before, a few days previous to her death. I had promised to wear it always, and I did so, day and night. Its setting was most uncommon. It was not the first time it had attracted attention, but this man seemed so fascinated by the fiery glitter of the gem that he disregarded his meal, neglected his letters and papers, and cast such longing, almost caressing, looks upon it, that I felt impelled to withdraw my hand from his sight. Thereupon he gave a vexed and hasty snatch at his book, as if I had been guilty of removing the light of his eyes from him.

On the second day he, I fancied, had solved the problem of the where and when of our previous meeting. I had not. Curiosity led me to look up his name, which proved to be Charles Edward Daubigny. He departed afterwards from his usual habits, so far as to take a seat near me, and he brought his book only, which, by the way, was a treatise on phenology. He handed me the menu, remarked that the weather was wonderfully fine, the house dull, the dinner bad, etc., etc. Now and then he made an adroit observation, intended indirectly to draw from me in what direction, and with what object, I was travelling. But I gave him in reply civil-toned monosyllables only, almost regretting that they were civil, so strong was my feeling of aversion towards him.

Some days later, I decided to shift my quarters. I had just seated myself comfortably in the stage coach, and had taken off my glove to search for some article I needed in my travelling-bag, when the door opened, and, to my intense dismay, the evil eye of Daubigny gleamed upon me. With a familiar smirk and nod, into the coach he came. I closed my bag, and put my ungloved hand under my cloak. He saw the movement, and an odd sort of malignant smile passed over his face.

He was very much pleased, he said, to meet me again. I returned him a bow of grateful acknowledgment, and, finding I was not disposed for conversation, he betook himself to his phenological studies. He was very soon, to all appearances, deeply interested in the subject, and I took the opportunity of putting on my glove. No sooner did I move my hand than he raised his eyes and fixed them full upon the ring.

"What a remarkably fine stone that is!" he said.

"Yes," I answered, as I concealed it from his ardent gaze.

"I am a judge of those things," he continued.

"Indeed."

"Yes; and my opinion has often been taken in preference to that of many professed connoisseurs."

"You are a dealer, probably?"

"Oh, no," he said, with an air of offended dignity; "not a dealer, I am an admirer; I may almost confess to being a lover—'tis a great weakness—of these precious trifles. Now that stone, as you may have observed, has greatly attracted me, and judging, without the advantage of a close inspection, I should say I do not believe that I possess one of the same size, so brilliant, so purely pellucid, so apparently faultless."

I was not induced by this rhapsody to give him the advantage of the close inspection he so evidently coveted, but inquired if he had a collection of precious stones, to which he answered: "Sometimes; yes, sometimes I have."

I thought it a strange reply, but he added: "I wonder you are not afraid of losing your ring?"

"It is safer on my hand than in a jewel or dressing-case," I rejoined.

"Perhaps so; still it might prove a temptation to a desperate man, who, probably, if opportunity offered, would not scruple to take it from you by force. I think you run a risk."

"I think not, and he will be desperate, indeed, who succeeds in taking it by force on this line."

"I did not, madam," he said quickly, "refer to the stage especially. I perceive you would not lose your ring without a struggle for it; but, believe me, I had no intention to alarm, only to caution you."

"You have not alarmed me, sir, and I thank you for the caution."

"Still he would not drop the subject. After a few minutes' silence he said, rather smugly: "That ring is evidently very precious to you?"

"It is. It is the gift of a deceased relative."

"Indeed, indeed!" he said, moving towards me with an inquiring and interested look, expecting, I suppose, to hear some family history; but at that moment the stage stopped, and the driver alighted to attend to some detail. I called him. Daubigny sank back in his seat, and resumed the contemplation of the figures in his book.

"When shall we reach the Profile House?"

"In half an hour, madam."

Daubigny looked up.

"How glad I am you stop at the Profile House," he remarked with a smile.

When the stage stopped, he jumped out with his bag.

"Allow me to assist you," he said, addressing me.

"Thank you," I replied, forming a sudden resolution. "I have changed my mind, and am going on."

"Going on! then you lose a great treat. The Profile House is a charming place for a lover of the picturesque to pass a few days at, and I assure, madam, the pleasure of it, to me, would have been greatly enhanced by your presence. With the development of so much caution, I did not credit you with fickleness; but one, perhaps, is the result of the other. Well, good morning. I need hardly say take care of your ring."

I was so heartily glad to get rid of him, that I wished him good morning, and only smiled at his impertinence.

Just as the coach was again about to start, a lady and gentleman came rushing up, and, with the assistance of the driver, scrambled into the carriage.

"What a relief!" exclaimed the lady, as she threw herself on the seat. "I am so glad, George, that we got away so well—surely, surely that man meant to rob us."

"His manner was certainly very odd, very suspicious; but we may have been mistaken," said her companion.

"Oh, no, dear, not mistaken; and he might have killed us, too."

"Killed us! nonsense, Mary."

When the lady subsided into a calmer state of mind, she told me that many robberies had lately been committed at summer hotels, and she warned me, in case I had any valuables with me, to be on my guard. I said I was much obliged, but was careful not to display my ring.

They went on chatting pleasantly enough then on other subjects, until we arrived at our destination. There I found that we were to be guests at the same hotel.

During our stay there, numerous complaints were made to the proprietor of articles being missed from the rooms. My railway acquaintances, Mr. and Mrs. Butler, among others, declared that a valuable brooch had been stolen from their bedroom. A great fuss was made about it, and Mrs. Butler much condoled with; for it was remembered by some ladies that she had worn one evening a large brooch with green stones. The servants were rigidly questioned, but there were no proofs of dishonesty against them, and there seemed none to suspect. Mr. Butler called on the proprietor to indemnify him for his loss, which he estimated at not less than \$500, but the landlord positively refused, and in a manner that some persons thought very disrespectful.

Again I shifted my quarters, and, somewhat to my surprise, was followed by Mr. and Mrs. Butler, who declared that they could not endure the impertinence of the landlord. At the new hotel I found, to my great annoyance, that the abominable Daubigny was there also. When I went down to dinner he was already seated at table with his face buried in a newspaper. As I was placed at some distance I affected not to observe him, though I knew, of course, that the miniature lightning flashes from my ring could not escape his notice. Dinner ended, I went for a few minutes into the reading-room.

He soon followed, came up and said he was really rejoiced to see me, and regretted much that I had passed by the beauties about the Profile House, which had interested him

immensely. All at once he pretended to see Butler and his wife for the first time. Their greeting was an unusually fervent one; the shaking of hands most hearty and astonishingly prolonged. The two men retired to a distant window to talk, while Mrs. Butler sat down by me.

"You know our friend, Daubigny?" she inquired.

"No," I answered.

"I saw him speaking to you. He is a very old friend of ours; a little eccentric, but you will find him a most charming, interesting man when you are acquainted with him—for I shall introduce him—and he is so very clever, too. Do you know the Berkshire Hills?"

"Not at all."

"He has a very beautiful place there, and a perfect museum of rare and precious things, for he is immensely rich. His chief mania is for diamonds; he has fine specimens of all colors. Yours is a most brilliant stone," she said, taking my hand. "I should like him to see it; probably he would offer you a very large price for it."

"I hope he would not take so great a liberty," I answered coldly.

Soon after I went to my room. I had doubts about Mrs. Butler before. The lost brooch, I suspected, was not worth much; and now that I found she and her husband were connected with the man Daubigny, whose countenance I had studied and thought upon until a ray of light seemed to illumine a dark corner of my memory, I resolved to keep aloof and shake her off. Yet she was a very attractive woman of about thirty, pleasing in manner, always well-dressed, and in good taste; she had a sort of winning way in speaking that gave her a great facility in making the acquaintance of persons staying in the hotels.

I had expected to meet friends, but found letters only, which informed me that their journey was delayed for a week or ten days. I began to plan how to spend that time so that I could free myself from the Butler party. I felt that I was beset by them; I was weary of the constant reference to my ring, and resolved that another day should put an end to it.

On the following morning, when about to start for a walk, Daubigny emerged from the shelter of a newspaper. Perceiving that we were alone, he commenced: "I think, madam, you say that ring was a gift from a deceased relative?"

I was startled, but he continued: "I must tell you that it bears a strong resemblance to one I lost some years ago."

I did not answer, but looked so intently in his face that he was really disconcerted and turned away.

"Under what circumstances was the ring you speak of lost?" I asked.

He sat down by me, and said: "A fellow who watched me examining it at the window of the jeweler who set the stone for me, waited for my leaving the shop; at the corner of a dark alley he suddenly pounced upon me, for it was evening, and dragged me down. He placed his hand on my mouth, and held me, while an accomplice robbed me and made off with the ring."

"Well, you pursued them, or raised an alarm?"

"I was senseless from the violence with which I was thrown on the ground, and lay there until found by a policeman passing by. The rascals were never arrested."

"And the setting of the ring was like mine?"

"Exactly, I should say; it was my own design."

"And who was the jeweler?"

He named a firm in Boston that no longer existed. I called his attention to this fact.

"Well, well," he said impatiently. "You know who I mean—their successors."

"But may I now ask you who made the ring you wear?"

"It is of foreign make," I said. "But what are your questions intended to lead to?"

"I thought it probable your relative might have found it, and, if so, that you would allow me to examine it."

"Need I remind you that I am cautious? If this ring—if, I say, this ring were your property, lost and found according to your representation, you would, of course, have proofs to offer beyond the mere assertion that you thought it yours."

"My friend Butler," he began—

"Oh, pray don't trouble him," I interrupted: "he is too busy with his own affairs. He has undertaken to prove the loss of her ladyship's emerald brooch." Then I walked away.

Daubigny looked savagely at me, and hid himself behind his paper. I began to be very anxious, wondering what would be the result of this strange affair, and I was greatly inclined to confide my suspicions of the party, and the history

was face became deeply flushed. I thought I saw very meaning glances exchanged between him and Mrs. Butler. Suddenly she seemed to grow quite faint. Her husband rose, gave her his arm, and they left the room.

By and by I went to my room, which was long and narrow, resembling rather a slice of a room, and it looked, with several others, upon a common balcony. My window was open,



NOTHING DAUNTED, SHE CAME TO ME, SAID THE FRESH AIR HAD REVIVED HER, AND TURNING, ACCIDENTALLY AS IT WERE, TOWARDS MY ROOM, EXCLAIMED: "DEAR ME! YOU HAVE ALL THE APPEARANCE OF PACKING UP."

of the ring, to the proprietor of the hotel, begging him to keep it for me until my friends arrived. In the meantime I decided not to wear it at dinner, and to watch the effect. I passed a riband through it, and connected it securely under my dress. I found Daubigny in his place, frowning terribly over his book. Of course, he missed the ring at once, and his

and on going out, though the evening was very chilly, I saw my Lady Mary seated within a few yards of me (for her room was the second from mine), and gazing on the mountains faintly tinged by the crimson rays of the setting sun. I could scarcely prevail on myself to ask her if she felt better; but, nothing daunted, she came to me, said the fresh air had

revived her, and turning, accidentally as it were, towards my room, exclaimed: "Dear me! here is all the appearance of a packing up. You were not going to be so unkind, my dear, as to steal a march upon us, and leave us?"

"That would not greatly grieve you," I replied coldly. "Indeed it would. I have been scolding that dreadful Daubigny," she said. "I know he has offended you, and I have been telling him his diamond mania will get him into trouble. Now, think no more of what he said about the ring, for he is a good creature, and that little craze of his must be pardoned. If," she went on, "you are really going, say that you will come and see me at my house in Boston. I will send you our card before you leave."

I intended to leave at eight the next morning. Finishing my preparations, and placing the ring on my finger, I went to bed. I soon fell asleep, for I had been out nearly all day inhaling the pure mountain air; but I partially woke from my slumbers in the night, I know not at what hour, but it seemed quite dark. Something, I fancied, touched my forehead, and I breathed heavily, while a strange faint odor surrounded me. I lay listening. Did my bed move? What was waving to and fro over my head?

"Who's there?" I with difficulty uttered. I strained my eyes to look into the dark room. The power of vision seemed gone, and a strange sensation crept through every nerve. In my terror I tried to scream—to rise. I had the will, but not the power to do so. By one great effort I raised my head, but instantly fell back, and a heavy weight pressed on my chest. Yet I heard a voice—yes, quite distinctly, in a low, angry tone, he—Daubigny—said: "You have but half done your work."

And she—Mrs. Butler—answered: "Take the ring, but don't hurt her."

I struggled faintly; something fell upon my face again. Oh! that sickening odor—that chilly, creeping powerlessness. I thought I was dying. I knew no more.

When I again became partly conscious, I still heard whispers. A hand pressed on my wrist.

"It has done her good. You see she is reviving."  
"That was not the same voice. I opened my eyes. The sun was shining, and the pleasant face of the landlady of the hotel was bending over mine.

"You are better now, are you not?" she asked. I could not speak, and wondered whether what I saw was real or a mere dream. I recognized the physician who felt my pulse. He was a traveller staying in the hotel. To his questions I had neither power nor inclination to answer; but the sensation of returning animation was not only not painful, but rather pleasant. The faces before me were kindly ones, and I experienced a dreamy sort of pleasure in looking on them. The first thought that roused me from this state of apathy was of the ring. I looked at my hand; the ring was there, but the light and glory of it was gone—taken from its setting. Then came a dim recollection of what had passed in the night.

"Where is the diamond?" I inquired.  
"Lost to you, I fear, madam," said the landlady. "Do you feel well enough to tell us what occasioned this helplessness? At first we feared it was death."

"I know nothing—remember nothing, but that my senses were gradually overpowered by some sickly vapor. But where are those people—the Butlers and Daubigny?"

"Gone, madam; they received a telegram late last night that obliged them to leave immediately—they were barely in time to catch the night train. The lady was very anxious to say good-bye to you, and tried your door two or three times."

"It was not a dream, then—they were in my room."  
"When the chambermaid told me that, I suspected them," she exclaimed; "and to be sure, doctor, it was one of them who robbed you also."

There was a note addressed to me lying on the table. It was handed to me, and I requested the doctor to read it. It was as follows:

DEAR MADAM.—You will not, I hope for your own sake, set up a hue and cry when you awake, and say I have committed a robbery by adding a diamond to my collection which, though worn by

you, did not belong to you. I knew it again at the first glance, and I knew you soon after, so you could not expect I should quietly let you keep one of the finest stones for its size, perhaps, ever seen, for the value of \$100, which is what it cost your aunt. That sum I enclose, to take from you the chance I think you would be glad to have, of saying you have been robbed.

The ring itself, the setting you prized so much, I leave you as a souvenir, for to us that is valueless, and to reconcile you to your loss still further, I inform you that that ring cost the husband of your friend Mrs. Butler five of his best years in State prison, so, you see, he paid a good price for it. It was passed over—I will not tell you how—to her, brought over to England to be disposed of, and lost, carelessly, as you know how, by your humble servant. You have heard, I dare say, that "there is honor among thieves," so I gave her your aunt's \$100, and seven years after, when you flaunted its sparks in my face, I staked my honor on its recovery. On our journey I own you were spiteful, that I could not coax it from you, for our system is not one of violence, so I called in the aid of Mrs. Butler herself and we put you into a sound sleep. By the time you are aroused from your slumbers we shall be far away, and pursue, if you dream of such folly, useless, besides the difficulty you would have to recognize, under our new styles and titles, your old friends. Adieu, dear madam; perhaps we may never meet again. But I hope you may soon find a stone to fill up the empty scolding as to your fancy as the little globe of light I have been obliged to transfer from me to its rightful owner.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES EDWARD DAUBIGNY.

"What a scoundrel!" exclaimed the doctor. "But what does the fellow mean by saying you could not expect to have that diamond for \$100?"

I roused myself at this, for I feared some aspersion on my aunt's good name.

"Nearly seven years ago," I answered, "I was riding in a horse-car in Boston with my aunt. Only one person was in it, apparently a foreigner, a well-dressed man, with a great deal of bushy, dark hair, and moustache. He was so polite as to pick up a coin my aunt dropped. On arriving at our destination, my aunt found herself minus her purse, which contained some change and a \$100 note. 'Well,' exclaimed my aunt when she made the discovery, 'I am glad he did not take my small bunch of private keys;' and drawing it from her pocket, beheld, dazzling in its brightness, caught up by the wards of a key, a lustrous diamond ring. My aunt was as much frightened as if she had stolen it. However, we had it valued, and she placed it in her lawyer's hands. For two years it was continually advertised; numerous applicants and claimants came forward, and many ingenious tricks were tried to get possession of it, but the first test of ownership exacted was the inscription within the ring correctly stated. No applicant was able to comply with it, though many were the guesses forwarded to us. It was 'A ma belle Adèle, Engage de M.' At the end of two years my aunt took the fancy to wear it always, and finally it was given to me. 'Who knows,' she said, 'but that some day the ring by that means may be restored to its rightful owner, la belle Adèle!' We little thought it would lead to the pickpocket regaining possession of it."

His affection of honesty, however, in paying me back the \$100, must have proceeded from a malignant wish to get me into some trouble, for on examining the note it proved to be one of the three that the doctor had been robbed of the previous evening.

## SUBSTITUTE FOR INDIA-RUBBER.

A SUBSTITUTE for India-rubber has been found. It consists of manilla gum tempered with benzine, to which is added five per cent. of Auvergne bitumen, also mixed with benzine. These are thoroughly mixed together by mechanical means and by hand. By adding five per cent. of rosin oil, and allowing forty-eight to eighty-six hours to pass between each treatment, a product is obtained having all the suppleness, elasticity, solidity, and durability of the best India-rubber. If the product is too fluid, the addition of four per cent. of sulphur, dissolved by means of bisulphide of carbon, will remedy this. The addition of five per cent. of India-rubber to this mixture makes an excellent compound for certain purposes. The vulkanization of this product can be carried out in the usual way.

# History of Seven Days.

A Chronicle of Important Events culled from all Quarters of the Globe, touching upon the News of the Week in Politics, the Arts, Sciences, and Society.

## "The Incident" of the 6th of July.

NOTHING more dramatic in the History of Labor and Capital is recorded than the Incident of the 6th of July.

The forces of the Nineteenth Century are Capital and Labor; united they transform the desert into a garden, in collision they convert the garden into a waste.

On the 6th of July, 1892, at Homestead, Penn., the Forces met. The sound of the shock echoed through the labor markets of the world.

In this age we regard the French Revolution with surprise, we wonder at the growth of the power of the mob, we are amazed at the brutality of the people, and we are astonished at the spectacle afforded by the savagery of women.

The Incident of the 6th of July affords a parallel in diminutive form, and is pregnant with meaning.

Let us see!

A certain man, who has risen from the ranks of labor by thrift, cleverness, and lucky transactions, has amassed riches.

His name is Andrew Carnegie; his fortune is written in the millions. Much of this fortune is invested in steel rolling mills at Homestead.

These works cover one hundred and fifty acres of ground; here work four thousand five hundred men. The smoke of the flumes ascend day and night to the god of commerce, and the high price of bread consumes the day wage of the toilers.

Four years ago Carnegie gave \$500,000 to the campaign fund which promised him "protection" or monopoly. Fourteen competing rolling mills have passed away and one hundred acres have been added to the Carnegie plant.

A few weeks since Carnegie's partners decided that men seeking the protection of a union or brotherhood should not be employed at the works. He who sought "protection" denied protection.

As the custom is, the time came when the Employer and Employé should fix the price of wages. The Man asked one dollar more than the Master was willing to pay. "Protection" had poured gold into his strong box, and raised the price of beef, bread, and clothing.

The Wage-giver and the Wage-taker could not agree about the one dollar.

And the works shut down!

The Advisory Committee of the locked-out workmen said: Let there be order! And there was order.

The Master of the mill said: Let there be protection! A fence, twelve feet high, of stout boards mounted on three feet of slag, four miles in length, closed in the works. This fence was bored with holes to allow the passage of a rifle barrel from the inside. It was surmounted with barbed wires, connected with powerful dynamos, so that they could be made alive with electricity. Search lights were mounted at certain points, and nozzles connected with hydrants supplied with boiling water at others. At an excellent point of vantage, a detective camera was set up in order to secure photographs of invaders, for the purpose of prosecution in the courts of law controlled by the Master of the Mill.

So much for the stockade. The Hessians were to be imported. The Master of the Mill said: Hire Pinkerton's men.

A foreign armed force was to settle the question of one dollar in wages.

"We have done our best to preserve order and have succeeded in preserving it. We cannot now, of course, be responsible for anything that may occur in consequence of your action." So said the Advisory Committee to the Sheriff.

It is the morning of July 6. The sun has not risen, the morning star shines in the inverted blue bowl over the silent factory and on the river.

Men watch the coming of the armed deputies—the paid assassins of the Master of the Mill.

It is half-past two in the morning. A scout stationed at Lock No. 1, on the Monongahela River, reports the arrival of two barges in charge of a river steamer. They contain armed men.

Now up—filling the great star-speckled bowl—goes the long, sad wail of the steam whistle at the electric light plant.

It is the voice of Labor shrieking to the wage-worker to rise and make haste, for armed Capital is to take possession of the workshop. Flash lights start from many points. The night is over; horsemen dash through the streets of Homestead yelling: "To the river; to the river—the Pinkertons are coming!"

They go to the river.

Half-dressed men and women, boys, girls, and children rush to the river. Each has a weapon—some of guns, revolvers, knives, heavy irons, and sound sticks. Labor is in arms.

The river steamer *Little Bill* crowds on steam and speeds to the landing; the mob on the bank races to intercept the armed men. It is a mad race in the morning light. Down come fences and other impediments. When the barges are within one hundred feet of the landing, the advance guard of the mob is on the ground to contest the holding of it.

The mob warned off the armed men: "Don't land or we'll brain you."

Out from the barge came the plank. Every Pinkerton man leveled his Winchester rifle. A few of the bravest of them endeavored to land.

The sight of this infuriated the mob. They rushed forward and attempted to seize the rifles.

One Hugh O'Donnell, a man of character and heroic soul, a mill hand, with three others, hatless and coatless, with their backs to the Pinkertons, in fearful peril of their lives, besought the mob to fall back: "In God's name," he cried, "my good fellows, keep back; don't press down and force them to do murder!"

A sharp report of a Winchester rifle from the bow of the boat answered him. In an instant there was a sheet of flame—a rain of leaden hail. The crowd fell back a few feet, then advanced, pouring deadly shots into the invading force.

The boat pulled out into the stream.

There were dead men on both sides.

And so ended the first battle of the morning.

When the armed hirelings of Andrew Carnegie poured their deadly volley in the ranks of the men who dared to demand one dollar more on their wages, there were few guns among the people. At the crack of the first rifle men rushed to their homes for fire-arms and prepared for battle in earnest. At half-past six a second attempt at landing was repulsed.

Out on the stream lay the barges. The hot sun beat down upon them and the heat was suffocating. Pinkerton's men needed air. Rats require that. They started to cut air holes, but the bullets of the mob on shore were too much for them. They decided that hot air was better than bullets.

An attempt was made to fire the barges by pouring burning oil on the river, but fortunately this terrible ordeal was spared the Pinkertons.

Hugh O'Donnell, cool headed and brave, constantly endeavored to hold the men in check. No one more than he wanted the rights of the men to triumph, but he did not wish

Seeds which  
brought about  
"THE INCIDENT."

The  
Incident ripens.

Pinkertons  
Captured.



those rights to be steeped in human blood. He was talking to them when over the barge a fluttering white flag told the story that the Pinkertons sought for terms.

The spokesman of the Pinkertons announced that they would surrender if assured of protection from the mob.

They landed. Their arms were taken from them. With heads uncovered, to distinguish them from the mill hands, they passed along between two rows of guards armed with Winchesters. There were two hundred and fifty Pinkertons in line. And so those who came to hold the Carnegie mills were led trembling away to the lock-up.

Silently, sadly, and filled with fear, the disarmed Pinkertons, some bleeding, with bedraggled clothing, haggard and pale-

#### The March and the Women.

faced, walked between their captors. Some held small bags with clothing. Alongside crowded the sugging mass of hard-fisted men hurling epithets at them. For some time they walked thus, hoping for the shelter of the jail.

Now woman comes to the front!

One snatched a bag, tore from it a white shirt and waved it. This action was almost a signal to the brigade of women. They seized every bag and scattered the contents. With yells and shouts the crowd cheered the women. There was a fine humor here; to scatter the clothing of those who had come to scatter them.

Another woman threw sand into the eyes of a Pinkerton and cut him with a stone. Then, in spite of the guards, the women cast stones and missiles at the unprotected Pinkertons. The guards hurried them over the unlevel ground to the jail.

There they were a sorry lot. Cut, bruised, with eyes knocked out, with noses smashed, the invading, conquered army escaped death in the jail. So ended an expedition of two hundred and eighty men, armed with Winchesters, and supplied with provisions for three months.

And behind the high board fence, with the barbed wires charged with electricity, rest the mill hands waiting the developments of the future.

#### POLITICAL.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S severe criticism of the policy of Emperor Wilhelm and his Ministers has moved the German government to take steps to prosecute the ex-Chancellor.

The Norwegian Ministers, after a conference in Christiania with the King and the Crown Prince, tendered their resignations. The Premier stated that this action of the Ministry was due to the King's refusal to sanction the Storting's resolution in regard to the establishment of separate Norwegian consulates. The King, in accepting the resignation of the Cabinet, intimated that he would further consider the question to which the crisis was due.

GEN. JAMES B. WEAVER, of Iowa, who led the Greenback Party in 1880, was nominated for President by the People's Party Convention, at Omaha, Nebraska. There was only one ballot. Weaver's vote was practically unanimous. He received 995 votes to 275 for Senator Kyle, of South Dakota, and one each for Mann Page and Mr. Norton. The positive announcement by Judge Gresham that he would not accept the nomination, made the nomination of Gen. Weaver almost a certainty before the balloting began. Gen. Field, of Virginia, was nominated for Vice-President.

CONGRESSMAN SPRINGER thinks it probable that in many States where the Democrats are in a hopeless minority, they will put the People's party electors on the regular Democratic ticket, in the hopes that they may thereby prevent the Republican electors from getting a majority of the votes cast. Thus it may happen that the election will be thrown into the House of Representatives. The law provides that in case the electoral college fails to select, the House shall ballot on the names of the three men who received the highest number of votes. In the Senate, where the Vice-President is elected in such an event, each Senator casts one vote. The result of the election, in the People's party should get the balance of power, would therefore be: President, Grover Cleveland; Vice-President, Whitelaw Reid.

#### DOMESTIC.

A FIRE at San José, California, caused by a firecracker, resulted in the destruction of a theatre, an hotel, a warehouse, stores, and other property to the value of a million dollars.

THE nation's customs receipts for the fiscal year just closed were \$41,500,000 less than last year. The general volume of the country's business shows proportionate shrinkage in various directions.

A SITE of land, covering an entire square, has been purchased in Philadelphia for the erection of a Bourse. The architects of Philadelphia have refused to submit plans on the grounds that the conditions which had been made were embarrassing. According to the terms the successful architect, after having submitted to a competition, would have no control over the erection of the building and no right to present changes in his plans.

TUTOR MOORE, of Yale College, was attacked in his apartments by a horde of drunken students who set out to haze him with a reckless disregard of the tutor's life that compelled him to fire a pistol at the intruders. Shortly after Mr. Moore's appointment he incurred the ill-will of the students. Last year they dragged him from his room in his night clothes and made him execute a dance around a bonfire on the campus. This last attack on Moore was the boldest that has occurred at Yale in recent years.

THE people of Augusta, Georgia, after a spirited contest of a month over the question of permitting the sale of spirituous liquors in that city, have voted against prohibition by a majority of 1,332 in a total vote of 3,520. Referring to the contest the Augusta Chronicle says: "We hope the ladies saw enough of elections yesterday to last them all their lives, and they will never be induced to spend the day at the polls again. They subjected themselves and sympathetic little children to a nervous strain that will probably result in sickness for some of them, and they accomplished nothing except a degree of consciousness which was naturally distasteful to themselves."

HOM BOT, a rich Chinese merchant, has been denied permission, under the Chinese Exclusion Act, to land his young and pretty wife at the port of San Francisco. His own papers proved his previous residence in this country, but the Custom House records had no mention of the departure of his bride five years ago, so Judge Morrow decided she could not enter the country. She was richly dressed and had a maid carried into the court room as she cannot walk without help. When she learned that she would have to return to China she burst into tears and refused to be comforted. Her husband swears he will spend a fortune, if necessary, appealing the case to the Supreme Court.

DR. S. KNAPP and Charles Hopkins, prominent citizens of New Orleans, while wandering over old Fort Pike, which commands the entrance from the Gulf of Mexico to Lake Pontchartrain, came across a number of old boxes apparently filled with mud. They bent over to examine them when a spark from a cigarette fell on one of the boxes. There was a frightful explosion. Dr. Knapp was blown twenty feet away and Hopkins was instantly killed. It is supposed that the boxes contained powder that was left behind by the Government when the fort was deserted, and had remained exposed to the elements for so many years that it looked like mud but had not lost its explosive power.

JOSEPH OTERI, of New Orleans, owner of the steamship Joseph Oteri, which was seized by the Honduran revolutionists nearly two weeks ago, announces his intention to make a demand on the Government of Honduras, through the United States, for indemnity. The revolutionists used the Oteri in carrying men to Truxillo, and thereby captured that town. Then they impressed it for a voyage of conquest to Ruatan, whence they were to proceed to Puerto Cortez. Mr. Oteri has been calling to Central America, but can hear nothing of his vessel. He is convinced that it is still in the hands of the revolutionists, who are steaming around the Caribbean Sea

in his vessel, with his officers and sailors completely at their mercy.

PROF. G. A. ROGERS made an ascent in a balloon from Boston Common on July 4. With him were an assistant and a reporter. After going up about a mile the airship started seaward. The aeronaut tried to bring the balloon to earth, and his frantic efforts caused it to collapse. The car and its occupants shot down into Dorchester Bay. The aeronaut and his assistant were drowned, but the reporter swam to a boat near by and was saved. On the same day, Prof. Shattuck, an employé of Mr. Rogers, attempted to make an ascent from the Common at Waltham, Mass., in a balloon owned by the victim of the Boston fatality. The balloon collided with the telegraph wires, and the ropes holding the basket were cut. Prof. Shattuck was thrown from the basket but clung to the wires and saved his life. At Augusta, Me., Madame Patti, another employé of the luckless Prof. Rogers, fell from her balloon while over the Kennebec River, and narrowly escaped death.

#### INDUSTRIAL.

A SUMMARY of the railroad construction in the United States during the first six months of the current year shows that 1,366 miles of new main track have been laid, distributed among 115 lines in thirty-five states and territories. During the same period last year 1,728 miles of track had been laid, but the total for the year was the smallest since 1885.

AN interesting tract upon the effect of the protective tariff in Italy, has been published by the Marquis Valfredo Pareto, of Florence, who was for many years a most persistent advocate of the virtues of protection. Since the system went into effect, in 1888, he notes a steady decrease in Italian commerce, falling over \$50,000,000 since that time. "The result," he says, "has been an arrest in the internal progress of the nation. The receipts of the railways have diminished, there has been a serious stagnation in industries, emigration has largely increased, with a very material increase in the cost of the necessities of life, especially to the poorer people."

#### CRIMINAL.

SUFFICIENT evidence has been produced to establish the identity of Dr. Thomas Neill Cream, now in custody in London on charges of blackmail and murder, as Jack the Ripper.

DR. IRWIN, the physician on trial in New York for dissecting the body of Washington Bishop without the authority of any of his family, and before it was ascertained that the famous mind-reader was actually dead, has escaped punishment through the disagreement of the jury. The testimony went to show that the marvellous youth had been cut up to make a holiday for a gathering of rollicking actors and men-about-town as much as for purposes of science.

ON the recommendation of District Attorney Nicoll, the indictment against the Rev. Thomas Dixon, of New York, lately charged with criminal libel, has been dismissed. In the opinion of the officer recommending leniency and mercy toward the ranting and obscene wearer of the cloth: "The policy of our law permits the publication of strictures upon public officers which, if directed toward private persons, would not be tolerated. While such strictures are often unjust, it is probably wiser to suffer them to be published rather than to attempt to restrict, by a severe enforcement of the law against libel, our constitutional freedom of speech."

JUDGE WHEELER's report of the Congressional investigation into the conduct of the Pension Bureau, proves to be the most comprehensive and exhaustive documents ever emanating from a congressional committee. Instead of being a loosely drawn résumé covering a page or two of a printed pamphlet, leaving those who desire to know what the committee has really done to wade through thousands of pages of testimony, this report is a full and complete condensation of all the committee's work, giving brief abstracts of all im-

portant testimony, and including in the course of forty or fifty pages a full account of the Pension Bureau and its abuses, as Judge Wheeler and his colleagues have found them to exist. Summed up in a word, the committee finds the Pension Office to be honeycombed by fraud, rascality, incompetent methods, prejudice and malice. The report recommends the removal of Commissioner Raum on the ground that he is incompetent, narrow-minded, malicious in the pursuit of supposed enemies, and because he has subordinated this great public machine to partisan ends, besides taking advantage of his official position to further his own financial projects.

#### FOREIGN.

IT is believed that Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria will marry an English Princess, possibly Princess Maud of Wales.

THE final accounts of the French fiscal year of 1891 show an excess of \$4,000,000 francs in the revenue over all expenses.

THE Holy See has pronounced against the establishment of a distinct Catholic political party in France, and has expressed itself in favor of the Republican programme.

CAPTAIN CRÉMEUX FOA, the French officer of Jewish descent, who desired to fight a duel with the Marquis de Mores, has been ordered on a special mission to Tunis.

THE little Queen of the Netherlands has been made chief of the Second Regiment of Westphalian Infantry, known as the "Prince Frederick of the Netherlands," by Emperor William of Germany.

A SCARLET-FEVER epidemic prevails in London. The Asylums Board is causing huts to be hastily erected upon the grounds of the hospitals for the reception of patients suffering with the disease.

AT the International Millers' Exhibition, which is being held in London, the champion gold medal offered for the best wheat has been awarded to the Manitoba government for an exhibit of "red fire."

MRS. ANN MARGARET MONTAGU, who on April 4 last was sentenced to one year's imprisonment for causing the death of her three-year-old daughter Helen, has given birth to a son in prison in Dublin.

IN Cape Colony the negroes are coming into citizenship so fast that the people have raised the property qualification for votes from £25 to £75, and the voter must be able to write his name and address clearly.

IN reply to Italy's protest against bad treatment of Italian sailors at the port of Santos, the Brazilian Government has offered to make satisfactory reparation, and conciliatory negotiations have been opened.

SUNDAY closing is now strictly enforced throughout Germany, the Imperial decree prohibiting the sale of any goods whatever during certain hours on the day of rest. Even cigars, matches, and the automatic slot-machines fall under the prohibition.

MR. FRANK J. WOODS, personal secretary to Mr. A. J. Balfour, while attending Mr. Balfour at Hatfield Park was stung on the lip by a gadfly which had evidently been on a diseased animal. Erysipelas and blood poisoning set in and he died a few days afterwards.

THE two men, Milaroff and Popoff, arrested on suspicion of being engaged in a plot to murder Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, have confessed that they were guilty, and have put the Bulgarian authorities in possession of the details of the plot, which appears to have been of Russian origin. It is said that the prisoners were induced to confess by torture.

CAPTAIN DALE, a celebrated English aeronaut, was killed by the explosion of his balloon during an ascent from the Crystal Palace, London. All of the passengers in the car

were frightfully injured—Captain Dale's young son, fatally. A panic among the spectators followed the accident, and hundreds of women and children were hurt more or less seriously.

A MOB in the city of Madrid, Spain, sought to intimidate the Mayor into liberating the many persons arrested for rioting on account of the imposition of new taxes. The Mayor refuses to accede to their demands in any way, some of the rioters stormed the barracks, attempting to prevent the exit of the civil guards, while others stoned the residences of various municipal officials, and even threatened to set fire to them. In disgust, the Mayor resigned his post.

RUSSIAN authorities are taking radical measures to prevent the further spread of the cholera. Passengers on the Trans-Caucasian Railway are quarantined, and petroleum is being sprinkled as a disinfectant in the streets of Baku. The conveyance of goods over the Trans-Caucasian route has been suspended for the present. The passengers are quarantined a short distance from Baku, where they are compelled to wash themselves, and, if necessary, change their clothing.

WHILE addressing a meeting at Dublin a few days ago, William O'Brien was fiercely attacked by the Parnellites. He was surrounded by hundreds of his friends, and guarded by police. The Parnellites, however, broke through the surrounding crowd, and badly wounded Mr. O'Brien by striking him on the temple with a stone. Mr. O'Brien was removed to the nearest house and medical aid was summoned. A fierce struggle between the factions followed, which the police were powerless to prevent. Many persons, including priests and constables, were seriously injured.

THERE is no longer any doubt that Captain Borup, the military attaché of the American Legation at Paris, bought secret documents relating to the coast defenses of France. A diplomatist of the highest standing, on being asked for an opinion, said: "I should not like to have done this, but if an attaché obtained such documents in the interests of the country in whose service he was, he only becomes culpable if through him any other Government becomes cognizant of the knowledge thus obtained." A similar case occurred at St. Petersburg, and the offending attaché was recalled home and promoted to rank.

MAJOR GEORGE HENDERSON, Professor of Tactics in Sandhurst Military College, of England, regards the French army of to-day as the best in the world. He has just said as much to a large audience of officers at the Royal United Service Institution. The recent manoeuvres, he showed, were the largest and most important held in Europe in many years. An army of 110,000 men was concentrated, provisioned, transported, kept confined to a given area, and dispersed again to the garrisons, without a single hitch in the arrangements. The French nation could be considered as in arms. The morale of this universal service has transformed the rank and file of the army, which now embraces the best blood of France.

HERE is what Mrs. Stanley said to the voters at Doulton a few days ago, when she was urging them to send the famous explorer to Parliament: "I voted for Henry Stanley two years ago in Westminster Abbey, and I call on you to vote for him, not for himself but for yourselves, and in your interests, because he is a great and a good man, and when you and I are passed away and are forgotten, he will be remembered as having been a great man who had served his country well, and done noble things for it. You can't make him a greater man than he is by putting M.P. after his name. [Laughter.] There are nobodies who want to be somebodies, and in order to get this title they will promise to do everything, but Stanley is a man of his word, and when he says he will do anything he will do it. Stanley wants to extend your trade, and to do all he can to develop commerce. Here is Stanley, and if you turn your back on him, I say it will be a disgrace to Lambeth, for I think, and I do not say it because I am Mrs. Stanley, that he is the greatest man in England at this moment."

## YALE-HARVARD RACE.

UNIVERSITY CREWS RACE AT NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

THERE is one feature of college athletics that distinguishes them conspicuously from the purely professional contests of muscular prowess. Public form counts.

Those who had opportunity to observe the performances of the Harvard and Yale crews prior to the final contention between the two eights over the New London course, had no doubt that victory would perch on the standard of the blue. Although Harvard was at a decided advantage in point of brawn and weight, the Yale men evinced such superiority in individual style of rowing and in concerted form that the expert student of the rival crews did not hesitate to predict success for the latter.

The general confidence in the virtue of Yale's method and manner was justified by the event, and almost from the very start the race was lost to the crimson. If the fates had been good enough to lash the four miles of the Thames into a fury, the lighter men from New London might possibly have weakened before their bigger rivals. But in such a mill-race as the river looked at the wane of the afternoon of July 1, Harvard's advantage of beef went for nothing.

The conditions were such that form meant everything.

The weights, heights, ages, and the two crews as they came to the starting point were as follows:

YALE.					Weight, Lbs.	Height, Ft. In.
Row.	Name.	Class.	Age.			
1	W. F. A. Johnson,	"	"	50	160	5-11
2	A. J. Ballou,	"	"	50	164	5-9
3	A. Van Hoyck,	"	"	51	166	5-9 1/2
4	R. D. Paine,	"	"	54	161	5-8 1/2
5	A. B. Graves,	"	"	50	173	6-00
6	J. A. Bartwell (Captain),	"	"	51	177	6-02
7	S. B. Ives,	"	"	51	175	6-00
8	N. E. F. Callanet,	"	"	51	166	6-00
Coxswain	F. E. Olmsted,	"	"	54	165	5-9 1/2

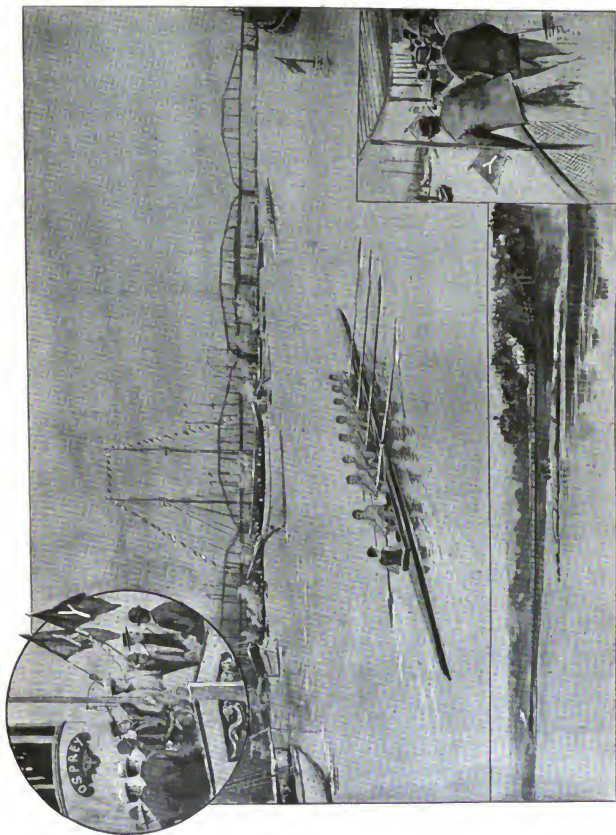
HARVARD.					Weight, Lbs.	Height, Ft. In.
Row.	Name.	Class.	Age.			
1	M. Newell,	"	"	54	170	5-9
2	N. Rantoul,	"	"	50	168	5-9 1/2
3	B. G. Waters,	"	"	51	169	5-10
4	R. Acton,	"	"	54	185	6-00 1/2
5	C. K. Cummings,	"	"	51	186	6-00
6	F. B. Winthrop,	"	"	53	195	5-11 1/2
7	G. H. Kelton (Captain),	"	"	51	200	6-00
8	Brook L. Lyman,	"	"	56	188	5-11
Coxswain	V. Thomas,	"	"	55	189	5-10

At the word "go" the rowers dropped their oars with more of a splash than was promising in such still water. Harvard, though throwing the more spray, pushed ahead for a few strokes, but in a moment Yale lengthened out and sent her boat to the fore.

Before the half mile was reached the thousands of spectators following the race in observation-cars and craft of all sorts, saw to their sore disappointment that the contest was likely to be a prosaic procession instead of an exciting struggle.

The Harvard men were seen to come back against their stretchers much more heavily than their rivals, and with their ponderous belt the loss of headway at the end of each recovery was very noticeable. Neither did they appear to be at all together, and all met their oars before the stroke was pulled through. At the mile flag the leaders had opened the gap to four lengths. At this point Harvard, who had been rowing between 36 and 38 strokes, dropped to between 34 and 35, and seemed to swing together better and to get more speed than at a higher stroke. At one mile and a half five lengths was the gap.

Poor Harvard! The undergraduates from Cambridge who had come down to cheer the sturdy eight on their hapless way, showed by the faintness of their cries that their heart was gone. And the men in the Harvard cedar were not slow to evince a corresponding loss of nerve. Rattled by the steady increase in the advance of the Yale boat, the Harvard coxswain steered to the east in an effort to get more tide, but the endeavor only increased the distance from the Yale craft, and when the three-mile flag was reached, the crimson was to the bad by fifteen lengths. Before the end was reached, Yale, without apparently half trying, had completely outrowed her opponents, and finished seemingly fresh—as do



YALE-HARVARD RACE.

SCENE OF THE UNIVERSITY CROWD RACE AT NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, FRIDAY, JULY 1. YALE TWENTY LENGTHS IN THE LEAD. SKETCHES OF THE RACE BY OUR STAFF ARTIST, SHOWING THE RIVER APPROACH TO THE NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE AND SCENES ON CHARTERED TUGS.

nearly all winning crews—nearly twenty lengths ahead of her fagged-out rivals.

Cummings and Winthrop of the beaten eight had to be assisted from the boat, and were evidently suffering from a serious strain.

Harvard, in a cedar shell, was better boated than the New Haven crew, which had a rather limber paper boat. A stiff skiff might have proved a valuable advantage in rougher water, but as it was written that Yale should win, the Thames smoothed the way for the lighter shell that carried the glory of the blue.

#### SPORTING.

BELLE HAMLIN and Globe trotted a mile in team on the new kite-shaped track at Kirkwood, Del., in 2:12. The best previous double team record was 2:13, made by Belle Hamlin and Justina in October, 1890, on the Independence kite track. The best previous record of Belle Hamlin and Globe was 2:13½, made on the Belmont Park, Philadelphia, elliptical track last May.

In a prize-fight at San Francisco McAuliffe was defeated by Goddard, the Australian heavy-weight, in a contest of fifteen rounds. In the last bout of the struggle McAuliffe remained on his hands and knees, with his head bent down, for nine seconds, and when he rose helplessly, Goddard, who had been to his corner, rushed on him, and, after a couple of blows, sent him down near the ropes, where he was counted out. Goddard was borne to his chair by his seconds, amid the cheers of the spectators. The winner received a prize of \$5,000.

#### WORLD'S FAIR.

EMPEROR WILLIAM refuses to allow a military band to go to the Chicago World's Fair, and he also denies the report that he himself is coming over.

DIRECTOR-GENERAL DAVIS, of the World's Fair, is angered by the curtailment of his powers through the creation of a new Board of Administration, and will probably resign.

THE Senate's World's Fair Committee has ordered a favorable report on the bill introduced by Senator Palmer, making an appropriation for \$5,000,000 to aid the World's Columbian Exposition. The measure, as reported, is about the same as the House bill, which was reported with a proviso closing the exhibition on Sunday.

AUGUSTIN DALY's company gave a performance of Shakespeare's comedy "As You Like It," at Fair Lawn, ex-Senator Farwell's home, on the shore of Lake Michigan, near Chicago. The production was given for the benefit of the Children's Home at the World's Fair, an institution under the direction of the lady managers, where mothers may leave their children during their visits to the fair. Seven hundred society people paid liberally for the privilege of enjoying the performance and the millionaire senator's hospitality.

THE design for the New York State building at the World's Fair, shows a building of the Renaissance style of architecture, constructed of a combination of plaster of Paris and cement. The building will be of three stories, sixty feet in height, two hundred feet in length, and one hundred and five feet in depth. Two lions will flank the entrance, and on either side will be a portico with a fountain in each. The pavements will be mosaic and the friezes will be a reproduction of that used in the Farnesi palace in Milan.

#### DRAMA.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the actor, has been decorated with the degree of Master of Arts by Yale University.

A SPECTACULAR extravaganza entitled "Sinbad" has been produced at the Garden Theatre, New York, and been pronounced intolerably vulgar and insufferably stupid. It is the work of D. Henderson, of Chicago.

AN operetta entitled "Mary Phillipse" has been produced at Youkers, N. Y., with indifferent success. The libretto, by W. G. Van Tassel Sutphen, deals with a story of colonial times. The score is the work of George F. Le Jeune.

THE District Commissioners of Washington have revoked the license of Albaugh's Opera House, the Academy of Music, and the Bijou Theatre for failure to comply with the District regulations designed to make the theatres fire-proof and secure safety in time of a panic. It is believed that the changes required by the District Commissioners will be promptly made.

RICHARD BARBER, the stage manager of the Garden Theatre, New York, has been publicly horsewhipped by some of the young women of the ballet, because of grossly insulting language used toward them. James Morrissey, the business manager of the theatre, was attacked in the lobby of the house by a popular actress to whom he had addressed impolite language.

A CORPORATION claiming to have a capital of \$800,000, has secured a charter from the Illinois legislature to produce the Passion Play during the World's Fair in Chicago. It is said that Joseph Myer, who personates the Saviour at Ober-Ammergau, and the other principal players, have signified their willingness to go to Chicago, but Myer, it is said, insists upon having \$80,000 in cash deposited in some European bank in order to guarantee the financial outcome of the enterprise. It is the intention to have all the original costumes and scenery used at Ober-Ammergau brought over for the Chicago production.

#### MARINE.

DIVERS sent down to ascertain the extent of the injuries sustained by the *City of Chicago*, the Innan liner that went ashore in a fog off the coast of Ireland, report that they found several large breaks in the vessel's hull, and it is feared that her starboard side is in even worse condition. The steamer went on the rocks at Kinsale Head, about twenty miles from her destination at Queenstown, on the night of the 1st inst. The rockets from the distressed ship brought the coast-guards hurrying to the beach, and a life-line was quickly shot over the *Chicago*. By means of this line the surf-boats were brought into use, and before morning dawned all the passengers on board were carried to safety. There were 130 saloon passengers, 140 in the second cabin, and 90 in the steerage. Even when they reached land their peril was not over, for in order to gain shelter from the dank fog and cold blasts, they were forced to climb by rope ladders to the top of the cliff that here springs almost perpendicularly from the beach. Many of the rescued persons declined to risk this perilous passage, not being able to nerve themselves to its dizzy dangers after the shock and excitement they had just undergone. The actual spot where the *City of Chicago* struck is known as "Holepen," and is really an opening in the cliff, nearly closed at the top, but wide enough at the base to engulf the great steamship. The passage is locally regarded as haunted.

THE steamship *Trave*, while outward bound from the port of New York, collided with the schooner *Fred. B. Taylor* from Nova Scotia, and cut her clean in two. The crew of the wreck was picked up by the *Trave*. An examination of the hull of the *Trave* shows that her injuries consist of the indentation of several of her plates and a broken hawse pipe. She will be replaced in the regular service with the steamer *Alter* while undergoing repairs.

THE Stonington line steamer *Maine*, while bound for New York, collided with William Astor's steam yacht *Nourmahal* off Bartlett's Reef Lightship. The *Nourmahal* was on her way to New London with a gay party bound for the Yale-Harvard boat race. The steamer struck the yacht on the starboard quarter, badly damaging her rail and woodwork. The belt slipped off the electric dynamo and threw the yacht into total darkness, causing a panic on board. Her captain says the collision was the fault of the steamer's pilot. The steamer's pilot returns the compliment.

#### HONORS.

THE Emperor of Japan has conferred upon Sir Edwin Arnold the Order of the Rising Sun. This puts Sir Edwin in the "Chokurim" rank in Japan, and he is classed with the Emperor's privy councillors.

## CYRUS W. FIELD.

THERE is nothing of the traditional evanescence in the fame of Cyrus Field. His memory, beyond that of almost every man of his time, will abide with posterity. The record



CYRUS W. FIELD IN 1858.

of his daring and achievements is bound to the earth by cables that endure the wildest violence of nature. Every strand in the ropes of steel that join the New World to the Old is woven with his name and glory.

Stephenson, Fulton, Morse, and Field make up the tetrad of modern supremacy in the matter of material progress.

Inventors of speaking-clocks and similar gew-gaws may not hope to be put in the same class with these masters of substantial genius.

Not one of the four men who conceived and executed the mighty devices to bring into intimacy the remotest quarters of the earth, had greater difficulties to overcome, more discouraging failures to combat, than did he who laid the Atlantic cable. Not one of them had such need of tireless energy and stubborn will, the ability to convince men against their conservatism and cautiousness, the unyielding confidence in the eventual success of his project, as were required of Cyrus Field.

Nor was there such venturesome originality in the devising of the steam-engine, in the running of a steamboat, in the application of electricity to telegraphy, as there was in the utterly novel and vastly costly experiment of stringing a wire across the bosom of the Atlantic.

A century before George Stephenson was born, Denis Papin, the French physicist, had taught the world the power and possibilities of the piston. Gay and gallant Maurice de Saxe ruined his sweetheart, Adrienne Lecouvreur, in his constant demand for funds to carry on his experiments with the steamboat which we have come to believe that Fulton invented. Morse had but to be the first to apply in America the discoveries and appliances of the English professor Wheatstone, to win undying fame as the inventor of the telegraph.

Field had no pioneers in the realm of his endeavor. There were no studies, trials, or experiments touching his own, to indicate the chances and causes of failure or to point out the way to success. He was "the first that ever burst into that silent sea," whose depths he made to carry a whisper from one world to another.

The one advantage that he enjoyed over his congeners was in the quality of the men who banded to assist his stupendous project. For a long time Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshall Roberts, and Chandler White were resolute against the arguments and entreaties of the enthusiastic schemer. But, once convinced of the reasonableness of his facts and figures, disastrous failures, repeated discouragements could not turn them from the support they pledged to his project.

Four years after the organization, in 1854, of the company headed by Field and his wealthy allies, the first cable was laid and in working order. England and the United States were still engaged in processions, banquets, and balls, celebrating the new bond between the mother-country and her buxom daughter, when the strands parted in mid-ocean, and the two continents were again many days apart.

Cyrus Field, undismayed by the catastrophe that sent all his labors and millions of money into nothingness, began, without delay, to seek to repair the disaster.

When on the point of securing the capital necessary to begin the work anew, there came the ominous rumblings of the approaching storm of civil war. The country had then no gold to venture in visionary risks. With the return of peace, money recovered from its timidity and rushed to the assistance of the indomitable projector.

In 1865 the monster ship *Great Eastern* started across the ocean from England loaded down with the cables. When half-way to the American side the wires parted once more, and plunged to the bottom of the sea. Again, the following year, the vessel set out on her momentous voyage, and this time success floated from her masthead. On the 27th of July, 1866, the good ship steamed into Heart's Content, dropped anchor in front of the Telegraph House, and sent word to the East and West that the Atlantic Cable was successfully and firmly laid.

Cyrus Field was the lion of the day. The American Congress voted him a gold medal and the thanks of the nation, and the grand decoration of the Paris Exhibition of 1867 was bestowed upon him. Throughout the entire civilized world his name was hailed as that of the greatest man of his time in point of practical achievement.



CYRUS W. FIELD IN 1892.

NORMAN L. MUNRO'S STEAM LAUNCH  
"NORWOOD."

FANCY a boat that ploughs through the resisting water at a speed that equals that of a locomotive coursing over unobstructing rails.

Such a craft is the *Norwood*—the low-lying, rakish little trip that could make the voyage across the ocean in about half the time taken by any of the "crack" liners.

To see her scurrying along, panting, straining, like a thing of life bent on victory, beating the water into a mass of merschaum, puffing a dazzling array of sparks and smoke-rings from her funnel, one can easily understand the pride of her designer and of her owner. It is as if one were looking at the speeding product of the most scrupulously chosen and most carefully trained strains of horse-flesh.

The achievements of Mr. Munro's matchless little runner are always watched with interest by the curious, and with concern by the studious. Upon the proved success of the *Norwood's* efforts in the direction of time and space depend some

going into detail regarding her construction, it may be said that the *Norwood*, from stern to stern, is probably the best finished and staunchest vessel of her dimensions ever built. The builder is Mr. C. D. Mosher, of Amesbury, Mass., who is at present a member of the firm of Gardner & Mosher, yacht builders, of New York City.

Marine engineers and steamboat men who have seen the *Norwood* speed at her best, pronounce her the fastest steam vessel in the world. A sight, such as the above, of a vessel going through the water, was probably never seen by a living man previous to the *Norwood's* performance. The photo was taken by the instantaneous process when the *Norwood* was speeding under a pressure of 200 pounds steam, with her throttle valve wide open. It is a well-known fact that her owner has deposited in a New York bank the sum of \$25,000 as a wager that she is the fastest steam vessel in America from one mile to eighty knots, and, up to the present time, no person has had the courage to take him up.

Over the Yale-Harvard course at New London, on July 1, the *Norwood* speeded under many difficulties two miles,



valuable problems in marine building and engineering. If the lightly-laden device can make from thirty to thirty-five miles an hour, there is no reason why a craft constructed on identical lines, but on a vastly larger scale, should not be made to do as well. And that means a four days' trip to Europe.

The above illustration was taken from an instantaneous photograph of Norman L. Munro's steam launch *Norwood*, when the little launch was speeding at the rate of thirty-two miles per hour. The *Norwood* is 63 feet over all, 7 feet 3 inches beam, draws 18 inches, and has a displacement of eight tons. The engine is of the triple-expansion condensing type. The cylinders are 9, 14½, and 22 inches in diameter, with a 9-inch stroke, and develop 400 horse-power. The boiler is of the Thornycroft type, with 26 feet of grate surface and about 1,000 feet of heating surface. The boiler is 7½ feet long, 6 feet wide, and 3½ feet high. The *Norwood's* planking is of two thicknesses. The outer planking is 9/16 of an inch, and the inner 5/16, and between the two is a layer of light canvas, bedded in elastic cement. Without

making the first mile in two minutes and fifteen seconds, and the second mile in two minutes and thirteen seconds—a twenty-seven mile per hour gait. The Brooklyn *Eagle* speaks of the *Norwood's* performance in the following manner: "After the first mile the *Norwood* ran the gauntlet between the rows of yachts. They were on the look out and as she came rushing down like a demon, leaving a long trail of fire, smoke, and foam, and setting the yachts a dancing on the rollers, the people shouted almost as madly as they did when Yale led Harvard through the lines later. On both sides yachting cannons were set off, and so close were many of them that the concussion was plainly felt, and in one instance the wadding from one of the guns fell almost on board. The judge's boat just at the bridge was reached in four minutes and twenty-eight and one-fifth seconds. As the gallant little launch went under the bridge, slowing up under Engineer Maxon's guiding hand, but tugging like a spirited race horse, the crowds on the bridge and on the shore sent up a tremendous shout and cheer of enthusiasm."



EDITED BY MARY L. BISLAND.

**A PLEA FOR THE GASTRIC JUICE.**—Water cures are older than the century; but only at a comparatively recent date was the virtue of hot water discovered as a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia. Physicians agree that exaggerated leanness, as well as excess of flesh, is the result of an impaired digestion. In one instance dissimilation of the food is too slow; in the other, its abnormal rapidity generates a fatty substance under which so many groan and find life a burden.

It is all well enough for slight, gracefully proportioned people to sneer and cry "vanity!" when the plethoric man or woman resorts to drugs, fasting, or indian clubs to reduce his or her weight. Only those suffering from the ever present discomfort of obesity can realize the desperation it begets.

Just at first it is difficult to appreciate the exact cause of a certain clumsiness of movement, sure to be an early and inevitable symptom of the disease. It is usually attributed to age, the weather, biliousness, in fact, any cause rather than the right one, until its victim is forced to acknowledge the truth. Only when languor, listlessness to exercise, and invariably discomfort after eating combine to render her wretched, will even the best of women confess her prosaic weakness. As a sex women fear and abhor *embonpoint*; that in this land of liberal living soon effaces those lines of youthful slenderness of which every American girl is proud.

Now, the woman, wise in her generation, will never permit the enemy to encroach beyond that initial stage. She knows that when her skin is tautly stretched and figure has yielded half a dozen inches, lost ground can only be regained at a temporary sacrifice of beauty, and complete restoration has become an impossibility. Understanding this, she should refuse to surrender a fractional extension of her stay strings, and when conscious of their undue pressure, take instant measures for bringing herself back into condition.

Now is this promptitude urged wholly from the standpoint of personal appearance—although the preservation of her good looks within reasonable limitations is every woman's earnest obligation. Fleshiness is always more or less unhealthy, and no woman supporting unnecessary *avoids* is as well fitted to fill her sphere of usefulness, as when loose, blood, muscle, and fat are evenly proportioned. As a rule, it is while acquiring increased bulk that she most frequently complains of dyspepsia—dyspepsia, that king of physical ills, that seldom kills outright, but maliciously turns and tortures his victims, employing in the process instruments of torture in endless variety, each one inflicting more exquisite pain than the wrack and wretchedness preceding it.

At this stage the sympathetic doctor is resorted to for relief, and the sad-eyed patient listens in rapt attention while a professional explanation is given of internal disorders. She hears how food enters his stomach, usually floating on a sea of some icy liquid, water, or wine; how the gastric juice rushing enthusiastically forth to grapple with boiled, baked, or fried—generally fried, however—is weakened, chilled, and discouraged by a reception so cold and wet, and grows acid under the disappointment, and finding itself unable to perform its proper function, merely remains to set up an action and revengeful fermentation. About this time the human being carrying around inside a combined insult, challenge, and revolution of nature, longs morosely to be under the sod, buried, and out of sight. The disorder grows with what it feeds upon; the oppression is insupportable: the patient flies to her soda bot-

tle, mixes a copious dose, her pangs are partially mitigated; and what cares this irresponsible, she, that the soothing mass of indigestible food is now thrown into the intestines, there to sow the seeds of serious ailments in future.

If it were not so stupid and painful, it would be positively amusing to watch mature intelligent creatures abuse their organs ruthlessly as they do, and then whine noisily over the result, all the while calling on fate to witness their entire innocence of offense.

Just try to picture the acidulated fury of the American gastric fluid, if ever it is able to combine for protective purposes, and to punish its tormenters, a new and stronger synonym would then have to be coined for the new awe-inspiring term dyspepsia, and it is safe to suppose that among the guilty who failed to find death crisping in a frying-pan, they would surely meet retribution by drowning in their own ice-pitchers.

For those who appreciate the enormity of their course, and who honestly care to reform, also for persons anxious to shake off superfluous flesh, Celia Logan's little pamphlet, "How to Reduce your Weight and How to Increase It," is recommended. She adds force to the sentiment that should inspire every one suffering uniformly from indigestion; namely, that it is a form of physical uncleanness, as abhorrent and to be fought against as vigorously as though it were an exterior blemish. Of what avail to have the outside of the body polished and pure, if the inside is full of fermentation and poisonous elements? Too many sufferers treat dyspepsia as a dispensation of Providence, an affliction to be borne meekly, because by looking below the surface they will find themselves at fault. With nine out of every ten dyspeptics, the case is a plain one of feeble self-indulgence, an easy yielding to appetites: the very disease confesses them too weak to control.

Celia Logan sets forth eloquently the remedial and purifying effects of the hot water treatment. She correctly denominates it as the "natural scavenger of the body," promising those who persevere in drinking it, that they will obtain not merely a reduction of their obesity, but a surprising cleanness of complexion, and a lightness and elasticity of motion they have not experienced since losing their slenderness.

By sipping a pint of water as hot as it can be taken, from an hour and a half to two hours before eating, the channels through which the food must pass are thoroughly scoured, all impurities are washed away, and the digestive organs are well warmed and stimulated to receive the next meal. It is imperative that when food is eaten, only an infinitesimal portion of liquid should be drunk, liquid that should be hot as tea or coffee, or in event of drinking water, that should be no colder than the surrounding atmosphere.

It is under such changed and favorable circumstances that the dejected gastric juice is encouraged to start out and do its duty. It again becomes spry and strong, reduces the toughest beef of the prairie to mince meat, whisks the vegetables into pulp, sorts out accurately component parts of various materials given it to work on, and yet even the complicated machinery with industry so admirable that not one jar or twinge disturbs the person on the outside of it. To get the full benefit of the cure, not only should the water be drunk very hot, but in ample time to permit its every bit passing out of the stomach before any solids are introduced. In addition to the three sips before meals a fourth cupful should precede retiring, cleansing the organs for the night.



This treatment followed faithfully and supplemented by a two-thirds meat diet, strict avoidance of rich or sweet foods, and the abandonment of ice water, or in fact any liquid with the meal, will insure a steady but harmless reduction of superfluous fat. And for those happily medium in size, the water alone can be recommended to work wonders in obstinate and complex cases of dyspepsia.

**A FASHIONABLE FAD.**—While dieting in moderation is a good thing for every one at times, hundreds of women outrage their systems by denying them proper nourishment. Of course this, like many another abuse, is committed in the service of fashion, that day by day narrows the lines for stout people.

The woman under forty who finds herself broadening out, with bust, hips, and stomach rebelling against conservative limitations, usually does one of two things, she either yields tamely to the inevitable—as she calls it—or grows desperate and resorts to means, no matter how violent, for overcoming her disposition to flesh. It is appalling to hear of long hours spent in the hot room of the Turkish bath, sweating off several pounds daily, the foolish creature being too ignorant or silly to realize that beauty of face is thus sacrificed to symmetry of figure. Her waist line may register the correct number of inches, but her sallow, baggy cheeks protest eloquently against such stupid vanity.

The Turkish bath woman is no worse than the drug fiend who insists on eating creams and sauces, satisfied that the strong medicines she takes will prevent their generating fat. Naturally these methods bring swift and sure punishment in their train, and the imbeciles who adopt them are of a truth scarcely worth considering.

But there is a very respectable class who earnestly desire to reduce their weight, and yet lack sufficient moral courage to abstain at the table. For these a regime is possible, one difficult enough to follow, but vastly preferable to fasting, bathing, or dosing. It is the old familiar discipline of exercise, aided by sweating. The woman willing to get up, rain or shine, every morning, at six o'clock, and, clothed in flannel, skip her four miles briskly before breakfast, may eat pretty freely after her bath and thorough grooming with a heavy crash towel. But she must for three-quarters of an hour during the day, when most convenient, use her skipping-rope, and by that means bring every idle muscle in play. In the afternoon four miles more of pedestrian exercise, and if she is a consistent hot water drinker, a hearty dinner, made up of her favorite dishes, is guaranteed not to injure her.

Thus the unhappy stout women have two reasonable courses open to them, self-denial in the matter of food, or else exercise ensuring liberty to eat very much as they please. The latter is possibly more preservative of health than the former.

**THE HOUSE MAID.**—The splendid independence of the Irish peasant girl, transported to America and developed into a *fin de siècle* maid-servant, is awe-inspiring to contemplate. For the first six months of her brightened residence she honestly labors, and is ignorantly happy; but by that time the steady system of spoliation and overpay complexes her moral disintegration, and she is from henceforth an abomination of desolation. It is a humiliating spectacle for the reflective mistress to contemplate, and should cause her to hesitate in her career of marrying the useful emigrant.

For example, an untutored young woman lands here from Erin with nothing but her health and good will to offer. Wary housekeepers seize the new comer before she has tasted the fruit of the tree of knowledge, proffer her about eight dollars per month for her services, and proceed to discover whether this buxom wench is a prize or blank in the domestic lottery. Trained to the docility and conscientious labor demanded by employers on the other side, the new girl is always a treasure during her novitiate into American habits. She is grateful, cheerful, thorough, steady. But alas! the jewel soon makes friends who poison her Eden, teach her the wiles of latter day servants, when straightway trouble begins. She first learns to sulk till her wages are raised, to demand more time,

to shirk, slouch, grumble, and lastly, express her dissatisfaction in downright insolence. With truth, these new advisers tell her nothing is lost by changing places. The streets bristle with intelligence offices, and any day, by paying a dollar, she can carry herself and her trunk to more congenial quarters.

The first move is always the beginning of innumerable shiftings from house to house. An unsympathetic fellow-servant, early breakfast, late dinner, correction, even of the mildest sort, will, any one, cause this sensitive being to lift up her grippack and walk. She has no fixed interest, takes root nowhere, is the shallowest of time-servers, and the consciousness of being vastly overpaid, gives her a sense of luxurious independence beautiful to behold.

In two years' time her original wage of eight dollars has doubled or trebled, her bank account has grown whereas she will or no—for the maid has no expenses—her early training teaches this; good fortune has all come about while she herself has grown daily more incompetent, and who will wonder that her ideas of morality get sadly mixed. She has sense enough to know that it is no fault of hers, that she is merely a creature of circumstance, moulded and directed by the capital governing labor.

There is not one bit of use bemoaning the wretched service we all suffer from, when no woman or women are plucky enough to set about trying to correct it. Such wailings are about as sensible as the American who weeps over the corruption of his municipal affairs controlled by lately landed foreign thieves, and is yet too indolent to take matters into his own hands.

Mistresses are weak, careless, and themselves incompetent. They will give absurdly flattering characters to shiftless, lazy maids; seldom take the trouble to investigate the worth of those they bring in their own houses; find it easier to yield to extortionate demands than fight for honest worth of their money, and patronize employment bureaus notoriously untrustworthy. The whole system is false and hurtful, and until women organize to right the wrong it must continue to grow more.

**ON THIS SIDE.**—The curious difference existing between English and American bred women are no more strikingly emphasized than in the respective attitudes they assume in the matter of horse-flesh.

Just picture the British matron presuming to dictate and assume supreme authority over the grooms in her husband's employ. If a thoroughbred herself, she is expected to appreciate the good points of hack and hunter, to know how to use without abusing them, and above all, when mounted or driving, to serve as a distinguishing ornament to the family stables. She generally understands racing parlance, keeps well posted on sporting news, visits the boxes faithfully, and at all times furnishes a sympathetic listener to horse talk. But further she dares not progress. The head of the house buys, barter, provides for, and gives orders to the smallest detail in all concerning paddock and stall.

Even the pinkest of tea-drinking English curates knows enough to prevent any assumption of power in that direction, and woe to the female who ventures on these sacred masculine preserves.

But in America it is not so, as a day in New York City will eloquently prove to the most casual observer. Unless the man of the house is a semi-professional horse fancier and breeder, he is not supposed to meddle with the stables that are preëminently the woman's province. When the couple set up an establishment she usually hires coachman and groom, has a deciding vote in selecting the beasts, and from the moment brougham or victoria is purchased her will is sovereign in everything relating to them.

A full third of her existence is passed rolling about on cushions and wheels. At half past ten A.M. sharp, the carriage must be before the door, and the man on the box prepared to undergo critical comprehensive inspection of himself and charges. No woman on earth has keener eyes in detecting a flaw in trap and harness, or sharper tongue in correcting the faults of the team. She is fastidious, and refuses to be satisfied with aught but the best.



## FASHIONS.

**BLACK HATS** are much in favor just now, relieved by every imaginable shade of flower, ribbon, chiffon, and velvet. A successful example is made of black chip, with the small, round, high crown now so universally worn; a tuft of black feathers stands erect at the back, and a bunch of sweet peas lies along the wide brim in front. A flat shape made of yellow striped chiffon looks well, with black feathers underneath the brim, resting on the hair; a tuft of feathers at the back, and a pair of Mephistopheles' wings in front, complete the trimming.



SAILOR HAT, TENET STRAW.

Bonnets this year are very varied in shape, and in some cases surprisingly small. A favorite shape has a small, high crown, and a Marie Stuart point in front, and proves becoming to many people. A charming light-looking model is made on a jet foundation of fine black lace. It has plaited chiffon bows of the palest shade of blue, edged with black feathers and a tuft of black feathers, with an osprey at the back. Still another smart and pretty bonnet consists of plaited yellow chiffon with a little frilled edge, trimmed with black feathers, and some jet on the crown. Among the floral creations, one of the prettiest was entirely composed of *roux-rose* roses, a flat shape, showing a Marie Stuart point in front. Guipure is much used for millinery just now, to be worn with the gowns so lavishly decorated with that popular lace.

Leghorn hats, so much worn formerly, are again becoming fashionable, and nutmeg straw chips are taking the place of the fancy straws, seen constantly last season. Feathers and flowers are much used in combination. A good example of this is a black hat with a wide lace brim, pink roses at the side, and up-standing feathers at the back. A pretty hat in a dull pink chip straw has a tuft of black feathers standing up back and front, a fluffy ruche of lace around the brim, and blush roses beneath. A large Leghorn of a fantastic shape trims up effectively with pale green and pink ribbons, pink strings, and large bunches of pink roses outside and under the brim.

As has been said, all the smart bonnets are small and fanciful. For instance, a sage green bonnet of twisted velvet had an open crown, velvet strings, and a tiny ruche of white *blond* ribbon. A yellow and green tuft of feathers with an osprey stood up at the back. Another bonnet in three shades of green was effectively arranged; it was made with a high, restraining crown of dark green velvet, and a pale green *crêpe* de chine brim, trimmed with a *moiré* bow of the faintest shade of green, and some unconsciously pretty chestnut blossoms.

Chiffon is more worn than ever, if it is possible for the pretty silk to increase in favor. The newest mode of using it for trimming is when finely crimped and edged with tiny single flowers without stalks, glued on, or with delicate curly ostrich fibres. The flower-trimmed chiffon fates are most novel and most popular among girls. They can be had in any color, but black with pink is perhaps the prime favorite, as this is par excellence the combination of this season. The fan is composed of rosettes of good size, fitted closely in.

The ostrich tipped chiffon is especially fashionable in millinery, and some of the loveliest hats are of chip, with a spreading bow of it in front as the single bit of decoration. A broad-brimmed black chip hat, with a very low crown, has a bow of pale heliotrope chiffon, edged with black fibres, in front, and a Mephisto plume of jetted feathers in the centre.

These so-called Mephisto plumes, copied from those ornamenting the cap of Faust's tempter, are to be seen on numerous hats and bonnets this summer. Many are made of the jet alone, long, slender, crisply wired, and curling backward in truly diabolical fashion.

**NO. 152** portrays the fashionable sailor hat in white English Tenet straw, with a wide brim.

**NO. 153** is a sketch of a chamois leather gauntlet glove, with the stitching done in mauve silk, and the deep cuff embroidered in mauve and silver. This kind of glove is especially intended for outing, since it is both durable and washable.

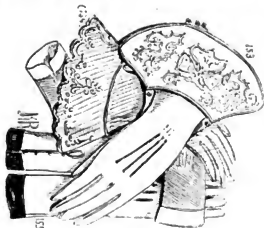
**NO. 154** is another style of gauntlet, not so deep in the cuff, and made in delicate shades of suede kid. The cuffs are scalloped, and the stitching and embroidery are in a contrasting color; for instance, pearl grey suede stitched with black.

**NO. 155** shows another style of glove which promises to be much worn this season with visiting costumes. It is of suede, with a wristband an inch deep of suede of a contrasting color, and the stitching and buttons match. The most charming combinations of color are those of pale blue and reseda, or peach and brown, red and white, and white with red wristbands and stitching. *Glove* kid in all the favorite shades is also made in this style.

**WE** give a few sketches of belts and zones so fashionable this season. Their variety is legion. No. 156 is a tortoise shell belt. The mounting is done in oxidized silver. The workmanship and design are both good. Zones of silver and Roman gold in many beautiful designs, adapted from Egyptian and Byzantine models, can be had in an infinite variety. Tan leather, stamped and stitched in pretty designs, is suitable for the blazer suits, and very pretty sterling silver buckles and slides, to fix on ribbon or velvet bands, look well with summer silk gowns.

**NO. 157** shows a little invention that will be very useful while the plain skirts are worn, and where the difficulty of the pocket cannot be overcome. It is a clasp in the form of a silver heart, with enameled forget-me-nots, to hold a pocket handkerchief. It depends from a small chain, and a bow-knot conceals the pin with which it is fastened to the dress. No. 158 is another useful contrivance called the skirt elevator. It is to hook on a belt, and it has a simple loop to hold up the train of a walking skirt.

For illustrations and information respecting the gloves and belts thanks are due to Richards, No. 20 West Twenty-third Street, New York, and for the sailor hat, to Knox, of Fifth Avenue, New York.



NEW IDEAS IN GLOVES.



SOME OF THE LATEST FADS IN FASHIONS.

NO. 157. A NEAT INVENTION TO BE WORN WITH POCKETLESS PLAIN SKIRTS. NO. 156. TORTOISE SHELL PEE.

NO. 158. A CONTRIVANCE TO LIFT THE WALKING SKIRT.



1. *Hereafter all correspondence should be addressed to "Editor, Correspondence Department, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."*

2. *Questions sent by our readers will be answered in the order in which they are received. Owing to the large number of letters which reach us asking advice, and to the fact that answers to many of the questions involve considerable research, replies can rarely be given in the same week the letter is received. Our readers should not enclose stamped envelopes, with requests for private correspondence, as questions can be answered only in this column.*

3. *Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.*

JENNIE AND JAMES.—I am sincerely pleased to know that my suggestions proved really useful. I should like very much to see the sideboard myself.

J. W. F.—Your query comes just on the heels of a friend's extravagant eulogies of Everett, a fine young town founded, I believe, but eighteen months ago, on the banks of the Columbia River, in Washington State, by a group of Eastern States capitalists, bent on building up vast shipping interests on the Pacific slope, introducing new railways, and opening up rich mines. This new town has already gathered to itself an excellent population of earnest working and business men who, with their families, are anxious to establish themselves in homes and build up solid business interests. All this speaks of a future need for building lots for town houses, and here, it seems to me, would be discovered your opportunity. If you can afford to invest your money in good lots and wait a bit, the land would quickly appreciate in value, and earn for you a really excellent interest on your money. There are also opportunities, I hear, to make, in this town, permanent real estate ventures, particularly in what is eventually to be the business portion of the city. I give this as a suggestion, and, possibly, investigation may prove the truth of my friend's apparently exaggerated assertions.

SAPHO.—(1) Certainly you may write me as often as you like, and I will always find it a pleasure to answer you as promptly and fully as possible. I appreciate all the discomforts from which you must suffer, and only wish I might extend to you a few of the countless hospitable advantages this great city affords to me. I think your plan of jotting down the queries as you think of them, and sending me the budget from time to time, is excellent. Never mind how insignificant the query may seem. I know so well that the tiny details of life are oftentimes the most puzzling. (2) This second question is, I confess, a little surprising. From your statement of the case I judge you are a very rational young woman, able to place reason before sentiment, and as such I shall address you. An act so serious and important as that you have committed should not be lightly regarded, and I think you realize the stern necessity of explaining both your conduct and motives frankly, and yet with becoming dignity. First, I must ask, are your parents alive and with you? Are they aware of the step you have taken, and do they approve? Or are you point you neglected to inform me, therefore I am not sure that the directions I give will fit your needs. If the following suggestions I make are not in harmony with the circumstances, write me answers to these questions and I will gladly reconsider the entire situation. 'Twill be best, I think, to write to the contesting parties. Frankly, respectfully, and affectionately lay the matter before the heads of the family. Explain your reasons for having followed so serious a course, ask for approval and reconciliation, but preserve a tone of independence and dignity that will candidly express your sentiments, and yet cannot fail to place you in the proper light. Secure, if possible, immediate knowledge of the effect on your communication, and on that result quickly arrange at least an outline of future plans. If the letter is happy in the impression it produces, you should at once issue the proper cards of announcement. I take for granted you understand the form in which the cards should be engraved. In the name of your parents or guardians the announcement must be made, and the

date used that on which the ceremony actually took place. Cards should be posted to friends, relatives, and acquaintances far and near. With the announcement could be enclosed, if you like, cards of invitation to a quiet reception in the afternoon, either in your own home or with your parents. I am inclined to feel that I have not quite clearly explained myself. However, with the faint facts at my command I can scarcely weave out anything like a consistent arrangement or plan for you to follow. The above described method of announcement is, I assure you, the only one to adopt. It briefly, yet fully, gives all the facts necessary for the public to know; cuts off all possibility of answering the impudently questions of curious folk, and under the chaperonage of your parents' names sets you in a clear light before the world. If you are not familiar with the form of writing announcement cards, if by replying to my queries a better solution of the problem can be arrived at, and if you care to more fully explain the entire situation, do not hesitate to write me again at once. I will endeavor to assist you practically so far as lies in my power. If I should not hear from you again, let me here express a very sincere hope that shortly every difficulty will smooth out and that the world will in the future for you be full of sunshine.

WITCH HAZEL.—Cheviot, the cotton cheviot I mean, is the stuff of which your shirts should be made. To all intents and purposes the day for the stiff bosomed linen shirt is over, and this season the sensible fashion has been introduced of making the body and bosom of women's shirts of the unstarched goods, either cheviot or linen filled into narrow yokes. The sleeves also very full but finished with a stiffened cuff, and the throat is trimmed with a starched collar turning over from a high collar band. Only late in the season were these excellently patterned garments introduced, and gladly have shirt wearers assumed them. A shirt with limp collar and cuffs of silk or soft muslin is not trim or tidy, and the stiff bosoms are intolerably hot and uncomfortable, therefore, the compromise that unites the virtues of comfort and neatness is hailed with delight. Let me advise you to pay not less than three dollars a piece for the above described shirts. Good cheviot in nice color, made into a stout well-fitting shirt, cannot be sold cheaper, and the price is fully warranted by the long easy wear to be found in these ideal summer waists for women.

MYRTLE.—It seems to me that to have all things in harmony the empire desk will look not a little out of place in so strictly simple a morning room. Have all your clever ideas about home-made furniture become quite exhausted, that you see no plan for a writing table? I should follow out the general scheme of the room's decoration, and do a writing table in white and blue. For instance, of white pine, have a four legged table the proper height, made by your job carpenter. In dimensions let the table be about three feet and a half long by two and a half wide. With the best white enamel paint go twice over the table, touching it here and there with fine lines of blue and dots to imitate beading. At the shops where Eastern goods are sold, buy a Zanibar grass mat, in solid grey blue and deeply fringed. This laid as a scarf over the table will be in perfect tone with the remainder of the room's decoration. Now for the furnishing of the table. Either use silver and glass writing articles, or try this idea: Buy your blotting pad of a shade of blue to match the scarf, and fit the pad in four clasps of silver on a white leather foundation. Then, as you are clever with your paint brushes, buy a white unpainted foulion cup of heavy but handsome china. Let it be a cup with double handles, top and saucer. In blue grey color delicately decorate this cup for an inkstand. Buy a white china celery trough and similarly paint it for use as a pen tray; a white china *bonbonniere* will, with ornamentation, serve as a stamp box, and a pair of white candlesticks may also be painted for the table's decoration. The pens, pencil cases, rolling blotter, pad, paper knife, initial stamp, etc., can be very inexpensively had in white or blue celluloid, which a cleverly wielded paint brush can endorse with one's initials, fancifully entwined. I should think a table could be most charmingly fitted on the given plan. I know that the transformation of the foulion cup, celery trough, etc., can be accomplished at slight cost and trouble. Your paper should be grey blue, to match the table decorations. Buy two sizes of paper; for letters the average size, for notes the smaller paper. All the envelopes should be square, and on the flap of the envelope write on paper with colored sheet heads. One's coat of arms, crest, motto, or best of all, one's address, suffices for all needs of usefulness or ornamentation. I advise you to letter, in black, simple small letters, the sheet tops with the address and name of your home as directed, for the envelopes.

**HARNEY.**—Yes; you were guilty of a grievous error. Her nice, friendly note should have been answered in the same strain by you. Had she extended her invitation in the formal written code, using the third person, your reply would have been quite correct. You should have answered the note with one equally cordial in tone, and, though a brief refusal, a friendly one that could by no possible stretch of imagination have been construed into an insult. Your mistake, I am sure, sprang from ignorance of the small social forms. I think you might call on the good friend send her a bouquet of flowers, or in some way attempt to prove to her that you did not mean to offer the slight that she very rightly suspects. (2) For ten dollars you can make the round trip by boat from New York to New London, secure a seat from which to view the race, get a good luncheon in the town, and otherwise fully enjoy your day, though not as wealthy spectators will.

**BALSAM AND RICE.**—A frame of cardinal red leather, neatly finished and sufficiently large to hold a cabinet size photograph, will cost one dollar. Those red ones, that have their corners clasped with silver, cost fifty cents more. Yes, I think they are very pretty. (2) The only method by which to keep your silver in decent order, is to keep it clean. If careless servants wash silver, it is in constant danger of being forever ruined; for, once silver becomes dulled and scratched, nothing but a thorough polishing at the hands of a silversmith will restore its brilliancy. You had then better take your service and small table articles in hand at once, and either clean them yourself or stand by while the servant follows these directions. After having been used at the table, the silver should be laid in a wash-pan with a cake of soap. From the kettle have a stream of boiling water poured on it; let the silver lie in the hot water a few minutes while a mop, passed back and forth over it, detaches all clinging particles of food; then take the silver out, wipe it piece by piece with a dry soft crash towel, and next with a chamouis skin, touched with jeweler's rouge, rub swiftly each piece: then passed through a second clean chamouis, the silver comes out glittering. This reads, I am sure, like a long and troublesome process. However, a little practice will prove that it can be successfully carried out in far shorter time than it takes to tell. If you will either wash the lace in water, meal, or flour, you can nearly eliminate it of the discoloration, provided that city dust only has darkened it. The dry cleaning process is the best. Buy a pound or two of coarse cornmeal, put half the quantity into a pan; then lay a corner of the lace over your outstretched left palm, and with the other hand rub into the mesh of the lace as much meal as one hand can hold. Take the lace so, piece by piece, rubbing lace and meal together briskly between your palms. After carefully going over the lace until the meal shows that the dust is in the act of leaving the lace, refill the pan with clean meal and repeat the process of rubbing. Then you will see visible improvement in the lace. Shake all the meal out gently but carefully, and brush softly with a velvet brush. With a warm iron, press out the wrinkled lace between two layers of white paper or cloth, and I am sure you will find it greatly improved by its dry cleaning. The gloves you can also renovate with meal. Only light colored gloves can so be cleaned, and better results are effected on the undressed than the dressed kid. Put on the gloves, hutton them up and, in a bowl of meal, go through repeatedly the process of washing your hands. Rub the hands over and over again with meal, and where the long wriths of the gloves wrinkle and grow soiled, rub in the meal with an up and down motion.

**DAMASCUS BLOUSE.**—Your idea is good. I don't think I have even seen the costume at any fancy dress ball. Property, you should wear a gown of blue cotton goods, made with a full round skirt gathered at the belt into a cottage waist of the same material. The waist of the gown should button in front with small white horn buttons, but the skirt's placket hole in place of being at the back must be cut on the side. Full sleeves gathered at the wrist with a narrow band, and the low round neck should be concealed under a great bandanna handkerchief, crossed kerchief-wise over the bosom. Very little of the hair should show under the binding of a second madras handkerchief tied in a small knot directly over the forehead. A fan, made of the feathers of a turkey's tail, is the single adjunct of this toilet that a few years ago formed the picturesque costume of the Southern negress. As for shoes—I take it for granted that you intend to dance; therefore, shoes so clumsy and heavy as those worn by negroes would be impossible for your tender feet. Jewelry must consist of a string of blue, white, amber, and clear glass beads lying flatly about the base of the neck and just showing where the kerchief crosses low under the chin. Large thin hoops of gold, like those worn by gipsy women, must hang in the ears and, if you like, a couple of plain silver rings on the first and third fingers of the left hand will not be out of place.

**E. D. S.**—Thank you for the story of the palms. Do you not remember how I warned "E. R. D." that luck seemed the strongest

influences with palms? You are lucky, that is all, and the palms grow without any special care from you. Perhaps a third palm added to the group would refuse to live. One can never be sure about plants. I know of a couple of rubber plants, in the back bay window of a private house in New York, and despite discouragements and oftentimes a lack of care, they have outgrown their tubs and window space. Twice or thrice I have vainly attempted to make a rubber plant grow in my window. I supplied sun, fresh air, and water, and sheltered it from the gaslight. Nothing availed, and the plant eventually had to be thrown away. I shall reserve your letter for the correspondent to whom it is addressed.

**ETHELON.**—Of course they are very difficult to originate all at once, particularly when one is drilled to copy and not to design from imagination. Not long ago I saw a pin cushion in the shape of a four-leaf clover. Now, it seems to me that you might apply that idea, in this way: From pasteboard, cut out a large four-leaf clover with short stem; smoothly cover the pasteboard with satin just the color of the clover leaf; brace this on a back flap of pasteboard just as a photograph frame is held upright, and by means of a tiny brass hook introduced through the centre of the leaf, the watch can be safely suspended against a pretty background, and the leaf will contribute a nice little ornament to the bureau.

**ETON.**—Evidently you are struggling to explain the properties of what is commonly known as Luminous paint. Yes; it can be made after the following receipt: Collect a number of oyster shells, and carefully wash them in warm water; put them into the fire for half an hour, and then permit them to cool. Pound them quite fine, making sure to take away all the gray bits remaining; put the powder into a crucible, arranging it in layers alternating with flour and sulphur; with a cementing paste of sand and beer seal up the lid of the crucible, and set over a fire to bake for fully sixty minutes; let the crucible become quite cool before breaking the seal; the powder should have become quite white; from this powder take out any remaining dark bits, and, through very fine muslin, sift the compound; that portion of the powder finding its way through the muslin should be very fine. In gum arabic water pour enough of the powder to form a thin paste. Lay two coats of paste over whatever object you wish to make luminous, set it in the bright daylight, and, at night, the desired results will be gained.

## THE MART AND EXCHANGE.

1. Letters to *Mart and Exchange* must be marked "Mart and Exchange" in the left-hand top corner of the envelope, and addressed, "THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

2. Append initials or "nom de plume" to all communications for this column. Private addresses will be withheld at the office of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, through which all correspondence should pass, in order to insure the good faith of those making use of the department.

3. No letters will be forwarded unless accompanied by stamps.  
4. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

### WANTED TO BUY.

**Book.**—An old edition of "Evelina," by Miss Burney; if possible, a copy of the first edition published. Anyone offering such a book for sale will please send particulars to—**ETHELON.**

**Autographs.**—To buy or exchange autographs of celebrated people. Would like particularly to secure one of Napoleon, Gladstone, or Wellington. Please send particulars to—**NAPOLÉON.**

### WANTED TO SELL.

**Land.**—One hundred and sixty acres homestead, or 320 acres desert land. This territory will soon be surveyed and opened for settlement. Is as fine as any land on earth. Government prices.—**LAND.**

**Ring.**—Elegant diamond ring, containing seven stones. Cost one thousand francs originally. Will sell for \$40. Also for sale fine paintings, a library at one-tenth its original cost.—**GREAT BALSAM.**

**Photographs.**—Oh popular actors and actresses, conveniently arranged in pretty hand-made albums. Five photographs, neatly mounted on heavy sheets of paper, bound together with ribbon, for twenty-five cents. A dozen photographs, unmounted, offered for thirty-five or forty cents per dozen.—**E. S. BUCKLE.**

### WANTED TO EXCHANGE.

**A Tula.**—In good condition, cost, when new, \$35. Would like to exchange the same for one of Washburn's mandolins in good condition. Would accept in exchange any other good make of mandolin.—**A. T. C.**



## GRAPHOLOGY.

BY L'INCUNNUE.

## RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. *Persons desiring to test character-reading by handwriting should send at least fifteen lines of original composition in the subject of handwriting, and signed by an assumed name, under which the reply will be given.*

2. *Letters must be marked "Graphology" in the left-hand top corner of the envelope, and addressed "L'Incunne, care of Editor, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."*

3. *Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.*

II. H.—It is custom, γ, as you say, to enclose several studies under one cover, but in that case a coupon is required for each individual specimen delineated. You lack hopefulness, and, in spite of your aspiring will that is so very intolerant of opposition, are acquainted with frequent attacks of mental depression, grow discouraged, and often speculate as to whether the game is worth the candle. Your temper is resentful of discipline, high, haughty and insistent of carrying out its own ends. You are orderly, systematic, very clever, have enjoyed all the advantages of culture, are fastidiously refined, free-handed in spending money if you yourself reap the benefits, but show no sympathetic or warm-hearted generosity. Your discretion in speech amounts to secretiveness, you are not wholly straightforward, possessing a tendency to deal in those that may be diplomatic, but may also lead you into trouble. Your intellect is alert, shows sufficient individual force, your tastes are literary and polite, artistic perception keen and correct, your emotions capable of passionate attachments without tenderness or fidelity.

II. A.—Enclosed with the above. This is not an admirable example, indicating, as it does, a passionate, capricious, unrestrained creature, whose culture is limited and capacities of the poorest grade. She is unreasonable, impulsive, guided solely by her emotions, and tastes that are usually selfish and material. Stubbornness, egotism, love of show, sensitiveness to the influence of the opposite sex, demonstrative, susceptible and fickle affections, conventional ideas, a commonplace mind, a changeable will and secretiveness are some of the characteristics manifested.

II. C.—The third specimen of this series is in strong contrast to the above. It implies intellectual ability and culture, polite, well-bred tastes, violent obstinacy if the feelings are really engaged, a quick, hot temper, resentful of opposition, imperious, and yet capable of much generosity. The will is resolute, steadfast, arbitrary in its methods, and shows capacity to achieve its ends. Thought is clear and independent, speech frank, manners devoid of affectation, instincts honorable, affections warm and constant, the whole nature showing force and originality.

A. D. LANCE.—Napa, Cal. This subject is at once eccentric and conventional. This contradiction is partly accounted for by an absence of intellectual polish which would at once tone down his oddities and free him from the narrow commonplaceness of thought, word and deed now patent. As it is, his energies are full of sap, he is alert and inquisitive, cherishes all sorts of whimsical ideas, is restless, fond of travel and change, and by the diligent development of his mental capacities could attain to better things than he has yet accomplished. He is singular in every way, shows no demonstrative tenderness, has a sanguine, aspiring temperament, and is inclined to be sharp though not unamiable.

MAIZE FLOWER.—Surely it requires maturity to give form to this childish handwriting. If adolescence accounts for its present undeveloped state, then only potentialities should be reckoned upon. It suggests quick sympathies, generosity, loath prudence and candor, attraction to detail, demonstrative warmth of affection, but no promise of intellectual ability.

OLIVER TWIST.—On lines. A co-suet and characteristic specimen, illustrative of an erratic individual who is utterly indifferent to appearances, and notwithstanding his capacity for cogent and clear reasoning, allows his impulses rather than his mind to govern him. His thought is forceful and independent, he argues lucidly and logically, is fond of dissipation, and is ever seeking the anal-

ogy between cause and effect. His intellect is quite above the average, it is versatile and restless, he is a man of resources, possesses a keen sense of humor, despises the conventionalities, often to his own hurt, and holds orientation in supreme contempt. Violent stubbornness, bitter prejudices, very material tastes including excessive fondness for the table, close reserve, a ready wit, no objection to telling a lie if it serves his purpose, a disciplinary temper, absolutely unorthodox ideas, a vast deal of secret self-esteem, and an abiding interest in the opposite sex, are among the numerous complex qualities here defined.

II.—Fort Plain, New York. This is another interesting handwriting in which a number of strongly marked traits are described in spite of the writer's skepticism on the subject of graphology. In the first place, he is an aspiring man, with a sanguine temperament that has been nurtured by a fair measure of success. His mentality is of a substantial fiber, and having enjoyed liberal advantages, is now admirably enlightened and proves him a person of talent and a resourceful cleverness. He is critical, is full of individuality and intellectual independence, shows decided literary perceptions, and has the polite tastes of a man of culture and refinement. True, caprice is betrayed, with a detestation of being bound down to hard and fast lines, a temper intolerant of interference and quick to resent a familiarity. The will is moderately vigorous and would be improved by cultivating pertinacity, prejudices are unassailable, speech is entertaining and candid to the verge of indiscretion, love of luxury and beauty is strong, interest in the opposite sex decided, dignity excellent, and, strange to say, is unimpaired with the least conceit or egotism.

ZIMMERMAN.—The natural ability this correspondent unquestionably possesses is thus far hopelessly hampered by his carelessness, his unrestrained impulse, and doubtful cultivation of mind and instinct. He is not commonplace, but takes too little pains, is too easily satisfied, allows his interests and energies to flame and fade, his will to wax and wane without once exerting self-discipline and control so imperative to till real success. He is imaginative, emotional, refined and generous by nature, is usually sweet tempered, is warmly affectionate, and thus far is only partially developed in any one direction.

2.—As in so many cases the temper and will are at fault, proving the whole nature to stand in need of firmer self-control and more equanimity. The other qualities show cheerfulness, a hopeful, energetic temperament, warm enthusiasms, ardent demonstration and caprice of the affections, unbridled impulse, unlimited generosity and quick sympathies, disregard for conservatism, limitations, candor and reticence by turns, the stuff that makes a hero warship, and is capable of absolute self-forgetfulness for one beloved. Though the mind is not in the least commonplace, and the capacities are fair, intellectuality is not desired, nor are the artistic and literary perceptions developed.

AGATHES.—Pseudonym doubtful; postmark, Memphis. The aspiration suggested here is not apparently justified, for, while the writer possesses gift of a certain order, he over-estimates his ability, is rather crude, and assuredly confounds carelessness with genius. His aims are high, and his sanguine temperament is potent to realize his dreams of greatness, but in the course of time he will discover, as others have done, that persistence, the capacity for taking pains, and praise, are worth all the cases inspirative of talent. As it is, he is sensitive to impressions, passionately fond of beauty, covets admiration, has refined and literary tastes, is amiable, has a romantic, poetical imagination, and an arbitrary will that is called firm and stubborn, according to the view one takes of it. His mind is critical, inquisitive, pretty well trained, and his feelings are all generously sympathetic.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JOE.—A charming handwriting, descriptive of a rarely delightful man, who, with many graces of mind and manner, retains that crowning excellence of self-forgetfulness. His intellect is alert, acute, and admirably polished, thought is direct, fresh, vigorous, and free of the taint of morbidity. He is practical, holds clear, sensible ideas, reasons logically, and exercises powers of penetration, observation, and selection that assure him good judgment as a rule. His disposition is thoroughly companionable in its uniform good temper, cheerfulness and genial social instincts that are united with sufficient dignity and reserve to keep the proper balance. The will is resolute, feelings ardent and responsive, speech eloquently entertaining, and love of fitness and beauty instinctive. There is an absolute absence of pretence, a wholesome fondness for the good things of life, a quick appreciation, and a depth and tenderness of affections sufficient to round out a symmetrical character.

ROSAMUND F.—This study suggests nothing of special interest, being like nine hundred and ninety-nine others that pass through

this department. Its author is a woman of rather negative qualities, one who lacks highly the superficialities of life and gives much thought to outward appearances. Her mind and tastes are strictly conventional, she never presumes to think for herself, is conservative, observant of detail, methodical, amiable, romantically affectionate, discreet, is far from self-depreciative, though her instincts are too nice to vulgar conceit.

C. L. F.—Springfield. These initials are believed to be correct, but when correspondents are so very careless in writing their pseudonyms mistakes must necessarily occur. A youthful scribe, no doubt, to whom maturity will doubtless bring the equipoise in which she is at present deficient. Just now she is restless, eager for change and distraction, seldom knows her own mind two days consecutively, is elated and depressed by turns, has a hasty, somewhat irritable temper, poor staying qualities, and expends more of her vitality in feeling than doing. She does not lack wit, a quick comprehension, nor individuality sufficient to render her attractive, but as yet picks to pieces without the ability to reconstruct, is hypocritical, longs for travel, often neglecting opportunities for improvement nearer home. Her nervousness needs correction, her inequity to be turned to better account; she should study the charm of perfect naturalness, and with higher mental culture may justly aspire very high. Energetic, warm enthusiasms, a slight tendency to yield to dissatisfactions, a vivid imagination, and slow but deep affections are here defined.

JULIA—Mamaroneck. An impression exists that this, among other handwritings, has been delineated before, possibly under another name. However, there is no uncertainty in speaking of the author's characteristics at any time, each trait being clearly defined. For example, the virtues overshadow the shortcomings two to one. Exquisite feminine refinement is disclosed, with elegant and fastidious tastes, a picturesque and vivid fancy, fondness for romance and sentiment that the writer is slow to acknowledge, a resolute, calm, aspiring will, amiability that should not be confounded with easy indulgence, an entire absence of vagary or eccentric caprice, unstinted and careful liberality, an utter lack of the critical faculty, and, consequently, judgment too often influenced solely by the feelings. The mind is receptive, candid, and cultivated, habits systematic, affections deceptively tender and self-forgotten, with capacity for passionately deep attachments.

HEPHERATES.—On lines. This specimen is significant of limited culture, a moderately active and clever mind, a number of small vagaries, considerable self-confidence, a determined will, attention to detail, a dyspeptic temper in no sense of severe discipline, and impulses that ever threaten to overcome soberer faculties.

GIVERT.—Philadelphia. Your backhand is eloquent, not only of affectionation of manner, but certain mental poses that are assuredly assumed. You neither think, speak, nor act from spontaneous un-mixed motives, but are a close student of superficial effects, and calculate to a nicety the impression you may hope to make. This self-consciousness is always to be deplored and is never compensated for by the methodical habits, the correctness of taste, the energy, discretion and affability by which it is so frequently accompanied. Your temperament is a model of equanimity, you cherish a number of high hopes that the future may reasonably realize, have an attractive personality, a lively imagination, and elegant luxurious tastes.

NON-GRACE.—This a nature that utterly refuses to be repressed, but is sanguine and cheerful under all conditions. The writer persists in seeing only the bright side of every picture, is full of energy, vitality, and interest in life. Self-reliance, a sweet but hasty temper, ambition, indifference to appearances, generous instincts, ardor, a lively fancy, vivacious manners, guarded speech, simple, hearty affections, impatience, love of amusement and luxuries of the table, and physical activity are noted.

VICTIM.—A clever and attractive man, no doubt, but he suffers sadly with the blue devils, grows vaporous, down on his luck, and when that is the case, swears at the world generally. Unless ill-health is really the cause of his periodical depression, he has cause to be ashamed of it, for his keen sense of humor, his polished, resourceful mind, his elegant, diversified tastes, literary and artistic perceptions, ready power to please and hold members of both sexes should certainly render him proof against the weakness of despondency. His will is pertinacious, full of vigor, and not to be gained without a struggle. He is not quarrelsome, but grows ugly if thwarted, is imperious, and becomes cruel and harsh if opposed. In conversation he is entertaining and amusing, has gregarious instincts, and is fond of society, is clever, luxury loving, high bred, has the individuality that makes personal charm lasting, is full of materiality, sensitive to the influence of the opposite sex, with demonstrative and passionate affections.

BATTLE MAHL.—This subject has made a very common mistake in confounding carefully cherished affectionation with the humor of originality. She is painfully self-conscious, and thus far has found her own character the most absorbing of studies. Her will is ambitious, resolute, and ready to achieve its ends at all costs. Her mind is fairly bright, but in nothing does it show genuine wit or force. She has evidently enjoyed rather liberal education, but is not highly cultured, is superficial, obstinate, loves to dominate and dictate to others, cannot endure the smallest curb on her temper, is fastidious, refined, restless, fond of change, lacks the poise of an ample nature, and will never rise above the duldest mediocrity without bitter self-discipline.

ELLEN.—Mobile. Culture and intellectuality are both lacking here, one of the happy beings who neither knows nor desires anything higher. She is utterly commonplace, gentle, candid, sweet tempered, has a lively fancy within certain limits, is ever cheerful, gay, fond of society, generous, and sufficiently affectionate, and undisturbed by aspirations of a mental nature.

OLIVE.—Grafton. Adolescence excuses much, and youth in this instance must account for the writer's loquacity, her self-assertion, undue self-esteem, her impressionability, care for superficial things, and close study of outward appearances. Thus far she lacks any promise of individual force or original talent, being content with the humdrum conventionalities. Her imagination is active and graceful, she shows considerable self-control, is amiable, affectionate, and very refined.

T. M. G.—On lines. Pittsburgh. An absolutely conventional person, with fair capacities, and not a characteristic out of the ordinary. The mind is pretty well cultured and is not without cleverness, thought is conservative, clear, and practical, speech fluent and discreet, temperament even, disposition perfectly amiable, habits orderly, manners graceful and generally pleasing. There is plenty of self-content, the energies are uniform, natural, reliable, and affections warm and faithful in their devotion.

LUCK.—It is quite useless to ask for favorable delineations. The reply must accord exactly with the handwriting; it can be no better and no worse. You, for example, are ambitiously energetic, and having abundant self-confidence, are sanguine of success. You are moderately persistent and vigorous in pursuing a desired end, have a fairly sweet temper, and are not foolishly sensitive, possess an exaggeratedly vivid fancy that tends strongly to romance and sentiment, are fond of admiration and very honestly try to win the right to it. Your mind is neither brilliant nor original, but has good, ordinary capacity, is pretty well cultured, and by reason of its ardor and high aims may yet attain to a fuller development. Now, here is where your mental faculties need exercise in striving to reason lucidly and logically to attain to calmer judgment, to be less emotional and more practical. You have a good eye for form, do not lack artistic perception, are cautious in speech, tenderly and susceptible affectionate, entertain a very good opinion of your own abilities, and would be improved by studying consistency and naturalness.

NOVEMBER.—Postmark, New York. Where all the qualities appear to be so healthy, it is strange that this vaporous tendency should tinge the character. As the correspondent is presumable youthful, however, maturity may bring increased cheerfulness. The writer has a responsive, honest, amiable, resolute, but by no means remarkable, disposition. The ideas and tastes are strictly conservative, and disclose a love for the material side of life, with considerable physical vitality. Distinctly deep, unsentimental, ardent affections, an absence of pretence, a high sense of honor, attention to detail, and fitness for positions of trust are appearances defined.

METU-ADO-ABOUT-NOTHING.—This study suggests elegant and fastidious feminine tastes, a passionate love of beauty in every form, color, harmony, luxury of surroundings, flowers, and all sweet perfumes. High breeding, graceful, well-poised manners, delicacy of thought and feeling, some charm as a conversationalist, careful attention to the minor details of life, and critical refinement. The will is not easily daunted, inclines to be arbitrary, the temper bitterly resents a familiarity, is high, sensitive, and capable of passionate intensity. Personality amounts to haughtiness at times, is reserved, and covets the incense of respectful worship. Now, with all these charming qualities, it is disappointing to find a lack of entire straightforwardness; while not an intrigant, the writer too often indulges her foibles at the expense of candor, directness, and consistency; she always prefers to evade rather than face a difficult question, and will resort to considerable innuendo to this end. Her fancy is vivid, she is boundlessly generous, does not betray any affectation, has both literary and artistic perceptions, and tenderly devoted affections.

# THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

VOL. XL.

New York.

For the Week ending JULY 23, 1892.

Chicago.

No. 127.



ELLIS ISLAND: RUSSIAN JEWS EXAMINING THEIR PACKS. (See page 447.)



## THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

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Payments, which must be in advance, can be made by cheque, postal notes, money order, or registered letter, payable to THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., BEAUMS BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W. C., agents for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN for the United Kingdom. BRUNEAU'S, 27 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris, depot for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN in France.

ADVERTISING.—The advertisements of leading firms solicited; for terms send to offices. Medical and low-class advertisements declined.

## Current Comment.

**A SIGN AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.**—Unto us of this generation a sign has been given. If we are wise, we shall open our minds and profit by it.

Never in the history of nations has a sign of the times been given to a people more distinct in form, more significant in meaning, than that afforded by the Incident of the 6th of July. It is as plain as the handwriting on the wall.

There is more behind the affair at Homestead than may chance to come to the mind of the average unthinking reader of a daily newspaper. He sees a great manufactory "shut down," a few thousand men at variance with their employer, an employer who will not accede to the demands of his workmen. He sees that these workmen have resorted to force to cope with the force of the employer.

But this is a small view.

Homestead, Penn., is but as an acre in the great field of human labor.

A few shots fired at Lexington, Mass., over one hundred years ago, precipitated the American Revolution.

The lines between the Colonies and England were no more clearly drawn than that which marks the division between Capital and Labor.

The shots at Homestead still echo and reecho in the great and distant halls of labor. They sound a new note in a new condition.

Property is entitled to protection. Every man in this country believes in property and its protection. Our national history teems with incidents proving our universal love for property, and records many a grand struggle to protect every owner in his enjoyment of property rights. This property may be invested in lands or in patents, in houses or in bonds; it may also be vested in the brain and brawn of the workman. Mr. Carnegie has his lands and his patents, his houses and his bonds; his workmen have their brains and their muscles. Morally and legally, in the sight of God and Law, both have their rights.

What the rights of an owner are, is plain and conceded; but, what the rights of labor are, is not so plain and is not conceded. Through many years of our civilization men of every generation have added to the laws which define rights

in property, real and personal; and since 1215 the manliness in the men who demanded of King John acknowledgment of their rights, has passed down the line of their descendants.

In 1679 the Writ of Right, or Habeas Corpus, secured the liberty of the citizen. Now the age has come when man, secure in his civic rights, demands that he shall be heard as to the disposition of his labor.

Since the dawn of this century a change has come over the world. In the last ninety years more has been accomplished than was accomplished in the nine hundred preceding years. The age of the vassal is no more; the age of the toiler has begun.

The Constitution of the United States was not written by men with prophetic souls. When the laws of entail were enacted, the legislators never dreamed of wealth to be held in shares. They only knew of wealth in acres; they did not contemplate the creation of corporations.

Stronger than the power of feudal eras is the power of capitalists; more powerful than the federation of eras is a combination of capitalists.

Man is selfish; man is avaricious. A capitalist is a man.

It is the right of man to labor for whom he will. His property is his service. He sells it in open market as the manufacturer his wares. The demand regulates the price. In the multitudinous divisions of labor many men are required in various branches to perfect one article. Many trades are blended in the manufacture of a single commodity. Each has its scale of wages. Why is it not right and proper for these laborers in the several branches to hold for one another a sympathetic relationship? to organize and fix the standard wage of their service, each in accordance with his class? If the Master of the Mill has the right to demand so many dollars a ton for his property—steel, why has not the mill hand a right to ask so much a day for his property—labor?

Since the Master of the Mill has the right to make combinations with other Masters of Mills, why have the laborers in one mill not the right to make combinations with other laborers in other mills?

If the master is selfish and avaricious, which is human, why have the men not got the right to protect themselves against his avarice?

It is said that no special men have a right to demand that the labor of the mill be given to them to the exclusion of others who might work for a smaller wage. This is debatable. Legally they have no right; morally they have. Laborers have a right to hold labor for their own benefit so long as it does not encroach on the rights of him for whom the labor is done. Men leave wife and children, suffer untold hardships in all lands and climates to find labor; why should such valor always be shown in seeking it; why not some of it in retaining it? If they are ready to die in search of it, why not die to keep it?

And so think Carnegie's "strikers."

And so think millions of other workers.

Now let us survey the land at Homestead.

The entire community is dependent upon the steel mill for its price of life. It lives only by the heads and muscles of the laborers. Thousands of small houses are owned and leased by the men. Here are the homes of four thousand men. Here are their children, their wives, and their mothers. Here is the cradle rocked; here is the wedding celebrated; here is the coffin closed. Here is home.

To let others take their places is the end of all this; to lose labor at the mill is to abandon the home.

God Almighty gave man an affection for home, and an arm to protect it. Is it strange, then, that the men want their homes, their wives, and their children? that they will fight for them?

Is the mill owner in distress? Is it that the mill does not pay? Look at Carnegie!

Have men ever destroyed property of owners who have closed their mills because they could not succeed in their business?

It has never been so recorded.

Capital is to Labor what steam is to an engine. Each is essential to the other; they are copartners.

The time will come; must come, when labor and capital will go hand in hand, when the division of profits will be equalized between the capitalist and the wage-worker. The capitalist is entitled to handsome profits in compensation for the peril in which he has placed his money, and the laborer for the energy, ability, and work he has supplied as his capital.

Our present system of allowing wealth to accumulate in the hands of the comparative few, while the toiling masses earn a bare subsistence, is contrary to the spirit of the times.

Our masses, educated by a cheap press, by schools, and by the pulpit, are raised to a level which demands more than bed and board wages. They will be heard from. This land will not decay because to-day wealth accumulates.

Let us take warning. A sign has been given to us.

**WAGES AND WANTS.**—This is the age of progress. Progress is making advances which will cause great uneasiness in some quarters.

It is well to turn our faces toward the changes that are to come. The Future is knocking on the door of the Present with a hand of iron. Only a fool stuffs his ears with cotton and says: "I hear no knock on the door; therefore, there can be no knocking."

To-day we educate the boys and girls; we give them standard literature at a low price; we give them newspapers; we open libraries, museums, and art galleries; we bid them raise themselves. This is the yeast we have worked into the dough.

How will it come out in the baking?

Never were the working classes of a people so intelligent—so fond of good things, of law and order; never were they in possession of so many things which are termed "the comforts of life." The taste for these things—for "the comforts of life"—is ever growing. The luxuries of to-day are the essentials of to-morrow; so works the yeast.

These things are bought with a price. This "price" is a part of the wages earned by hard labor; these wages do not keep pace with daily needs.

The whispers of dissatisfaction are heard in all the market places of the world. The laborer is dissatisfied with his wage. He sees the rich growing richer, and the wage-worker sinking into debt. He is thinking what shall be done.

It will be done in the future.

**PETTICOATS IN POLITICS.**—Ever since the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire gave a Westminster butcher a kiss for his vote, Englishwomen have been a power in the tight little island's politics. We have seen the wife of a Conservative bishop get so excited over the political issue of the day that

she addressed something very like Billingsgate to a Liberal countess, who the day before was her bosom friend, and this within the sacred precincts of a cathedral close. And now we hear of charming Mrs. Stanley, and of Mrs. Langtry's former rival, Mrs. Cornwallis West, making speeches at the polls in favor of their husbands' candidacy, and being hoisted at by the vulgar populace. Nay, even more; a low-minded British brute actually shook his fist in the face of that most fascinating of Irishwomen, Mrs. West *née* Fitzpatrick. We sympathize with the indignation which caused her to remark, "I am an Irishwoman, and not till now have I ever found men capable of refusing to hear a woman plead her cause." But if petticoats will insist upon going into politics, they must expect to be treated just as trousers are. We notice that ex-President Cleveland has refused to allow his wife's name to be dragged into the political campaign. We recommend him as an example to Colonel Cornwallis West and Mr. Henry M. Stanley.

**INTO A NEW WORLD.**—We present to our readers a set of photographic views of Ellis Island—the new doorstep into Uncle Sam's grand domain.

Here, with wide open eye, the emigrant takes his view of the land and its people; here he first gets his impression of the new life in which he is to be a factor; of a strange language to which he must educate his tongue.

There is a vast amount of sadness in this place to the mind of him who thinks of his fellow human beings as his brothers in God's great family of mankind. When one sees a whole family, father, mother and little children, one is compelled to wonder what train of hardships forced them to leave the land of their birth. It is no easy thing for a father and mother with small means to decide to leave the land where it pleased God to put them, let alone to face the unknown trials awaiting them in the strangers' country.

How many young men and young women have sat on the deck of the barge, or on the wharf rail and looked backward, wondering if they ever should see the comrades of their youth, the village church, or the old fireside again, and hear the voices of those that love them! How many a poor soul has had courage for the voyage, but now feels it oozing out; but it is too late forward!

And soon they are lost in the tide of humanity. The merciless stream carries them on, the waves close over some; others are carried upon the crest.

Easily on their hinges swing the gates at Ellis Island; they enter into Paradise; they also enter into Hell.

**PINKERTON'S POLICE.**—Seventeen months ago, in No. 53 (our issue of February 21, 1891), we called the attention of our readers to the Pinkerton Police, and declared that an armed force, not regularly enlisted in the service of the State, was a menace to the public peace, and contrary to the spirit of our institutions.

When a county has failed to keep the peace the State must enforce the law, and if the State desires the assistance of federal powers, the legislature or governor may demand it, for



the Constitution of the United States says: "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them from invasion, and on application of the legislature, or of the executive (when the legislature can not be convened), against domestic violence."

The citizens at Homestead were at peace. No action had been taken against the civil authorities. The Sheriff of the county was not restrained from acting under the laws.

Pinkerton's armed men had no constitutional right to approach Homestead as invaders. They had no legal status—they were a menace to the public peace. Their unfavorable reception by the committee of citizens and their somewhat hurried departure have made a very decided impression on the minds of citizens in other communities; and it is safe to say that if any similar band should enter any other section of the country on a similar errand, their advent might occasion scenes more tragic than come.

Labor organizations will probably cause laws to be enacted similar to these:

No armed person or persons or armed body of men shall be brought into this State for the preservation of the peace or the suppression of domestic violence, except upon the application of the legislative assembly, or of the governor when the legislative assembly cannot be convened.—*Constitution of Montana.*

No armed police force, or detective agency, or armed body, or unarmed body of men, shall ever be brought into this State for the suppression of domestic violence, except upon the application of the legislature, or executive when the legislature cannot be convened.—*Constitution of Wyoming.*

**CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.**—From time to time the attention of the public is attracted to religious meetings. Recently one of great size was held in the City of New York. It was called the Convention of Christian Endeavor. Some twenty thousand persons, young and old, wearing badges, assembled, sang songs, and gave utterance to moral sentiments. Beyond this it is difficult to determine "what it was all about," except that the next convention will be held in Montreal in July of 1894.

This assemblage was composed of persons from all parts of the Union, and it is presumed that they have one thing in common—a love for the things of righteousness. There is something wholesome about the name Christian Endeavor; it should afford a text to minister, clergyman, and priest, irrespective of denomination. Christian thought and belief in too many quarters is as limp as a dishcloth; it has no backbone, no insistence. "Endeavor" smacks of force, of virility. No community can fail to feel the sweet breath of Heaven blow over it, if some of its men and women have Christian endeavor stiffening their sinews and prompting them to action. We hope that those who wore their badges so proudly in the streets of New York will wear them with honor on their breasts for many a year—as the Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale wore the scarlet letter—as a token of their professions.

**THE SOCIAL CONDITION.**—When our forefathers renounced ties and the gew-gaws of the Herald's office, they confidently believed that, with abolition of the old world's marks of distinction, all men, henceforth, would stand on an equal footing. Further, when they legislated against the entail of lands, they believed that property never could be held

in the same families for several generations. But these worthies did not appreciate the "cuteness" of their get.

To-day the big \$ is a finer title than Duke. For instance, which carries the greater weight, \$ Carnegie, or Duke of Manchester?

Who are a greater power, a syndicate of Astors, Vanderbilts, Rockefellers, Crockers, Fairs, and Huntingtons, or a job lot of peers?

Wealth is power, and the possessor of it is a distinguished person.

Recently an insignificant young man, the heir to a good, honest name and a great fortune, got married. This happy event was chronicled in the daily prints as though the destinies of a realm hung in the balance. Still more lately, a very fine young fellow, the eldest son of an excellent citizen of great wealth, died, and again the daily press lavished long columns on the sad event, as though the heir to a throne was no more. These events, the one happy, the other sorrowful, affected the families of the young men and no one outside of the families interested.

Still, the evident importance attached by the press to these events, proves that great wealth enhances social importance, and marks the possessors as persons of distinction.

It is plain, therefore, that a land wrested from a savage condition by men during the unknown perils of it for the sake of finding an asylum where equal rights could be enjoyed, is fast becoming distinguished for its privileged classes as well as for its masses.

The masses are grumbling at the classes.

In the labor organizations is made manifest the first remonstrances. But it is not confined to them. It undermines the entire social structure. Millions of men are objecting to the speedy, natural growth of the great fortunes. Is it right that the wealth of the country should be so speedily passing into the hands of the fortunate few?

Unpleasant as the fact may be, it is, nevertheless, true that the time is coming when a limit will be placed on wealth. It is right and proper that a man should have all the luxuries that fortune may give, and such could be had with an income on ten millions of dollars, but all incomes derived on a capital of more than this is detrimental to the public welfare and productive of evil. Where wealth accumulates with the few, poverty increases with the many.

**TRAINING A FIGHTER.**—A man by the name of Corbett has an ambition; that ambition is to meet, fight, and vanquish the modern Goliath, one Sullivan.

In order to accomplish this the said Corbett has gone into seclusion, where his muscles are being developed in accordance with the most approved methods of the physical education of pugilists.

Our correspondent and artist visited this misguided and ambitious young man, and what they saw they told with pen and pencil. From their report it would seem that the life of a pugilist in training is scarce worth living; and we would hardly point out the honors and purse of the ring to young men in search of occupation.

**GARDEN PARTIES FOR PRINCE GEORGE.**—Prince George is more restricted in his actions than any young man in the world. Even his father, the direct heir to the throne, enjoys greater liberty. Should Prince George die without issue, the throne of the British Empire will pass to the

unpopular Fife. Recently the young man thought he should enjoy a cruise in the *Melampus*, but the Ministers know that cruisers sometimes go to the bottom, and they decided that the hope of England had better stay at home and attend garden parties and afternoon teas. Poor George!

**GARRULOUS PRINCE BISMARCK.**—It is a great pity that Prince Bismarck should, in his old age, have become so garrulous. The attacks of the government-press upon him can not affect his reputation among his countrymen or the world at large. He is big enough to be able to afford to take no notice of them. By condescending to answer them he is placing himself on the same plane as the foolish little emperor. By calling Count Caprivi names he is belittling himself. What could be more undignified than for the great founder of German unity to tell a deputation of Wurtembergers that he feels the majority of the nation is on his side, or to confide in an American reporter what he thinks about "the young man in Berlin"! It is a sad thing to see a great man developing into a talkative old woman.

**IN THE LAND OF THE CLIFF DWELLINGS.**—We who talk so much of the ancient cities of the old world and the antiquity of the pyramids, forget that in our own country dwellings of prehistoric man still exist to chain our attention and color our fancy. In a series of admirable papers Mr. Moorehead describes his visit to a land where twenty thousand years ago a people lived and enjoyed life after their own fashion. A few relics have been gathered, and while they in some respects are similar to those found in ancient Asia, they do not warrant the statement that the race came from that great continent.

It is hard to imagine a people in this country, who, before the days of Troy, or the towns which underlay it, lived in stone houses, cultivated the fields, raised poultry, built aqueducts, engaged in warfare, and practiced the arts of peace. It is more difficult to realize that the noble buildings now being erected in our own civilized world can not last five hundred years, and that the ruins of Colorado were ancient and deserted before a single stone of the Coliseum was laid in its place. Indeed, Herodotus could well marvel at the antiquity of the world.

**BURYING MEN ALIVE.**—Enterprise is a modern euphemism for recklessness and bad taste.

In their zeal to sell some additional copies of their publications, the editors of the day seem to cast aside all regard for accuracy and all concern for sentiment.

They stop not at depriving prominent men of life, and rush to bury them before the vital spark has left their animate bodies.

In order to enliven a stale piece of news they will go to extremes well-nigh incredible. While Cyrus Field lay within a few hours of death, gaunt headlines in the "great dailies" of the metropolis construed the merciful delirium of the passing soul into tokens of lasting insanity.

"Mr. Field will probably recover physically," the shameless screechers went on to say; "but his mind will never be restored to its normal vigor. He will be crazy for the rest of his life."

You observe the fiendish ingenuity that fashions a startling piece of news out of the peaceful death of an old man.

A rumor of the serious illness of the millionaire William Waldorf Astor compels the eager news-mongers to hold their

"forms" open until the very last moment, in order to admit the announcement of his death. As the time approaches for the presses to begin their work their impatience o'erleaps the bounds of prudence, and they kill Mr. Astor anyway.

In case he really doesn't die, they argue, a denial will make as good a story as the announcement.

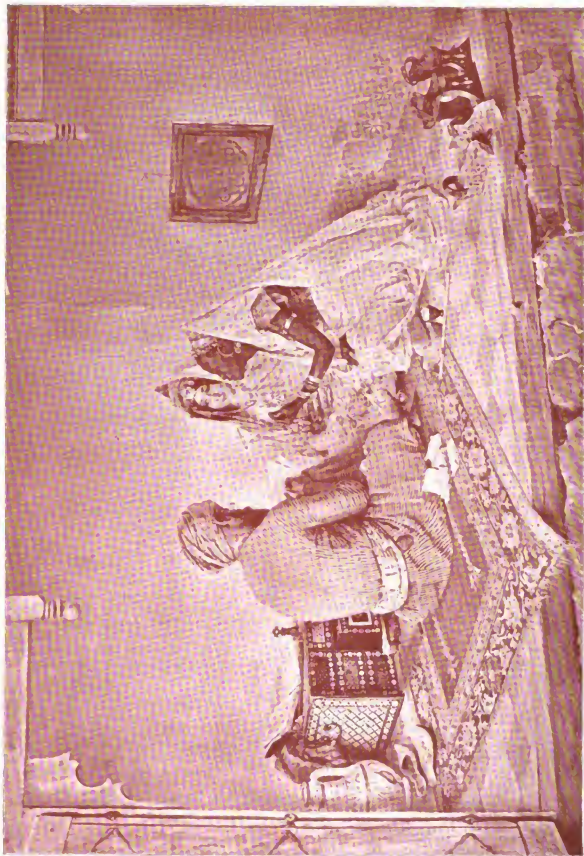
Besides, the opportunity to utilize the obituary case is too tempting to forego. So, following two or three lines stating in a very non-committal way that Mr. Astor is dead, comes a page of history, biography, and reminiscence, including "The Story of the Astor Millions," wherein the growth of the fortune from the small beginnings of the poor fiddler and the petry-dealer to the present head of the family, is scrupulously related. These same confectings of scissors, paste-box, and pencil have done duty a score of times before, on all sorts of occasions in the life of the subject of the affair in hand—at his birth, during the dangers of his colicky childhood, upon his marriage, the advent of his first-born, the death of his father, and finally upon his own rumored demise.

When he actually dies, of course they will be trotted out once more.

And all this in the name of journalistic enterprise.

**REPORTERS AND JURIES.**—A new Criminal Court Building is being erected in Chicago. Mr. W. S. Forrest, who has made considerable fame for himself as a criminal lawyer in that city, thinks there should be a change in the arrangement of the rooms of the new building, so that the lawyers should be separated from the reporters. He holds that the reporters, who sit at the lawyers' table, by a smile or a frown during the evidence, influence the jury. He suggests that a reporters' platform should be raised behind the jury-box, so that the susceptible gentlemen occupying it could not detect the "Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles," or the "loathed melancholy" of the newspaper men. Why not get out of the difficulty by blindfolding the jury or making the reporters wear masks?

**THE SPANISH SIDE OF IT.**—Mr. James Anthony Froude has a weakness for pulling down our idols, and proving the falsity of our pet stories. For three hundred years Englishmen have believed that the Spanish Armada was defeated through the bravery of Drake and Lord Howard of Effingham, but Mr. Froude has been rummaging among the archives of Simancas, and discovered that the condition of the Spanish Admiral's stomach had most to do with it. This admiral, the Duke of Medina, had a decided aversion to the job, and wrote to Philip: "My health is bad, and from my small experience of the water, I know that I am always seasick." He had an idea that the person at the head of such an expedition should understand something about navigation and seamanship, and he mournfully observes, "I know nothing of either." But the King was obstinate, and the Duke had to go. His forebodings proved correct. From Corunna he reports that the weather, though it was summer, was as wild as in December, which appeared to him the more strange since he was in the "business of the Lord." All his ships, he continues, are dispersed, his crews sick and "growing daily worse from bad food and water." He evidently did not understate the case when he wrote to his royal master: "I told your Majesty that I was unfit for this command when you asked me to undertake it."



PAINTINGS OF THE DAY: III. "THE PUBLIC SCRIBE AT TUNIS." BY F. M. BREDT. (See page 460.)

# ELLIS ISLAND

*Which is to their  
Feet as a Doorstep  
Into a World Unknown -*



CLOSE to the mouth of the Hudson River in New York harbor is an island of two and a half acres in extent, whereon land in the United States some of the citizens of the future.

Formerly known as Oyster Island, now called Ellis Island, it was in 1808 acquired for \$10,000 by the State of New York when Daniel D. Tompkins was Governor. For a long time it was used for the storage of naval materials,

and some time in the 'sixties a newspaper reporter, in search of a sensation, discovered that if the powder magazine on the island blew up, millions of New York property would go to glory a few moments later. Congress made a note of the matter; the newspaper which had agitated the subject informed the public, in big head lines, that through its enterprise the national legislature was about to take steps to save New York from destruction. Then Congress dropped the whole thing; the Civil War broke out, and the enterprising newspaper discovered new sensations. It forgot all about Ellis Island, and New York managed to escape being blown up.

In 1880 Ellis Island, together with the islands known as Governor's, Bedloe's (on which stands the Statue of Liberty), and David's; Forts Lafayette, Hamilton, Wadsworth, and Schuyler were granted by the State of New York to the United States. When "Uncle Sam" most wisely decided to look after his future nephews and nieces himself, and to stop the many abuses which occurred when the introduction of immigrants into this country was made under the supervision of certain States owning great ports—notably New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Louisiana—he selected Ellis Island as the dumping ground for those who came to the Empire City.

Castle Garden, which Jenny Lind made historic with her marvellous warbling, had been for many years the landing place of our political magnates. All sorts of conditions of men, women, and children were allowed to gain a foothold in New York City through its gates. The Board of Immigration—a State board—charged the United States Government fifty cents for every Tom, Dick, and Harry, good or bad, who fled from tyranny or justice from the old world to the new, and there are a good many pickings to be found in a couple of hundred thousand fifty-cent pieces.

So abuses grew worse and worse, and at last what is known as the Owen Law was passed. It restricted the indiscriminate introduction of paupers into this country. But man is vile, especially in T—y H—l, and the late Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Windom, decided that the United States Government had better look after immigration itself.

Castle Garden became a thing of the past so far as immigrants were concerned. For a short time immigrants were landed at the Barge Office, but now they are looked after by United States officers at Ellis Island, in a manner which contrasts strongly in favor of the federal government.

No official record was made of the influx of foreigners into this country till 1820, but the immigration from the close of the Revolutionary War to that time is estimated at 225,000.

From 1820 to 1890 the number of immigrants had reached 15,641,688.

The following figures give the number of citizens of foreign countries who reached these shores between the same seventy years:

Germany,	4,551,719
Ireland,	3,501,683
England,	2,460,034
British North American Possessions,	1,029,083
Norway and Sweden,	943,330
Austria-Hungary,	404,335
Italy,	414,513
France,	370,162
Russia and Poland,	356,353
Scotland,	329,192
China,	295,578
Switzerland,	174,333
Denmark,	146,237
All other countries,	646,006

The only leading countries from which immigration has fallen off of late years are France and China.

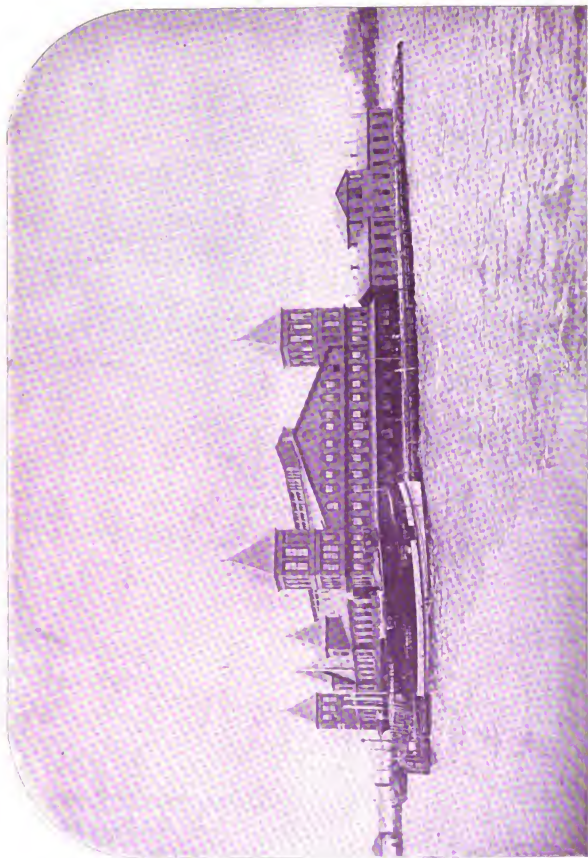
Curiously enough, the Chinese immigration began to fall off some years before the Blair Chinese Exclusion Bill was passed.

It will be noticed that in the above table—which are official—the German immigration preponderates, for Prussians, Bavarians, Saxons, Hanoverians, and Badenians are included under the one title of Germans, while the English, Scotch, Irish, and Canadians are estimated separately. If the total of British subjects is taken it will be found that 7,319,992 came to this country between the years 1820-90, and the probabilities are that a majority of those who came from "all other countries" were British subjects as well.

When the Board of Immigration of New York was in the hands of the State, comparatively few immigrants were barred out. From January 1 to April 18, 1890, under the old law, 85,952 immigrants arrived at the port of New York, and only 82, or one-tenth of one per cent., were sent back to the old world, while in 1891-92, under the new law, about one-half of one per cent. were returned.

Colonel John B. Weber, the Federal Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, reports that up to March, 1892, the end of the fiscal year of 1891-92, there arrived at the port of New York 477,972 immigrants.





ELLIS ISLAND: A VIEW OF THE EMIGRANT STATION IN NEW YORK HARBOR.





ELLIS ISLAND, 1. EMIGRANTS LEAVING THE ISLAND FOR PASSAGE TO NEW YORK CITY. 2. EMIGRANTS TRANSFERRED BY BARGE TO RAILROAD FOR THE WEST.



2,142 were not permitted to land, of whom 874 were unqualified and absolute paupers, whom the steamship companies were obliged to take back at their own expense.

Of those who landed, 585 became paupers during the year, through the death of relatives. Under the old régime these immigrants would have been allowed to stay in the United States, and would have cost the country \$172,900.50 for the past year.

One per cent. of the Germans over fifteen years of age could neither read nor write.

Great Britain is put down as sending over five per cent. who are ignorant of two of the three R's. It would be interesting to know whether the Commissioners are aware of the fact that Great Britain does not include Ireland, and why the Emerald Island, which is given a separate place in all the other statistics, is merged into Great Britain on this occasion only.



ELLIS ISLAND—JUST LANDED.

Here are some interesting facts that statistics and reports show with regard to immigrants who arrive in New York.

About one-third of them remain in New York or Brooklyn; the rest get swallowed up in the West.

More than sixty per cent. came upon tickets sent them from friends who have made money in this country.

One-quarter of one per cent. of the Scandinavians—that is, Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes—over fifteen years of age, who reached New York 1891-92, could neither read nor write.

If the true facts of the case were given in the report, it would be found that the percentage of Scotch ignorance of reading and writing was very nearly *nil*, and that the Irish were no more learned than the Russian immigrants, ten per cent. of whom do not know their A B C's. Of Austrians and Hungarians—again an unfair combination—twenty-five per cent. are reported to be ignorant, of Italians forty-five per cent., and of Poles sixty per cent.

People who visit Ellis Island will not be much impressed

with the class of people who are to form our future fellow citizens. However, as Col. Weber, who has thoroughly studied the question of immigration on both sides of the Atlantic, tells us that they are not deteriorating, we must conclude that a few months spent in this bright air of ours, and a week or two of feeling that you may go as you please, works wonders. The American who came over in the steerage a few years ago is a different person from the being you see landed at Ellis Island.

We hear a great deal of the Irish peasant girl, with black hair and blue eyes, and a complexion which would drive a Newport beauty wild with envy. We have seen her once or twice on her native sod, with stockingless feet, and we have often met her raised to the position of a harmaid; but we have never seen her at Ellis Island. Possibly she is kept in hiding. Scotland's "bonnie lassies," too, have hidden themselves away, and where are England's fair daughters? The beautiful women of Capri evidently never came to this country in the steerage, and Germany must smuggle her pretty Gretchen into this country by some other means.

The matrons and maids who arrive here, to domineer over our housekeepers, are certainly not a picturesque lot. The men are of a far finer type, and this is probably explained by the fact that the hard labor of the European peasant develops manly beauty, while it coarsens the features of the women. At any rate the European beauties do not come to this country by steerage.

When a transatlantic steamer arrives at its dock in New York, a tug or barge is sent to bring the immigrants to Ellis Island on which is a huge building of pine, faced with slate, for their accommodation. Here they can remain, but at the expense of the steamship company which brought them over, until their relatives or friends call for them. Each immigrant is thoroughly examined as to whence he came and whither he

is going, and particularly questioned as to whether he is under contract. If so, he is returned to his native heath at the cost of the steamship company. If it is found that he is penniless, or likely to prove a burden to the State, or has any noxious disease, or is an idiot or lunatic, or is a convict, back he goes to the old world.

Along Bowling Green, facing the Battery, are numerous hotels and mission houses, supported by philanthropic Catholics and Protestants, where the newly arrived immigrants can find board and lodging, and every precaution is taken by the government officers that they shall not be fleeced. A body of men, who can between them talk almost every language under the sun, is provided, and the immigrant, so long as he is under Uncle Sam's care, is thoroughly taken care of.

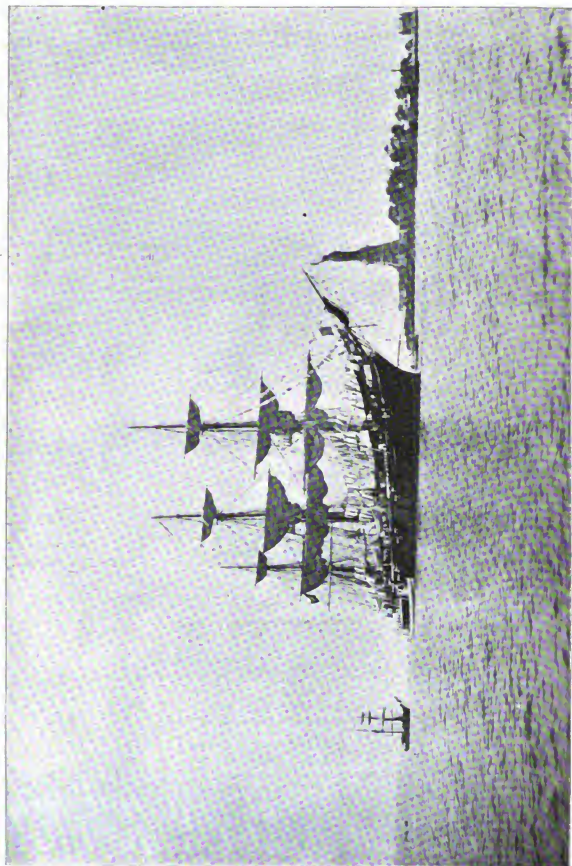
Nor does Uncle Sam remain satisfied with having seen him start off to the mainland with his baggage, full of hope in his prospects in the land of liberty. If he comes back to Ellis Island a pauper within a year, the government authorities see that he is taken home again by the steamship company on whose vessel he arrived here. If he falls sick of any disease which may have been incurred in that vessel or before he left Europe, they see, too, that the steamship company pays his doctor's bills.

Under the new régime, the lot of the immigrant to the United States is made as happy a one as mortal man can make, and his expense to the country has been reduced to a minimum. The new law has worked well in this way, too. The steamship companies have ceased to seek in the highways and hedges for immigrants as they did under the old régime, for they know that the United States Government has set its foot down and refuses to receive undesirable immigrants.

The logical result is that the next generation will be much better than the present. But logical results do not always occur.



ELLIS ISLAND: EMIGRANTS WAITING TO GO ON THE BARGE.



OUR BRAZILIAN VISITOR: "ALMIRANTE BARROSO," AND LIBERTY STATUE. (See page 480.)

## THE "OLD STONE MILL"

AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

SPEAK, thou strange mystery, that o'erthrust the hill,  
 Fort, baptistery, monument, or mill—  
 Which, or what art thou? Say! And is there, then,  
 No faithful Mather's fact compelling pen.  
 To let men know both whence and what thou art,  
 And set at rest the antiquarian's heart?

In the above graceful appeal to the venerable ruin that "o'erthrust the hill" at Newport, the poet seems to have recognized the fact which forms, as it were, the basis of an architect's education, and which is becoming more and more evident to the general student, that in tracing the history of a people, or investigating their previous condition and mode of life, the ruins of their buildings should be analyzed and studied—in other words, as more succinctly stated by another writer,

The stones have voices and the walls do live.

Believing that such minute investigation is the true spirit in which archaeology should be pursued, I have for years studied, measured, and examined into the constructional peculiarities of the "Old Stone Mill," at Newport, R. I., with a view to solve, if possible, its origin, and the date of its erection. The conclusions thus arrived at have from time to time been published in the professional journals. It is now proposed, in connection with the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, to gather together these notes and those of others in a memorial volume; to erect on the grounds of the exhibition an exact replica of the edifice itself, and also to exhibit carefully prepared models to large scales showing every detail of the "mystery," and illustrating the several theories relating to its erection. In furtherance of this proposed action of the Rhode Island State Commissioners, I have prepared this article to present to the readers of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN the more interesting facts developed by my investigations.

At first glance it seems strange that there should be a mystery in connection with the building. If erected by English colonists, it could not have been earlier than the year 1638, when Aquidneck or Rhode Island was first occupied by them. If built by previous colonists and found in situation by the English, there is only one known period to which it may be attributed, that being the well authenticated visit of Lief Ericsson and his Northerners to the island early in the eleventh century. If erected by them, the building remained undisturbed for six hundred years, and must have been a venerable pile when discovered by the English. No hint of such a discovery has been transmitted to us, which is remarkable. The early colonists were not much given to writing, particularly of local affairs, but they would have been certain to have mentioned so important a fact as the circular stone tower. In such writings as they did leave, they exploited the marvels of the country, its bays and harbors, and the peculiarities of the natives pretty thoroughly, and often in terms so exaggerated as to make the modern reader smile.

The time of erection is thus narrowed to two periods, six hundred years apart. Men have left only brief records of its first known use. Let us study its history in its stones.

I will premise by stating that while much has been written upon the subject both in our own country and in Europe, it has been largely by men who examined the "Mill" superficially, without measurements or a knowledge of the interior structure. Others have written upon it who had never seen it. One of the most prominent of the latter class was Professor Rafn, of Copenhagen, who in 1849 wrote "that the building could not have been erected for a windmill, is what an architect will easily discern," adding, "it is difficult, however, without being on the spot, to offer any decided opinion as to the period to which the structure itself is to be referred." A later and more able writer on architectural antiquities—the late R. G. Hatfield, of New York—took up the subject, and in 1879 published an elaborate article, taking the ground that the present building is the remains of the central part or nave of a

circular baptistery of the Norman type of architecture, erected by Northerners in the eleventh century. The ruin, he claims, was altered by English colonists, cut down ten feet in height, radical changes made in its interior, and otherwise fitted for use as a mill. The facts in the case do not bear out these conclusions.

My own first survey was made in 1878 after a conversation with Mr. Hatfield. He had seen the "Mill" but once, and I wished to verify his conclusions. In writing a review of his article the following year, I confessed that I had commenced the study "with a firm faith in the old and pleasant tradition so delightfully presented," adding, "but with all an architect's veneration for the works of his predecessors, and a natural desire to assign to the monuments of our country their greatest possible antiquity, I have found myself confronted with constructive features which point to the last quarter of the seventeenth century as the time when the structure was built, and to Governor Benedict Arnold as the designer as well as owner of the 'Old Stone Mill.'"

The accompanying illustration will assist the reader in following my argument.

The "Mill" stands upon a ledge of slate rock which runs like a back-bone lengthways with the island of Rhode Island, and near its highest elevation. Although now in the centre of a city square and finely graded plot of grass, the rocks and foundations were so exposed that it could be plainly seen that no earlier foundations or permanent stone structure had ever surrounded it.

The building is generally described as circular. It would be more correct to say it is an octagonal group of piers and arches surmounted by a circular superstructure, having an internal diameter of about nineteen feet, and a height of about twenty-six feet. The walls of the superstructure are pierced with irregularly disposed windows, mortises for heavy cross beams, a fireplace with two flues, other sunk spaces evidently used as armories or closets; an offset running round two-thirds of the circumference for the second floor, and the plain evidences of the position and character of a connecting staircase—all most carefully worked out and well executed. The stone work of the whole building is of the rudest description of rough boulder stone, pieces of slate, and sea-worn stones from the beach, the whole cemented together with a remarkably strong and tenacious mortar, composed of shell-lime, gravel, and flakes of slate stone powdered fine. If ever used as a baptistery prior to the English occupation, all of the above features, fireplace, windows, stairs, etc., were alterations. I will now briefly show why such alterations would have been difficult, and, in some cases, impossible to have been made.

The fireplace stands directly over one of the piers, and is carefully built. The stone work is laid up smoothly, in marked contrast to the rest of the interior. The hearth, a flat slab, is built in under the splayed jambs several inches at each end; the opening is finished with a segmental arch, and the throat is one foot above the crown of arch, made of flat stones built into the wall. At each end is a flue, five inches by eight, an unusual form of construction. One flue runs up nearly vertical; the other curves well off to the south, and then turns up with an inclination still to the south. Both flues open out on the face of the wall, and each is covered with a large stone to protect the wooden plate of roof. Many points which I cannot here take time to explain show that the fireplace and its flues could not have been an alteration.

At first sight the windows appear to be alterations, as they are established without regard to the intercommunication; moreover, they are the only features that are not accurately laid out. With reference to other details, study the illustrations.

The reveals of windows are splayed both ways, leaving a square jamb in the centre. The sills are made of two flat stones, four inches apart, corresponding with the jambs, their edges towards the centre being square cut the whole length, and terminate in mortises, four inches square and three and one-half inches deep, sunk in the jamb to receive the ends of sills. The window heads are formed in the same manner. One window has a square head on the outside—the inner finished with a segmental arch. The other window has a rude lintel of two stones, the joint near the centre. Other openings

[Continued on page 454.]





THE "OLD STONE MILL" AT NEWPORT.—AS SEEN TO-DAY IN TRURO PARK, NEWPORT, R. I.; AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF WHICH IS TO BE ERECTED AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.





OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS. LVI. CAMILLE D'ARVILLE. (See page 466.)



"THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN'S" EXPEDITION, SENT TO EXPLORE THE RUINED PUEBLOS OF THE SOUTHWEST.\*

#### VIII.—CASA DEL ECHO AND RUINS ON THE SAN JUAN.

CAMP F. W. PUTNAM, UTAH.

AS was stated in the preceding article, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN Expedition experienced no little difficulty in reaching this place. Our last camping-place was at the mouth of McElmo Creek. Upon the completion of the work in Ruin Cañon, the burros and wagons were started for Bluff City, where they arrived after the adventures described. Several of the members of the expedition followed the banks of the San Juan on foot to Bluff, a distance of forty miles. While traveling along the shores of that strange river, cliff houses were observed at various points. The most remarkable of these consisted of a series of ten rooms, all of which were connected. They occupied a ledge of rock fifteen feet in width and about one hundred and fifty feet in length.

Hanging directly over the raging river, they constituted a stronghold well nigh inaccessible. The only way to reach them is by following a narrow shelf for a considerable distance. Great boulders project over the ledge, and one is compelled to imitate the progress of the snake to get around them. Moreover, a timid person, looking down one hundred feet to the river swiftly running below, is apt to become dizzy. There are no footpaths at the bottom of the cliffs, and no boat near. Hence it was impossible to cross the river and photograph the cliff houses. Several persons had been there before us, and all things within the buildings had been carried off. The ruins are about half way between Montezuma and Recapione Creeks. Small ruins were occasionally observed between Montezuma Creek and Bluff City.

The roads leading into Bluff City are composed almost entirely of sand. One of the horses was disabled and the others more or less worn out by the heavy hauling. For this reason we made permanent camp a mile below Bluff City, and decided not to send the wagons further, but, instead, to use the burros and horses in transporting ourselves through the cañons of Hallett's and Egoon Creeks. It may be noted here that the people about Bluff City call Hallett's Creek the Cottonwood; so neither the map-makers or the inhabitants of Utah are in error. The large valley known as Cone Wash, lying thirty miles west of here, is not down upon the maps at all.

While preparing for the next important step in the survey, the members of the expedition enjoyed the comforts of a permanent camp. Camp life in these regions is a very different thing from the camp life known to fishermen and sportsmen

in the woods. It is at its worst during halts in a journey, and its discomforts are only slightly mitigated when a permanent abiding station is chosen.

The cook is astir at six o'clock in the morning, and frequently at five. The teamsters arise at the same hour, to gather in the stock and see that it is fed. Breakfast generally consists of bacon, coffee, and hot bread. For dinner the cook serves dried fruit, Armour's canned beef, potatoes, corn, coffee, and bread. Occasionally he replaces the beef with mutton, which we buy of the Navajos, or fresh beef purchased at the ranches along our route. This last is indeed a luxury.

For supper we have soup, flap-jacks, bacon, fruit, and coffee. In this article is given a picture of our travelling cupboard and table, or "grub box," as it is called, at the end of the cook's wagon. The back of the cupboard is let down and supported by chains when in camp, and is closed up when on the road. The interior is divided into compartments and shelves in which are kept the cooking utensils, pepper, salt, sugar, lard, coffee, etc., etc. The more bulky provisions, such as flour, canned goods, potatoes, etc., are carried in the wagons. The hams, canned beef, etc., are placed in the storage tent, or packed on the burros when on the move.

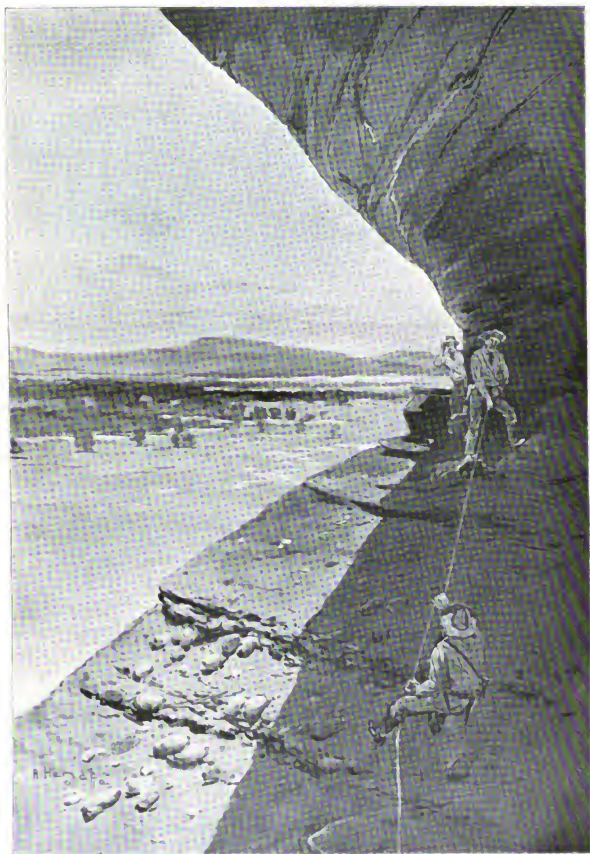
After things are well under way for breakfast the cook loudly calls, "Come, boys!" Up we jump, lie in the muddy San Juan, and sit down on the ground with our tin plates, iron knives and forks, and pewter spoons to eat our breakfast. Breakfast over, orders are issued for the day, and we go about on our work. Every man has more or less to perform, and he performs it accurately and well.

There is no interest whatever connected with camp life here, excepting archaeological matters. The country is wild, the scenery full of a grand, strange beauty, which interests the traveller for a few days, but he soon tires of the same cañons, with their sandstone cliffs and the sandy plains, which stretch day after day along his route. When he has tramped or ridden from sun-up to sunset, with nothing to quench his burning thirst but a canteen of water which, when divided among eleven persons, scarce leaves him half a pint, he will conclude, no matter how desirable the country may have been for the cliff-dwellers, it is no place for him. The few trees that cover our camp ground are covered with caterpillars. We have read of the locust plague which was brought upon Pharaoh when he refused to permit the Children of Israel to depart. We can sympathize with the Egyptians, for all our efforts are covered with the nasty, crawling creatures. As for hunting, the region is nearly worthless. Even when one does find a camping place, the water is sure to be muddy or to contain alkali. Then wood is very scarce, and on the mesa there is

\* The title here is a drawing from a photograph showing THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN'S Expedition en route for the Cliff-Dwellers' region.

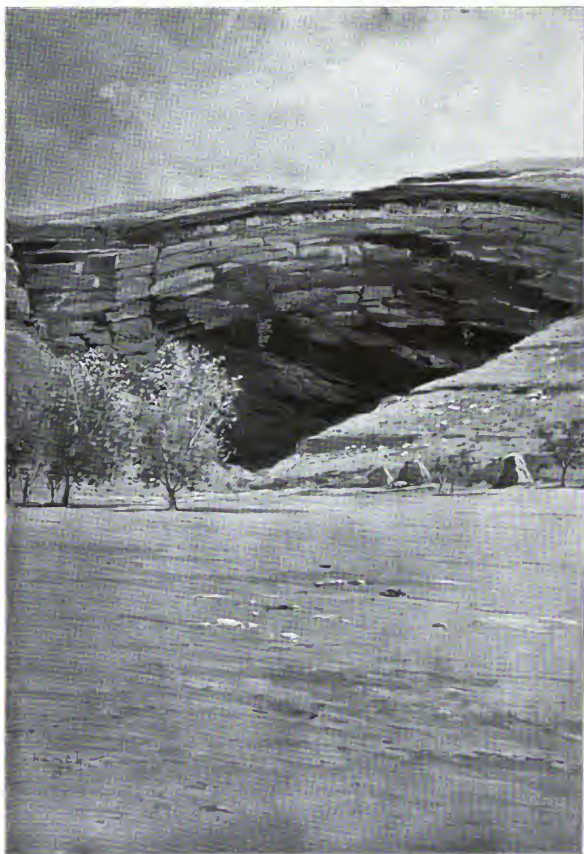
\* See Nos. 111, 116, 119, 121, 123, 124, 125, and 127 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.





*Redrawn from a photograph taken on the spot.*

IN SEARCH OF A LOST RACE.—CLIMBING THE BIG BUTTE ON THE SAN JUAN. MR. LANE, THE ARTIST, IS A PERILOUS POSITION. THE CLIFF TOPS HERE SITUATE CONTAIN THE DRAWING ON STONE OF A BLOOD-RED HAND.



IN SEARCH OF A LOST RACE.—A VIEW OF CASA DEL EGIPTO LOOKING INTO THE VALLEY. THE LENGTH OF THE HALF CIRCLE IS 365.6 FEET; OF THIS HALF CIRCLE 246.6 FEET ARE OBTAINED BY CLIFF DWELLINGS. IT AFFORDED THE ANCIENT RACE AN IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS AGAINST THE ASSAULT OF ENEMIES FROM ABOVE OR BELOW.

nothing to burn but sage brush. Without wood and water, there is about as much fun in camping as in going duck hunting where there are no ducks.

At night the members of the survey retire early. There is not as much story telling as there was during the first month. Every one comes in tired and hungry. The main desire on the part of every one is to get through as rapidly as possible and return to the delights of the East.

To return to archaeology. A high cliff runs parallel to the San Juan River one mile above Bluff City. In this cliff are the remains of two cliff houses, built upon the same ledge but separated by a great fissure. They are seventy-five feet from the top of the cliff, and one hundred and thirty-five from the base. Five of the men were sent up on the mesa with three hundred feet of rope. This rope was lowered and securely held by the five men on the top of the cliff. The artist climbed up about seventy-five feet without the aid of the rope, then stepped upon a great table-rock, tied the rope about his

waist, and climbed upward twenty feet, where he secured another footing. The writer remained one hundred feet from the base of the cliff, so that the foremost man above could see him, and signaled to haul in or let out the rope, as might be necessary. There were a great many crags jutting out from the face of the cliff, and a man could not be raised or lowered, but must climb himself. The rope was kept taut and presently the artist reached a point ten feet below the dwelling. Then the camera was snapped. The surveyor reached a point nearly as high as the artist, but was unable to cross the chasm. Mr. Lane did not get dizzy, fortunately, although he was aware of the perilous nature of his undertaking. He reached the cliff house in safety and made a drawing of a blood-red hand which is stamped on the wall at the rear of the building. Many fragments of pottery and two stone axes were found in the building. We had hoped to find a mummy, or some whole pottery, but were disappointed. The stenographer climbed into the upper cliff house. He was able to ascend without the use of a rope. One stone axe and numerous pottery fragments were all he found. These houses were very similar in character, and it is our opinion that they were emptied by the occupants.

Saturday, May 7, five of the party crossed the San Juan River to examine the famous Casa del Echo. Messrs. Jackson and Holmes and several other persons have described this cavern, so we will speak of it only briefly.

We experienced no little difficulty in getting across the river. An Indian agreed to take us over and back for the sum of one dollar. Entering the boat, the Indian seized the rope, laid his blanket upon the shore, and, stripping almost naked, plunged into the river and waded across. It was all he could do to hold the boat against the current. We landed on an island, crossed it, and waded a small branch of the river to a second island, where we entered another boat. The river here was narrow, but very swift and deep. Despite the efforts of the Indian to row the boat across, we were carried down the stream more than one hundred yards. The Indian's dog tried to swim in, and was carried nearly three hundred yards before he could make a landing.

Upon our return from the great cavern, the Indian was

nowhere to be found. In short, we were defrauded. In vain did we plead with the Indians who gathered about us, but they would not take us over the river. They compelled us to give one dollar in money and some cartridges before any of those present would transfer us to the other side.

Casa del Echo is 250 feet across the opening, and the arch is about 200 feet in height. The distance around the inside is 365.6 feet. Of this half circle, 206.6 feet are occupied by fifteen rooms. The formation of Casa del Echo is sandstone. The stone had gradually weathered out until the present form has been attained. The roof above constitutes an arch of great strength. A broad shelf or ledge, ranging from four to twelve feet in width, runs around six to eight feet above the base. Upon this ledge the cliff houses were built. On either side they do not approach the ends by 49 and 110 feet, respectively. The smallest rooms are at the west end—the largest toward the east. The rooms vary in size from 9.5 by 5.2 feet, with a six-foot wall on the outside, to 15.4 by 8.8 feet. At the extreme ends are two long narrow rooms, the one, 30.6; the other, 11.6 feet in length. The three rooms next to the long one on the east were two stories in height—the others but one story.

The Casa del Echo was well fitted by nature for occupancy. There was not room enough in it to sustain more than ten or twelve families. There were but three doorways, and as numerous port-holes, pointing downward in every direction, guard the only approach, we class it among the small fortified cliff pueblos. In the eastern end, between the last two rooms, is an open space. In this open space are two round holes drilled in the ledge, 4.2 feet apart, in which are evidences of rubbing, grinding, or pulling. The holes are six inches in depth and three in diameter. Messrs. Jackson and Holmes suggest that they were used for setting up a loom. They may have served in supporting a windlass to draw up material for the buildings.

While the Casa del Echo is interesting and, certainly, quite picturesque, it has not the importance that some would attach to it. It is only one of those hundreds of compartment houses or pueblos which have been built in the cliffs instead of on the plain. The same conclusions at which we arrived on the dwellings of Ruin Cañon will apply in this case.

WARREN K. MOOREHEAD.

## PAINTINGS OF THE DAY.

### III. "THE PUBLIC SCRIBE AT TUNIS." BY F. M. BRETT.

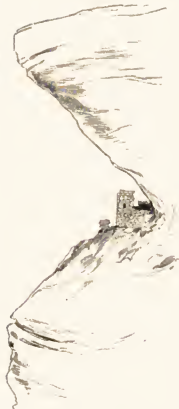
F. M. BRETT appears at his best in the delightful example of his art and methods which we have reproduced on page 446.

In "The Public Scribe at Tunis" he has hit upon one of the most picturesque episodes of oriental life. The story hardly needs retelling. It is plainly an errand of love that brings the chubby beauty and her dusky handmaiden to the stall of the public letter-writer of the Algerian town. The work of dictation is left to the swarthy servant, *café* forbidding her mistress to address the transcriber of her message.

In the accuracy of detail, the fidelity of color, and the general atmosphere that pervades the picture, the artist displays the intimate acquaintance with his subject that marks all his work.

Tunis has always been a favored spot for artists who love work abounding in picturesque detail and warmth of color. Western influences have somewhat modified, in recent years, the quaintness and glow of the African town; but the streets are still as irregular and rude as of yore, the mosques just as numerous, the women just as careful to hide their beauty from forbidden eyes.

It is a town full of novelties and surprises to a visitor from the occident. The houses are only one story high, and so close together that callers make their tours of gossip by stepping from roof to roof instead of threading their way through the noisome highways. In the centre of the city there is a vast piazza which once boasted of 3,000 prosperous shops, where merchants from distant towns and countries came to purchase the woollens and linens made in Tunis.



CLIFF (SIDE VIEW) SHOWING DWELLING.



*From a photograph by Reid, Washington.*

### GEN. JAMES B. WEAVER.

GEN. JAMES B. WEAVER, who has been nominated by the Third or People's Party—the successors of the Farmers' Alliance, materially aided by the Free Silver men and some of the Labor Party—was born in Dayton, Ohio, on June 12, 1833.

There is no possible chance of his being elected to the Presidency, but his candidature may gain him a majority in certain States, which will prevent either the Democratic or Republican candidate from obtaining a sufficient number of votes in the Electoral College to give him a majority and elect him as President of the United States.

Twice has the House been called upon to elect a President. The first case was in 1800, when Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr were the candidates. They each secured seventy-three votes in the Electoral College, and the House elected Jefferson. Burr was chosen Vice-President. In the Presidential election of 1824 there were four candidates for the honor, Andrew Jackson, W. H. Crawford, and Henry Clay—all Democrats—and John Quincy Adams, Coalition. There were then twenty-four States in the Union, with an electoral vote of two hundred and sixty-one. It would require one hundred and eighty-one votes for an election, and Jackson, who headed the list, got only ninety-nine. Adams succeeded in getting a majority in the House.

But in those days party lines were not drawn so fine. The elections of to-day vote for the ticket of their party, so that if the Third Party succeeds in throwing the election into Congress, Mr. Cleveland will be elected as President by the Democratic House of Representatives, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid as Vice-President by the Republican Senators.

But to return to our mutons, General Weaver developed into a lawyer, and became one of the ablest of his craft in the State of Iowa. He started life as a Democrat, but in 1856 joined the young Republican Party. He served in the Civil War, and then became a Greenbacker. In 1875 he was a candidate for the Governorship of his State, and was defeated.

General Weaver's political record has been spotless. He is popular with even his political foes. His theories, however, are not as sound as his principles.

## PERSONALS.

### About the Men and Women who make the history of our own times.

MRS. VAN RENSSAELER CRUGER (Julien Gordon), is not a believer in her own sex. She has told Kate Field that she thinks that "men do everything better than women, from bringing up children to making gowns and bonnets."

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES' fortune has been considerably increased by the growth of Toledo, Ohio, and is now rated as worth nearly \$1,000,000. An uncle left him a large block of real estate in that city, which during the last six years has almost quadrupled in value.

JAMES W. BRADBURY, who recently celebrated his nineteenth birthday, at Augusta, Me., is the oldest living ex-Senator of the United States. He graduated, in 1873, in the same class as Longfellow and Hawthorne, and sat in the Senate with Webster, Clay, Douglas, and Calhoun.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT, the founder of the family and fortune, was, according to General Butterfield, once asked what he considered the secret of success. "Secret? secret?" he replied; "there is no secret about it; all you have to do is to attend to your business and go ahead."

PRESIDENT HARRISON, unlike the majority of pulchre men, has benefited by his residence in malarious Washington. His complexion, which was sallow when he first took up his residence at the White House, has become clear and fresh, his eyes have grown bright, and the careworn look he had on his face has disappeared.

MISS RUTH CLEVELAND has not escaped the souvenir spoon mania. A Washington woman has recently copyrighted one of these spoons with medallions of the ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland in the handle, and in the bowl the young lady is represented lying in a lace pillow and shaking a rattle in her right hand.

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE, whose visit to Nancy during President Carnot's recent tour made such a sensation in Europe, is a brother of Nicholas Constantinovich who was some years ago exiled to Siberia for stealing his mother's jewelry in order to give them to the notorious American beauty known as "Fanny Lear."

MRS. AMES is a sheriff out West who recently startled Milwaukee by taking a prisoner from the police station to the train. Before starting with her captive on a journey of nearly two hundred miles, during which they would have to change cars twice, she purchased half a dozen cigars, put the prisoner on his parole and, without handcuffs or shackles, piloted him into the smoking-car and took a seat by his side, quite indifferent to the sniffling interest of the other men in the car.

PRINCESS LOUISE (Marchioness of Lorne), is engaged in making a statue of her mother, Queen Victoria, for the Chicago Exhibition. The princess was a pupil of the late sculptor Boehm, and it was she who discovered him dead in his studio. Like all her sisters she is brimful of talent, is an excellent painter, and a splendid musician. Moreover, she is the only one of the queen's daughters who can be called handsome. Even were she not a royalty, her personal appearance would attract attention.

M. R. GLADSTONE'S ancestors took their name from a property they owned called Gledstones. The name was derived from Gled, a hawk, and stanes, the rocks which surrounded the fortalice of Gledstones. As far back as

1296, Herbert de Gledstane figures in the Ragman Roll as one of the Scottish lairds who swore fealty to Edward I. of England. The family became impoverished, and by the beginning of the seventeenth century the Gledstane property had all been sold. A hundred years later the Gledstanes drifted into commerce.

**PRINCE ALEXIS**, of Russia, appears to have queer ideas of the rights of the people, as they are understood in England. He was going to the last Derby, but arrived at the station too late to catch the last train which would have taken him to Epsom in time to see the race. He accordingly telegraphed to the stewards of the Jockey Club: "Have missed train. Kindly postpone Derby till four o'clock.—Prince Alexis." Needless to say, the Derby was not postponed, and by the time his Imperial Highness reached the race course, Sir Hugo's victory was known all over England and the United States.

**CARL GRUNER**, one of the leading Jew-baiters of Germany, has turned out to be an unmitigated rascal. He is an ex-convict, and his whole life has been spent in lying and swindling. Pretending to be a surgeon, he got positions in various German hospitals, and left each after attempting to blackmail the patients. A short time ago he tried to raise 10,000 marks from the Jew-baiters for the purpose of disseminating anti-Semitic literature, and did succeed in getting a good deal of money. He has been arrested and will probably get a severe sentence, as the public prosecutors have been ordered to show no leniency toward the Jew-baiters.

**YVETTE GUILBERT**, the "chanteuse, *fin de siècle*," who continues to be the rage in Paris, is heavy boned and tall, with long limbs, a long neck, and a head decidedly of the Mongolian type. Her cheek bones are strongly developed, her nose short and snubly, and her lips thin. Her whole expression is eminently vulgar. Her voice is neither strong nor melodious, and her gestures are neither graceful nor refined. But her power of recitation is remarkable, and in her the seamy side of Paris has found an impersonator that has never had an equal on the stage. Her remarkable gift of depicting human misery brings her in an income of \$50,000 annually.

**THE EX-EMPRESS EUGÉNIE** is writing her memoirs which ought to be intensely interesting, but as they are not to be published for many years after her death, and no one but herself is even to see the manuscript, the present generation will probably be denied the pleasure of reading them, or of even getting a hint of what their contents are. It is to be hoped she will be as candid as Jean-Jacques was, for the world would like to know whether there is any truth in the stories current about her when, as Mlle. de Montigo, she was living in Brussels; whether she seriously threatened to leave her husband on account of Mlle. de Castiglione, and whether she was wholly responsible for the Franco-Prussian War.

**SIR THOMAS PHILLIPS**, of Middle Hill, Worcestershire, England, was an enthusiastic collector of autograph letters. The collection he left at his death is about to be sold, and there is in consequence considerable anxiety in certain quarters. Among his treasure-trove were a number of letters written toward the end of the last century to Gen. Greville, a member of the household of the Duke of York, and describing the wild doings of Prince Edward, afterward Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. The letters are from the tutors and guardians whose duty it was to restrain the young prince, and the history of their failure to curb him is related with a frankness and a minuteness of detail that would make them interesting reading for the public, but not for the royal family.

**MILLE VACARESCO** is proving the truth of Congreve's lines that "Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned, nor hell a fury like a woman scorned." Rumor has it that every day she sends Princess Marie, of Edin-

burgh, who is engaged to the Crown Prince of Roumania, one of the love letters she formerly received from his Royal Highness. To make matters worse for Princess Marie, who, by the way, is remarkably pretty, her future mother-in-law, Carmen Sylva, is writing a poem in which she tells the sorrows of her former lady in waiting, and the disappointment of Prince Ferdinand over the thwarting of his first love. The romantic Queen of Roumania and Mlle. Vacaresco are evidently bent upon preparing a bridal bed of thorns for Queen Victoria's granddaughter.

**THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY** has been so persistently abused in the American press that one would imagine from the editorials that he was a dishonest diplomat, who was hated in England by all except the aristocrats. As a matter of fact, the rule of his foreign policy, to use his own words, is "to treat all other powers as a gentleman would his neighbors, that is to say, like gentlemen," to keep good faith, promising nothing that he cannot fulfill, and threatening nothing which he does not mean to inflict. He is not, of course, as popular with the masses as Mr. Gladstone, but the workmen have a genuine admiration for him. It is the small tradesmen and the mob that hate him, and their hatred is returned, for Lord Salisbury never loses an opportunity of expressing his contempt for them.

**HENRY LABOUCHERE**, the radical editor of London *Truth*, has advertised his charming residence, "Pope's Villa," at Twickenham on the Thames, for sale. The villa and grounds were purchased by the great poet out of the early profits of his "Iliad," and he died in the house. Labouchère and his wife, who was Kate Hodson, the actress, kept open house at "Pope's Villa," and were delightful entertainers. *Après* a good story has recently appeared of the cynical editor. He was once met by some Irish-Americans in a saloon on a side street off Broadway, New York. They mistook him for a well-known Irish patriot, and he allowed them to indulge in their error to such an extent that he ate a dinner given in his honor by the friends of the Irish cause, and managed to give them the slip without revealing his identity.

**THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA** has been giving magnificent entertainments at the British Embassy in Paris. One would have thought that his reviving the former glories of the great hotel in the Faubourg St. Honoré would have made him popular with the French press, but, on the contrary, the papers have been recently attacking him most violently. For many years past the only ambassador who has entertained on any large scale in Paris, has been Baron Mohlenheim, the Russian representative. So strong is Russophilism in France, that for a British ambassador to dare and compete for popularity in society with the Czar's envoy, is considered treason to France. It does not seem to strike the writers of the articles attacking Lord Dufferin, that he was sent to Paris to look after the interests of his country and not after those of France.

**ALFRED ROTHSCHILD** is the member of the famous family of bankers who bears the responsibilities of the mighty house of Rothschild in England, although his elder brother, Lord Rothschild, is nominally the head of the firm. He is a director of the Bank of England, and through one channel or another is represented in the control of every financial institution of first rate importance in the country. As may be imagined, he is a man of most marked ability and most intimate knowledge of men and affairs. Great as his power is, however, it is very far from being absolute in directing the operations of the house. Two principles strictly adhered to have had much to do with the success of the Rothschilds. One is that the firm has adopted a well-considered, well-tried line of policy that is followed on all ordinary occasions. The other is that on all special occasions, a decision is made only after a conference of all the members of the firm. On extraordinary occasions the advice of the continental Rothschilds is also sought.



## Training a Fighter.

James J. Corbett Visited at His Quarters at Lock Arbor, New Jersey.

THE race course and the prize ring have, in spite of the opposition of a very large portion of the public, which admits of no excuse for the existence of either race horse or pugilist, a very strong hold on the popular mind. Indeed, it is said that the most eager readers of prize ring contests are the very persons who declare that pugilists should be placed behind bars. John L. Sullivan, in a published interview recently, stated that he was "fully as much in the public eye as the President of the United States." Every decent and honest-minded person must reluctantly admit that there is a vast amount of truth in the statement.

In view of the fact that the coming Sullivan-Corbett meeting on the 7th of September, at the Olympic Club Grounds, New Orleans, is attracting a great amount of attention, it is somewhat interesting to view the preparations. Both men have gone into training. James J. Corbett, of San Francisco, has selected Lock Arbor, near Asbury Park, New Jersey, for his training ground. Here, under the management of experienced trainers, he has settled himself down to work. A correspondent of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, accompanied by an artist, visited Corbett in order to see what the man was doing to develop his muscles and perfect his strength. He thus describes his visit:

"Very glad you have found your way here at last. Cheer up; cherries are ripe."

These were the welcoming words of genial Jim Corbett to me on my arrival recently at his training quarters at Lock Arbor.

"Let me make you acquainted with my chum Eddie Foy; he is helping me a lot in my training." Eddie Foy, Corbett's handsome collie dog, advanced to me and put out a large and dirty paw.

Corbett's home is a plain, small country house, situated on the flat land somewhat back of Asbury Park. Here Corbett lives with his trainers and friends. The barn has been converted into one big room, where he exercises himself punching a great bag hung from the roof, and in swinging weights; outside he has a platform upon which he wrestles with his trainers.

The nearer you approach Corbett's dwelling place, the more small boys you find busily engaged in sparring and trying to mould their poise on that of their hero. They watch him every day, open-mouthed, as he works in his barn cleverly punching the bag at half arm, keeping it up several minutes at a time, always hitting it plumb in the centre, and never, by any chance, missing his aim. This, he tells me, is the most difficult thing to learn, as, unless the bag, which is suspended by a line from the roof, be hit perfectly square, it will rebound in some other direction. Next come the knock-out blows, delivered about twice as hard as the kick of a mule, the bag

having to be dodged on the rebound while the feet remain stationary—good exercise, which keeps mind, eyes, arms, and body busy. After this the candidate for fistie honours strengthens his wrists by the use of a simple but ingenious machine, consisting of two wooden rollers which he twists around at arms' length until a two-pound weight is raised some six feet from the ground and then slowly lowered again, the process being continued until a stony-hearted trainer calls "enough." For throwing his chest open and keeping his shoulders well thrown back, Corbett has an elaborate machine made of pulleys, rubber, and weights, which he uses twice daily, but which I will not attempt to describe.

A large party is staying with him, consisting of his manager William Brady, James Daly, who has been all over the States with him as his sparring partner; William Delaney, who has trained him for all his previous engagements and is now hard at work on him with two competent and hard-working assistants. They will send him into the ring as fit as hands can make him when directed by all the most approved modern methods of physical culture.

Corbett is, and always has been, a remarkably abstemious man, making up by his magnificent appetite anything he might lose by taking no stimulants. At the present time his daily routine is an ideal one for promoting health. He rises each day at about half-past seven and, after a plunge in the surf and a short run, eats a hearty breakfast, consisting of fruits and fish, or meat. When a sufficient time has been given for digestion, the hard work of the day begins in the barn, as I have already described, and is followed by a ten to fifteen mile walk, several sprints always being the order of the day. His walks usually take him to Long Branch, where he naturally becomes an object of much interest, and where, as elsewhere, he has many friends who all turn out to give him a hearty



THE BAG MUST BE HIT PERFECTLY SQUARE.

NOTE.—Corbett hauled and pulled about by his trainer.



welcome, and some walk part of the homeward journey with him.

On his arrival at the cottage his trainers strip him and give him a cold water bath, after which they lay him out and go to work on him in a style that would cause a less robust frame absolute agony, as they pummed away and skillfully rub him down with alcohol, their strong hands executing the most vigorous style of massage.

In spite of the hard work that he has already accomplished, Corbett is allowed but a light luncheon, so that he may not feel heavy and drowsy for the work that still lies before him. After he has read the papers and taken an hour's well-earned rest, he once more lugs a go at the bag, and after that, either a brisk walk, with one or two sprints thrown in, or an hour or two of steady rowing on the fresh water lake which lies just at the back of his cottage. Later on in the afternoon, he is sure to have several visitors of an athletic turn, and with these, his trainers, and some of the many small boys who live near by, he has a rollicking game of baseball, handball, or football, after which another liberal shampoo and more cold water douche finish the hard but pleasant work which is considered necessary to put a man in shape to stand up with impunity before the hardest biter in the world.

Having put on clean clothes for the third time during the day, Corbett sits down at six o'clock, or a little later, to an excellent dinner to which he does ample justice, only showing a little regret when a look from Delaney warns him to go easy with dessert, which is calculated to put on far more flesh than muscle.

Corbett was raised in California, and when he was seventeen years old he secured a clerkship in a bank at San Francisco. The life was very distasteful to a man of his active temperament, but he remained in harness for several years out of deference to the wishes of his parents, to whom he is devotedly attached. He joined several athletic clubs in which, it is hardly necessary to state, he became a prominent figure. A good all-around athlete, his specialty was obviously boxing, to which healthy sport he soon became an earnest votary, and in the fullness of time a notable expert. His nobleness, never-failing good temper under punishment, quickness of eye, and agility, to say nothing of the phenomenal hitting power that he rapidly developed, could not fail to attract attention to him, and it was not long before a match was made for him in which he came out on top. From that time his vocation became apparent, but every suggestion of adopting pugilism as a



profession was strenuously opposed by his parents. It is probable that Corbett would have listened and acted upon his parents' counsels had he not been goaded to other matches by the newspapers, which would never leave him alone, but a day's sneered at pretensions. Several times he was on the point of giving up the sober drudgery of a desk in a bank to seek his fortune in the roped arena, but, persuaded by his parents, he remained an amateur. It was not until he was twenty-one years of age that Corbett finally decided upon his line of life. Then he realized, that to be of any account, he must be entirely out of, or altogether in, the profession that

held out such strong inducements to him.

Corbett is unlike most people's preconceived idea of a man in his profession. He is a remarkably handsome man, with clear cut features; he has deep set blue eyes, in which there is a look of determination and fixity of purpose that warns the practical joker just how far to go; his forehead is broad and high, his chin and jaw strong and in keeping with the rest of the man; he wears his hair cut short and unparted. He is six feet one and a half inches high, measures forty-three and a half inches around his bare chest, seventeen and a half inches around the neck, while his biceps and calves are just the same size. After his first ten days of hard work, when stripped, he tipped the beam at one hundred and ninety-nine pounds; this was after he had taken a good deal of physic, and had redressed himself by light luncheons and long walks in the hot sun. He fully realizes the danger of over-training, and is not likely to become stale, as he is now letting up a little on his work, and in all probability he will enter the ring on September 7 weighing about two hundred and fifteen pounds.



## A FAMOUS CRICKETER DEAD.

THE older as well as the younger generation of cricketers, particularly those in this country, will learn with regret of the death of George Parr, the champion of a bygone day. It is twenty years since he retired from active cricket, and as he had been a martyr to rheumatic gout of late, he lived in such strict seclusion at his native place, Radecliffe-on-Trent, England—the little Notts village that is also the birthplace and home of the Duffs and the Butlers—that the first feeling of many will be of surprise that he was so recently alive. Sprung from the yeomanry—he could trace his descent back to Elizabethan times—George Parr had a good deal of the "John Bull" type about him, and it was to his frank, open bearing that he owed his sobriquet, "the old lion of the North," and also the somewhat embarrassing favor of the tattooed Queen of Maoris during his tour in New Zealand.

As a batsman he was without a rival among his contemporaries. His defence was thoroughly sound, but when the opportunity offered he could open his shoulders to some purpose, an example that might well be imitated by some of his later-day successors at Trent Bridge, who think far too much of their position in the averages. Some of his hits were phenomenal, and when he was touring in the States there was a story that a ball he had sent to leg was last seen travelling swiftly towards the North Pole. He could bowl, too, on occasion; while he was a grand fieldman, especially out in the country, for he could throw in with the greatest accuracy a hundred yards or more, an actual record of 109 yards standing to his name.

In 1859 George Parr brought a team of English cricketers to this country, which was the commencement of international cricket.



PALACIO, THE DICTATOR.

ANDRÉA PALACIO will have but little sympathy in his misfortunes.

He was a usurper and dictator, pure and simple, and he may count himself confoundingly lucky to get out of his self-created troubles with a whole skin and bones unbroken.

His term as President of Venezuela closed in February last, and under the Venezuelan constitution he was not eligible to a consecutive reelection.

But Palacio, like most office-holders, was bent on succeeding himself. Since, in existing conditions, he could not do so legally, he set out to change the constitution, with the aid of the members elect of the Congress which in Venezuela chooses the chief executive. Those who would be benefited by his continuation in power readily assented, but the majority refused to entertain his plan. The constitutionalists, as those were called who desired to keep the President in power, refused to assemble in Congress. The legalists, or those in favor of a new President as provided in the constitution, met and organized the new Congress in March last, but as they were not sufficient in number to elect by the necessary two-thirds vote, Palacio held over.

More than ever determined to have his way, the ambitious scoundrel began to dissolve Congress by sending various members to prison on trumped-up pretexts of various sorts.

The best men in the republic at once presented a formal protest to Palacio's high-handed rascality, but so far from being deterred from his purpose by the open discontent of the foremost citizens of the country, Palacio boldly assumed dictatorial authority. He issued orders for wholesale arrests, and incarcerated those captured in the Rotunda, or city prison. Decrees of exile were pronounced against all who had escaped to the islands of Curacao and Trinidad, and death was made the penalty of return. The seats of the legalist members were declared vacant, and they were filled by the President with his friends. In some cases policemen were made Deputies and Senators. These acts brought on the insurrection.

General Joaquín Crespo was the first to answer the popular summons. Under his direction the national troops have time and again put Palacio's hirelings to rout, and finally driven the arch scamp himself into exile.

## Fads, Facts and Fancies.

### Commentary upon Events, Episodes and Incidents of Current Interest.

A PRISONER brought before his judge in a New York courtroom has been shot dead in his tracks by a spectator who had a grievance against him. "And this," as the sneering preacher puts it, "in the so-called nineteenth century."

FIKE in the wine vaults and phylloxera in the vineyards have almost entirely destroyed the output of the Medoc region for the current year. The supply of labels on this side of the Atlantic is ample, however, to enable the purveyor of the dollar *table d'hôte* to garnish each dinner with a gratuitous flask of Chateau Latour or Chateau Lafitte.

How fleeting is fame, how unsubstantial the works on which 'tis built, one may learn from a paragraph now going the rounds of the dramatic journals, to the effect that a person named Wolf, resident in Boston, has been the most prolific of American playwrights, with a total production to date of 193 tragedies, comedies, farces, and operas, and yet, how many have ever heard of Wolf?

MAYFAIR and Belgrave have been dreadfully upset in London by the discovery that the green-petalled pink, that the ludicrous Mr. Wade brought into sudden vogue, owes its fetching peculiarity to the chemist rather than to the florist. It turns out to be a poor artificiality instead of a natural novelty. Wherefore all dilettante England rises up in protest against the imposture and deceit. "Cynicism," says one, "is all very well in our conversation, but do let us be natural in our buttonholes."

CHICAGO points with pride to the fact that she does not have to go out of her own borders to secure a man to portray the leading character in the introduction of the Passion Play, that is to be one of the features of the World's Fair Exhibition. Edward Freiburger, a denizen of the Windy City, has been selected for the chief rôle, in the imitation of the Ober-Ammergau show, and, curiously enough, Eugene Field, a newspaper writer, has been hired by the directors of the enterprise to bring the dialogue "up to date."

HARVARD is advised by some of her admirers and critics to look to the provincial make-up of her crew for an explanation, in part, at any rate, of her defeat at the hands of Yale. With two exceptions, every man who sat in the Cambridge cellar came from Boston or its immediate vicinage. The North, the South, and West were represented in the nine that roved and steered the crimson to defeat. A "varsity oar," it is said, has come to be an open sesame of such potency to social honors in the college, that it is no longer at the command of him who proves his worth to pull it; it belongs to him who has the "pull" to get it. In the contention to secure these coveted social levers, Boston is, of course, at a divided advantage. The men from the city on Beacon Hill are vastly superior to their rivals in knowledge of Harvard intrigue, in familiarity with the dominant cliques and societies, and in extent of acquaintance. Favored by these factors, they find no difficulty in shoving to the rear their rival candidates for a place in the university boat. As their election to the Hasty Pudding, the D. K. E., and other swagger organizations made up of the swell set, does not depend on their success at New London, they do not concern themselves any too seriously with the quality of the men on the slides. They must come from Boston—that's all.

ONE of the refreshing features of the current campaign is the high tone imparted to matters by the presence and work of certain gentlemen of wealth and culture. The refining influence of these sprigs of education and fashion permeates even the most remote features of the campaign. Among the book-reviews in Mr. Eliot F. Shepard's newspaper we find, for instance, this witty and elegant critique of a volume of



Grover Cleveland's letters and speeches: "They are having a large sale, chiefly to hospitals. Morphine is by no means the only soporific."

MR. CARNEGIE'S philanthropic lines appear to have fallen in most unpleasant places, and the beneficiaries of his goodness seem to be persons most difficult to satisfy. The locked-out employes who were lately shut down by a horde of the millionaire's armed retainers, were among those to whom the charitable forge-master has been most generous. When, resisting his attempts to reduce their wages, they cried out for bread, Carnegie pointed with pride to the hall-room he had erected for their pleasure. In response to their demands for meat for their wan wives and puny children, Carnegie shouted: How about that bowling-alley I built for you? When the hapless strikers asked for wages sufficient to secure shelter for their families, they were met with a reminder that the good genius of Homestead had already supplied them with a circulating library. And yet Mr. Carnegie's employes are not content. After all though, the sort of spongecake doled out by the philanthropists of the Carnegie order doesn't fill the bill when starvation threatens.

POOR old Whitman appears to have had a dreadful time over the composition of his "Leaves of Grass." The tortures and convulsions that he went through preparatory to evolving the work, remind one of a long pent-up volcano getting ready to pour forth its ebullient, murky lava, and noisome odor. He spent weeks and weeks before he began to write, wandering about the shores of Long Island and through the woods of Jersey. When not engaged in thinking of the wondrous task before him, the poet "went over thoroughly"—I quote his own words—"the Old and New Testaments, and absorbed (probably to better advantage for me than in any library or indoor room—it makes such difference *where* you read), Shakespeare, Ossian, the best versions I could get of Homer, Eschylus, Sophocles, the old German Nibelungen, the ancient Hindoo poems, and one or two other masterpieces, Dante's among them." Whitman's work may merit the characterization of one of his critics, who styled "Leaves of Grass" "a wild riot of rubbish," but surely there is method in the madness of a writer who goes to all that trouble to arouse the poetic spirit that may be in him.

## OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS.\*

### LVI. CAMILLE D'ARVILLE.

CAMILLE D'ARVILLE is not only a delightful singer but she is also a charming woman. She was born in the provinces of Holland in 1863, and it might be truly said that from the hour of her birth she was able to sing. When but a child of tender years she was gifted with a sweet soprano voice, and as she was forever either singing or humming she was dubbed by the natives "The Humming Bird of Holland."

Frequently, upon a warm summer's afternoon, when quiet and peace prevailed in the hamlets around, and the good housewives were preparing the evening meal, the stillness of the country would be suddenly broken by a sweet girlish voice which sounded like an angel singing. Upon the first notes the Dutch wives would turn an attentive ear in the direction from where the silvery voice came, to listen, with a thrill of pleasure, until the last notes died away upon the breeze.

\* *Portraits already published in "Our Gallery of Players":* Poulton Hall, in No. 21 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; Fanny Davidson, in No. 23; Mrs. Langens, in No. 24; Fay Tompkins, in No. 25; Marie Jansen, in No. 26; Marie Langens, in No. 27; Frederic Bond, in No. 28; Ada Rehan, in No. 29; Georgea Caplan, in No. 30; Della Fox, in No. 31; Anna O'Keefe, in No. 32; Rosina Vokes, in No. 33; Marion Mapple, in No. 34; Helen Herrigan, in No. 35; Isabelle L'Esperance, in No. 36; Ellen Terry, in No. 37; Annie Myers, in No. 38; Julia Marlowe, in No. 39; Mrs. Helena Modjeska, in No. 40; Mrs. Agnes Booth, in No. 41; Marie Burroughs, in No. 42; Joseph Jefferson, in No. 43; Henry Irving, in No. 44; Jane Hading, in No. 45; Adelaide Arthur, in No. 46; Wilton Barrett, in No. 47; Margaret Anglo, in No. 48; John Hare, in No. 49; John Hare, in No. 50; Benoit Constant Couplin, in No. 51; Edward H. Sothern, in No. 52; Sarah Bernhardt, in No. 53; Lillian Russell, in No. 54; Helen Hanft, in No. 55; Frederic Bond, in No. 56; Ella Fidler, in No. 57; Francis Wilson, in No. 58; Louis James, in No. 59; Joseph Hanft, in No. 60; Robert B. McCall, in No. 61; Adelaide Barry, in No. 62; Anna O'Keefe, in No. 63; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 64; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 65; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 66; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 67; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 68; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 69; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 70; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 71; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 72; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 73; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 74; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 75; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 76; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 77; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 78; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 79; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 80; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 81; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 82; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 83; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 84; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 85; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 86; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 87; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 88; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 89; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 90; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 91; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 92; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 93; Mrs. George Housh, in No. 94; 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gave Newport his crown of deer's hair dyed red. This Arahatic was *cheite* (that is vassal) to the great King Powhatan. While the Englishmen were making merry with the "Salvages," Powhatan himself appeared upon the scene, and was received with a great show of honor, all rising from their seats except Arahatic. The foreign adventurers presented Powhatan with "penny-knives, sheeres, helles, beades, glasse toys, &c.," and he invited them to visit him at Powhatan, close to

of our kinde entertainment, and for the comfort our happy and hopefull discovery) we accompted scarce fire, we came to the second illet described on the ryver; over against which, on *Popham* side, is the habitation of the greates King *Pawtash*, which I call *Pawtash's Tower*. It is situate upon a highe hill by the water-side a playne betwene it and the water, twelve score over, wherein he sows his wheate, beans, peaze, tobacco, pompions, gourds, hennep, flaxe, &c.; and where any art used to the naturall state of this place, it would be a goodly habitation.



From an original painting.

POCAHONTAS SAVING THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

where Richmond now stands. Let Newport continue the tale. He tells us in his "Relation," which is preserved in the Record Office in London among the other State papers:

Thus parting from *Arahatic's* Joye, we found the people on either syde the ryver stand in clusters all along, still proffering us victuals; which of some were accepted, as our guyds (that were with us in the boate) pleased, and gave them requitall. So after we passed some ten myle, which (by the pleasure and joye we tooke

Powhatan, as *Pawtash's Tower* is now called, has for over a century been in the hands of the same family, and time and taste have combined to enhance the beauty of the spot, and to make it a "goodly habitation."

Newport and his comrades get on excellently with his majesty, who, "very well" understood "by the wordes and signes we made the signification of our meaning." They make a league of friendship, and Powhatan puts his gown

upon Newport's "back himself and laying his hand on his breast, saying 'Wingapoh chemuze' (the most kynde wordes of salutation that may be), he satt downe."

The behavior of the natives continued kind and hospitable until the adventurers had returned within twenty miles of Jamestown. Observing the settlers to be intent on building the city without police or discipline, the natives collected in force and made an attack on them. The Englishmen being unprepared, were easily thrown into confusion, and seventeen of their number were wounded; among whom were five of the Council. President Wingfield was shot through his beard. Just in time, a cross-bar discharged from one of the ships, flew among the trees, brought down an immense bough among the ranks of the natives, and so frightened them that they retreated and gave the colonists time to rally and provide effectually for their defense.

Governor Wingfield now endeavored to repair his negligence, consenting that the fort should be surrounded with palisades, the guns mounted, and the men exercised in the use of arms. Considering the small number of the settlers, we may imagine the difficulties to which they were exposed, having to labor all day and watch all night, to guard the workmen, resist the enemy, reload the ships, and prepare the ground for the cultivation of corn.

Now we come to the charges made against Captain Smith, to which we have already alluded. The colonists actually debated amongst themselves whether they should put him to death or send him back to England in disgrace. They affected, through charity, to prefer the latter course.

But he so much scorned their charity, and publicly defied the uttermost of their cruelty; he wisely prevented their policies though he could not suppress their envious; yet so well he demeaned himself in this business, as all the company did see his innocency, and his adversaries malice, and those suborned to accuse him, accused his accusers of subornation, many untruths were alledged against him, but being so apparently disproved, begat a general hatred in the hearts of the company against such unjust Commanders, that the President was adjudged to give him 200*l*.

A thousand dollars in those days was worth about ten thousand dollars of our present currency. Smith generously contributed the sum awarded him to the general fund. A reconciliation was effected between him and President Wingfield by Mr. Hunt, the preacher, and like good religious Englishmen they "all received the Communion, the day following [June 22] the Salvages voluntarily desired peace; and Captain Newport returned for England with news: leaving in Virginia 100, the 15 [it really was the 22] of June 1607."

Captain Smith has preserved for us "the names of them that were the first Planters, who sowed the seed of the 'E. I. Co.'"

Those who formed the "Council" were Master Edward-Maria Wingfield, Captaine Bartholomew Gosnell, Captaine John Smith, Captaine John Rolfe, Captaine John Martin, Captaine George Kendall.

Then came the following gentlemen: Master Robert Hunt, Preacher; Master George Percie, Anthony Gonnell, George Plowser, Cap. Gabriel Archer, Robert Fenton, Robert Ford, William Braster, Edward Harrington, Peter Pickhouse, Thomas Jacob, John Browke, Ellis Kingston, Thomas Sands, Benjamin Beatt, John Robinson, Thomas Mouton, Eustace Clavell, Stephen Hathrop, Kellan Thymorton, Edward Morish, Nathaniel Powell, Edward Browne, Robert Richelund, John Penington, Jeremy Allcock, George Walker, Thomas Studley, Richard Crofts, Nicholas Houlgrave, Thomas Webb, John Waller, John Short, William Tankard, William Smecher, Francis Swanborough, Richard Simons, Edwards Broadley, Richard Paxon, John Martin, Roger Cooke, Anthony Gonnell, Tho. Watson, Chirurg; John Stevenson, Thomas Gore, Henry Adling, Francis Aldewinter, Richard Frith.

The following were the carpenters in the new colony: William Lawson, Edward Pising, Thomas Emory, Robert Small. The laborers were: John Laydon, William Casson, George Casson, William Rodes, William White, Old Edwards, Henry Tavin, George Goulding, John Poth, William Johnson, William Unger.



SETTLEMENT OF JAMESTOWN, 1607.

There were also: Jam Rod, Blacksmith; Jonas Profit, Sailer; Tho. Cosper, Barber; Will Garret, Bricklayer; Edward Brinle, Mason; William Love, Taylor; Nic: Scot, Drum; Will: Wilkinson, Chirurg.

Then there were four boys, one of whom, but which one we are not told, was killed in the Jamestown fight: Samuel Collier, Nat: Peock, James Bramfield, Richard Multon.

And there were "divers others to the number of 100."

Within ten days after the departure of the ships *Susan Constant* and *Godspeed* for England, nearly all the settlers were seized with sickness, so that very few of them could walk or stand. In explaining the causes of this malady, Captain Smith throws a startling light on the wretched system of colonization adopted in those times by the ancestors of our "E. I. Co."

But when they [the ships] departed, there remained neither tavern, beer house, nor place of refuge, but the common kettell. Had we been as free from all sinnes as gluttony, and drunkenness, we might have been canonized for Saints. But our President would never have been admitted, for ingrossing to his private, Oatmeal, Sacke, Oyle, Aquavithe, Beefe, Egges, or what not, but the kettell, that indeed be allowed equally to be distributed.

From May to September [1607] those that escaped lived upon Surgeon, and Sea-crabs, fittle in this time we buried, the rest seeing the President's projects to escape these miseries in our flight by flight (who all this time had neither felt nor sickness) so moved our dead spirits as we deposited him [10 Sept. 1607]; and established Rolfe in his place [Gonnell being dead 22 Aug. 1607], Kendall deposited [2 Sept. 1607].

The condition of the small garrison at Jamestown was, at length, all but desperate. The new governor proved to be no abler than his predecessor. Every public duty devolved on Captain Smith, who, by his energy, activity, and sagacity, imparted life and hope to the colony.

Eventually John Smith was raised to the governorship by the most unanimous suffrages of his fellow citizens. But, in 1609, he was superseded by Lord Delaware, the nominee of twenty-one peers, ninety-eight knights—his majesty, "the wisest fool in Christendom," had not then learned the art of "raising the wind" by forcing his rich subjects to become baronets, at a charge of something over \$6,000 apiece—and countless squires who clubbed together to purchase a second charter from James I. By the energy and sense of John Smith the foundation of Virginia—"of which the world-famous city of Washington is now the capital" (we are quoting an English authority)—was securely laid. He discovered and explored Chesapeake Bay, and visited Massachusetts Bay six years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

After John Smith returned to England the colony fell into sore distress.

No great war our famine that a salvage we slew and buried, the poorer sort took him up again and eat him, and so did divers one another buyed, and stewed with roots and herbs. And one



THE BUILDING OF AMERICA, VI.—FAITHFUL REPRODUCTION OF A CURIOUS OLD MAP SHOWING THE DOMAIN OF THE POWERFUL INDIAN KING, POWHATAN.

amongst the rest did kill his wife, powdered her and had eaten part of her before it was known, for which he was executed, as well he deserved. Now whether she was better roasted, boiled or carbonaded, I know not, but of such a dish as powdered wife I never heard of.

"This playful allusion to powdered wife, and speculation as to how she was best cooked," writes Charles Dudley Warner, "is the first instance we have been able to find of what is called 'American humor,' and Capt. Smith has the honor of being the first of the 'American humorists' who have handled subjects of this kind with such pleasing gayety."

We have not much further to say of John Smith's administration, political and economic career in Virginia, for the limits of a magazine article forces us to choose between that and the interesting episode in his career, of which "the beautiful salvage and Indian Princess" Pocahontas is the heroine. We have selected the latter.

In a "little book," which Captain Smith wrote in 1616 to Queen Anne, the wife of James I., we first learn of the writer's salvation by Pocahontas, but the first mention of her occurs in "The True Relation" which Smith wrote in Virginia in 1608.

Pocahontas, understanding we detained certain salvages, sent his daughter, a child of twelve years old, which not only for levity, countenance, and proportion, much exceeded any of the rest of his people, but for wit and spirit the only nonpareil of his country. . . . In the afternoon the friends of the prisoners who accompanied Pocahontas being gone, we guarded them (the prisoners) as before to the church, and after prayer, gave them to Pocahontas, the King's Daughter, in regard of her father's kindness in sending her, after having well fed them, as all the time of their imprisonment, we gave them their bows, arrows, or what else they had, and with much content, sent them packing. Pocahontas, also we requited with such trifles as contented her, to tell that we had used the *Pasphegans* very kindly in so releasing them.

According to the "little book" addressed "To the most high and virtuous Princesse Queene Anne of Great Brittain," Smith

—some ten years ago being in Virginia, and taken prisoner by the power of Pocahontas, their chief King, I secured from this great salvage exceeding great courtesie, especially from his sunne *Nantagoni*, the most manliest, ameliest, boldest spirit, I ever saw. In a salvage and his sister Pocahontas, the King's most deare and well-beloved daughter, being but a child of twelve or thirteen yeeres of age, whose compassionate pitifull heart of desperate estate, gave me much cause to respect her: I being the first Christian this proud King and his grim attendants ever saw, and thus enthralled in their barbarous power, I cannot say I felt the least occasion of want that was in the power of these my mortal foes to prevent notwithstanding all their threats. After some six weeks fasting amongst those salvage Courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her owne braines to save mine.

We must leave to our readers the task of arranging the discrepancy between "the exceeding great courtesie" of Pocahontas, and Pocahontas hazing the beating out of her owne braines "to save Smith's." Once more she saved the voracious adventurer's life by informing him in 1609 that her father had hatched a plot against him. After this we lose sight of her until the spring of 1613, when she was abducted by Captain Argall, who appears to have been as unscrupulous as he was bold in the execution of any plan intrusted to him.

Pocahontas had become a most implacable enemy of the English, and Argall was sent to bring him to terms. According to his story

—I was told by certain Indians, my friends, that the great Pocahontas daughter, *Pocahontas*, was with the great King *Pohowas*, whither I presently repaired, resolved to possess myself of her, by any stratagem that I could use, for the ransoming of so many Englishmen as were prisoners with Pocahontas, as also to get such armes and tooles as he and other Indians had got by murder and stealing some others of our nation, with some quantity of corn for the colonies relief.

Pocahontas was enticed onto Argall's ship and secured. Word was sent to Pocahontas that his "delight and darling" was in the hands of the English. Ralph Hamor, Jr., who was secretary of the colony under Governor Dale, writes:

Long before this time, a gentleman of approved behaviour and honest carriage, Master *John Rolfe*, had been in love with Pocahontas, and she with him. . . . The initiate of this pretended marriage came soon to Pocahontas's knowledge, a thing acceptable to him as appeared by his sudden consent thereto, who some ten daies after such and old uncle of his, named *Opechias*, to give her as his deputy in the church, and two of his sonnes to see the marriage solemnized, which was accordingly done about the fifth of April [1614], and ever since we have had friendly commerce and trade, not only with Pocahontas himself, but also with his subjects round about us; so as now I see no reason why the colonies should not thrive apace.

Before the marriage took place Pocahontas "renounced her country Idolatry, and confessed in faith of *Jesus Christ*, and was baptized, which thing Sir *Thomas Dale* had laboured a long time to ground her in.

Sir Thomas returned to England in 1616, and was accompanied by John Rolfe, Pocahontas, and many Indians. Upon the news of Pocahontas's arrival Captain Smith addressed the "little book" to the Queen.

Smith took several courtiers to see Pocahontas, and says "they did think God had a great hand in her conversion and they have seen many English ladies worse favoured, proportioned and behaved. She became the lion of the day and was presented at court. Lady Delaware took her under her wing, but the Lady Rebecca, as Pocahontas was called in London, died on shipboard at Gravesend, after a brief illness, on March 21, 1617. She was buried in St. George's Church, which was burned down in 1727. In the parish register we find:

1616 May 21 Rebecca Wrothe  
Wife of Thomas Wroth gent.  
A Virginia lady borne, here was buried  
in ye chancie

but there is no doubt that her death occurred in March."

When Captain Argall became Governor of Virginia, John Rolfe was made its secretary. By Pocahontas he had a son Thomas, who was brought up by his uncle Henry in London. He went to Virginia and was probably married there. He left an only daughter, who was married, says Steh (1753), to Col. John Bolling, by whom she left an only son, the late Maj. John Bolling, who was father to the present Col. John Bolling, and several daughters married to Col. Richard Randolph, Col. John Fleming, Dr. William Gay, Mr. Thomas Eldridge, and Mr. James Murray. Richard Randolph was the grandfather of the celebrated John Randolph.

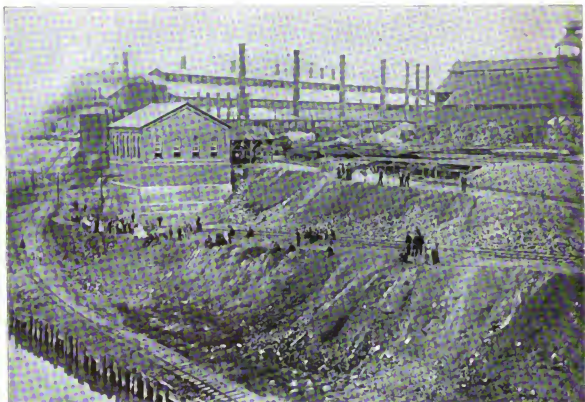
After Smith returned to England, we hear nothing of him until his "Map of Virginia," with his description of the country, was published at Oxford in 1612. In 1614 some London merchants fitted him out for a private trading adventure to the coast of New England, and he adopted the title of "Admiral of New England." In 1616 appeared his description of that country, dedicated to the "high, hopeful Charles, Prince of Great Britain." His last days were passed in a struggle for existence, and on June 21, 1631, he died, in his fifty-second year. It is believed he was buried in St. Sepulchre's Church, London.

There is no record of his ever having a wife or children, but there are plenty of John Smith's who claim to be his descendants.

## BLOOD AND THE BRAIN.

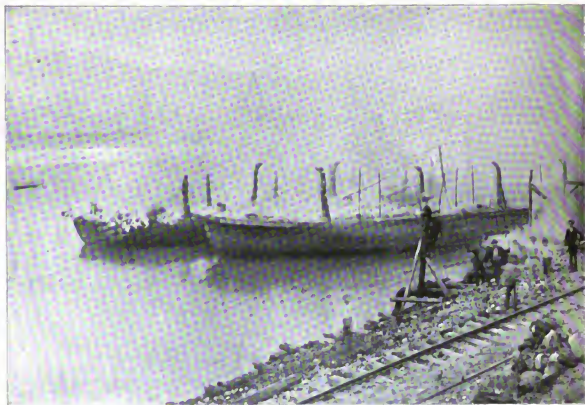
PROFESSOR MOSCO, of Turin, has demonstrated the importance of keeping the surface and extremities of the body warm during brain work by clearly proving that when the brain is active, much more blood is sent to it from the peripheral parts of the body. Professor Mosso has also found that the circulation of the blood in the brain is subject to fluctuations which are apparently not dependent on physical activity. Fatigue caused by brain work acts as a poison, which affects all the organs, especially the muscular system. The blood of dogs fatigued by long racing also acts as a poison, and when injected into other dogs makes them exhibit all the symptoms of fatigue. Sense of fatigue seems to be due to the pressure of the nerve-cells rather than to the deficiency of proper substance.





THE STRIKE AT HOMESTEAD.

VIEW OF A SECTION OF THE CARNEGIE WORKS AT HOMESTEAD. IT WAS DOWN THE TRACK SHOWN IN THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION THAT THE STRIKERS SENT THE BURNING CAK.



THE STRIKE AT HOMESTEAD.

BARGES BURNED TO THE WATER'S EDGE. THESE BARGES CONVEYED THE PINKERTONS FROM PITTSBURGH TO HOMESTEAD.

# History of Seven Days.

A Chronicle of Important Events culled from all Quarters of the Globe, touching upon the News of the Week in Politics, the Arts, Sciences, and Society.

## The Situation at Homestead.

"THE situation at Homestead has not improved," wrote Sheriff McCleary to Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania; and then he went on to say that while all was quiet, the strikers were in control and had openly expressed to him their determination not to allow the Carnegie works to be operated by any but themselves.

The poor sheriff had had a hard time of it. The governor blamed him for allowing the Pinkertons to go to Homestead to do his work. When he did try to raise a posse he could only get a dozen citizens or so who had the pluck—or it may have been sympathy with the strikers had something to do with it—to answer the call. Be this as it may, Sheriff McCleary threw himself upon the good nature of the governor, telling him that only a large military force would enable him to control matters, and the governor gave orders to Gen. George R. Snowden to place his entire division under arms and to take 8,500 men to maintain the peace at Homestead.

This was no sooner said than done. By the morning of the 12th the troops were in the town. So suddenly did they

### Arrival of

#### Military.

Guard. For a week the strikers had defied the law; mob rule had reigned supreme. There had been peace since the battle with the Pinkertons, but it had been an armed and lawless peace. Now all was changed. Gen. Snowden showed that he had gone to Homestead with the full intention of maintaining peace, and that he and his soldiers were not to be trifled with.

Gen. Snowden appears to have carried out his plan of campaign with great military skill. In the first orders, issued immediately after the governor had ordered out the troops, Brinton, on the Monongahela River, and about a mile-and-a-half from Homestead, was announced as the rendezvous. It was his intention that the Second and Third Brigades of the National Guard should gather there on July 11, go into camp for the night, and march into Homestead at daybreak the following morning. But the correspondents got wind of his plan, and the details appeared in all the papers. There was a great chance now of the rioters and their sympathizers collecting in great force at Brinton, and a possibility of their making an attack upon the soldiers before they reached Homestead. To prevent this, Gen. Snowden altered his plans and notified his colonels that he had selected Blairsville, a station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, about fifty-two miles east of Pittsburgh, for the rendezvous. The general intended this second order should leak out, which it did, and duly appeared in the papers, but what his true intentions were he kept to himself, not even taking his colonels into his confidence. When the soldiers reached Brinton there were not less than ten thousand persons on the platform to meet them. But at Brinton the conductor found orders to proceed to Wall, and at Wall to go on somewhere, and so until the special reached Radebaugh, where there is a signal station.

The next morning the troops were in Homestead.

The rioters had got up a very pretty scheme, which they hoped would gain them the sympathy of the public, and probably it would have had they succeeded in carrying out their project. They sent a delegation

### Gen. Snowden.

from the Amalgamated Association to Gen. Snowden at his headquarters. They decided to inform him that they had come to offer him their assistance, but the general put on his

most freezing manner when he told them he had no need of their services, he meant to preserve order himself. "I am here," he said, "by order of the governor to cooperate with the sheriff in the maintenance of order and the protection of the Carnegie Steel Company in the possession of its property." This was a terrible snubbing for the delegation, for it had been intended to treat the entry of the troops as a fête, and to let them march in to the strains of a brass band. As Hugh O'Donnell, the labor leader, who was one of the delegation, said: "I never met with such a chilling reception in my life. Gen. Snowden didn't seem to have the slightest regard for what he said or thought."

Meanwhile Congress had appointed a committee to go to Pittsburgh and investigate the troubles and outbreak at Homestead. During the investigation Mr. H. C. Frick, chairman of the Carnegie Company,

### Congressional Investigation.

produced the letter he had written to Robert Pinkerton on June 25, with regard to the hiring of 300 of his men to guard the Homestead mills.

"The only trouble we anticipate," he wrote, "is that an attempt will be made to prevent such of our men, with whom we will by that time have made satisfactory arrangements, from going to work, and possibly some demonstration of violence upon the part of those whose places have been filled, or most likely by an element which usually is attracted to such scenes for the purpose of stirring up trouble. We are not desirous that the men you send shall be armed, unless the occasion properly calls for such a measure later on, for the protection of our employes or property. We will wish those guards to be placed upon our property, and there to remain, unless called into other service by the civil authority to meet an emergency that is likely to arise."

Hugh O'Donnell, the young leader of the strikers, made a brief statement, giving an account of how the fight was brought about. According to him, about two o'clock in the morning an alarm reached the headquarters of the strikers that the Pinkertons were descending upon Homestead. He went down to the bank of the River Monongahela. A big crowd of Hungarians, Slavs, women, and boys were on the banks, and were firing pistols in the air. He advised the men not to fire, and followed them as they moved up to the point toward which the boat was heading. While he was addressing the crowd, urging them not to use violence, a volley was fired from the barges and a bullet struck his thumb. The firing lasted about five minutes. As to the way in which the surrender of the Pinkertons was effected, O'Donnell told the following story:

### How the Pinkertons Surrendered.

"I tied a handkerchief on the end of a rifle barrel and waved it over the pile of beams behind which we lay. The men had promised me that in case the Pinkertons surrendered they should not be shown any violence. When I waved my handkerchief one of the guards came out on the barges and waved his hands. As soon as he appeared one of our men jumped from behind his barricade and exposed himself to the fire of the Pinkertons. I walked down the bank, and said to the man who had come out on the barge, that I thought the thing had gone far enough, and he said he thought it had gone altogether too far. He then accepted my proposition that his men should make an unconditional surrender, and should give up their rifles. While the rifles were being unloaded, the crowd began to assemble on the barges, and I must confess that during the march from the barges to the rink the Pinkerton men were shamefully abused by the crowd, but we took care of them that night and saw that they got out of town safely."



Frick, the president of the company, is a determined man, and when he stated that he would not give in to the strikers, everyone who knew anything of him believed he would keep his word. But the strikers, too, were equally determined, and there was an inclination among them to leave Homestead by mob law. Anyone who was suspected of having any connection with Carnegie's people was taken to the headquarters of the strikers, there to be examined as to his mission, and personal rights were very little regarded. Gen. Snowden threatened to arrest any one who dared to interfere with the rights of citizens; but the strikers, who became more and more sullen each day the troops were in their midst, had saved the people, and nobody cared to act as complainant in such a case.

#### Rights of Citizens.

#### PERSONAL.

PASTEUR, the famous man-of-science, has been suffering from the form of cholera now prevalent in Paris.

J. D. WASHBURN, Minister from the United States to Switzerland, has resigned, and will return to the United States.

GEORGE W. BUNGEY, a verse writer of considerable ability, is dead at the age of seventy-five years. His best known work is entitled "The Creed of the Belts."

COL. CHARLES E. BLUNT, of Washington, D. C., a retired officer of the United States army, died of apoplexy in the vestibule of Trinity Church, Boston, on the 10th inst.

ANGERED by the refusal of the English Lord Chamberlain to license his play "Salome," Oscar Wilde announces that he will go over to France and naturalize as a citizen of the Republic.

ROBERT LINCOLN O'BRIEN, of the reporters' staff of the Boston *Transcript*, has been appointed as Private Secretary to ex-President Cleveland. He is a graduate of Harvard University of the class of '91.

ALCULUS HOOVER, of Baltimore, is the person who gave \$250,000 for a woman's college at Johns Hopkins University a few days ago. At the time the gift was announced his name was withheld from the public.

PALAUZO, the exiled dictator of Venezuela, is supposed to be on his way to France. He succeeded in escaping to Martinique in the West Indies, and at last reports was at Fort-de-France awaiting the departure of a vessel for Europe.

DR. JOHN HALL, a New York clergyman, has protested earnestly against a proposition to advance his salary from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year. He also refuses to accept the proffer of a mansion worth \$75,000. The unworthy Doctor says a minister of the gospel should live simply and should not store up riches on earth.

"ED" JAMES, for many years a prominent writer on sporting matters, has been admitted to the insane ward of a New York hospital. Years ago, while a member of the *Clipper* staff, James was the talk of the country by reason of his gallant adoration of Ada Isaacs Menken, the famous beauty and actress, for whom "Mazeppa" was written. While still in the train of the brilliant Jewess, James fell ill of an affliction of the eyes and had to undergo a critical operation. When he recovered she had died. He sought out her grave in Paris, so it is said, and caused to be erected a handsome monument in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

GROVER CLEVELAND is determined that his domestic affairs shall not be dragged into the political campaign. In reply to a request from a newspaper for a photograph of his child Ruth, for reproduction in the columns of the journal, the ex-President wrote: "There has never been a photograph taken of our child, and it is impossible for that reason to comply with your request. It is only frank to add that if there were any of her pictures in existence, we would not be willing to have one published in any newspaper. We would be glad

to please you and the paper with which you are connected, but we cannot bring ourselves to the point of giving our baby's picture to be printed in newspapers."

THE will of the late David Lewis, a retail dealer in clothing in Liverpool and Manchester, devises his entire fortune, except an annuity for his wife and a few small legacies, for the benefit of the working classes of Liverpool and Manchester. The fund is about a million of dollars, and may amount to a million and three-quarters. He directed his residuary legatees to use the money for the benefit of the poor of Liverpool and Manchester, leaving it to them personally, in order to satisfy the law, and trusting in their obedience to his instructions. Five or six gentlemen from the two cities have been asked to cooperate with the holders of the fortune in carrying out the testator's wishes. Mr. Lewis was known to have a favorable opinion of the Peabody system of dwellings, but some other plan may be adopted. Although an orthodox Jew, the testator wishes that no question of sect or creed shall enter into the disposition of the charity.

#### CRIMINAL.

REV. NATHANIEL NICOLAI, pastor of a Presbyterian church at Elizabethport, N. J., has been found guilty of three forgeries and been excommunicated from the church. Nicolai is in hiding.

FREDERICK FLEMING, a son of the celebrated writer of trashy novels, May Agnes Fleming, is under arrest in Brooklyn, N. Y., on suspicion of having had to do with the death of one of his associates.

RAVACHOL, the Parisian monster, who combined the callings of anarchist, murderer, and thief, was executed on the morning of the 11th inst. Just before ascending the scaffold he threatened to spit upon the chaplain who offered him religious consolation.

JOHN W. MACKAY, the son of the millionaire miner, was charged in a London police court with sending a menacing letter to Captain the Hon. Randolph Stewart. The prosecution was withdrawn on a promise from young Mackay's counsel that his client would at once apologize to Captain Stewart and pay all costs of the action.

J. C. MANNING, editor of the *Alabama Reformer*, a Third Party lecturer and the man who put in nomination Gen. Weaver at Omaha, says that an attempt was made to assassinate him while on the train returning to his home in Birmingham. He was saved by Mrs. Vickrey, an officer of the People's Alliance, who seized the arm of the assailant just as he was preparing to stab Manning. The villain jumped from the train and escaped.

SINCE the news of the affirmation of the sentence in the case of Col. H. Clay King for the murder of David H. Poston reached Memphis, a movement has been on foot to get up a petition for his pardon or a commutation of the death sentence. Poston's four brothers, all of whom are men of high repute in the South, have posted placards in Memphis stating that when their brother was shot down their first impulse was to avenge his death, but they quietly permitted the law to take its course. They now ask that all other persons follow their example and permit the murderer of their brother to expiate his crime on the gallows, as would a poorer or less prominent man.

#### LETTERS.

THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY, of Harvard College, has chosen the following officers: President, W. W. Goodwin; vice-president, John Quincy Adams; corresponding secretary, W. C. Lane; recording secretary, D. S. Muzzey. Among honorary members elected were James Brice, M. P., of Oxford University; George Brooks Young, late Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Minnesota; Henry Lee Higginson, class of 1855; and Frederick Ward Putnam, Curator of the Peabody Museum.

ENGLAND'S famous library, the Ashmole, which Dublin called the finest private collection in the world, is to be sold in

a lump, and it is believed that it will be purchased by an American. Scarce editions on vellum and large paper, magnificent printing, and dazzling bindings by Pasdeloup and Roger Payne are among its glories. Many of the books, too, have famous histories. They have felt the touch of the Pompadour or of Diane de Poitiers, or the elegant grasp of Francis I. There are eighty-two out of the ninety-nine known productions of Caxton, to say nothing of the famous *Mente Salter*, a copy of which has fetched £5,000. English commentators regard the probable purchase of the collection by an American as an act of vandalism.

#### MARINE.

It is thought that the schooner *Blar Warv*, of Portsmouth, N. S.,—Tower, master—which cleared from Digby for Port Herbert, June 24, has foundered with all on board.

H. M. S. *Blake* made the run from Halifax to St. Johns, N. F., in twenty-seven hours, an average of nearly twenty-five miles an hour. She used only two boilers, her other two being under repairs.

The Dominion Government has sent a representative to Washington asking for the release of the Victoria steamship *Cowitlan*, which was captured by a United States revenue cutter near Alaska.

The arbitrator in the case of the North German Lloyd steamer *Eider*, which stranded off the Isle of Wight, but which was subsequently got off and taken to Southampton, has fixed the value of the salvage at 1,038,300 marks. The North German Lloyd Company, while repudiating personal responsibility, has informed the salvage companies that they can satisfy their claims by the sale of the ship and cargo.

#### SOCIAL.

ACCORDING to statistics compiled by an authority on social matters in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore, there are at present 431 prominent families summering abroad, of which 324 sailed since the first of May, and 69 families have returned from foreign shores, being a slight decrease in both cases as compared to last year. There are 2,034 families summering at inland resorts, as against 1,818 on the seashore. Of the 2,034 summer addresses, there are 100 at Lenox and the Berkshires, and 324 along the Hudson. Of the 1818 at the seashore, 281 may be noted at Newport, 40 at Narragansett Pier, 154 at Mount Desert and adjacent thereto, 358 on the south shore of Long Island, of which the Hamptons claim 117, and there are 397 on the Long Island Sound.

#### WORLD'S FAIR.

It is openly charged by persons concerned in the success of the World's Fair, that rank and impudent corruption is already evident in the conduct of the concern's finances.

THE French government has decided to ask for an addition of 800,000 francs to the amount already granted for defraying the expenses of France's representation at the Chicago Fair.

THE Senate has passed a bill changing the date of the World's Fair opening from the 12th to the 21st of October, in order not to conflict with the Columbian celebration to be held in New York on the former date.

WILLIAM T. BAKER, the President of the World's Fair, is disgusted with the unwarranted assumption of authority by "Major" M. P. Handy, and will resign unless the Commissioners rebuke the latter's "freshness."

AUDITOR AUCKERMAN, of the World's Fair, reports that the finances are in a grave condition. The amount of funds available is \$2,731,443, including \$500,000 not yet paid over by the city. Against this there are outstanding contracts aggregating \$4,068,736, and running expenses of \$125,000

a month for the departments, both administrative and exhibiting. The completion of nearly all the contracts is due by October 1. Since the inception of the Fair, Treasurer Seeburger has received from all sources \$9,394,603, and paid out \$6,825,165, most of the expenditure being for construction account.

#### POLITICAL.

HERR VON BULO, German Minister to Switzerland, will shortly succeed Dr. Von Schlozer, Prussian Minister to the Vatican.

It is said that Mr. Whitelaw Reid has already promised the one office at the disposal of the Vice-President—that of restaurant keeper to the United States Senate.

THE late elections in Mexico resulted in the choice of Magistrates of the Supreme Court, Senators, and Congressmen who favor unanimously the reelection of President Diaz.

It has just transpired that Vice-President Morton was so chagrined by his failure to receive a renomination that he fainted upon receiving the news of Whitelaw Reid's success.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has written to a colored lawyer that the "white" witness required to testify to the identity of Chinese under the exclusion act was not meant to prevent colored men from testifying also.

A FEATURE of the political contest in Ireland is the growing disregard for the sanctity of the priesthood in election rows. The priests have to take their share of the blows, and their presence is no longer a shield of defense for their political partisans.

LATE advices from Venezuela report the affairs of the revolutionists to be prospering. Crespo has now complete control of the Orinoco River and the country surrounding it. His forces have also captured the towns of Guiria and Campana, and are also in complete possession of the Island of Margarita.

HUNDREDS of Illinois women have organized political clubs to assist in the election of Grover Cleveland. They have also set about to raise a campaign fund, and have already sent to the Democratic State Committee what is believed to be the first contribution to the campaign expenses of a political party ever made by an organized body of ladies.

THE appointment of Dr. Crum to be postmaster of Charleston, S. C., against which the citizens of that town are vigorously protesting, is declared by Crum to be in accordance with a written pledge given him by President Harrison's agents at the Minneapolis convention, in recompense of Crum's services in Harrison's behalf, among his fellow delegates of color from the South.

CONSIDERABLE difficulty is encountered in securing a chairman of the Republican National Committee. F. P. Sanborn, an ex-member of the committee, now in New York, says everybody is too busy with private affairs to undertake the management of the campaign. The general impression in the matter is that the prominent Republicans recognize that the party is doomed to defeat in the coming election, and none of them cares to shoulder the responsibility of conducting what is doomed to be an unsuccessful campaign.

POLITICS are boiling in Ireland. At a recent public meeting near Dublin, the Rev. Father Behan is reported to have said that "Farnell was a curse to the country. God thrust him down to the grave, where his bones are now rotting. Every man living a loose life, every drunkard, every man who liked to beat his wife, was a Farnellite." The *Dublin Independent* says any layman would be horsewhipped for such language as that of Father Behan, and that the people have endured such priestly indecencies too long. If Archbishop Welch does not put a stop to them the people will.



## Christian Endeavor

### BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,  
Sowing in the noontide, and in the dewy eve;  
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,  
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Bringing in the sheaves,  
Bringing in the sheaves,  
We shall come, rejoicing,  
Bringing in the sheaves;  
Bringing in the sheaves,  
Bringing in the sheaves,  
We shall come, rejoicing,  
Bringing in the sheaves.

Time and again did the great amphitheatre in Madison Square Garden, in New York, resound with this ringing hymn—the chosen one of the Christian Endeavorers—who met in convention in the metropolis during the second week of July.

Thirty thousand voices at every session of the conferences were lifted up in hosanna and promise; and thirty thousand hands signed the pledge binding their owners to “bringing in the sheaves” gleaned in their labors for religion.

No church organization of modern times has made such growth and progress as the one in reference. Started in an inconspicuous church eleven years ago, when two societies numbered sixty-eight members, it caught the fancy and inspired the enthusiasm of the young, and spread from church to church, leveling denominational divisions until the great body of workers at the convention in New York represented some 22,000 societies and 1,500,000 members.

Desire to interest the young in work for the church suggested the first organization to the pastor and members of the Williston Church, of Portland, Me. The suggestion grew out of a revival season at that church. In an account of the first work, written by the Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark, who was pastor of Williston Church at the time, and has since been president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, which is the central executive body of the organization, he says: “The problem of bringing the young into church work weighed heavily upon the minds of the pastor and older members, for they felt that neither the Sunday-school, nor the church prayer meeting, nor the young people’s prayer meeting, though all well sustained and admirable in their way, was sufficient to hold and mould the Christian character of these young converts. There was a gap between conversion and church membership to be filled, and all these young souls were to be trained and set at work.

“How should these things be done? These were the pressing problems. After much prayer and thought, the pastor invited the recent converts, as well as the younger church members, to his house, on the evening of February 2, 1881, and, after an hour of social intercourse, presented a constitution, which he had previously drawn up, of the ‘Williston Young People’s Society of Christian Endeavor.’ This constitution is essentially the same as that adopted by the great majority of the societies of Christian Endeavor at the present day.”

“Some three years later, at the request of one of the national conventions, with the aid of one or two friends, the founder of the first society revised the constitution and framed the by-laws, adding various committees as they now appear in the ‘Model Constitution.’ But the essential features of the work were in the first constitution—the definition of the object, the two classes of members, the ‘prayer-meeting pledge,’ (the most important part of the constitution,) the consecration or experience meeting, the roll call, the provision for dropping members, and the three main committees are provisions which are all found in the first constitution.

The pledge which has now been signed by some million-and-a-half of persons, best indicates the purpose of the individual members of the enthusiastic union:

“Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do; that I will make it the rule of my life to pray and to read the Bible every day, and to support my own church in every way, especially by attending all her regular Sunday and midweek services, unless prevented by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Savior, and that just so far as I know how, throughout my whole life, I will endeavor to lead a Christian life. As an active member I promise to be true to all my duties, to be present at and to take some part, aside from singing, in every Christian Endeavor prayer meeting, unless hindered by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Lord and Master. If obliged to be absent from the monthly consecration meeting of the Society, I will, if possible, send, at least, a verse of Scripture, to be read in response to my name at the roll-call.”

The steady and rapid growth of the movement is seen in the figures reported in the successive conventions ending with that held in New York.

A very good example of the earnestness and ingenuity of the methods employed by the Christian Endeavorers to reach persons of all classes, conditions, and ages, was furnished at the convention by the Rev. C. H. Tyndall, who gave the children present one of his famous object-lesson talks on “Temperance.”

Taking out of a bag a balloon, which looked like any other balloon, he held it up above his head and told the children to look at it.

“Now you will see what a difference there is between good boys and bad boys,” he said. “You might think to look at this balloon, which I hold in my hand, that it would go up if I let it loose. But it won’t. A bad boy will never rise in the world, and neither will this balloon.”

The speaker suddenly let the balloon loose, and it fell on the platform, bounced around for a second, and remained stationary.

Taking out of another bag a balloon similar in appearance, Mr. Tyndall held it in his hand for a moment, that the children might see that it was an ordinary balloon. It was fastened to a long thread, and when he released it it bounded into the air as high as the thread would allow it to go.

“That’s an illustration of your good boy,” said Mr. Tyndall.

Then he fastened the two balloons together. The balloon which had risen in the air was dragged down by the one which



CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR: CONVENTION SCENES, NEW YORK CITY

had fallen. "That shows the evil of bad associates," said the speaker.

Then Mr. Tyndall placed something covered with a handkerchief on the pulpit rail. He fastened the thread of the good balloon to this something.

"Some times," he said, "little boys are good until they reach a certain stage. Then something holds them down and they can go no further, like this balloon. Do you want me to show you what keeps more boys and men down than anything else in the world? I will show you."

Lifting the handkerchief, a wine-glass filled to the brim with red liquor was revealed. "That's the evil of intemperance," said the speaker.

#### DOMESTIC.

THE grave of Governor Lincoln, at Augusta, Maine, was recently broken open, the coffin demolished, and the bones scattered.

JAY GOULD and C. P. Huntington recently made a bid of \$8,000,000 for the Tehuantepec Government Railroad, in Mexico, which was declined.

THE Lower House of Congress has passed a bill to limit the amount of wearing apparel which travellers may bring into this country free of duty.

A STEAM disinfecting plant is to be established on Ellis Island, New York harbor, for disinfecting the baggage of immigrants from infested districts.

A DEAD leper, named George Kavanagh, and a dying one, named Alex. McCaw, were discovered in a dugout house, twelve miles above Boise City, Idaho.

THE amount of money appropriated for pensions by the Senate is \$14,737,350, an increase of nearly \$12,000,000 over the sum approved by the House.

It is stated that a secret organization of labor men has been formed in Boston to obtain military training, and that Chicago workmen will enlist to fight Pinkerton men.

WILBERT ANDERSON, master mechanic of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, while fishing in the rapids below the whirlpool at Niagara Falls, fell into the turbulent current and was washed away.

THE total loss by the conflagration at St. Johns, Newfoundland, will reach \$15,000,000, with an insurance of but \$3,000,000. The majority of the inhabitants have lost their entire earthly possessions.

AN explosion in the Giant Powder Company's works at Highland, on the east side of San Francisco bay, and twelve miles from San Francisco, killed three white men and many Chinamen. The shock was felt at Sacramento, eighty miles distant.

THOMAS EDISON, whose readiness to "patent" the inventions of other men has lately received the sanction of the higher courts, has been sharply rebuked by the Commissioner of Patents in a decision against him, in the controversy with Joseph W. Swan as to the right to a patent for an electric light carbon for incandescent lamps.

ROSE GERLEUOT, the member of the English Sisterhood who two years ago gained worldwide notoriety by offering to devote her life to the care of the lepers at Molokai, Sandwich Islands, has returned to San Francisco. While in the leper hospital in Honolulu, Sister Rose married the young physician in charge of the institution. He has accompanied her to San Francisco, and intends to pursue his profession in that city.

JANNA CHADAI, a Syrian woman, recently passed the quarantine officers of New York harbor, though, as was subsequently discovered, the poor wretch is in the last stages of leprosy. She was sent back to Syria. On the way to this country the woman mingled freely with her fellow-passengers in the steerage. Her sister who had eaten with her off the

same dishes and slept with her during the voyage was not sent back.

ANOTHER remnant of the arm of St. Ann, the mother of the blessed Virgin Mary, is now on its way to this country. It is specially destined for the church of St. Jean Baptiste in New York, and bears the authentic approval and seal of the late Cardinal Oeselschi, vicar general of Pope Gregory XVI., and that also of the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec. During the recent exhibition of a portion of St. Ann's arm in the same church, many thousands of dollars were added to its coffers by the faithful.

THE Reverend Thomas Dixon is threatened with a libel suit by three notorious New Yorkers, of whom he recently spoke as follows in a sermon before a crowded audience: "I have said that Tammany Hall is an organization of criminals. I repeat it with emphasis. In that little coterie of men who compose its real governors are three leaders who were in prison at the same time charged with murder—Croker, Seamed, and Stokes." The suit will be brought under the construction of the law that "the greater the truth, the greater the libel."

ANTHONY COMSTOCK has discovered a deplorable state of affairs among the pupils of one of the public schools of Newark, N. J. Mr. Comstock noticed a crowd of boys on their way to school deeply interested in reading a paper. He got possession of one of the papers and found its contents to be vile. Mr. Comstock confiscated the reading matter, which was in manuscript and written on foolscap. He then called on the principal of the school, where he induced the pupils to tell enough to enable him to trace the objectionable matter to a girl who is said to belong to a respectable family in Newark. Comstock, on threatening her with arrest, procured the original copy. She informed him that it had been given to her by a well-known business man of Newark.

#### FOREIGN.

KING MABETOA, of Samoa, has appointed Thomas Mabeu to be Secretary of State.

THE inhabitants of Nicolosi and Belpesso, villages at the base of Mount Etna, are in a state of panic over the indications of an impending outbreak of the volcanic monster.

THE *Lancet*, the leading medical journal of Great Britain, insists that the epidemic which has caused so many deaths in the neighborhood of Paris is cholera, and not what the French call it—"cholérine."

TWENTY-SIX persons were killed and thirty were injured by an explosion of the boilers on the steamer *Mont Blanc* while on a pleasure trip on Lake Geneva in Switzerland. No American was on the steamer at the time.

RIOTS have occurred in Astrakhan as a consequence of the efforts of the authorities to prevent the spread of cholera. The infuriated people declare that the measures taken are barbarous in the extreme, and that many persons were buried alive.

THE debate in the French Chamber of Deputies in regard to the occurrences in Dahomey resulted in the overthrow of M. Cavaignac, Minister of Marine. It is doubtful, however, if his retirement from office will bring about the fall of the entire ministry.

M. JACQUOT, the French Consul at Leipzig, who was arrested during a quarrel at a café in that city, but who was liberated as soon as he proved his identity, has been recalled, the French Ambassador at Berlin having intimated that Jacquot's conduct was wholly improper.

THE Chilean authorities have given permission for the exhumation of the body of Charles William Riggins, who was killed during the assault upon the sailors of the United States cruiser *Baltimore* by the Valparaiso rioters. The remains will be brought home for burial with military honors.

THE President of the Argentine Republic says that it will be impossible to pay the nation's debts in full. He favors the appointment of a commission to study the country's resources. He hopes to be able to form a strong and capable ministry, ready to make sacrifices for the payment of a just proportion of the foreign claims.

THE Austrian Government has dissolved sixteen German students' clubs, on the ground that they had become political associations contrary to law. The chief cause of the government's action was the course of the students in giving such an enthusiastic reception to Prince Bismarck on the occasion of his visit to Vienna.

THE Russian town of Baku has been abandoned by all of its citizens except those who were too weak from the prevailing epidemic of cholera to quit the place. The terrified populace stormed the railway stations, helped themselves to tickets *à la carte*, and travelled on the roofs of the railway carriages when the cars themselves became crowded to the full.

THE American Minister in Paris declines to say, on his own responsibility, that there is no cholera in the French capital. In reply to inquiries from our government, Minister Goadby repeats the statement of the Prefect of Paris, that a number of cases of cholera nostras have occurred in the environs, caused by drinking the water of the Seine, but there have been no cases of Asiatic cholera.

A GERMAN journal friendly to ex-Chancellor Bismarck says: "When the Emperor had twice summoned him to resign, Prince Bismarck refused, but sent instead a document containing the reasons for his refusal, and representing dangers that he saw menacing Germany in the future;" and there is reason to believe that Bismarck is on the point of publishing the document referred to.

BOLIVIA'S Congress meets on the 6th prox., and on the same date President Arce will turn over his office to his successor, Baptista. The latter, in order to get General Camacho, one of his rival candidates for the Presidency, out of the country, will appoint him as Minister to Peru. Baptista's Cabinet will be as follows: Señores Luis Paz, Lis-Marín, Gutiérrez, Fernández, Alonzo Joaquín Ichaso, and Bishop Coronado.

M. GREINER, the clerk in the French Navy Department who was arrested for selling official documents to Captain Borup, military attaché of the United States legation, is likely to escape serious punishment. Public feeling in regard to his offense has changed since the discovery that Greiner received a salary of \$360 a year for his confidential services, and had worked six years without promotion.

AT the trial of the persons charged with conspiracy to assassinate Prince Ferdinand and a number of high Bulgarian officials, one of the witnesses, named Zlatavoff, confessed the details of the plot to murder Prince Ferdinand, while he was en route to meet his mother, Princess Clementine. The engineer and fireman of the train on which he travelled were in the plot. They intended to stop the train in the Dragoman Pass, where the Prince was to have been put to death.

THE Japanese Diet has ended with a spirited dispute between the two houses, which the Emperor decided in favor of giving the House of Peers equal rights with the Lower House to amend the budget. The government has, however, been beaten on a number of measures, and in addition to the Minister of Home Affairs, the Ministers of Justice and the Navy have tendered their resignations. It is also reported that the Prime Minister has resigned, and that an effort is being made to bring Count Ito to the fore.

THE Cologne *Gazette* threatens to make some ugly revelations. It declares that the editor of the *Hamburger Nachrichten* attempted recently to enlist its services in the Bismarck campaign, and that Prince Bismarck himself contributed articles to the Cologne *Gazette*, which the editors were obliged

to refuse to publish. It is thought in Berlin that upon his return from his Norwegian pleasure trip, the Kaiser will convene the Federal Council for the purpose of discussing the proper attitude to be assumed by the Imperial Government toward Prince Bismarck.

THE delay in the appointment of a French arbitrator in the Behring Sea Commission is due to the stand taken by M. Ribot, the Foreign Minister of France, who objects to the employment of English as the official language of the conference. M. Ribot contends that French is the official language on such occasions. The United States legation sent several cables to Washington on the subject, and finally a compromise was arranged. The protocols will be kept in English and French, while French may be the official language of the conference, but the decision of the conference will be given in English.

#### INDUSTRIAL.

THE Elders' Guild of Berlin have issued a report which, referring to the commercial policy of the United States, says that their increased imports from certain districts of Germany indicate that the Americans still depend on Europe for articles requiring prolonged and skilful work. European taste in the invention of novelties also appears to be lacking in the United States.

#### THE STAGE.

RICHARD MANSFIELD is to be taken on a tour through the Southern circuit next season. He will receive a guarantee of \$1,000 per week for his personal services.



KATE CASTLETON, a bonnie Englishwoman, who sang archly and danced gracefully, died at Providence, R. I., a few days ago. She had been ailing but a short time, and her death was a shocking surprise. Miss Castleton came to this country about fifteen years since, and at once attracted the favor of theatre-goers.

IN a letter to a friend in this country Paderewski, the Polish pianist, who made a tour through America last season with inordinate financial success and critical approval, speaks most contemptuously of our country and our people. He rails at our want of appreciation of that which is really good in music, and thinks that his splendid success here was due more to the tact and ingenuity of his managers than to the taste of the public.



MONTEIRO DA SILVA,  
First Lieutenant.

MARQUES JOAQUIM DE LEAO,  
Commander.

### Our Brazilian Visitor.

ANYONE who has a notion that iron and steel have utterly routed wood in ships-of-war should manage to get a look at the *Amirante Barroso*, that has lately arrived at the port of New York from Rio Janeiro. (See page 452.)

This swift three-masted corvette, full ship rigged, sits in the water like a duck, and her lines are infinitely more graceful than those of the ungainly monsters that are forged, hammered, and welded from sheets of grim metal.

Peroba is the material of which the Brazilian visitor is constructed. Peroba is one of the hard woods that abound in the forests of the Amazon. How hard it is one may know from the circumstance that the *Amirante Barroso* went ashore in the Bay of Rio Janeiro some years ago, and after pounding on the rocks for full twenty-four hours, slid off into the water with her hull showing no more serious injury than a few scratches.

The sturdy corvette is about nine years old. She is 163 feet in length, and of 2,010 tons displacement. With engines of 2,200 horsepower, she can make fifteen knots an hour, if pressed. Her battery consists of eight twelve-centimetre guns and six Nordenföhl guns. Including the officers, twenty in number, the vessel carries three hundred men all told. One hundred and eighty of these are apprentices, the others experienced man-o-war's men, sailors, and marines. The commander, Marques de Leao, is one of the most prominent officers of the Brazilian navy. He is only forty years old, but he has fought all through the Paraguayan war, and is now making a second circumnavigation of the globe.

Visitors on board the *Amirante Barroso* were with interest and surprise the apparent laxity, or rather, the democracy of discipline. Officers, sailors, and cadets are all on terms of cheery friendliness and free intimacy. Whites and blacks, Brazilians, Portuguese, Negroes, and Indians make up a colony almost gipsy-like in its frank gaiety and absence of stiff ceremony.

The regular routine duty on the *Amirante Barroso* is as follows: Rise at half-past four o'clock, wash, dress, and breakfast. Flag salute at six o'clock, and then scrub decks and masts until eight o'clock. The young men spend the rest of the time until noon in receiving instruction in handling the

ship. The afternoon is spent in physical exercises, and the evenings on deck and in the fore-castle at liberty. The officers' cabins are fitted up with considerable luxury, and bear witness in their diverse and outlandish adornments to the varied journeyings of the ship.

The *Amirante Barroso* left Rio on April 7, touched at Pernambuco, Barbados, St. Thomas, and stopped twelve days in Norfolk, where the officers witnessed the launching of the *Tetara*. After a short stay in New York the Brazilian cruiser is going to visit several European countries, from where she will go back to Brazil.

### THE "OLD STONE MILL" AT NEWPORT.

[Continued from page 451.]

have been cut in the wall evidently from time to time, but simply pierced through.

Following the dotted lines and angles on the illustrations, it will be plainly seen where the beams and other features of the upper floor and staircase were placed in position. Here is much of the best and most thoughtful work in the building. The mortise is deep and true; the wall thickens out to make the offset, and narrows down to make the wall hole of stairs, as shown on diagram.

I cannot pursue this portion of my argument further in this place, as space forbids. Evidence shows the Northmen could not have erected the building. Why did the English erect it in its present form, when, and for what purpose?

The earliest written record is in the will of Governor Benedict Arnold, dated December 20, 1677, where it is spoken of as his "stone built windmill." Peter Easton, in his diary, states that the first mill—a wooden one—was built in 1663. This blew down in 1675, two years before the date of Arnold's will. Arnold also mentioned in his will his "Leamington Farm." Now, this Leamington note plays an important part in the "Mill Mystery." Benedict Arnold resided near Leamington, Warwickshire, England; he was there in 1632. In that year, Inigo Jones, one of the most noted and prominent architects of the seventeenth century, erected near Leamington a windmill, now standing, and a remarkable work, built of cut stone, and resting on six square piers with richly moulded semicircular arches. Arnold was familiar with this mill, which was not only a new departure in mill construction, but is, even at the present day, admired for the beauty and fitness of its details.

Now let us compare briefly the two edifices. The dimensions are about the same, but there are striking differences which must be reconciled, and this can be done by comparison and reasoning. At Leamington there are six piers and arches—at Newport eight. The Leamington mill is built of cut stone finely wrought. If we now group six piers in a circle, with a diameter of nineteen feet, and turn arches above them, we will find that two curves must be employed—a vertical one for the rise of the arch, and a horizontal one for the plan. This could be done in cut stone, and Jones built accordingly. At Newport no stone fit for cutting could be had, nor does any exist out on the island. The upright curve could here be formed, but it was impossible to make the horizontal curves with rude stones simply wedged together, and not cut as caissons. The arches must be thrown straight from pier to pier, forming an octagon—this was done. To superimpose a circular wall on these arches with six piers, threw the wall beyond the bearings too far over the centres for safety, and eight arches were in consequence substituted. Even now the superstructure overhangs somewhat the keys of the arches.

The piers at Newport could be built approximately round with care, but to build square and true, cut stone would have been required.

Other features in both mills show the sources of inspiration that guided the Newport workmen in their efforts. Stone, mortar, and the whole general construction, all compare with similar works erected by the colonists prior to the year 1700, and still standing on the island.

GEORGE C. MASON, JR.



EDITED BY MARY L. BISLAND.

THE VANITY OF VANITIES.—There was a time, to which the memory of many middle-aged Americans runneth back, when the foreigners who toured the United States and sat promptly down on their return home to write a book on the crude new country, devoted one long and entire chapter to a careful description of the painfully over-dressed pretty American women. To his countrywomen the traveled foreigner never failed to relate the story of how American girls of sixteen and matrons of sixty, attired in full-dress evening gowns and diamonds, gathered at seven in the morning about the drinking fountain of a famous mineral spring to sup the healing waters. It was quite true, this story of the decorous Europeans, therefore the American woman's taste in dress became a by-word among the primly-frocked foreign women who still naively tell the anecdote of green satin and diamonds to any passing American.

*Mais, nous avons changé tout cela*, will insist any woman from the United States who can afford not to blush for past indiscretions of her countrywomen, strong in the present knowledge of her own unsurpassed taste and skill in dress. That quaintly absurd morning costume is easily to be excused, and the vulgar ostentation forgotten in the flatteringly unanimous verdict of to-day that our women have a higher understanding of the true canons of the sartorial art than even the Parisienne herself. The American woman has wealth and beauty, and, curiously enough, possesses to-day an instinct for taste and grace in dress that her mother had not, it would seem.

No longer at the wells of mineral springs, on the beaches of the seaside resorts, on the mountain side, the coach box, or the yacht's deck, do satin and jewels gleam in all their old-fashioned barbaric splendor. No, indeed; we have learned too much for that; our women not only know how, but when, to dress in elaborate fashion. So it seems; but have they really? A little observation shows that the satin and diamonds have only been suppressed in one place to appear in another.

In a handsome clubhouse, not far from New York, a yacht club's country home, in which wearied business men find refuge from the city and their labors, where flannels, caps, and brown shoes are *de rigueur*, and easy comfort and civility informality of habits and manners are tolerated, the wives, daughters, and feminine friends of members are hospitably admitted. It was hoped that taking their cue from the simplicity-loving men, the women would remain in harmony with their surroundings, and that life in the country club would preserve a tone of agreeably civilized rusticity, in so delightful contrast with the hard lines of formal city life. The hope was a vain one. For a few weeks the women visitors at the club wore flannel yachting suits or gingham gowns, but, surely enough, the instinct that prompted the exaggerated morning toilet at the watering-place long ago, cropped up early this season in the little country club.

On special club afternoons and evenings, tea, talk, sailing, billiards, etc., were the amusements supposed to suffice for all needs, and they did, until one evening a silk gown and low slippers sent a flutter of excitement through the feminine guests. Not halting to consider that the inappropriateness of such finery in a semi-public place, among men in flannels, and in a season when such follies are supposed to be laid aside for the sake of more wholesome joys, every gingham-

gowned woman regarded the silk frock as a personal challenge. The next club afternoon the tea-tables were empty, but as evening grew on groups of airily-gowned women appeared. They cared not for sailing, or beach walking, or billiards, or talks on the broad gallery in their light dresses, so a dance was inaugurated. The death blow had been struck at simplicity and at good taste, surely enough. Satin trains are now sweeping the clubhouse floors, diamonds sparkle in the light, and the foreigner looking on in wonder, marks very small difference between this and the display fifty years ago around the mineral water fountain. Surely American women know the how of dress, but not the when, for go where you please, you will find that verily the times and seasons, the comfort and convenience and good taste are sacrificed to permit extravagant dressing. In the casinos of country and seaside resorts the scene is repeated; anything, apparently, for an opportunity to dress extravagantly. The rustle of silk and tinkle of jewels fairly fill the air. The greatest of American watering-places is but an extravagant show of fine millinery, and the tiniest of the summer country settlements struggles valiantly to emulate this great example.

Perhaps in all America but two places may be named where dress does not set the prevailing tone and customs. Just outside of Boston, in Dedham village, is the Polo Club, that has its home in a dear, queer little diamond shaped house, where simplicity reigns supreme. The club is open to men and to women, and these latter, curiously enough, dare not, and care not, to dress above the flannel and gingham standard. A silk gown and bare shoulders finding their way of an autumn evening into the charming homely living-room would find themselves strangely out of harmony with the plainly clothed men and women grouped about the wide fireplace in split bottom chairs and wooden settles. Any effort on the part of visitors to introduce fashionable customs into the diamond house would be, and has been, sternly and effectually repressed. Those who attend the club are persons of wealth, who, in their homes, enjoy every extravagant luxury of life, and to the club they go for temporary relief from the formalities of life.

Up in the Catskill Mountains, where a group of literary and artistic folk founded the settlement of Ontonaga, the same enviable simplicity of life reigns supreme. There was a day, so Ontonaga's founders explain, when society, with all its frills and flourishes, attempted to invade this lovely mountain fastness and inaugurate a new and disagreeable system of things, and brave visitors, in the face of openly expressed disapproval, attempted by a fine display of millinery of the traditional satin and diamonds, to corrupt the manners of the charming retreat. Saturday night at the club was attended by a group of women in dancing gowns, whereupon the women of the settlement turned out *en masse* in flannels and brown shoes, and saved Ontonaga, for a short while afterward these would-be revolutionists, with their well-filled trunks, left for a more congenial climate.

FROM FAR CATHAY.—One may easily shop to-day in the extremities of the earth, in France and Japan, in Paris and Yokohama. For instance, not long ago an enterprising little Japanese dry goods merchant in the great harbor city, where Americans bound for the East first touch Asiatic soil, sold to the wealthy curiosity-loving people of the West, rolls, bolts



and pieces of the incomparably beautiful material that fill the shelves of his queer little shop. He painstakingly and shrewdly taught himself sufficient English in which to carry on clever bargains, and express beguiling Japanese civilities, and he tucked quaint advertising cards in the parcels put up for purchasers. So rare and exquisite are the fabrics he has for sale that home returning travellers secured for him a *clientele* of patrons, and to-day, from Japan, the thrifty merchant sends by mail to America rolls of samples, a price-list, and written formulas by which to order goods from across the world. A parcel of samples arriving in New York not long ago, contained bits of silk and cotton fabric, unlike any to be found in the shops where the costliest Eastern stuffs are for sale. In the flimsy, smooth-faced silks was a group of clear, deep colors, that a painter's brush might helplessly envy; uniform foliage greens the shade of the midsummer leaves, browns to match the freshly ploughed spring fields, and pure opaque yellow of Chinese mourning garments. But *crêpe* is the fabric of Japan, and into the warp and woof of that wrinkled silk the Japanese alone know how to throw the adorable rainbow tints, as tremulously opalescent as the vaporous arch. On *crêpe* as heavy as Duchess satin and as thin as tulle, the rainbow harmonies are struck again and again, in such perfection that one would more easily believe nature had accomplished the complete triumph in fine coloring.

On one rainbow fabric, as airy as *crêpe lisse*, the Japanese artist embroidered at such intervals as his faultless taste dictated, small and large rose blooms, each petal of which, in marvellous shading, repeated the rainbow tints. The price asked for these triumphs of art is ridiculously small, even when the cost of transportation from Japan and customs duties are included, and one enthusiastic beholder of so much fairy-like beauty was about to order fully a half-dozen bolts of tinted *crêpe* when, having occasion to exhibit the samples under gaslight, she found but a scrap of pure white *crêpe* in her hands. The color had flown in the glare of the artificial light, for the Japanese live wholesomely in the daylight, and, like the flowers, make no calculations for night effects. But there were black *crêpes* stamped in showers of gold leaves and chrysanthemums, and the cotton *crêpes*, blue as the Southern skies, and flowered in skeleton black figures, interspersed with grey and pink. The genuine Japanese silk and cotton goods are woven in lengths not over twenty or twenty-four inches wide, and some five or six yards constitute a dress piece. Several dress pieces are required for the elaborate costume of the Western woman, though the Japanese girl finds a sufficiency for her little frocks, and ruffles to spare, from one bolt. The silk *crêpes* are rolled on neat, well-rounded wooden sticks, and, like the cotton *crêpes*, may be most charmingly made up with black or white silk of Western manufacture.

**NEW JEWELS.**—The woman of this era, for whose sweet sake artist, designer, manufacturer, and milliner exhaust ingenuity and wealth in supplying with personal attire, has now demanded something novel in the jewels she wears, which demand has, of course, produced a prompt supply. Oriental gems are unquestionably the smartest bijoux to own, and combine lavishly with the Eastern and barbare Russian stuffs fashion has brought into vogue.

Having used up all the thrills of ecstacy she had to expend upon diamond rivieres, stomachers, and coronets, she turns with positive relief to the rudely cut stones quaintly strung together by far away Indian jewelers. In some of these lately imported collections may be found the odd bib necklace forming a point that falls on the centre of the neck. This bib is composed of sapphires and pearls interthreaded in a sort of lattice work, while another, even more beautiful, is woven of five rows of turquoises, with fine gold and pearl tips forming a graceful fringe; another again, is a mixture of rubies, turquoises, and sapphires. The gems are unset, but cut in a rounded form at the top so that they are easily suspended by a chain of pearls to fall gracefully about the throat.

Fully as rich and showy is the Barbic necklace, displaying a number of gems of various colors, all intermixed and roughly cut, with double rows of amethysts attached to pearls, or

topaz treated in the same way. Some of them consist of squares of gems suspended to a row of pearls, such as sapphires set in gold. With the untiring patience of the Eastern workman, the backs of these squares are in their way as ornamental as the exterior, being wrought in the finest Jeypoor enamel. Moonstones show to an advantage when thus located, and beautiful gold enamel necklaces, with all kinds of gems attached, have been imported. In the combination of pearls, emeralds, and rubies having a pendant in the centre, those of the fish shape are the newest.

Jade is also vastly used for curious collars, and encircle the throat. There are three kinds, the pure white, the light green, and that of a pale brown tint. A bangle was also deserving of note that was set with stones of all colors—pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, and lined with Jeypoor enamel worthy of the closest scrutiny. There is a vast amount of interest centred in this antique jewelry, and before long many an American casket will overflow with this rich and costly product of a strange land.

**POLITICAL SENTIMENT.**—There were numbers of men, and women, too, who never doubted in the last Presidential election but that Mrs. Cleveland would run away ahead of her ticket, or rather, carry her distinguished husband on to greater popularity than ever. Indeed, hundreds and thousands of voters, having felt the cordial hand-grasp of the chateleine of the White House, were fascinated then and there, and ready to swear that that tall pretty woman was more than a match for tariff or silver issues. In this detail they were, of course, mistaken, but all the force of all the sentiment Frances Folsom excited seven years ago has been reasoned, and indications this time point to her own sex taking the matter in hand and bearing her on to glory.

Every woman, no matter what her political affiliations may be, takes the liveliest sort of interest in Mrs. Ormsby's effort to introduce the Primrose League movement into this country. Having realized for some time past that a stimulus was needed to enliven and broaden their concern in national affairs, they will doubtless embrace her suggestion with avidity, and Frances Cleveland clubs will spring up all over the country. But now the question arises as to who means to initiate the McKee boom, and what will be the chosen colors of the rival factions. With infant Ruth and the Baby as color bearers, a very pale shade of blue would be most appropriate, but will not serve for both, and with the old McKee courtesy, it is supposed he will recognize the obligations of Place Aux Dames and yield any rights he might have in the matter.

Joking aside, however, a large number of broad-minded people of both sexes are pretty sure to feel that for the first time women here take hold of the thorny suffrage question at the safe end. Their "Influence Clubs" are sure to carry power with them, are liable to work serious injury to the side they oppose, while teaching the sex to study big questions, and weigh the merits of both sides as dispassionately and intelligently as possible. Mrs. Cleveland has, since her very first entrance into public life, exercised a strong magnetic power over those brought into the slightest contact with her. She has attracted, charmed, and then held her admirers as faithful vassals, and by a means not wholly explainable. For instance, a year ago, when grave doubts were entertained as to whether Cleveland would ever again enter the arena, it was only necessary for his wife to make her appearance at a private luncheon party, for the woe present to literally go wild with excitement. The apparent gush must have been sincere emotion, for no one present had an axe to grind, and yet matrons, as they were, they were amusingly ardent in word and action. This experience the dignified lady has enjoyed again and again, never herself displaying unwanted feeling, yet always able to excite.

Some of Mrs. Cleveland's closest friends say she is a woman of the loftiest ambition, in fact, that political aspiration is the strongest passion of her nature. They say that to society she is indifferent, save as far as it serves her ends, having simple tastes personally, and being ready at all times to throw herself body and soul into working for the advancement of the present Democratic Presidential Candidate.



## FASHIONS.

## A MOUNTAIN DRESS.

**D**OUTBLESS many of our readers who intend visiting the mountainous districts this summer, will appreciate some suggestions for costumes suitable for walking and climbing. The material should be light in weight, rather bright in color, and sufficiently warm in texture to guard against chill when the highest paths of the mountains are reached. Therefore, the best materials to choose would be homespun, chevots, or tweeds.

The costume should consist of a plain skirt reaching to about six inches of the ground, a jacket and Knickerbockers, together with gaiters of the same cloth.

A Norfolk jacket is a pretty accompaniment to this kind of dress, but what is newer and more suitable is a silk blouse waist and a loose fronted jacket of the blazer order, for such could be easily removed and carried on a strap when the weather is warm.

**N**O. 160 portrays a mountain costume of heather mixture tweed, consisting of a skirt, jacket, Knickerbockers, and a silk blouse. The jacket revers, cuffs, and collar are of hunter's green cloth. The gaiters are also of cloth. The blouse is of red silk, and bows of ribbon trim the left side of the skirt, decorate the wide brimmed hat, and flutter from the handle of the alpenstock. The tan leather pouch is secured by a strap passing over the left shoulder. Tan shoes of Russia leather should be worn with this costume.



NO. 160. MOUNTAIN DRESS OF MIXTURE TWEED.

**N**O. 161 shows a pretty morning wrapper of white nainsook, trimmed with Platte Valenciennes lace and narrow white ribbon. Quantities of material required are as follows:

12 yards nainsook,	@ 49c, \$5.88
12 yards Valenciennes	insertion, @ 18c, 2.16
12 yards Platte Valen-	ciennes lace, @ 25c, 3.00
8 yards ribbon,	@ 18c, 1.44
	\$12.48

**N**O. 162. A shoulder cape of pink mouseline de soie. This consists of four widths of the material, eighteen inches deep, gathered on a circular yoke; two flounces of the same material, gathered, form a double collar frill and a jabot. This would require about four yards at \$1.00 per yard.



NO. 161. MORNING WRAPPER OF WHITE NAINSOOK.

**N**O. 163 pictures a plastron of canary yellow crêpe de Inde and black ribbon velvet bows and belt. One yard of crêpe and three yards of velvet ribbon would be required.

**N**O. 164. This sketch pictures a pretty little cape, worn with a plain silk princess dress. It is of mouseline de soie, and has a Charles I. cravat, with two odd little bows on the ends.

**N**O. 165 shows a shoulder cape of black poul de soie, lined with yellow silk, and braided and beaded with gold braid and silver beads.



## THE LATEST FASHIONS IN CAPES.

NO. 162. SHOULDER CAPE OF PINK MOUSSELINE DE SOIE.

NO. 163. FLASTRON OF CANARY YELLOW CREPE DE INDE.

NO. 164. CAPE OF MOUSSELINE DE SOIE, WORN WITH SILK PRINCESSE DRESS.

NO. 165. SHOULDER CAPE OF BLACK POULT DE SOIE.



1. Hereafter all correspondence should be addressed to "Editor, Correspondence Department, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, No. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

2. Questions sent by our readers will be answered in the order in which they are received. Owing to the large number of letters which reach us asking advice, and to the fact that answers to many of the questions involve considerable research, replies can rarely be given in the same week the letter is received. Our readers should not enclose stamped envelopes, with requests for private correspondence, or questions can be answered only in our next issue.

3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

FLUR DE LIS.—You cannot do better than make the gown of Japanese cotton crepe. Ask at some big Japanese shop to see white crêpes striped in hair lines of pink, blue, or green. These cotton gowns come twenty-seven inches wide, will wash like crash, and cost but fifty cents a yard. Make the skirt of the gown bell-shaped, but only long enough to just touch behind, for the long sweeping trains are now quite out of fashion. I think you had best line the skirt with white silk. Wear with this a shirt of pink and white striped silk, full-sleeved, and belted with a heavy white ribbon. Over the shirt have an Eton jacket of the crêpe turning back from the front in small revers faced with pink silk. A white sailor hat and white shoes, with white wash kid gloves and a white silk parasol, should finish off a very neat, inexpensive, and becoming little yachting gown. Now, remember the crêpe can be cleaned or washed any number of times, and white is most fashionable always for afternoons on the water. Of course, more lasting than the crêpe would be a gown of cream serge made up with silk, but for the serge you must pay far more than for the crêpe, which can easily be made up at home under your own eye.

POLL PARROT.—I unhesitatingly condemn the course you have followed in attempting to civilize the poor bird. Unless you promptly cease so absurd a system of discipline, his temper will be forever ruined. A parrot has intelligence enough to recognize and discriminate between persons, to cherish strong prejudices and bear malice. If, by your very unkind and unreasonable methods, you seem to have quite alienated his affection, and aroused all his hatred, there remains scarce any hope of ever living with him peacefully. Let me advise you to read what Olive Thorne Miller has to say on the question of parrots, and the routine necessary for their proper training. Gentleness, and not force or ill-treatment, is the means whereby the bird's ignorance and prejudice can be overcome. Change your tactics at once. Begin to-morrow, by attending yourself to all his wants, move quietly about his cage, and handle it softly. Answer all his harsh cries in a low, quiet voice, and, for fully three weeks, give him an opportunity to recover his good temper, and learn to regard you as a very gentle friend. After that you may begin to train him. Remember, that with that wretched little stick and a sharp tone of command, you will accomplish absolutely nothing with your bird. Patience and good temper are the sure ways of captivating a parrot's small heart and intelligence.

LADY FRIEND.—(1) The nice dishpan is, I fear, forever ruined. I can give you no advice for its mending. I believe the ware can be soldered; that is, however, only a temporary application. One must be careful of granite ware in order to preserve it in condition. I see now in the shops an excellent method for the protection of granite ware pot and kettle bottoms. On the outside of the utensil a supplementary bottom of copper is fitted. This makes the articles slightly heavier, but is so effectual a safeguard from the intense heat, that a granite ware pot so protected is warranted to last a lifetime. (2) I think by cookies you mean what, in the South, is commonly known as pralines. The receipt is very simple: Pick out as many of the pecan nuts as you care to use, that is, in proportion to the amount of sugar boiled. I ordinarily allow a coffee-cup of pecans to that measure of sugar. Light brown sugar is the kind properly employed in the manufacture of pralines. If you put four cups of sugar on to boil, add one cup and a half of water. Permit this to boil down with a lump of

butter, and, perhaps, a pinch of soda; stir the compound from time to time; have ready sheets of white paper, lightly oiled with butter. By careful watching of the pot you can judge just when the boiling mixture is preparing to recrystallize into sugar. At that juncture throw in all your pecans, instantly remove the pot from the stove, for a very brief second stir the pecans and sugar together; then, with a large spoon, divide out the mixture on prepared paper separate spoonfuls of the mingled nuts and sugar. These spoonfuls will, if poured with care, run out into round cakes and harden in circular form. When the compound has been portioned out, leave the papers with their contents for at least two hours; then, without the least trouble, you can lift off and test your candy. (3) Webster is my authority for the pronunciation of the word Receipt as *Reeset* in every instance. I am aware that the less euphonious pronunciation is often given the word, but cannot discover just how the distortions of the original expression came about. (4) Yes, the coupon is quite necessary with every letter of inquiry. If it is carefully cut from the magazine I do not think it materially injures the cover.

R. P. L. C.—(1) Take careful notes whenever you happen to sit at a well-arranged or elaborate table. There are, of course, general well-known and never altered rules for the setting of the table, though I cannot recall any authority to whom I could confidently refer you for exact facts in this matter of the domestic art. Then, too, the style for table arrangement is constantly varying, and 'tis only by observation that one keeps steadily abreast of the never ending change. These many of the leading rules for table setting I can give you here: Your table should always be laid first with a heavy under-cloth, best of cotton flannel, large enough to cover the table entirely, yet not long about the ends and sides. Over this should be spread the damask cloth. This under-thickness protects the table boards from the heat of any dish, from ministers of serving, and, also, gives to the surface of the board a softness preventing any undue noise when setting down plates, etc. Damask for dinner is always immaculately white, smoothly spread, and ample in falling folds about the table's edge. Never use fringed, colored, or elaborately embroidered linen for dinner; the best damask is the best. Napkins, both, perhaps, ornamented with the owner's embroidered initials, are in best form. In the centre of the table may be laid a square or long cloth of fine linen, delicately embroidered in colors, or of heavy white lace; then in the centre of this usually stands a bowl or vase of flowers. Either at the four corners of the center cloth can be set silver candlesticks, with shaded candles, or if one is so fortunate as to possess the valuable adjuncts, branching silver candelabra should stand midway between the middle and the ends of the table. Here and there place small fancy dishes of silver, china, or glass, containing olives, salted almonds, and hordons. At two of the table corners give decanters of wine a place, and then lay the covers as follows: Set for each individual a large dinner plate, in which fold the napkin about a square slice or roll of bread. At the upper right-hand side of the plate set a goblet for water, a claret, champagne, and sherry glass. These four must be grouped together. If you propose to serve shell-fish, soup, fish, and meat, with entrées in regular order, place on the left side of the plate three silver forks and a soup spoon. One of the forks, of course, is peculiarly shaped for oysters or clams, and, also, shell. On the right side of the plate lay two knives—one with a steel blade, the other of silver. An individual butter plate and salt-shell is now a matter of taste at private dinner tables. I have observed at the guest tables that business have set at the upper left-hand corner of the guest's plate a second small plate, a third silver spoon, a saucer, and, on this, one is supposed to deposit one's butter, bread, salted almonds, and olives. This second plate is a little awkward to manage, but it is an excellent depository for crumbs, almond stones, etc., that ordinarily are grouped as an unpleasant debris on the tablecloth. At breakfast 'tis also in better taste to employ white napery, the centre-cloth and a vase of flowers for color, while for informal luncheon, colored tablecloths and fringed napkins are sometimes used by those who care for other brilliancy than flowers, fruit, sparkling glass, brilliant silver, and handsome china can lend. If table linen is uniformly white and smooth, the silver, glass, and china immaculate, and flowers arranged daintily as a centre-piece, the dinner table will be ever a delight, though the placing of forks and glasses may be a bit behind the freakish fashion of the day. This is a question only in Paris, a French doctor can successfully answer. I have heard that in Paris obstinately short eyelashes can be coaxed to more luxuriant growth. I could not recommend to you any receipt or process by which you can rectify the ugly feature. (3) By keeping them in a healthy condition. They will not be a cause of trouble, but perhaps, by keeping your eyes that may be naturally weak, or, more likely still, you are not in perfect health, and your eyes betray the disordered system. If you, however, are in robust health, and the weakness of the eyes is a purely local derangement, try simple remedies. Bathe

the afflicted orbs in warm water or lukewarm tea. A bath of borax is also soothing. If there is any pain attending on the discoloration, forlorn any straining of the delicate organs. Sleep in the dark, and do not read in the twilight or by lamplight. These simple precautions may cure the trouble, but if there seems no improvement, an oculist should be consulted. 'Tis always foolish to procrastinate in the treatment of so valuable and delicate a feature as one's eyes. (4) You should, my dear, have seen mother nature about your lips; no human artist is yet sufficiently skillful to remodel the actual features. (5) Persons in good health need never complain of pale lips. In the lips and cheeks good red, swiftly-flowing blood natural comes nearest to the skin's surface. Pale lips and cheeks bespeak a heart weak in action, or digestive organs out of order. Sometimes the blood can be coaxed into the lips by lightly and frequently drawing them in between the teeth and moistening them with the tongue. I am sorry I could not give you more exact information on all the points you make note of in your letter. I must needs possess a divine intellect to give you efficacious remedies for those very common and very troublesome defects of countenance. From the nature of your queries, I am led to suspect that your health is by no means perfect. This much, therefore, I can tell you: Study the science of preserving your body in a healthy condition, and a beauty of perfect physical order will be attained, and compensate for the faults of feature.

MARGUERITE.—I think you belong to the corps of modest young poets who are following in the footsteps of James W. Riley. Eh? You have caught the dialect poet's style, but the amateurish hand is shown in errors in versification, of which you are once or twice guilty. Suppose you leave off the first word (*law*) in the first line of the second verse. So abbreviated, the whole verse would seem more neatly. Again—read over the third verse twice or thrice aloud, and mark the chiming of line with line, and correct the error existing in the first line. This is, on the whole, far better verse than usually falls to my lot for criticizing. The ordinary embryo poet's ear is dead to the music and measure of poetry. Your effort is simple, and, therefore, deserves commendation. Suppose—if you have not done so before—you get a couple of good books on the making of poetry, and study the mechanical and spiritual side of the subject. I recommend "Rhymer" and E. A. Poe's "Marginalia and Criticisms" are the books to which I refer. Study these with care, and you will then discover that there are tools for verse-making as there are tools for blacksmithing, and that a knowledge of the proper use of the implements is necessary to any accomplishment of the art. I thus advise you, for you have sufficient talent to profit by instruction from the great masters.

A. G. C.—Yours is a pleasant letter to read and an agreeable one to answer, and I think I can be of assistance in solving the puzzling problem that you propound with so much hesitation. You quite forgot to mention whether this wrap is for summer or winter wear. In your country I am aware that the harshest of midwinter nights is spring-like in comparison to our bitter evenings, when furs are barely sufficient protection; therefore, I must, I think, advise a style of wrap that is in ordinary use with us in spring. Fifteen dollars will easily cover the cost of the following: Five yards of cream white bengaline will, I think, supply enough material from which to cut a cape gathered into a rolling collar at the throat, and falling at back and front well below the hips. The bengaline, that may be white or any color that pleases you, should cost about \$1.25 per yard. Therefore, we will allow \$6.25 out of your fifteen for the chief goods employed. To give body and mantle to the cape, a thickness of double-faced white canton flannel must be laid between the bengaline and inside lining. The double-faced canton flannel will cost twenty cents per yard, therefore, five yards absorbs another dollar. Were I in your place, I would line the wrap with a handsome quality of satin. For instance, if the bengaline is cream white, use five yards of soft rose-colored satin for lining; pay fifty cents a yard for it; consequently, \$2.50 for the full five yards. Finish off the edges of the cape with a cording of white silk, permitting the cord to edge the collar fronts and skirts of the cape. About seven yards of cord, at thirty cents a yard, will be needed for this purpose. Now, from where the rolling collar joins the cape, gather on a full ruffle of the decorative guipure lace that, for ninety cents a yard, comes thirteen inches wide, and in good pattern. Let this ruffle of lace hang all about the front and back of your shoulders, and spend just \$2.25 on its purchase. Add up these items, and you will see that you have one dollar left over to expend on a clasp for the collar, and for ribbons to attach to the back of the cape inside and tie around your waist. Of course, you intend to make the wrap yourself.

NANETTE.—For a visit such as you describe, you should have four or five hats. Louise & Co., 249 Fifth Avenue, are selling

some imported hats very cheap, and if you go now you will be able to get some very good bargains. For the garden hat they have a "Religious" sage green fancy straw, with a black chip facing, trimmed with American beauty roses and a butterfly bow of black satin ribbon.

Let a "Vireo" walking hat of fancy yellow straw, faced with black guipure lace, and trim it with tulle and a velvet bow in front with a rhinestone and jet buckle and a fancy black algrette. A travelling hat of sage green fancy straw, trimmed with two black quills and a fancy straw bow with velvet insertion, would make a good addition; and if you need the carriage hat, I saw two perfect dreams of loveliness—one was a white Leguere, trimmed with pure white wings and white gauze, with a full rich scarf of white gauze caught up in the back with a bunch of purple pansies; the other was a "Barbassou" hat of white tuscan straw, trimmed with five exquisitely beautiful black plumes, and finished with a rosette at one side of black ribbon velvet.

LITTLE MOTHER.—Yes, you can buy the ready-made yokes of Best & Co., 60 West Twenty-third Street; but it hardly pays to buy them, and go to the bother of making over the long clothes for the baby, when you can get ready-made little cambric Mother Hubbard dresses, with a yoke of fine tucks joined with hemstitching, and hemstitched skirt, for 90 cents—just what two little separate yokes would cost you. Of course, they have any variety and price you want to pay for.

There are some little beauties for \$2.88, made of French nainsook, with yoke of fancy tucking, insertion, and hand feather-stitching. The little flannel wrapper you spoke of making in the way you designed would be a tedious, tiresome task, and cost a great deal of money. Best & Co. have some little soft-tufted wrappers, made of cheesecloth, and tufted with blue, pink, and white rep. They are inexpensive, costing only \$1.25, and very useful for night and day wear or afternoon wearing.

GLORIANA.—Certainly, in any one of the large dry goods shops in New York City you can get the chiffon you mention, but I doubt your ability to match it with the sample enclosed. Nothing is more surprising than the ceaseless variations of fashion. Every month some slight difference is introduced in the mode of finishing. The simplest and most inquisitive of us are unable to answer the question to get a clear cream white chiffon ruffling without a wide or narrow satin edge; only the pale pearl can be had perfectly plain. This constant pursuit of change will also interfere in the case of the furniture you are looking for. Those Black Mayflower fireproof chairs that furnish the room in which you are sitting since, cannot be had now. The manufacturers assure me that the very patterns are doubtless destroyed, and the expense of having them made to order now would be considerable.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—By a curious coincidence, the very regimen you are looking for is touched upon in last week's number of "Current Topics." The article referred to may have already fallen under your notice. Of course, the reduction of flesh depends mainly upon your ability to diet faithfully, and take a requisite amount of exercise at stated periods. My private advice would be—as you describe yourself as vigorous and rarely indolent—to rise at six o'clock, walk briskly till seven, and then drink a pint cup of water as hot as you can take it. Lie down for ten minutes, and then jump in a tepid bath; after which use a big crash towel for rubbing the skin and bringing the blood well to the surface. Now, permit not less than an hour to elapse before eating a breakfast that should consist exclusively of meat, bread or mutton, a delicately cooked fish, or else clams and oysters, and clear tea or coffee. This sounds very severe, but if your steak is daintily prepared you can make a very pleasant meal, and will feel strengthened and sustained till half-past eleven A. M. At this time a second pint of the boiling water is in order, and at one o'clock the stomach is ready to receive another supply of good meat, unrelieved by any kind of bread or side dishes. Dinner, which should be an exact duplication of breakfast and lunch, is likewise preceded by the water, and, yet again, half an hour before retiring, the fourth pint must be drunk. If faithfully persisted in for three months, your weight will be reduced thirty pounds at the very least, or, most likely, forty-five pounds of wearing bulk will have been cast aside. And this is done with no loss of physical vigor. Indeed, when the desired end has been achieved, you will find your skin is clearer than it has been in years, your system lighter, and your whole condition vastly improved. There are thousands of women all over the country who would not hesitate to use means to reduce their excessive flesh, but fear drugs, have been warned against the pernicious effects of fasting, and feel the burden of corpulence as a horrid penalty less blight sent by Providence. The "Salisbury System," as this hot water cure is called, permits the patient to eat just as much as her appetite demands, avoids medicines, and can safely recommend the hot water as a sovereign remedy for old and stubborn cases of dyspepsia.



BY L'INCONNUE.

## RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. *Persons desiring to test character-reading by handwriting should send at least fifteen lines of original composition in the subject's handwriting, and signed by an assumed name, under which the reply will be given.*

2. *Letters must be marked "Graphology" in the left-hand top corner of the envelope, and addressed "L'Inconnue, care of Editor, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."*

3. *Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.*

324.—An interesting specimen and full of individuality, indicative of a highly cultivated man who has enjoyed liberal advantages. His tastes are graceful and show breeding and polish, he is entirely independent, thinking and acting solely to please himself, and is not infrequently accused of mild eccentricity. His manners are rather old-fashioned in their adherence to etiquette, he despises ostentation and pretence, has a temper which brooks no opposition, a somewhat overbearing will, displays clear ideas but no gift as a logician. Literary perception, intense prejudice, an enlightened mind, little materiality, personal dignity, honorable instincts, and tender affections without much form are here defined.

599.—This study, enclosed with the above, is in decided contrast, signifying, as it does, a virile, passionate, impulsive, hot-blooded woman, who is clever, but does not hold herself under very good control. She is intense in her likes and dislikes, has a fiery, sensitive, overbearing temper, an imperious will, a very warm heart, quick sympathies, a ready wit, critical tastes, suffers with constant fluctuations of temperament, being elated and depressed by turns. She is outspoken, luxury-loving, generous, and not highly intellectual.

HIMMEL.—A careful, conscientious, methodical, reserved, and rather despondent individual, who is studious, prudent in speech, gentle, has a cultivated intellect, but no original force. She has a receptive mind, and is capable of sustained mental effort, but could not conceive an idea independently or assert herself. However, she has overcome much of her natural conservatism already, and may hope for much by the continual action and polish of her faculties. Her temperament is uniform, she is loyal, dependable at all times, is highly refined, has graceful, literary tastes, exercises constant self-discipline, and is capable of passionately tender and unselfish attachments for a very few people.

PETITE MÈRE.—On lines; and the writer confesses to such limited culture, and so indifferent a use of the pen, that it would scarcely be fair to either side to accept the study for delineation.

MARIE-ILLINE-MARGUERITE.—This subject is inspired by high principles, warmth of feelings, deep sentiments, and correct and fastidious artistic perceptions. She is impressionable, imaginative, passionately fond of poetry, harmony, and romance, is very loquacious, fluent and graceful, but neither forceful nor amusing in speech. Her temper is sweet, her will firm and moderately persistent, she is prudent, equable, cheerful, aspiring, abstinent when once resolved upon a certain course, cares more for the manner of doing a thing than for the object itself, and in that very quality lies her greatest weakness. Her attention to detail amounts to finickiness, she is personally refined, cultivated, and dignified, is practical, companionable, and demonstrative where her affections are stirred.

NO. 135.—Leavenworth. Inequality is a serious fault in this character; indeed, it may be reckoned as the chief failing, and sets at naught the sporadic energy, the enthusiasm that flames and fades, the irregular efforts of will, and occasional spurts of ambition. The writer is capable of better things, and with steadiness and consistent persistency might aim much higher than she does at present. Her disposition is amiable, is usually sanguine, she is generous, instinctively refined, has a lively and romantic imagination, is conscientious, fond of a little superficial display, is sentimental and a bit capricious in her affections, and should cultivate self-control.

MADAME.—On lines. An absolutely conventional woman, who, nevertheless, is ardently anxious to rise above the commonplace. She does make honest efforts, but was born without intellectual

force or originality, and will be wise to polish and utilize her modest but deserving gifts. For example, she is generous, not only in deed but in thought, is very attentive to the details of life, and, as a rule, is sweet tempered though over-sensitive, and takes offense too easily. She shows no egotism or other admiring qualities. The writer is level-headed, will never be led away by sympathy or enthusiasm, is methodical, vigorous, direct, observing, shows excellent judgment, plenty of determination, both prudence and candor, a hasty temper often needing a severe curb, literary tastes, and general culture of the intellect. He is neither susceptible nor demonstrative, but has material tastes.

ARNER-BEARING-SMITH.—On lines. This study suggests a legal mind, fond of studying cause and effect, with clear and connected ideas, given to disputation, and generally successful in argument. The mind, while alert, active, and talented, might be more inquisitive and critical with advantage to its other admirable qualities. The writer is level-headed, will never be led away by sympathy or enthusiasm, is methodical, vigorous, direct, observing, shows excellent judgment, plenty of determination, both prudence and candor, a hasty temper often needing a severe curb, literary tastes, and general culture of the intellect. He is neither susceptible nor demonstrative, but has material tastes.

ALYSIA.—The tendency is all of an upward nature, illustrative of the author's high hopes, cherished longings, and confidence strengthened possibly by past achievements. The talents and perceptions show a literary bent, and, while there are no indications of genius, the will is firm and steadfast enough to accomplish work of genuine worth. On a good intellectual foundation a fine structure of culture has been reared, with keen and accurate appreciation, discipline of mind, a fondness for books, art, and general enlightenment. The reasoning faculties are not remarkable, but then there is an instinctive sense of justice that demands to know both sides of a question before forming an opinion. The temper is far from saccharine, is quick, given to domination, and sharp when opposed. Speech is entertaining, graceful, fluent, and yet wholly reserved when treating of personal matters. The prejudices are strong, impulses very generous, tastes elegant, habits systematic, individuality decided, attention to detail close, bearing dignified, and affections restricted to a few upon whom a wealth of tenderness is lavished.

HUL-KE-YAH.—An unusual amount of physical vitality, a buoyant temperament, and a vivacious mind. The writer is indifferent to many things that seem of the utmost importance to the rest of mankind, has careless, helter-skelter ways, hearty, hospitable manner, is entirely devoted to amusement, luxuries, is gregarious, cares nothing for intellectual pursuits, yet, at the same time, is remarkably clever, versatile, and very quick of perception. She has an ungovernable temper when thoroughly roused that is surprising to those who know her easy-going ways, loves to dominate and dictate, and is impatient under the slightest correction. She is amusing and exaggerative in speech, her imprudent methods have not proved much by experience, and her feelings are ardent and demonstrative.

YOLANDE.—Study enclosed with the above; is not the least bit interesting, denoting a very affectionate, mild-tempered, imaginative, refined, tender-hearted, and commonplace woman, whose mental culture is limited, and has none but conventional tastes and ideas.

GUSTIL.—The third specimen under one cover is more original, but scarcely as admirable in the way of feminine virtues. Restlessness, impatience, a short temper, fatally indiscreet speech, lack of self-discipline, self-indulgence, an unrestrained imagination, lack of system, no artistic perception whatever, an inordinate love of amusement, cheerfulness, fondness for luxury, and fortunately no stubbornness.

BAYARD.—Of course, your handwriting shows studied effect, and, if disregarded, needs correction of faults that may lead to a more consistent, reasonable character in time. Just now you are self-conscious to the last degree, give your mind to details that are entirely trivial, deal simply with facts as they stand and seldom look further than the mere incident, are much too inquisitive, and should strive for an excess of faith and logic. Capacity for sustained mental effort you do possess, and show talent, individuality, a discreet temper, and material though intellectual tastes.

GORMANTOWN.—This subject is totally lacking in originality, and, though bright enough and very fairly cultured, is without the least evidence of vim, and always prefers a neutral conventional. There is no deficiency of moral worth, for prudence, equanimity, refinement, delicacy of feelings, amiability, dignity, orderliness, and fidelity of the affections are all plainly defined. Appreciation, tact, literary tastes, and temperance in all things may be added as characteristics.

BEE.—It must be confessed that little in common can be discerned between your handwriting and the study enclosed. You are not talented, he is very decidedly so. He has an acute, alert,

accomplished, vivacious, original mind, resourceful, capable of lucid and logical reasoning, versatile, restless, inquisitive, viewing subjects from an independent standpoint. He is a close observer, a fluent conversationalist, with the gift of selection, and unexpectedness. You are clever, and show proof of the advantages you have enjoyed, but are neither gifted nor creative, seldom note the analogy between facts, are full of a healthy materiality, are energetic, ardent, and enthusiastic. He, too, has warmth of sentiment, and you are alike in possessing impetuous, impulsive tempers, resentful of discipline. Polite tastes you both have, with good breeding, stubbornness, strong emotions, and a lively fancy.

ISABELLE E.—The graphologist must invariably decline to read character from pencil-written studies.

CUTWOOD.—Oh lines. Indifferent as is the subject of this communication, its author is assuredly a person of pronounced literary tastes and perceptions, one who loves books, is a student, and appreciative of the fine flavor of prose and poetry. His fancy is unrestrained, but is also graceful, vivid, and picturesque. He is quite a student of style, is observant, sensitive to impressions, often filled with ardor, and has an active, cultivated intellect. His temper seldom gets the better of his judgment, he is interesting, companionable, reserved as well as fluent in speech, shows methodical habits and gentle breeding.

D. H. L.—Bath, Me. This subject is moved by uncontrolled emotions, and will therefore keep strict guard over his impulses or they will get the better of both reason and habit. He has marked ability, much that is natural, with some special talents that have not been developed to their highest capacity. His will is dominant, keen, and insistent, he is restless, loves travel and change, is overflowing with ardor, but enthusiasm, is responsive, argumentative, self-confident, slow to speak his real thoughts, is noted for his pride of bearing, entertains considerable self-esteem, is capable of sustained mental energy, is not uniform, and is apt to let his interest and energies wane if put to the test. The temper is quick and hot, but is ordinarily decided, inordinate unselfishness, and susceptibility to the influence of the opposite sex observed.

LAZAR H.—The leading trait in this character is dependence upon the affections of others for support. Its own attachments are warm and tenderly demonstrative, and never content unless finding outward expression for its feelings. The whole nature is impressionable, susceptible to influence, ardent, imaginative, refined, and deficient in originality or force. The temper is sensitive and over-quick to take offense, the will mild, yet pretty determined to have its own way. Candor, ingenuousness, passionate appreciation of beauty, quick sympathies, a high sense of self-respect, and fondness for admiration are defined.

KITTY BANKS.—On lines. This correspondent has a thoroughly material nature, possesses little patience for the vagaries and subtleties of a more idealistic temperament. Fortunately a hearty healthfulness pervades the character and prevents its ever falling into the grossness of mere animal instincts. On the contrary, it is straightforward, perfectly candid, generous to a fault, kindly in every impulse, eager, ardent, buoyant, not easily discouraged, and yet loving the good things, the luxuries and delights of life, with passionate intensity. Fastidious refinement and delicacy of feeling are wanting, the will is firm and not to be moved without cogent arguments, temper amiable, disposition hospitable and gregarious, prejudices and fancies decided, principles invariable, self-confidence colossal, manner vivacious and full of individuality, and affections capable of passionate attachments.

MARLOWE.—Baltimore. Restlessness, deep dissatisfaction with yourself and surroundings are chiefly noted, and it cannot be said that your individuality has been lost, no matter what the circumstances. Indeed, you need to curb a disposition to indulge certain idiosyncrasies, overcome the versatility that tempts you to take hold of a dozen things at one and the same time, to question every fact propounded, and keep your inquisitiveness and curiosity within bounds. These last two qualities are not implied in the vulgar sense, and show lack of faith more than anything else. Your will is ambitious, your temperament unhelpful, you do not look for success, and are prone to grow discouraged in pursuing it. You are capricious, clever to a degree, cultivated, possess an agreeable personality, are highly imaginative, obstinate, impatient, critical, illogical, fastidious and literary in your tastes, and need to discipline yourself severely.

ARIZONA.—The Paxton, Omaha. This study suggests a hopeful, cheery individual, who confidently expects great things of fortune, and would appear to have been encouraged in this belief. The writer has an excellent mind that shows careful cultivation and considerable quickness, force, and originality. The ambition is undaunted by circumstance, and high tastes are enlightened, determination of a quiet but consistent kind, speech ready, but

very reserved upon personal matters, manner attractive and free of pretence, impulses generous, temper quick but not quarrelsome, thoughts clear, ideas practical, judgment reliable and deserving confidence.

MURIEL.—Cedar Rapids. Interesting as this specimen is, a doubt exists of its genuineness. The handwriting has unquestionably been tampered with, and the correspondent is far too clever to expect a genuine reply to a chirography false in its impressions. Deceit, however, is not habitual, for the mind is candid and direct.

SIR TOBY.—A delightful, cultured, and agreeable person, whose instincts are all fine and keen, and is, therefore, a natural inheritor of tact and charm. The mind is responsive, polished, and highly appreciative of enlightened pleasures and pursuits, is moderately active, firmly knit, and is intolerant of vagrant fancies or morbid imagining. Speech is bright, often amusing, and always interesting, the impulses are generous, sympathies broad, ideas clear and practical, habits systematic, tastes fastidiously elegant, will vigorous and full of high resolve, temper kindly yet quick to resent the slightest infringement of dignity, feelings ardent and tenderly devoted.

NOVEMBER 25.—Study enclosed with the above is crude beside it. Presumably the writer is young, certainly is not of a reflective, contemplative nature, but finds a healthy fund of pleasure in life as it comes; is buoyant, cheerful, energetic, full of courage, vivacious in manner, talks animatedly, is unpretentious, cordial, socially inclined, quick-tempered, unselfish, cautious in all she says, and is warmly affectionate.

LADY DUBAIN.—The third in this series is so very like the specimen signed "Sir Toby" that the differences are purely superficial. The fancy is not so well curled, the will may be a trifle more resolute, but there is a curious similarity to be accounted for.

SIR ANDREW.—Yet another example under this one cover, who may take the whole of "Sir Toby's" delineation to himself and not go very far astray. Truly a singular coincidence.

E. M. F.—Minneapolis. It is strange, but true, that while one-half the correspondents reproach "L'Inconnu" for undue harshness of judgment, the rest assure her it can be nothing better than unscrupulous policy that detects virtues even in the weakest natures. Yet no character is all one-sided, and it is as rare to find an out-and-out villain as a thoroughbred saint. Graphology is no more than a faithful reflection of the inconcinnities of humanity. You possess your full share of shortcomings, and will need to apply bit and bridle to your impulses before anything of real value can be accomplished. Your imagination completely runs away with you, and induces a strong tendency to magnify and exaggerate. You are romantic, overflowing with sentiment, are restless, eager for change and excitement, are highly impressionable and emotional, have a sanguine, unexact disposition, are inquisitive, extremely fond of admiration, take an abiding interest in the opposite sex, care a great deal for the superficialities of show and appearance. Refinement is observed, with careful attention to detail, artistic perceptions, ready sympathies, a hasty temper as quick to quarrel as forgive, and tenderly devoted where genuine affection is aroused.

GENTLEMAN.—To judge by the substance of this communication, one would pronounce its author a fulfilled egotist, but the capital letters show none of those tightly curled loops betokening that lamentable quality. On the contrary, together with supreme self-confidence, decided vagaries, which the writer is at no pains to curb, an entire absence of self-consciousness is observed. He is impetuous, clever, of quick comprehension, accustomed to enjoying his own way, is generally good humored, is liberal to the verge of extravagance in the use of money, overlooks the point of brusqueness, rather despises conventional usages, is bitterly prejudiced, restless, suffers from much secret discontent, is not well poised, and in spite of his reliance upon himself would be vastly improved by several degrees more of mental culture.

DELICIOUS.—Pseudonym doubtful; postmark, Sharon, Pa. This subject is a charming and gracious woman, whose every instinct is refined, whose femininity implies gentleness rather than weakness. She is cheery, refuses to contemplate disappointment, is candid, buoyant, hearty, fond of life, and uses rather than abuses its pleasures and opportunities. She is open-handed, has liberal sympathies, a lively fancy, vivacious mind, and animated manner. Her will is aspiring, not always successful, for she will loves to dominate and control those about her, but is too thoroughbred to let this foible degenerate into the vice it is so apt to become. She has a good eye for form, graceful and elegant tastes, is unaffected, has social instincts, a sharp temper if she believes herself aggrieved, and is capable of depth, tenderness, and utter unselfishness in her affections.

# THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

VOL. XI.

New York.

For the Week ending JULY 30, 1892.

Chicago.

No. 128.



From a photograph by Dabbs, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ANDREW CARNEGIE,

THE MASTER OF THE HOMESTEAD STEEL AND IRON WORKS.



## THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

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Single copies, 25 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, can be made by cheque, postal notes, money order, or registered letter, payable to THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., Hyattsville Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W. C., agents for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN for the United Kingdom.

REMYENCO, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, depot for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN in France.

ADVERTISING.—The advertisements of leading firms solicited; for terms send to office. Medical and low-class advertisements not inserted.

## Current Comment.

**THE MILITARY VERSUS LABOR.**—A popular method for the instruction of youngsters is styled the kindergarten system, or object teaching. We, who see with half an eye, can easily discover that this system is not confined to those of tender years. The adult as well as the infant is afforded, from time to time, an object lesson. The last "object lesson" has been taught by the sovereign power of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. It is an important lesson, and all should profit by it.

The object of an "object lesson" is to cause action in the mind—to make the learner think. It will be well for us who feel our hearts beat in unison with the hearts of men to pause and think—think well, and long, and deeply. Not to see with our eyes and hear with our ears merely; but, with all our senses perceive the inward and underlying significance of the military demonstration in the free town of Homestead.

Let us briefly review the facts—the facts as they will pass into history. On one hand we discover upwards of five thousand men determined not to work in their customary place of employment, and further determined that other men, not belonging to their organization, shall not work

in the places they have left vacant; and still further that in their opposition to the employment of others they wrongfully restrain their employer from the enjoyment of his legal rights; and in so doing offend against the majesty of the

law of their State. On the other hand, we discover a commercial company determined not to employ its employees except under certain conditions; insistent upon its legal right to employ others in their places; restrained in the enjoyment of its legal rights; and the majesty of the law asserting its authority by force of arms.

The smoke curls up from factory furnaces, the dissatisfied workmen know that under the protection of gleaming bayonets other men are being installed in their places; they are forced to realize that the Law as it touches the owner is protecting him in his rights, and that the Law as it touches them is protecting them in their rights. They also realize that the Law is not made to fit what they believe to be their moral rights; that when Labor and Capital are at variance the Law does not recognize the claim of men to the labor of an industry.

The "object lesson" at Homestead teaches "strikers" that when force meets force the field must belong to the victor;—the victor must be the embodiment of the supreme force. The supreme force is Law.

If it so happens that the employer, by reason of the fact that the Law extends to him its supreme force, gains an advantage, it is not to be believed that the original cause of difference between employer and employee is wiped out as well.

The "object lesson" at Homestead will persuade thousands that "a strike" will always end with a military flourish; that the facts recited will be repeated; that the history of "strikes" will be made up of endless repetitions. And believing this, will at once proceed to dismiss all such matters as troublesome. Herein lies a grave error.

So long as Labor and Capital do not meet on a basis of mutual profit, so long will differences exist and strikes be of frequent occurrence. And if it be proven that strikes will conclude with a military demonstration as a regular part of the programme, it is safe to say the labor unions will devise means to eliminate the military feature.

Our country is rich with men who love Law and insist upon the enforcement of its provisions. They respect the Law because it is of their own making. Knowing this, they contemplate the enactment of new statutes. The law of every State, if judged from the laborer's standpoint—and that is the way we must, for the moment, regard it—recognizes in factories and lands property rights to be protected with force, but it does not recognize in associated labor a property right to be similarly protected. This, to the union laborer, who has grown to regard his union as necessary to him as the trade he follows, seems a legal wrong which can only be righted by the enactment of a statute. And the time will come when the fast growing power of the laborer in politics will accomplish this result. To this generation of workmen the present statutes, yielding one-sided protection, are hated as thoroughly as during the last generation was the Fugitive Slave Law, which was enforced with all the force of Law.

Labor clothed with power equal to that which clothes Capital will so equalize them that legally appointed Arbitrators will be forced to settle disputes on terms not the less favorable to either disputants. Indeed, it will be well if this destined fight be confined to the bloodless battle of ballots.

It may seem at first improbable that the State will be compelled to regard the claims of workmen, to recognize the labor of associated men as capital and fix terms. But it is not improbable. It is in the trend of the times.

All persons holding different views upon this great and



complex subject must be of one mind upon a few points, to wit:—

- 1st. The Homestead "strikers" had no legal right to demand the employment of men except as individuals.
- 2nd. They had no legal right to exclude the owner's other servants from the works.
- 3rd. That large numbers of unemployed men, dependent upon their labor for food, are easily incited to perform acts contrary to the public peace.
- 4th. That the maintenance of peace by an armed force does not either adjust a difference between employer and employé, or remove the menace against the public peace.
- 5th. That men are clamoring for the legal recognition of labor as property.
- 6th. That the laboring man is demanding a larger share of an industry's yield.

These points being agreed upon, let us suppose that the union laborers of Pennsylvania determine to give the entire people of the State an "object lesson," in order to bring home to every person a realization of the fact that the introduction of the military feature of the programme does not adjust differences between employer and employé. Let us suppose that one week after the military has vacated Homestead a sister establishment shuts down; that the men bluster a bit, and the troops are again put into the field. After three or four more weeks, the miners repeat the performance; after them the railroad men. Plainly, that the different branches of organized labor attack the militia organization by no other means than by causing them a year's work in the field. And in all these campaigns, not a shot is fired by either side. What would be the result?

It is safe to say that it would occasion great distress to the national guardsman, who can ill spare the time from his own business to do the police duty of the State. The State would be compelled to appeal to the Federal authorities for regular troops. Should this guerilla warfare spread through the States, general business would be prostrated, and an army would have to be maintained to enforce the law.

It is plain, therefore, that the military aspect of the labor question is not one to inspire citizens with unlimited confidence. A condition of affairs as recited might at any moment precipitate an uprising to which the French Revolution would be a mere circumstance. It would at once threaten life and property, and even shake the very republic upon its firm, fixed base.

It is well to give time and thought to the "object lesson" at Homestead.

The Incident of the 6th of July marks an epoch in our country's history. Labor will be accorded greater rights than it now enjoys.

**THE PASSION PLAY AT CHICAGO.**—It is to be hoped there is no truth in the report that the Passion Play, as performed at Ober-Ammergau, is to be made a feature of the Chicago Exhibition. As played by the devout peasants of the Bavarian highlands since the middle of the seventeenth century, it is an impressive spectacle. Anywhere else it would seem impious. The idea of portraying the awful tragedy of Calvary in Chicago is so hideous that every priest, be he Protestant or Roman Catholic, should raise his voice aloud against this

disgusting blasphemy. In 1779 the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg condemned the miracle plays and mysteries in South Germany on account of their ludicrous mixture of the sacred and profane and the scandal arising from the exposure of sacred subjects to the ridicule of freethinkers. An exception was made, however, in the case of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play. Where there was one freethinker in those days there are a thousand to-day. The Passion of our Savior must not be held up to their ridicule. The mystery of Ober-Ammergau must not be played at Chicago.

**THE DIXON INDICTMENT.**—The Grand Jury of the County of New York recently found an indictment against the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., a Baptist parson of New York City, who had made serious charges from his pulpit against Excise Commissioner Joseph Koch. On the recommendation of District Attorney Nicoll the indictment has been dismissed. "There may be doubt," says Mr. Nicoll, "whether the case, although the language used was intemperate and provoking, falls within a statute which allows great latitude when the comments published relate to public affairs. The policy of our law permits the publication of strictures upon public officers which, if directed toward private persons, would not be tolerated. While such strictures are often unjust, it is probably wiser to suffer them to be published rather than to attempt to restrict by a severe enforcement of the law against libel our constitutional freedom of speech." This is all very well, but public officers should not place themselves in a position that such charges as those made against Mr. Koch by the Baptist minister could be possible. The sooner New York officials learn that public office is a public, and not a Tammany, trust the better. But that they will never learn until the better class of citizens attend the primaries.

**SHAKESPEARE UP TO DATE.**—Our recently deceased friend, Mr. William Shakespeare, has appeared as the central figure in a London play. With him our equally regretted old friends, Mr. Edmund Spenser, Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. Benjamin Jonson, and that dear old termagant, her gracious majesty Queen Elizabeth, appear on the stage. Mr. Shakespeare, as he is represented in the play, had not yet written "Hamlet," but he evidently had the idea of the tragedy in his mind, for he misquotes from it, saying, "It is an eager and a nipping air." As the author of the play has brought Mr. Shakespeare so nearly to date that Lord Southampton gives him an order on his "banker," the immortal William might just as well have said "Yes, it's rather cold."

**"BEWARE OF VIDDIES."**—When the immortal Weller, Sr., gave this advice to his son, the English "viddle" had not been reduced to advertising for a husband. But times have changed since then, and we find the following "ad." in a New York contemporary.

An English widow (33), travelled, refined, thoroughly domesticated, fair complexion and attractive, would like to correspond with a middle aged business or professional gentleman of fair prospects and means who desires a true woman for a wife; no trillers; references and photographs exchanged. Address Mrs. Raymond Clark, 302 Kensington Road, S. E., London, England.

*Γνωθὶ σεαυτὴν* (know thyself) is a precept that Mrs. Raymond Clark has evidently studied with advantage. She has become tired of travelling, and is now "thoroughly domesticated," but, as she is only thirty-three, the probabilities are she will want to start travelling again. She knows herself so

well that she has discovered that she is attractive; but whether she made this discovery through the late lamented Clark or her looking-glass, she does not tell us. We are glad to hear she is not to be trifled with, but we recommend any American "business or professional gentleman of fair prospects who desires a true woman for a wife"—size of her feet not mentioned, probably to save space in the advertisement—we recommend him to look for 302 Kensington Road, in the S. W., and not in the S. E. district of London.

PHILADELPHIA is proud of her citizen soldiers, and particularly of her gallant City Troop. Few of the Quaker maidens have seen the Troopers in their war paint. On fine days they wave their dainty handkerchiefs to the gorgeous Troopers when they clatter past, escorting a Governor or doing honorable service as the "flower of Pennsylvania's chivalry."



THEY CAN DANCE AND COOK TOO.

The photograph is taken by our staff photographer at Homestead.

In the above picture the lovely maidens of the City of Brotherly Love will have an opportunity to see Trooper Clarence Lewis making soup. You can wager all your pin money, girls, that Clarence will make a fine soup, and not forget the seasoning.

DR. DEE'S SPECULUM.—At the recent Magniac sale in London was sold the magic crystal stone of Dr. Dee, once owned by Horace Walpole. Crystallomancy, as it was called, was a mode of divination, by means of transparent bodies, which was very popular in the sixteenth century; and even fifty years ago Lady Blessington's magical crystal was in great repute in the upper ten thousand of London. John Dee was

a great adept at crystallomancy, and, during the reign of Queen Mary, was imprisoned on the charge of compassing her death by magic, but Edward VI. had conferred two church livings on him, and Elizabeth not only paid him personal visits, but made him Warden of Manchester College. Dr. Dee had an assistant, one Edward Kelly, who professed to be able to confer with angels by means of this crystal, and persuaded his revered master to consent to the crime of polygamy on the recommendation of these angels. Kelly lost both ears in the pillory for his knavery, and in 1604 we find Dr. Dee petitioning James I. to allow him to clear himself by public trial of the slander that he was a "caller of devils." But six months later he was at his old tricks again. We laugh at the superstition of our ancestors, but there are many of us every bit as foolish as they, and the modern "callers of devils" reap rich harvests through their silliness.

THE TIN PLATE TAX.—The debate on the bill for removing the tax on tin plate, which has been carried by a vote of 207 to 61, disclosed that Major McKinley's attempt to foster the industry in this country has proved a signal failure. According to the Treasury figures, the production of American tin plate for the nine months ending March 31, 1892, was \$5,000,000, or less than one-fifth the amount the American Tin Plate Manufacturers' Association claimed for one month. Last December the Treasury decided that imported black plates dipped in this country should be counted as the American production. As Congressman Shively said in the debate under this ruling, "black sheets may be hot-rolled in Wales, pickled in Wales, annealed in Wales, cold-rolled in Wales, boxed and imported by one of our tin plate manufacturers into this country, dipped in imported tin, and returned to the Government as tin plate produced in the United States." The Treasury figures strongly suggest that all the American product of tin plate for the last quarter was made in this way. Of the five firms reported as making tin plate for the first quarter covered by the Treasury report, four either retired from the field or reduced their product in the second quarter, and of the eleven firms reported for the second quarter, seven either retired or reduced their product in the third quarter. Instead of furnishing labor to 50,000 workmen, and bringing support to 200,000 people, the most the would-be creators of the industry can now say, is that its existence is prospective.

THE CITY'S LOTUS LAND.—A visit to one of the roof gardens that have recently been opened as adjuncts to New York theatres, discloses sights that must delight beyond measure the earnest philanthropists who work for the thousands of the denizens of the torrid metropolis, whom an untoward Fate denies the health-restoring pleasures of the country. The blessings bestowed upon this hapless class by the establishment of the breezy aerial resorts in mention have been pointed out again and again by the theatrical reporters, but only a personal survey of these merciful rendezvous discloses their full virtue.

It gladdens the eye and lightens the heart to see some round paunched, penny checked broker from Wall Street, separated from his interesting family by the exigencies of the fashionable season, gleaning peace and recreation amid the calm distractions of a *café-chantant* exhibition, such as is the stock in trade of these roof gardens. And what a holy satisfaction to him who loves his fellow men, to come across a careworn merchant, tied to his chintz-covered office chair from 11 A.M.

to 3 P. M.,—the hours imposed by the Early Closing Association—drinking in surcease from worry and toil through the twin straws of a mint julep.

And the array of bookmakers, wearied with the excitements of the betting-rings at Monmouth or Brighton; the wine agents staggering under a load of duties done; the sleek and smug-faced actor, whose principal task in these idling summer days is to assist these wine agents in their bacchic toils—to see this struggling crew drowning their bitter sorrows, their enthralling misery, their poignant loveliness in the saffron draughts of a champagne cup, is enough to make the friend of his kind shout lusty hosannas to the roof garden—that modern refinement of charity.

Even louder sound the peans as one pauses at a table tinkling and jingling with goblet, carafe, and decanter, scintillant with varied hues of claret, cordials, pousse-cafes, above which loom the painted faces of gorgeous Jezebels. Cut off by poverty and the decrees of fastidious landlords from a sojourn at summer resorts, to what dangers and temptations would they not be exposed, but for these good-instilling fairy dells lifted above the heat and din of the town?

All honor to the roof gardens! They give health to the poor, courage to the weak, rest to the weary. Once let their charms be made familiar to the "sweaters" of the East Side, the loungers in the Bowery, the hordes that frequent the coolish dockpieces, the denizens of the teeming tenements of Five Points or the Blend, and summer will have lost its horrors for the town.

#### "FRENCH OF PARIS IS TO THEM UNKNOWN."

—French has always been the diplomatic language, since the French nation was recognized as the "politest" in the world, and that was many years ago. But the stubborn Anglo-Saxon will insist that the language of Shakespeare is good enough for all the world.

So when it was decided that the Behring Sea affair should be arbitrated by Americans, Englishmen, and foreigners, Uncle Sam and John Bull insisted that the discussions should be carried on in as good Anglo-Saxon as the members of the commission could talk.

Members of the English diplomatic and foreign service are, as a rule, fair linguists, and though their French may be sometimes that of "Stratford-atte-Bowe," they can, at any rate, make themselves understood to their *compères*.

Our diplomats have rarely had a chance of learning French, even in South Fifth Avenue, New York, or German in Milwaukee beer saloons.

Congress ought to supply every minister sent abroad with an Ottendorf.

If it did, and the discussions over the Behring Sea affair were conducted in French, how breezy these discussions would be. Imagine the President asking Mr. Phelps:

"*Est-ce que vous avez vu le voan marin de l'Oncle Sam?*"

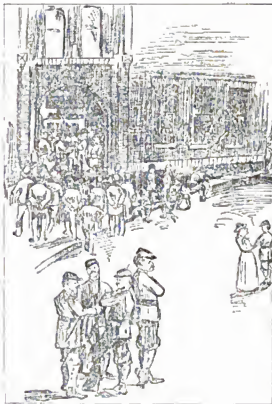
And Mr. Phelps turning to his Ottendorf, and replying in pure Vermont French:

"*Nong! mais oué m'a montré le chapeau doo grang par des président (with the 't' pronounced strongly) des Etats Ooniz.*"

Decidedly the discussions should be carried on in French, and Congress should supply General John W. Foster, Mr. Justice Harlan, Mr. Phelps, Senator John T. Morgan, and Mr. James C. Carter with Ottendorfs.

NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.—It is a pleasant fact to record the growth of pictorial art in this country. Our friends of the daily newspapers show their appreciation of a good thing by making wholesale use of our pictures; still, as they are seldom copied with any degree of faithfulness, we forgive them, knowing that stolen fruits are sweet. But at times we are compelled to prove to them that an indigestible copyright law is concealed in the fruit.

Following the enterprise of the great Western and Eastern dailies, the *Telegraph-Chronicle*, at the time of the calling out of the militia, caused its artist, a pupil of Remington, to make the following war picture.



A WAR PICTURE.

[Copied from the *Telegraph-Chronicle*, Pittsburgh.]

With what vigor the artist has depicted the military scene! It is in the gloaming. The valiant soldiers are crowding into the armory, the group in the foreground are discussing the question, To desert or not desert, that is the rub! while a valiant militiaman is discovered parting with the girl he must leave behind him.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—What will the Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone do with his small majority?

He is such a slippery old gentleman—such a marvellous political lightning-change artist—that we dare not venture to predict.

We very much doubt if the tree-feller of Hawarden knows himself what he is going to do beyond that he is determined to get into power once more.

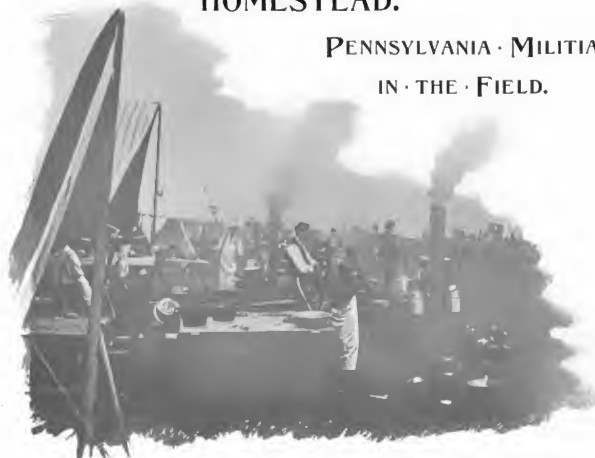
Palmerston predicted he would ruin England and die in a madhouse.



PAINTINGS OF THE DAY. IV. "AU COIN DE LA CHEMINÉE." BY JEAN MEISSONIER. (See page 514.)

# HOMESTEAD.

## PENNSYLVANIA · MILITIA IN · THE · FIELD.



### Strikers and Militiamen.

THE perfection to which instantaneous photography has reached is shown by the illustrations taken at Homestead by one of our staff. They represent the strikers and the militiamen as they actually are, and not as they exist in the imagination of an artist who has probably never been on the spot. They are a valuable memento of one of the most striking incidents that have yet occurred in the struggle all over the world between capital and labor, and of an important event in the history of this country. They best tell the story of the campaign.

How cleverly Gen. Snowden maneuvered the troops under his command to Homestead, we have already told. They landed at Munhall Station at the upper end of the town, and not at the main station, as the strikers had expected. Munhall Station is alongside of the Carnegie Mills, and only a few hundred feet from the Monongahela River. As soon as the troops arrived there they marched to the top of the long hill which overlooks the town, stacked their arms, and rested.

The soldiers occupy a very strong position at Munhall. They hold the side and top of the hill known as the City Farm Heights, which rises at a very sharp angle from the edge of Homestead. The Carnegie Steel Works lie close to its base, and any part of the town could be reached in a straight line by a cannon ball fired from its top.

Gen. Snowden established his division headquarters in the large Carnegie school building on the crest of the hill, and called the encampment Camp Sam Black, in honor of Captain Samuel Black, who fell in the Civil War, while commanding the Sixty-second Pennsylvania Volunteers.

The forces encamped at Homestead are commanded by Gen. John A. Wiley.

The Fifth Regiment, Col. T. E. Burchenfield; Tenth, Col. A. L. Hawkins; Fourteenth, Col. P. D. Perchment; Fifteenth, Col. William A. Kreps; Sixteenth, Col. W. J. Hulings; Eighteenth, Col. Norman M. Smith; Battery "B" of Pittsburgh, Capt. A. E. Hunt; the Sheridan Troop of Tyrone, Capt. C. S. W. Jones, and the City Troop of Philadelphia.

Another brigade, commanded by Gen. J. P. Gobin, consists of the Governor's Troop of Harrisburg, Capt. Fred M. Ott; Battery "C," Capt. Denithorne; Fourth Regiment, Col. D. B. Case; Eighth, Col. Frank I. Magee; Ninth, Col. M. I. Keck; Twelfth, Col. James Cuzzel, and the Thirteenth, Col. E. H. Ripple.

Another camp was established on the opposite shore of the Monongahela, comprising the Tenth and Fourteenth Regiments of battery, and forming a provisional brigade, under the command of Col. Hawkins of the Tenth.

Gen. Snowden practically placed Homestead under martial law, though he did not officially declare it to be so. The police administration was to all intents and purposes taken out of the citizens' hands, and provost guards were stationed at every corner to see that disorder was suppressed, and soldiers with fixed bayonets patrolled the streets.

It has hitherto been the custom for the Pennsylvania National Guard to have no caterer when they are in camp. The result is that the men have had to do their own cooking, and it was lucky for them, for when they reached Homestead they found they would have had to go to bed on the cold, bare ground, with empty stomachs, had they known nothing of the culinary art. The above illustration furnishes an excellent picture of a camp kitchen.





On Guard.

Battery B.

Carnegie Schoolhouse.

HOMESTEAD. GENERAL SNOWDEN'S HEADQUARTERS AT THE SCHOOLHOUSE, OVERLOOKING THE WORKS IN THE VALLEY.



HOMESTEAD: COMPANY "G," 16TH PENN., AT CAMP SAM BLACK.

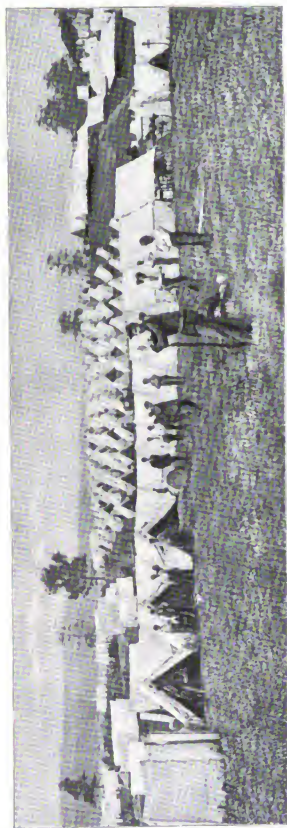




HOMESTEAD: SOLDIERS ORDERING STRIKERS AWAY FROM THE RAILROAD STATION.



HOMESTEAD: PROVOST GUARD PASSING THROUGH THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN THE TOWN.



HOMESTEAD. GENERAL VIEW OF CAMP SAM BLACK, TAKEN FROM THE REAR.



HOMESTEAD. VIEW OF THE MILLS FROM CAMP SAM BLACK.



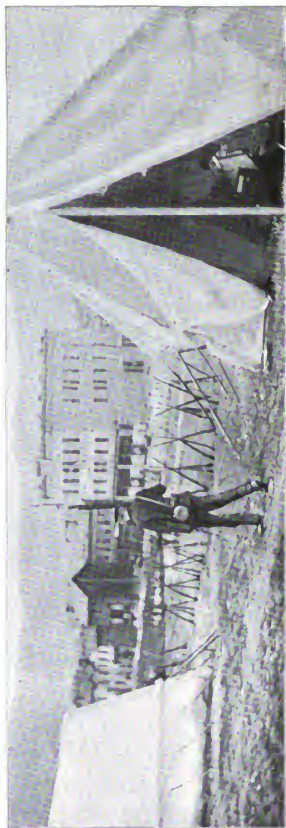
HOMESTEAD: CAMP OF THE CITY TROOP. TROOPER CLARENCE LEWIS MAKING SOUP.



HOMESTEAD: TENTS AND BEDDING BEING GIVEN OUT TO THE 5TH PENN.



HOMESTEAD: VIEW OF CAMP SAM BLACK, TAKEN FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION.

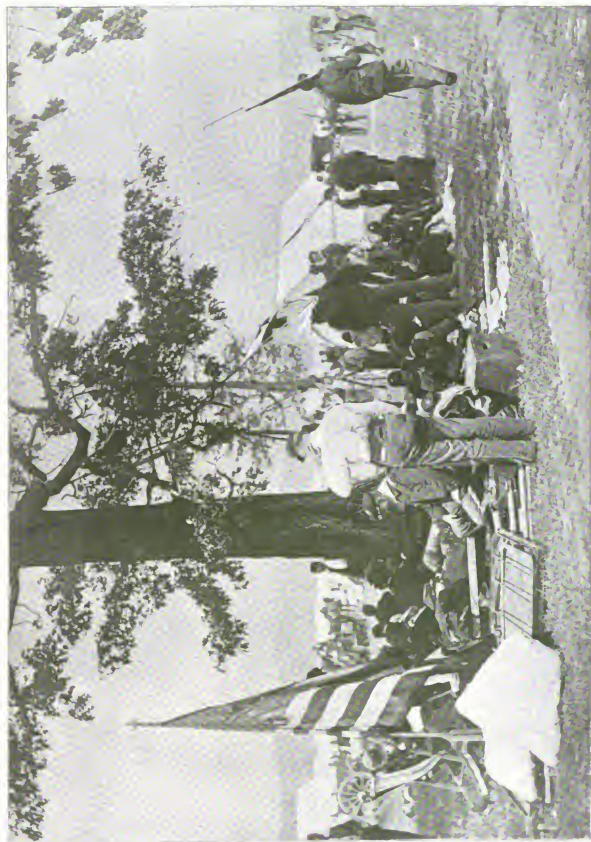


HOMESTEAD: HEADQUARTERS OF THE 9TH PENN. THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION ARE LOCATED IN THE LARGE BRICK BUILDING OPPOSITE.





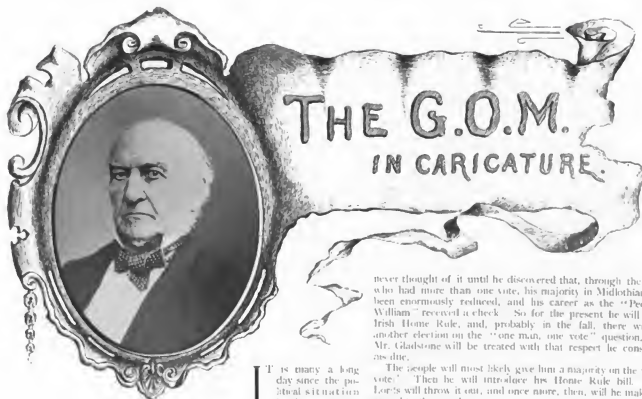
HOMESTEAD: PATROL GUARD, COMPANY "D," 15TH PENN., PASSING THE RAILROAD STATION TO DISPERSE GROUPS OF STRIKERS.



HOMESTEAD: HEADQUARTERS OF THE 15TH PENN. AND HOSPITAL CAMP.



OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS: LVII. BEATRICE CAMERON. (See page 509.)  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.)



day in England. Mr. Gladstone has succeeded in regaining power.

For the fourth time the "Grand Old Man" will be called upon to form a ministry. It will probably be the last time he will be Premier of England.

Mr. Gladstone was pledged to present the Irish Home Rule bill to the House of Commons, as soon as he came into power. With his small majority he can do so. So small is that majority, however, that the House of Lords would throw the bill out.

Defeated by the Upper House, Mr. Gladstone might—as Sir Robert Peel said he would do when the Lords threatened to throw out the Roman Catholic Emancipation bill—create enough Liberal peers to carry his pet scheme, but with his heterogeneous majority in the Commons he dare not do so.

His victory was not gained on the Home Rule question. The "stupid party" lost many London districts because it would not see that the theories Henry George had planted there with regard to taxing ground rents were bound to bear fruit. It was fully warned of this fact through the victories gained by the "progressists" in the London County Council elections, but it would not recognize the writings on the wall. Lord Salisbury, too, had shown such utter contempt for the small shopkeepers, that it is a wonder they did not give Mr. Gladstone a greater majority.

The fact is, the English elections have proved more of a defeat for the "stupid party" than a victory for Mr. Gladstone; and they have given a snub to Irish Home Rule.

But Mr. Gladstone is a wary politician. He will not present to the next parliament his Home Rule scheme as he pledged himself to do. He will, immediately on its assembling, propose a bill making it compulsory for elections in the "disunited" Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to be held on the same day, and disallowing voters to cast their ballots in more than one district or borough, as they can do at present.

This is chiefly right, and is a reform that should have been introduced years ago, when reform became fashionable in England. But it is strange that the "Grand Old Man"

never thought of it until he discovered that, through the man who had more than one vote, his majority in Midlothian had been enormously reduced, and his career as the "People's William" received a check. So for the present he will drop Irish Home Rule, and, probably in the fall, there will be another election on the "one man, one vote" question, and Mr. Gladstone will be treated with that respect he considers his due.

The people will most likely give him a majority on the "one vote." Then he will introduce his Home Rule bill. The Lords will throw it out, and once more, then, will he make an appeal to the people.

This is rather a cumbersome way of carrying on a government, but it certainly will tell what the people want.

Mr. Gladstone's career has been full of inconsistencies—inconsistencies that can only be explained by his love of power. "Power! Power! I must have power!" is what he was heard to say himself one evening as he was mounting the grand staircase of the Foreign Office on his way to a reception just before an election. But whether he be an honest patriot, or whether he be a self-seeker, he still remains the most picturesque figure in English political life, and after Prince Bismarck, the most important figure in Europe of the nineteenth century.

The story of his life has been so often told that we shall, in this article, refrain from going into the bare details of it, and confine ourselves principally to explaining illustrations bearing on his earlier political career, which are taken from the English comic papers.

Mr. Gladstone's face is strong, but can hardly be called handsome, yet, according to the first-hand testimony of Sir Roderick Murchison, he was the prettiest little boy that ever went to Eton. He was a God-fearing, orderly, and conscientious boy, too, was pure-minded and humane. One of his schoolfellows, still living, tells how the future Prime Minister of England once turned his glass upside down when a coarse toast was proposed. Another relates how, on another occasion, he stood forth as a champion of some wretched pigs, which it was the custom among Etonians to torture on Ash Wednesday, and when bantered by the other boys for his humanity, he threatened to give them "a good licking." But beyond a small intimate circle (which included Arthur Hallam, by universal acknowledgment the most remarkable Etonian of his day, and not unworthy of the eulogy of "In Memoriam"), he was not popular among his schoolfellows, who considered him a "sot."

When Mr. Gladstone made his first appearance in politics he was a strong Tory, and the doors of parliament were opened to him by the Duke of Newcastle, who was one of the chief potentates of the high Tory party. Gladstone was a member of the Carlton Club, and got himself so disliked there, owing to an attack he made on Disraeli's budget of 1852, that





THE RISING TIDE.

MRS. GAMP: "O, you bad, wicked boy! I'll pore you'll be for a washin' away that church next!"

The Irish Church question became the absorbing subject, and the London Standard (Mrs. Gamp) was Gladstone's most bitter opponent—1868.



"SELF AND PARTNER."

MR. GLADSTONE: "My dear First Lord, I have the utmost confidence in you."

MR. GLADSTONE: "And I in you, my dear Chancellor of the Exchequer; and if our colleagues were only like us we should be as one man!"

Mr. Gladstone was now First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, Parnell being premier in an English Prime Minister. The past session had revealed an absence of harmony in the Ministry—1877.



THE CHANGELING.

NURSE CANTABURY: "Which we've took the greatest care of 'im, mem, and 'ope you'll think 'im grand."

MRS. PRIME MINISTER: "That is not my child! not in the least like it!"

The destructive amendments made to the Irish Church bill were rejected by Mr. Gladstone, and eventually withdrawn—1869.



"HUMBLE PIE."

MR. BULL: "Humble pie again, William! You gave me that yesterday!"

HEAD WAITER: "Yes, sir—no, sir. That were GENEVA humble pie, sir. This is BERLIN humble pie, sir!"

The dispute respecting the San Juan boundary was submitted to the arbitration of the German Emperor. He decided in favor of the American claim—1877.



MR. GLADSTONE'S BRITISH LION.

Mr. Gladstone made a speech at St. James' Hall on the Eastern question which did not suit the British Jingoism—1877.



REPRIEVED.

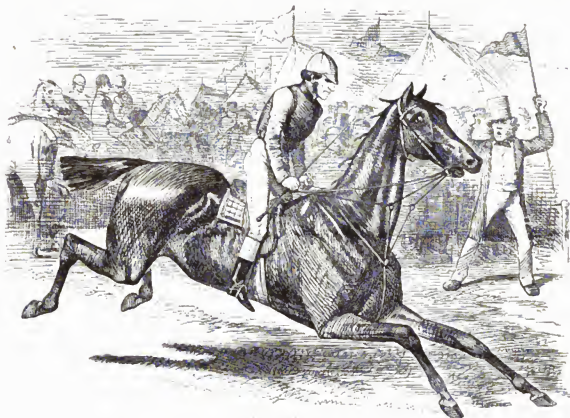
Several of this session's bills having come to an untimely end, and his cherished Army Bill, after having passed the Commons, being thrown out by the peers, Mr. Gladstone, by virtue of a royal warrant, rode rough-shod over Parliament and treated it with contempt—1879.

a party of Tories who had been dining at the club, and found him alone in the drawing-room, actually proposed to pitch him out of the window. He remained, however, a member of the Carlton until 1859, when he joined the Whig, or rather Liberal-Conservative, government under Lord Palmerston. How he developed into a Gladstonian is a strange tale.

One of his latest biographers maintain that he is still fundamentally a Conservative. This temper of his mind is traceable in his feelings about great authors, in his devotion for Sir Walter Scott, his reverence for St. Thomas Aquinas, his admiration for Edmund Burke. His favorite argument for Home Rule is that it is merely a return to the system of government which commended itself to the wisdom of a former generation, and he seeks to allay alarm by dwelling on the prospect that an Irish parliament would probably contain a large majority of Conservatives. His intense devotion to the throne has often caused trouble between him and his

On a series of resolutions foreshadowing his policy with regard to the State Church in Ireland, Mr. Gladstone defeated the Conservative government in 1868, and the Irish Church question became the one absorbing topic of the three kingdoms. The London *Standard*, generally known in those days as Mrs. Camp, was his most bitter opponent. The first illustration on page 506 represents the *Standard* as pointing to the Church of England on the cliff, and saying, "O, you bad, wicked boy! I s'pose you'll be for a washin' away that church next," while Disraeli is watching Gladstone betting on the rising tide to destroy the Irish Church, which is built on sand.

When the Irish Church bill reached the House of Lords, the bishops introduced such destructive amendments that they were rejected by Mr. Gladstone. In the second illustration the Archbishop of Canterbury, the late Dr. Tait, is presenting the amended bill to Gladstone and John Bright. Says Nurse



THE FALSE START.

PAM (the starter): "Hi, Gladstone! Democracy! Too soon! Too soon! You mustn't go yet!"

Lord Palmerston felt alarmed over the rapid way in which his Chancellor of the Exchequer was learning the theories of democracy, or Gladstonism—1864.

radical followers. In his daily life and social prejudices no man could be more conservative; he has even gone so far as to regret the abolishment of the noblemen's gown at the English universities, and yet he has threatened the extinction of the peers.

Mr. Gladstone having taken office under Lord Palmerston, his Gladstonian tendencies rapidly developed. Our illustration by Tenniel, which appeared in London *Punch* in March, 1864, represents the alarm felt by Palmerston over the rapid way in which his Chancellor of the Exchequer was learning the theories of democracy, or Gladstonism. Just before the cartoon appeared, Mr. Gladstone had made a very strong speech in favor of granting the franchise in boroughs to householders who paid a rent of thirty dollars a year, and twenty-eight years ago that was considered a terribly radical measure in England.

Canterbury, "which we've took the greatest care of 'im, mem, and 'ope you'll think 'im grow'd," to which Mrs. Prime Minister replies, "That is not *my* ches-ild! not in the least like it!"

One of the boldest things Mr. Gladstone ever did was to abolish the system of purchase in the army by royal warrant. It was nothing more nor less than a *coup d'état*. The bill had passed the House of Commons, but been thrown out by the peers. Several other government bills, including the Deceased Wife's Sister and a licensing bill, had shared the same fate, but Mr. Gladstone let them go. His cherished Army bill he was determined should become law, and a royal warrant was the result. It was the strongest defiance that had ever been shown to the peers. We give a cartoon representing this event. It depicts Mr. Gladstone bringing a reprieve in the shape of the royal warrant for his strangling bill.

Mr. Gladstone has never permitted the British lion to do much roaring, and his Conservative opponents have, as in the cartoon taken from *Judy*, of 1877, often represented him on this account as being unpatriotic.

He has frequently made John Bull eat humble pie, which that gentleman no more likes doing than anyone else, so, when the Alabama claims had been settled in favor of this country, John Bull rather objected to the dispute he had with regard to the San Juan boundary being decided against him in 1872 by the German Emperor. Our illustration on page 507 represents a cartoon showing Mr. Bull's disgust.

## OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS.\*

LVII. MISS BEATRICE CAMERON.

MISS BEATRICE CAMERON, Mr. Richard Mansfield's leading lady, is a Trojan by birth. As a child she was fond of reciting for her friends, but her ambition was to become an opera singer. It was through a pure accident that she obtained her first engagement at the Madison Square Theatre, New York. She was attending, as a spectator, a rehearsal of "The Midnight Marriage," in which Mrs. James Brown Potter was playing the leading rôle. The lady who had been cast for the part of the gipsy girl was taken suddenly ill. The company was in despair, when Miss Cameron came forward and offered to learn the words and dance of the part by the next day. The offer was eagerly accepted, and Miss Cameron was such a success that an engagement with the Madison Square Company quickly followed. In the summer of 1886 she joined Mr. Mansfield's company at the same theatre, her first part under his management being Florence in "Prince Karl." She has since created Agnes in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a rôle she particularly disliked, for, as she will tell you, no matter how often she plays it, she cannot get over her feeling of horror for Mr. Hyde.

Miss Cameron was the original Alice in Mr. Mansfield's own play of "Monstieur," and in "The Parisian Romance" she first played Marcelle, but got so tired of dying night after night that she persuaded her manager to let her change it for Rosa Guerin, the ballet dancer, and of all her parts this was her favorite until she played Nora in Ibsen's strange play, "A Doll's House."

When Mr. Mansfield took his company over to London, Miss Cameron went as his leading lady, and played nearly all her parts with considerable success. She also created there the part of Lesbia in a charming one act classical play of the same name, and for the first time appeared as Lady Anne in "Richard III."

It was on her return to this country that Miss Cameron essayed the rôle of Nora, and she has played it in all the principal cities of the Union. She also created Lucin in Mr. Mansfield's "Don Juan," and Lucia in "Nero." The latter rôle did not, however, suit Miss Cameron, so after a few weeks she gave it up, and played Charis instead. She was to have created the part of Mariana in "Beau Brummel," but when it was produced she was very ill in Europe. She has, however, played it regularly since her recovery, and last summer she played Tessy Tagrany in "Ten Thousand a Year."

A full page portrait of Miss Cameron will be found on page 504.

\*Portraits already published in "Our Gallery of Players": Pauline Hall, in No. 71 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; Fanny Haerport, in No. 71; Mrs. Langtry, in No. 74; Fay Templeton, in No. 75; Marie Jansen, in No. 76; Marie Terpent, in No. 77; Laura Moore, in No. 78; Ada Rehan, in No. 79; Georgia Cayvan, in No. 80; Julia Foster James, in No. 81; Josephine Huxford, in No. 82; Rosina Vickers, in No. 83; Marion Maudslayi, in No. 84; Helen Bertram, in No. 85; Isabelle Enghardt, in No. 86; Ellen Terry, in No. 87; Annie Myers, in No. 88; Julia Marlowe, in No. 89; Miss Helena Modjeska, in No. 90; Mrs. Agnes Booth, in No. 91; Marie Burroughs, in No. 92; Joseph Jefferson, in No. 93; Henry Irving, in No. 94; Jennie Hudson, in No. 95; Adelaide Arthur, in No. 96; William Barrett, in No. 97; Margaret Mather, in No. 98; Stuart Robinson, in No. 99; Tommaso Salvini, in No. 100; Benoit Costantini Coppola, in No. 101; Edouard Guitry, in No. 102; Sarah Bernhardt, in No. 103; Lillian Russell, in No. 104; Helen Dwan, in No. 105; Frederic Blinn, in No. 106; Effie Fidler, in No. 107; Francis Wilson, in No. 108; George Fawcett, in No. 109; Joseph Huxford, in No. 110; Robert B. Mantell, in No. 111; Adelaide Prince, in No. 112; Monna K. Wade, in No. 113; Marie Gordon, in No. 114; Miss Lillian Russell, in No. 115; Anne Russell, in No. 116; Jean La Touche, in No. 117; Rose Coghlan, in No. 118; Emma James Story, in No. 119; Edwin Booth, in No. 120; Viola Allen, in No. 121; John Gilbert, in No. 122; Wm. J. LeMoine, in No. 123; James Lewis, in No. 124; Camille D'Ardelle, in No. 125.

## PERSONALS.

About the Men and Women who make the history of our own times.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S latest notion of vanity has taken the form of ordering and designing an imperial crown for himself. It is to be composed of pure gold thickly studded with pearls and diamonds, surmounted by a cross in which will be set some of the finest diamonds in the famous collection of the Hohenzollern family. It is to be hoped that the Emperor will be careful to have the crown big enough for a very "swelled head."

THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL has had bestowed upon her the Golden Rose, with great pomp. The rose was received with much ceremony at Lisbon, and the Queen went with her ladies in state to the Cathedral, to receive it at the hands of the Papal Nuncio. The vase, from which the rose-branch issues, is of gold, studded with precious stones. On it is engraved in letters of burnished gold, "*Mariae Amaliae Reginae Rosam Auream Leo XIII. Pontifex Maximus.*"

MR. EDWARD F. SEARLES, who married Mrs. Mark Hopkins, will, it is believed, present the Hopkins mansion, at San Francisco, to the Art Association of that city. The only obstacle that stands in the way of the association gathering a large loan collection of great value, is the large sum required for the maintenance of the building. It is proposed that the rich men of San Francisco should meet Mr. Searles half way and subscribe enough money to assure the proper care of the mansion.

DADABHAI NAOROJI, the Gladstonian Parsee, who was elected for one of the London districts by the narrow majority of three, is the son of a Parsee priest, and was born in 1825. Lord Salisbury once unfortunately spoke of him as "that nigger," and raised a perfect hurricane of abuse from the Liberal press for daring to insult one of his fellow subjects with such an epithet. Mr. Naoroji is a partner in the firm of Cama & Co., of London and Liverpool, with agencies at Bombay and Calcutta and in China.

MADAME BARDEL, a good looking Frenchwoman of eighteen, has been recently sentenced to five years *travaux forcés* for trying to poison her brouncous old husband to whom she had been married only three weeks. This attempted murder illustrates a curious phase of the French character. It is another instance of that blind devotion to the mother, which is such a French characteristic. This misguided young person attempted to slay her husband, principally in order that she might place her poverty-stricken mother in affluence.

THE SISTERS RAVOGLI, who sang with great success in this country during the late Italian opera season, are inseparable. Giulia seldom accepts engagements without her sister, and Sofia is never jealous of the other's triumphs. They are daughters of a Roman gentleman who held an important position in the Pope's household. They say they are not anxious to marry at present, as matrimony to an Italian artist entails her leaving the stage, returning to her home, loving a husband, and bringing up children. However, if ever they do marry, their husbands must be brothers, and their houses have a common garden.

CLARA SCHUMANN, whom Hans von Bulow called "the uncrowned queen of pianists," has abdicated her throne. She will play no more in public. Had it not been for Clara Wieck, the world would never have heard of Robert Schumann. She it was who made him throw aside his law books for music; who inspired him in his artistic career, and taught the world the beauty of his compositions.

She made her debut in Leipzig in 1828, when she was only nine years old. Four years later Schumann first saw her and fell in love with her, but he was not allowed to marry her until 1840. Then for years he was known as Clara Wieck's husband, until his wife's efforts made a music-loving public recognize his genius. Schumann died in 1856, and since his death his widow has devoted her best efforts to the interpretation of his works.

**W**HALLEY is the name of the greatest opium smuggler of the Pacific coast. He is out of the business temporarily at present, and is amusing himself by posing as a high roller at the Court of Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii. His former partners are sorrowing for the following reason: A year ago a syndicate was formed to assist him in carrying on his operations. Several cargoes of opium and Chinamen—for he dealt in both—were landed near San Francisco, and then, the vigilance of the customs officers becoming too great, it was decided to make the next run to the Hawaiian Islands. Opium worth \$80,000 was placed on the swift yacht *Halcyon*; after several narrow escapes from pirates and shipwreck, the opium was landed and sold; and then Whalley decided to retire from business, pocketing all the proceeds. As the money was made in an illegal enterprise, his associates have not succeeded yet in discovering any law by which they can compel him to divide fairly.

**E**DWARD O. WOLCOTT, the youngest of the United States senators, and the nominator of Mr. Blaine at Minneapolis, relates how a young lady who wanted to visit Denver, wrote to a friend well acquainted with Mr. Wolcott to request him to procure her a pass. Being a woman, she naturally added a postscript to her letter, which in this case ran as follows:

P. S.—I wish you would also send me one of those P. D. corsets; the kind you wore when I was last in Denver. I think they are just too lovely for anything.

The friend sent the letter to Mr. Wolcott, endorsing the request on the back; but, in her hurry, forgot to tear off the postscript. She promptly received the following reply from him:

Dear Madam—I enclose a pass, as requested, for your friend Miss —. I would send her the P. D. corset, but I have forgotten her number. Very respectfully, E. O. WOLCOTT.

**S**IDNEY O'DANNE, the adventurous Irish ex-captain in the Prussian army, who has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for making false charges of treason and perjury against the German military attaché to France, managed by the glibness of his tongue to ingratiate himself to such an extent with the Empress Frederick, then Crown Princess, that he was appointed a kind of military tutor to her eldest son, Prince William, now the German Emperor. During the Franco-Prussian war he gained his captancy, but he also got nine months' imprisonment in a fortress for plundering in the enemy's country. He was then stripped of his rank, and expelled from the army for embezzlement. We next hear of this prototype of that illustrious Irishman, "Mr. Barry Lyndon," as being arrested for his absent-mindedness with regard to the laws of *meum* and *tuum*. It was then discovered that he was in correspondence with the Irish Fenians, and had offered, sword in hand, to descend upon the Irish coast and wrest the country from the hated Sassenachs.

**S**ENATOR BRICE is making Ohio Democrats happy by the manner he attends to his duties at Washington. For many years the senators from the Buckeye State have either been Republicans or have taken themselves too seriously to attend to the petty duties in which the average voter has most interest. Senator Brice, on the other hand, has been in Washington only about six months; yet there is scarcely a Democratic editor, school teacher, or farmer, who has not been made happy by a map, a congressional document of one kind or another, or a package of seeds. He has made it his business to study the needs and desires of his constitu-

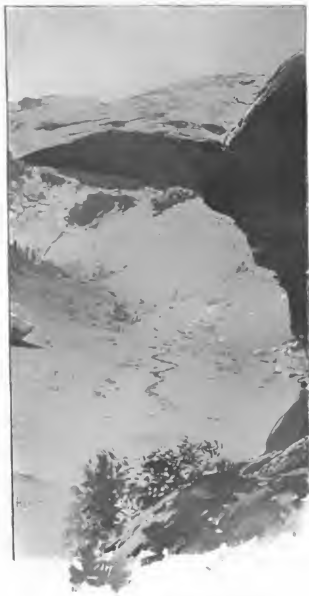
ents, and has organized a private bureau of his own to attend to them. As for his personal appearance, he is thus described: He is a wiry, angular man of medium height, who seems to be all muscle, bone, and brain. He has a great shock of brown hair, which keeps falling down over a broad, but not over-high forehead. His complexion is fair, his eyes bright, and his face is covered with a short red beard, each hair of which is curly.

**A**LEXANDRA FEODOROVNA, who was Empress of Russia from 1825 to 1855, was devoted to pleasure and dress. Her indulgence in the former had left her, in 1844, a palsied, prematurely old woman. Behind the imperial box at the opera was a large withdrawing room, and there she used to change her dress during the performance. In the middle of the ballet, writes a contributor to *Longman's Magazine*, who was present in the imperial box, "without turning my head offensively in her Majesty's direction I saw that Tagliani, who was dancing her best in a piece called 'L'Ombre,' was not engaging her attention, which seemed to be as closely riveted on the sleeve of her dress as if she had never seen sumptuous pink satin before. She now rose suddenly, but restlessly, as if the moment for some important decision had come, and withdrew to what evidently served as her *chambre de toilette*. In due time the imperial lady emerged to the view of her subjects still more gorgeously arrayed than before—a change which extended even to her bracelets, for as her attenuated arm rested on the narrow partition which divided us, I saw that fresh splendors had replaced those I had observed before."

**A**RCHDUCHESS MARIA THERESA, who, if her husband survives his brother, the Emperor of Austria, will become Empress, is one of the most popular members of the imperial family. She is thirty-seven years old, and is said to have the spirits of seventeen with the wisdom of seventy. She is the Archduke Charles Louis' third wife, and is a daughter of Don Miguel of Braganza. Soon after her marriage she very much horrified her husband, who is the proudest of the proud Hapsburgs, by her democratic notions, especially when she told him that the ladies of the court were a lot of dried-up mummies, and that although she was an Archduchess she was a woman as well, and required something to stimulate her brain and her muscle. She managed to get her own way, threw open the doors of the Archduke's palace to everybody worth knowing, and established one of the most brilliant salons in Europe. Once, it is said, she rode two hundred miles without a pause for rest. The Archduke is enormously rich. The Archduchess has got hold of his purse strings, and spends a good deal of his money in helping struggling authors, painters, and musicians, in assisting scientific enterprises, and in relieving the sick and poor.

**L**ORD WOLSELEY, who is an intense admirer of the late General Gordon, tells the following characteristic story of the hero of Khartoum. Gordon was starting for the Sudan on January 18, 1884, from Lord Wolseley's London house. He wore a tall silk hat, and his host offered to send him anything he wanted. "Don't want anything," he said. "But you've got no clothes!" "I'll go as I am," he said. "He never had," continues Lord Wolseley, "any money; he always gave it away. I know once he had some £7,000. It all went in the establishment of a ragged school for boys. I asked him if he had any cash. 'No,' was his calm reply. 'When I left Brussels I had to borrow £25 from the King to pay my hotel bill with.' 'Very well,' I said, 'I'll try and get you some, and meet you at the railway station with it.' I went round to the various clubs and got £300 in gold. I gave the money to Colonel Stewart, who went with him. Gordon wasn't to be trusted with it. A week or so passed by, when I had a letter from Stewart. He said: 'You remember the £300 you gave me? When we arrived at Port Said a great crowd came out to cheer Gordon. Amongst them was an old sheik to whom Gordon was much attached, and who had become poor and blind. Gordon got the money and gave the whole of it to him!'"

# IN SEARCH OF A LOST RACE.



IX. CAVE-DWELLINGS IN BUTLER'S WASH.\*

CAMP TRIPLE SPRINGS,  
SAN JUAN COUNTY, UTAH.

HERE, in the triangle formed by the Colorado River, the San Juan River, and the Colorado State line, is a country of labyrinthine cañons and gorges comparatively unknown. One has only to glance at a map to see how little of this region is mapped at all, and very little of that has been done correctly. Like all new localities, it is of especial interest to the scientist and the student, and it seems strange that no expedition visited it before ours. It is a region celebrated for its precipitous cliffs and its desolate scenery, and there is hardly a square

NOTE.—The illustration on this page is from a photograph, and presents a view of Cold Spring Cañon, U. T., from the east.

mile of it which does not show some evidence of its ancient inhabitants.

The region is of sandstone formation, cut and washed by erosion into deep and winding cañons and gorges, under whose cliffs large caves and caverns have been weathered out, forming excellent shelters in time of storm and unapproachable retreats in time of war.

The cave and cavern ruins predominate, showing that the first inhabitants took advantage of natural shelters under the cliffs, in preference to erecting complete buildings. There is no difference between the ruins in the cliffs and those in the cañons, or between the relics found in them; yet it is highly probable that the caves were inhabited by tribes anterior to the coming of the cliff-dwellers, and that the latter, at a later date, erected their buildings directly over the ruins of the cave dwellings proper. Caves have been found clearly showing this fact of two distinct ages. They are in the deep cañons bordering on the Colorado River, and are not accessible without great difficulty.

In Europe are found the caves containing the bones of extinct animals—the mastodon, the cave-bear, and the rhinoceros. After these came the reemder period; then the kitchen middens. After the kitchen middens came the barrows; after the barrows the lake dwellers; and after the lake dwellers the rude stone monuments.

It is not improbable, therefore, that the caves bordering on the Colorado River extend through two distinct periods. Mr. W. H. Holmes speaks of cave-shelters in Colorado, which he thinks so ancient that the rock which formed their openings has worn entirely away, leaving them now as mere shelters or nooks in the cliffs. We noticed this fact in the ruins in Utah along the San Juan. Again we noticed in many of the ruins that the overhanging ledge which in early days formed their shelter, had fallen, sometimes leaving only a few feet of wall in sight, the rest being buried under the debris. In estimating the age of these dwellings from their present stage of delapidation, we must take in consideration the softness of the sandstone in which the ruins are found.

The survey of this region was undertaken by seven members of the expedition, who left their permanent camp at Bluff City with provisions for two weeks. The party first made their way to Butler's Wash, which empties into the San Juan River about four miles below Bluff City, and extends northward more than thirty miles. As we entered the valley (which is called here a "wash"), we were struck with its weird and desolate appearance, stretching, as it does, as far as the eye can see, naked of all vegetation except stunted sagebrush and grease wood, hemmed in on the east by high precipitous cliffs of red sandstone, with curious knobs and needles jutting upwards and weathered into fantastic shapes and designs. On the west a ledge of white sandstone gradually slopes upward until it reaches a height of two or three hundred feet, when it suddenly descends in high cliffs to the next valley below. In the immense sandstone spur out-cropping between Butler's Wash and Comb Wash,\* about ten miles

\* "Comb Wash" is the name given by the early Mormon settlers to a wash which on the map is called Maroon's Creek. It is dry all the year except in the spring after the melting snows.

\* See Nos. 111, 117, 118, 121, 122, 123, 124, 127, 128, and 129 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.





TWO DOORWAYS IN EAGLE NEST CAVE, UTAH.

being retained in the bare, rocky ledges, thus producing the forcing effect of a greenhouse. We named the place Cold Spring Cave, on account of the fine spring of cold, clear water away back in the interior of the cave. It flows out from under the heavy sandstone ledge into a round clear pool, and, after passing through a short outlet, sinks into the ground and disappears, not half a dozen feet from where it started.

The whole series of rooms and buildings have an unfinished look. For instance, walls of many of the dwellings have been neatly built up to a height of two or three feet, when the work seems to have suddenly ceased, although piles of unheven stone and adobe mud lie near by, as if the builders intended to complete the work but were interrupted in the midst of their employment. Again, we find a wall neatly built, with the edges perfect and well-mortared, which breaks off suddenly and continues as a rough wall of unworked sandstone blocks—unplastered and piled up hastily. Everything about the ruins tends to prove that the builders were either interrupted by the approach of an enemy, or deserted it for other quarters. The former theory seems to be the more likely to be correct, for we found across the front of the cave a rudely constructed wall, which was undoubtedly thrown up for defensive purposes, and in the walls of the rooms back of this can be seen port-holes pointing in every direction.

The mouth of the cave faces the south, so that the morning sun penetrates some distance into the interior of the cave. One does not realize at a glance how far back the cave really extends. The spring is situated one hundred and twenty-five feet from the edge of the overhanging rock at the mouth. At a distance of forty-three feet from the spring the cavern is protected by a strong wall, seventy feet long, extending from one side of the cave to the other, and thirty-three feet from

north of the San Juan River, we noticed a large cave in one of the deep cañons in the ledge, and, examining it with our field glasses, we thought we could distinguish ruins near the opening. Four of us started to investigate, and found it a cavern of great dimensions, with the whole floor under the overhanging ledge studded with ruins. The cañon in which this picturesque cave town is situated is wild and beautiful, shut in on all sides by high sandstone cliffs, and having only one narrow entrance. The foliage is almost tropical in its luxuriance. We found cactus plants of gigantic size, and grass and flowering plants over a foot in height, while the bare, rocky ledges were studded with cedars, cottonwood, and pinons. This luxuriant growth of the cactus and of the other plants which are stunted upon the mesas, is probably caused by the heat

this wall, towards the opening, runs the second rudely constructed wall of which mention has been made.

At the right of the entrance to the cave is an estufa\* of peculiar shape. It is seventeen feet six inches in diameter and, at the present, four feet deep. Around the outside are six openings, somewhat resembling benches, and between these are sections of the wall extending inwards and forming pillars. These sections are irregular in size and shape, but are generally about one foot deep and two feet above the bottom of the estufa.

On the south side of the estufa is an opening one foot square, descending vertically two feet, then turning at right angles and leading into the estufa. Part of the roof remains around the edges and shows how the cave-dwellers covered their estufas. In the present instance, the roof was built of small beams, covered with four or five inches of brush and small sticks, and perhaps several inches of adobe mud upon the top of the brush. Directly back of this estufa, built up against the stone ledge, is a curious little house about five feet high, six feet wide, and five feet deep, with a very small doorway. Imagine living in a house with just room enough to turn around in if one sat down, but not high enough to stand up in, or large enough for two at the same time. It was a strange little place; we could find nothing to show whether it was used for a dwelling or for a storeroom for grain.

About five hundred feet to the east of this is another estufa, greatly resembling the first, except that it is smaller, having a diameter of eleven feet six inches. The walls had been plastered four or five different times, each layer being easily distinguished in places. The last coat was painted red. Fragments of the brush-covered roof remain all around the

\* An estufa is a circular underground chamber, with walls of masonry, supposed to have been used as a meeting place.



COTTONWOOD GULCH RUINS, UTAH.

siles, with charred ends, showing that the roof had been burned. Between these two estufas are a half a dozen small ruins, some merely cave-shelters, and all in a poor state of preservation, with most of the walls fallen down. In a small square room, east of the first estufa, we excavated to a depth of three feet, finding some fine jasper arrow-points, many corn-cobs and grains of corn, fragments of decorated pottery, fragments of matting, pieces of string to which feathers had been attached in the shape of a head-dress, and one arrow shaft of wood with the small jasper arrow-point still remaining in position, and even the rotten wrappings intact. Nothing of importance was found in any of the other rooms. One noticeable feature of these ruins was the great number of hollows in the sides of the boulders, where the ancient builders had sharpened their axes, and the long deep grooves where they had sharpened other stone implements.

The walls of the caverns are dotted here and there with picture-writings and representations of the human hand.\* The latter are painted in white, yellow, brown, red, and green. These markings may not seem of especial importance at first glance, but when one visits a great number of these ruins, and notes the frequency of the occurrence of representations of the human hand, it cannot fail to impress him as being of peculiar significance. There are very few ruins of importance in which hands cannot be found. This fact is true not only of the ruins in Utah, but also of those in Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado; and in almost every case, especially in the larger ruins, they occur not singly, but often fifty or one hundred imprints or painted representations, placed together, oftentimes in rows or groups over the houses, or high up on the cliffs.

While examining the cañons near Cold Spring Cave, our attention was attracted to a cave-like recess near the top of one of the high cliffs, about a mile to the northwest. We gave it the fitting name of Eagle Nest. As it looked difficult of access, we took a long stout rope and started up the cliff, intending, if possible, to obtain entrance to it by means of the rope from the top of the cliff. Upon reaching the top, the cliff proved very much higher than we had expected. Beneath

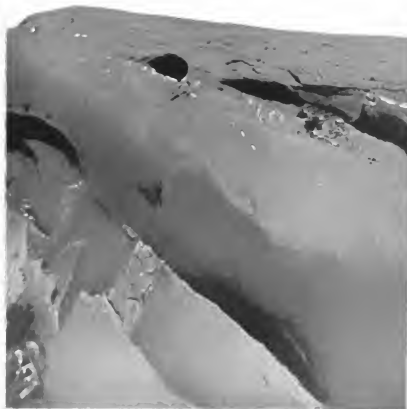
us was fully four hundred feet of sheer precipice, the cave being situated about fifty feet from the top. We fastened our rope to three sage bushes, about fifty feet apart, and then, by clinging to the rope and swinging from one foothold to another, we were able to reach the floor of the cave, although at first it seemed a difficult feat to swing under the overhanging ledge into the cave.

It is a snug little place, situated in a cave of elliptical shape, weathered out from the perpendicular side of the cliff. The opening is towards the south, which is the case with many others in this locality. The ancient dwellers obtained access by cutting footholds in the side of the cliff, but these have weathered out to such an extent that it is impossible to climb them now for the same purpose unless one is supported by a rope.

Many writers have said that the cliff-dwellers were a timid people, yet their little dwellings up in the high cliffs, their little footholds cut in the rock over the dizzy heights, and many other evidences of their life among these precipitous ledges, would seem to show that although they may have feared an enemy much more powerful than themselves, yet courage itself was not lacking, for it must have been essential in scaling these dangerous and dizzy heights. The entire absence of port-holes in this cave was noticeable; yet, after all, the cave is so inaccessible that there would have been but little use for them; and, so long as provisions and water held out, the inhabitants would be safe.

One cannot see the bottom of the cliff from the cave, yet if a rock is hurled over the side, it can be heard crashing its

way down the sides of the cliff to a surprisingly great depth. The ruins consist of eight rooms, protected by a rough wall extending nearly across the mouth of the cave, which measures 29.5 feet in length and 48 feet in width. In the ground plan which accompanies this article, the reader can obtain a good general idea of the ruins. Room "A," at the left-hand side looking in, is very small—5 feet wide, 4.7 feet deep, and 5.6 feet high. It has two small doorways, facing east and south. Room "B" is larger, being, in the widest place, 14.2 feet wide, 8 feet deep, and about 5 feet high; the floor being on three ledges of rock, each one foot higher than the other. Room "C" is 7.3 feet high, 8 feet wide, and averages about



EAGLE NEST, FROM OPPOSITE SIDE OF CAÑON TWO HUNDRED YARDS AWAY.

\*In a later issue we will present an article on this ancient symbol, illustrated with photographs taken by our explorers under the greatest difficulties. (11.)





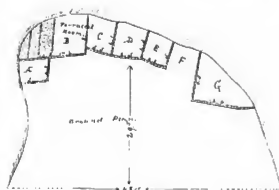
LOOKING FROM THE INTERIOR OF COLD SPRING CAVE.

7 feet deep, having one window facing south. Room "D" is 7.3 feet high, 8 feet wide, and 6 feet deep, having one window facing the south. Room "E" was not complete, the outside wall being only 4.3 feet high, 5 feet deep, and 4.7 feet wide. "F" was an opening which served as a hallway, perhaps; while room "G" is three-cornered, the west wall being 7 feet long and 3.4 feet high, and the south wall 12.4 feet long and 4.6 feet high. The base of the rock formed the third wall.

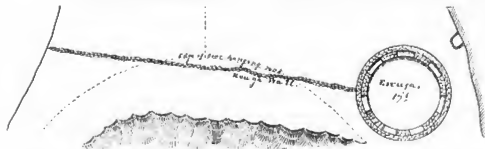
These rooms were all well built, and are in an excellent state of preservation. Picture-writings are conspicuous by their absence, while the floors of the three rooms are strewn with fragments of pottery. A few stone axes and corn mashers were found in excavating some of the rooms.

Directly to the east of Eagle Nest Cave, about two hundred feet distant, is a small circular room about eight feet in diameter and six feet in height, under an overhanging ledge. Perhaps it served as a watch-tower in times of war, and, for this purpose, it could not have been better located.

WARREN K. MOORTHHEAD.



EAGLE NEST—DIAGRAM OF CAVE AND DWELLINGS.



COLD SPRING CAVE—SECTIONAL VIEW SHOWING EDGE OF PRECIPICE, EDGE OF OVERHANGING CLIFF, THE ENTRANCE, AND WALL ERECTED TO KEEP OUT INVADERS. ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE FEET BACK THE SPRING OF COLD WATER IS TO BE FOUND. THE DWELLINGS ARE FIFTY FEET BACK OF THE WALL.

## PAINTINGS OF THE DAY.

### IV. "AU COIN DE LA CHEMINÉE." BY JEAN MEISSONIER.

It is in such apparently lighter veins, as that in which the little panel of "Au Coin de la Cheminée" is conceived and wrought out, that the masterly genius of Jean Meissonier evinces itself in such dazzling brilliance. (See page 494.)

The artist tells almost the whole story of his picture in one detail, whose significance would escape any artistic intelligence less fine and sensitive than his own. The heavy sword, shortened at its hangers, as if to be ready to the hand of the *spadassin*—thereby hangs the tale. The brooding, thoughtful face, the figure posed in the languor of indolence, reveal the ponderings of their owner. Beyond the closed door leading from the antechamber wherein he stands, one feels there is that which prompts the man to a deed of violence. Shall he yield to his passion?

Meissonier is now an aged man. Fifty years have passed

since this master of the century received his first Salon medal, but, even to-day, his brush, wielded by a hand trembling with nearly four score years of age, produces marvels of color and atmosphere that stand unequalled. He occupies, undisputed, the place of first eminence among living artists. In all the splendors of a fame that a king might envy, he can look back over a career that was not all prosperity and cheer. He can recall many gloomy days when he drew on the wood-block, for the price of a dinner, illustrations whose proofs are now the print-collector's prizes; days when he vainly peddled from dealer to dealer, paintings that are now received with bravos in auction rooms, and for whose possession millionaires contend in literally golden emulation.

It is told of this bluff little painter, whose military pictures are the wonder and delight of soldiers throughout the world, that as he stands among the crowd at the Boulevard curb watching the troops go by on parade, as he is fond of doing, the officers salute him with their swords and the men with a movement of their muskets.



## The Drunken Fiddler's Reform.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

"FOR shame, you dirty drunkard! Simon Toll! For shame! What a state to be in! Killing your body, ruining your soul! Dissipating all that you have, and the little that you can earn! Sending your wife to the grave, and letting your children die of hunger! What an abomination! I do not speak for myself; it is long since you have wrought my ruin."

"I—I—"  
"Hold your tongue. A pretty fellow, lying in the gutter like a pig! You, who were to have been a great artist! You, who were to have rivalled the best musicians of Germany! For shame, Simon, for shame!"

"I—I will make them dance, and don't you forget it, till—the tilt day of the last judgment."

"Yes! the pupil of the illustrious Meister Wolfram is now a miserable fiddler."

"But I promise you to swear off."  
"Come, get up! And don't break your Stradivarius, the gift of the meister."

And, so saying, old Gottlieb, the father-in-law of the drunken man, helped his son-in-law to get out of the gutter, and conducted him to a small cottage which they had tenanted for the last six months, on the outskirts of the picturesque village of Pirmasens, in the midst of the Vosges and in the Palatinate on the left bank of the Rhine.

Such scenes as we have depicted were, alas! too common. Scarcely a week passed by without Simon Toll coming home inebriated from some village festival. His poor wife had long ceased to complain, for when he was in his cups he was quarrelsome, and would even raise his hand to his father-in-law, whose reproaches exasperated him. But the next day, when his reason was restored, he would grieve over his folly, and humbly sue for pardon of his wife, of his father-in-law, and even of his children, to whom he was devotedly attached.

Hence it was that he was still a favorite, notwithstanding his failing, notwithstanding the sorrows he occasioned, and notwithstanding the wrong done to old Gottlieb, whose only daughter Gertrude he had married, and whose little fortune he had dissipated. Simon, when eighteen years of age, was considered one of the brightest youths of Pirmasens, and had given promise of becoming a distinguished musician. Meister Wolfram, the capellmeister of the Prince Archbishop of Cologne, had taken a fancy to the boy and sent him to Italy to be educated. Simon returned home, not only proficient on the organ, but with a divine voice, and drew forth extraordinary notes from his violin. The meister cherished him as his son, and looked forward to the time when he would take his place in the Cathedral of Cologne. But, unfortunately, Meister Wolfram was summoned to the Court of St. Petersburg, and Simon, who was married and had a family, took up his abode, for economy's sake, in his own village of Pirmasens. Here he was obliged, for want of better employment, to play at public balls and the *Kirchweihen*, the consequence of which was that he acquired at these places a habit of indulging in the generous wine of the Rhine to excess, became dissipated in

his habits, and, step by step—after his father-in-law had expended his little all in the support of his wife and family, for he brought nothing home—he became utterly reckless, seeking to drown his sorrows in confirmed drunkenness.

It was a Sunday evening when the sad scene we have just depicted occurred, close by his humble abode. The next day, as usual, he promised to reform, but the very Thursday afterwards he had to attend a ball in the village, and he was brought home dead drunk.

This time Simon fell ill. His constitution was not of the strongest, and he had to keep his bed for nearly a whole week. He arose from his bed to attend a festival at the neighboring village of Rintthal. There was no bread, nothing in the house to eat; old Gottlieb was mournful, the children were crying, and the young wife was silently weeping. The heart of Simon melted at the scene of domestic misery which his evil ways had wrought. He went to his wife and said, "I swear, that if Heaven permits me to get as far as Rintthal, I will not drink, but will bring back my earnings this very night."

"Amen!" ejaculated old Gottlieb. "Go, Simon, and may Heaven give you strength to keep your promise!"

"Should I fail," exclaimed Simon, "may all the spirits of darkness—"

But Gertrude did not let him finish. She quickly placed her hand upon his mouth.

"Hold your tongue!" she ejaculated; "hold your tongue! Do you forget that the road which you have to go over is haunted?"

Simon shuddered involuntarily.

Pirmasens was at that epoch a mere village, but is now an industrious little town, celebrated for its excellent slippers, perched on the side of a mountain in one of the most picturesque regions of the Vosges, on the road from Landau to Deux-Ponts. It obtained a certain amount of celebrity in the religion wars of the sixteenth century, and not far off is an enormous wall of rocks, where three battalions of French republicans perished in 1793. They were betrayed, and hurried, men and wagons, over the precipice in the darkness of the night.

The district in question presents the most marvellous contrasts. On one side is a peaceful valley, with meadows, enamelled with flowers and diversified by clumps of chestnut trees; on the other, dark forests, with broken jagged rocks jutting out of the darkness, and with glimpses of ravines so deep and so obscure that the eye cannot penetrate into them. The valley is known as the Blumenthal, or that of the "flowers"; the rocky recesses in the rear comprise the Kugelfelsen, so called because it launches forth at times boulders of quartz, as if projected from a crater; the Baerenfelsen, or the Bears' Rock, with its two dark caverns; and the "witches' stronghold," an old volcanic upland, the enormous and chaotic masses of which, scattered about, present the most fantastic appearances, especially by moonlight. One would fancy the ruins of a whole city, with domes, towers, colonnades, gable-ends, gates, and walls. No wonder that in those days strange tales were current in connection with this wild spot. They are, indeed, still to be heard in the remote cottagers' huts.

As Simon Toll, the fiddler, walked on his way to Rintthal, he shuddered at the idea of the oath he had nearly taken in the name of the spirits of darkness. He had, however, so often passed the same road, at least by daylight, that he soon recovered himself, and at length reached the village with his fiddle under his arm. He had been impatiently expected, and

was received with acclamations when he made his appearance at the portals of the hostelry where the ball was to be given. Every one held out to him his schoppe of wine, but, to the surprise of all, he declined to drink. To refuse to drink with an acquaintance was almost an insult, and more than one was inclined to feel it as such.

The anticipated dance, however, soon cleared the brows of the hearty young rustics. The different groups took their places, and the first notes of Simon's fiddle made themselves heard. But alas! the poor fiddler was exhausted by sickness and by his long walk. At the end of ten minutes he felt that his arm was failing him. A few discordant sounds made the dancers raise their heads.

"Why, Simon!" shouted old Franz, one of the most boisterous of the villagers; "do you no longer know how to play a waltz? You are forgetting both your art and your politeness."

"There must be something the matter with our minstrel," observed another. "Why, he refused our schoppe!"

"Has some one cast a spell over you?" ventured a third. Simon left off. He was fairly done for.

"You must drink a schoppe," called out one of the dancers. "Why did you not take a restorative before beginning the waltz?"

The unfortunate musician shook his head sorrowfully.

"I have made a vow to drink no liquor," he muttered.

At these words there arose a general laughter. A cross fire of jokes and witticisms assailed Simon Toll.

"He must be made to drink by force," they shouted unanimously. "By that means he will not have broken his vow."

No sooner said than done. The minstrel was at once surrounded. Some held his arms, while others poured wine down his throat. They then insisted upon his taking some refreshment, and, after the lapse of half an hour and some additional libations, Simon was at his place, his eyes glittering, his cheeks heightened in color, and his whole face illuminated, playing with his wonted vigor, and making the young men and pretty girls jump with joy.

It is true that he said to himself that he had broken his vow. But had he not been forced to do so? And then, again, could he have played at all if he had not taken a restorative?

But after each dance the guests came back to the change, and from glass to glass of wine, under the pretext of sustaining his strength, Simon Toll finished by night-time in being completely inebriated.

## II.

THE beer hall was some miles from Pirmasens, and the musician was not allowed to return home that night. Next morning he was obliged to take a goblet of wine to drive away the memory of the bad dreams that had troubled him during the night. This was followed by another and another; so it went on till late the next evening, when he started on his way back to Pirmasens, cheering himself with a song.

Supporting his unsteady person on the long trunks of the trees that lined his way, now on one side and then on the other, he at length entered into the very heart of the "witches' stronghold." Striking against the angular edge of a long stone, flat as a sepulchral slab, he fell down full length upon it. He tried to get up but could not. After some further vain efforts, accompanied with inarticulate sounds, Simon Toll fell asleep with his fiddle by his side.

At the first stroke of midnight from the clock at the convent of Franciscans at Pirmasens, the minstrel found himself suddenly awakened.

He discovered, without being able to explain how it came about, that he was under the high grey walls of the old monastery, in the company of three monks who had their hoods drawn over their faces. Two kept behind him, while the third, who was of gigantic stature, preceded him, pointing in silence with his extended arm to the top of the street. This street, he knew perfectly well, led towards the Lutheran church.

What filled him with surprise, however, as he looked in the direction indicated by the monk, was that about half way up

the street a great light appeared to come from the windows of an uninhabited house, which was formerly an hos ely. The monk who was in front began to move onwards, making signs to him to follow.

"Where are we going?" inquired the musician.

"To the hostelry of the White Eagle," replied the monk.

At the sound of this voice, which had in it something sepulchral, Simon Toll shuddered from top to toe. Was it really a living man who spoke to him? He examined the Franciscan more closely, and he heard a dry monotonous sound beneath his grey cloak, but he attributed it to the chapel of bones that hung free from his white girdle.

As he walked he could not help fancying that he detected something in the movements and bearing of the monk that reminded him of Dom Pascal, the former prior, who had been interdicted and excommunicated for his dissolute life. But Dom Pascal, the prior of the Franciscans, had been dead for some years past.

"It was, nevertheless, both his height and his walk," thought Simon. "Strange—very strange," he muttered to himself. And then he said aloud, "What are we going to do at the White Eagle?"

"Attend the wedding of my god-daughter Margaret, the daughter of Master Becker," replied the same hollow and sepulchral voice.

Simon stopped stupefied. The daughter of Master Becker had been dead for ten years, killed by her husband in a fit of jealousy—a tragedy to which the prior Dom Pascal had been, according to common report, no stranger.

The poor fiddler felt more and more uneasy; but still he ventured upon another question.

"But," said he, "I thought that the White Eagle was no longer an hostelry, and that it belonged to a tanner of Deux-Ponts, where Margaret's husband disappeared from the neighborhood?"

"Walk, and ask no more questions, Simon. You will be paid in golden fredericks if you make the nuptial guests dance merrily."

"Strange—very strange!" again muttered Simon.

They were approaching the old hostelry, and Simon Toll began to feel that his hair was rising on his head. A strong impulse came over him to make a bolt of it, but, turning round, he saw that the two other monks were else on his steps, walking with the same dry, rattling sound, as if they were impelled by strings. He resigned himself to his fate, and moved on in the rear of the Franciscan. But a cold, clammy dew pervaded his brow. Arrived at the hostelry of the White Eagle, the sound of voices reassured him somewhat.

Following the Cordelier, he entered, and soon found himself in a vast room brilliantly lighted, in which a numerous and lively company was assembled. Men and women were well dressed, and even flowers were not wanting. As soon as he appeared, his fiddle in his hand, "Ah! here he is—here he is!" was shouted on all sides.

"Welcome, Simon Toll!" said those who were nearest to him.

Every one, indeed, received him with a smiling countenance, but he could not recognize any that he knew.

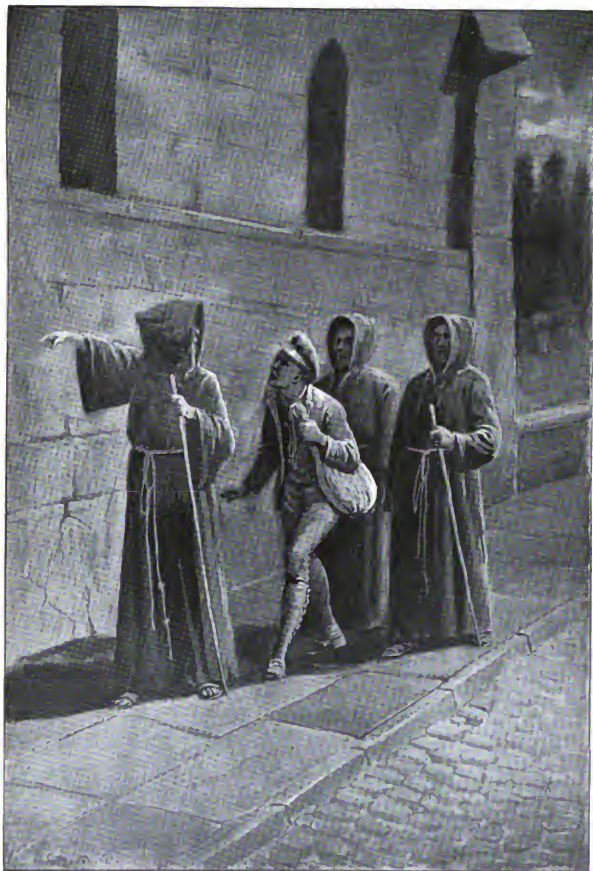
"Perhaps," thought he, "it is the tanner of Deux-Ponts who has arrived with his relatives and friends to inaugurate his new habitation. But the monks?"

He turned round, but could not see them. In the meantime the guests were exclaiming, "The fiddle! the fiddle! a waltz! Simon Toll, play a new waltz!"

Mounting on a kind of platform, he at once prepared himself to grant their request.

"Come," he said to himself, as he got his instrument in tune, "these good people only want to enjoy themselves, and, besides, have I not been promised to be paid in golden fredericks?" But it was in vain that he endeavored to fortify himself with reasons. His bow only drew discordant sounds from the strings.

"Poor boy!" exclaimed some one who saw that his hand trembled; "he wants refreshment. Here! Meister Becker, bring a goblet of Forst. That will steady his nerves."



THE DRUNKEN FIDDLER'S REFORM.—HE WAS UNDER THE HIGH GREY WALLS OF THE OLD MONASTERY, IN THE COMPANY OF THREE MONKS WHO HAD THEIR HOODS DRAWN OVER THEIR FACES. TWO KEPT BEHIND HIM, WHILE THE THIRD, WHO WAS OF GIANTIC STATURE, PRECEDED HIM, POINTING IN SILENCE WITH HIS EXTENDED ARM TO THE TOP OF THE STREET.

Simon opened his eyes to an inordinate extent when he saw, at these words, the late host of the White Eagle make his way through the crowd, and, shortly afterwards, his deceased daughter Margaret appear in bridal garments, a smile on her lips, and in her hand a silver salver and a huge glass of purest crystal, in which the renowned wine of the Palestine glittered lustrous as gold.

"Drink to my happy espousals, handsome Simon," she said, with a kindly expression.

Simon hesitated. His knees trembled under him. "Decidedly," he thought, "it is not the tanner and his guests. Why, here are Becker and his pretty daughter Margaret, as I saw them in my youth. Strange—very strange!"

But Margaret placed the goblet in his hand, and looked so affectionately at him that he felt ashamed of his doubts. He lifted the glass to his lips, and emptied it at one draught, but not without an effort. The imbibition effected, however, he entertained no doubts whatsoever as to the wine possessing a marvellous bouquet.

He felt, indeed, an unwonted fire circulating in his veins, Inspiration took possession of his soul, and his bow drew forth the most harmonious music. This acted as a signal to the guests. Selecting their partners, they were soon, for the most part, involved in the animated evolutions of a waltz. The very light seemed to have acquired a new brilliancy.

But while he was thus absorbed in his professional duties, the minstrel could not help casting an inquiring look around him. He soon perceived that here and there a few persons were conversing in a low tone, and that they now and then cast furtive and malicious glances at him. He distinguished about a dozen of these ill-disposed guests, and gradually he made out their features as having been once familiar to him.

There was no mistake about that personage near the window. It was the old shoemaker Niefel, who, when he was alive, waxed rich at the expense of his workmen, and gave them blows when they asked for their wages. And who was that with a fatuous leer close by but Catherine Pracht, who abandoned her children and fled the country with an Italian. Then, again, leaning over the buffet and ever replenishing his goblet, there was Hans de Weinau, the most notorious drunkard of his day, and whose dissipation led him to a premature grave. And, as a boon companion, there stood by his side Henri de Frauenthal, accused of having made away with the woman whom he betrayed. In a corner of the room, seated at a table, was the gambler Conrad Spiel, throwing loaded dice against others still ingeniously falsified, and cast with trembling hand by the bald-headed usurer, Wucher. Geldlieb, the miser, who had perished of hunger on a sack of six-dollars, was watching both with a malignant grin, but without perceiving that the light-fingered Franz Dieb was appropriating to himself a bad duca from the pocket of his worn-out doublet.

Simon Toll recognized them all, and he remembered, at the same time, that they had all been dead for some time past. But he no longer shuddered. The generous Forst had worked its charm. The waltz was still kept up with unabated vigor.

Suddenly the convent bell tolled half-past twelve. It was as if a cold wind had swept across the room. The aspect of the solemn festival underwent a change. The lights burnt dim; the garlands of flowers that fell over the walls and windows in festoons faded away; the great draperies seemed to hang as if in mourning. All color went. The room itself assumed a dull grey uniform tint.

At the same time the faces of the guests, which, under the excitement of wine and dance, had glowed with such unnatural brilliancy, became cadaverous; and to the jocund voices of a happy party succeeded strange, disagreeable, and discordant sounds, mingled with unceremonious laughs. The laughs came especially from the quondam acquaintances of Simon, who now gathered around the platform on which he stood, grimacing at him with a kind of satanic rivalry.

Still the waltzers did not cease. The grey mass rushed on, and turned with an almost delirious frenzy, while the minstrel himself, impelled by some magic power, drew from his old Stradivarius such rapid movements that nothing human could

have kept time with them, and notes so sharp that no living ear could have endured them.

But the malignant spectres that were grouped around him kept narrowing their circle and getting closer. Lifting their fingers, they said to one another in a tone of mockery: "It is Simon Toll! Simon Toll, the great musician!"

"Simon Toll, who plays the fiddle at fairs and public houses!"

"Simon Toll, the drunkard!"

"Simon Toll, who drinks all that he can earn!"

"Simon Toll, who has ruined old Gottlieb, his father-in-law!"

"Simon Toll, who has let his wife Gertrude and his children die of hunger!"

"They were all buried this very morning—all three in the same grave!"

And then they all howled together: "Fie! fie! fie! Simon, you will be one of us! Make haste! Hu! hu! hu! Simon Toll, the drunkard!"

Suddenly, once more the convent bell made itself heard; but this time, sonorous and vibrant, it threw one o'clock in the morning to the mountain echoes.

There was a terrible shout—the shout of despair of the damned, which seemed to alarm the very rocks, and the infernal host, tumbling over the poor minstrel, cast itself in a confused, incongruous, and headlong mass over the precipice and disappeared.

### III.

THIS time Simon Toll really awoke. He had rolled from the stone which had served him as a couch into the mossy lichens below. His hand still held convulsively to his fiddle. He rubbed his eyes, and then took a look around. Morn was just dawning. Over his head, in a crevice of the rock, an owl was still screaming its lugubrious hoo! hoo! With its great round pupils standing out in relief of its flat head, it looked maliciously at the poor minstrel.

As he contemplated the accursed spot where he had passed the night, he wondered if what had happened to him was a horrible dream or a monstrous reality. His ears still tingled, his blood seemed still to boil in his arteries, his teeth shook, and his hair was still moist with a cold, clammy perspiration.

He rose up and began to descend the slope of the bewitched mountain with a hurried step. Arrived at the forest he did not care to peer into its depths, so fearful was he of discovering any traces of the frightful visions of the previous night. He even dreaded to raise his eyes when he reached the valley of the Blumenthal, for the willows that bordered the rivulet seemed as if fantastically crowned with grey hair.

He only began to really recover himself when he came in sight of the houses of Pirmasens, the rising sun just gilding the spire of the Lutheran church. Soon he made out his own cottage in front of the others. The shutters were fastened.

He knocked at the door; no one answered. He knocked again; still silence. He knocked louder; nothing. The house was silent as a tomb.

He felt sick at heart; his legs failed him, and he had to lean against the door-sill for support. The dread words of the spectres—"They have died of hunger; they were all three buried this morning in the same grave"—came back to his mind. He made his way to the great stone cross which rose up a short distance by the side of the highway, and kneeling down he began to weep and pray, and buried his head in the dust.

"What are you doing there, Simon Toll?" asked his neighbor Waldmann, on his way to the forest. "What are you mourning about?"

"I have lost my wife and children," replied Simon, his face bathed in tears, under the impression of his horrible dream.

"Why, you are grieving when you ought to rejoice."

Simon looked at his neighbor angrily, believing that he was trifling with his feelings.

"Don't you know what has happened to them?" continued Waldmann quietly.

"Alas!" replied the minstrel, as he bowed his head.

"Why, truly it was for the best, since you could no longer support your family by playing at the *Lehrstühle*."  
Simon covered his face with his hands. "Poor Gertrude! My children, whom I loved so dearly!"

"Listen, Simon Toll! If a neighbor may be permitted to give you some good advice, I would recommend you to go and join them as quickly as possible."

The minstrel rose up with fire in his eyes. He clenched his fists. "Yes, you are right, Waldmann. I am a wretch. The best thing I can do is to follow them—to go and hang myself."

"Why hang yourself? Are you mad? You must go to Cologne, and throw yourself at the feet of your old master, Wolftram, who returned from Russia loaded with honors and presents, came on Sunday to Pirmasens, and yesterday took away all your family with him. They waited two days for you, but as you did not come back, why they went without you."

"What do you say? Is it possible? Meister Wolftram! My children at Cologne!"

"Just as I tell you."

"Oh, my Savior!" exclaimed Simon, almost suffocated with happiness. Again he fell on his knees, and stretched forth his arms to heaven, but this time it was in gratitude. "May your holy name be blessed! You have so fully proved me, but I thank you, O Lord. For the future, I will be another man."

He at once set forth on his journey to Cologne, playing in the villages and towns in order to meet the expenses of his journey, but never drinking except to satisfy his thirst. It was a Sunday morning when he arrived at the old city of Agrippina, the home of Saint Bruno, of Vondel, and of Rubens, the legendary city of eleven thousand virgins, the city of a hundred churches, with its Gothic cathedral with a hundred columns, each a hundred feet high! Humbled, and with a contrite heart, Simon Toll at once directed his steps towards one of the most grandiose and most perfect specimens of Christian architecture in all Europe. There, lost under its immense vault, he prostrated himself upon the pavement and implored the mercy of God.

A priest was at that moment ascending the altar in order to administer consolation to a few pious persons who were desirous of approaching the holy table.

A sudden inspiration came over Simon. He made his way up the narrow staircase that led to the organ loft. He found there the blower, who was an old acquaintance. So, taking his seat, he began playing just as the priest was pronouncing the "*Agnus Dei*," a melody so soft and so touching that those below thought that the angels themselves had descended from above to join the choir. There several times the voice of Simon Toll was heard above the notes, chanting "*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis!*"

"Amen!" responded a voice behind.  
Simon turned around. There stood by his side a man with a grey beard, in a black velvet doublet, his eyes moist, and his whole countenance giving evidence of the deepest emotion. It was Meister Wolftram who opened his arms to the repentant sinner.

Simon Toll was ever afterwards sober and studious. He acquired great renown, became capellmeister to one of the sovereign princes of Germany, was the glory of his teacher, the joy of old Gottlieb, and the centre of affection of his wife and children.

## A STEAM BICYCLE.

MR. CLINTON SAWYER, of Savannah, Georgia, has invented a steam bicycle. The machine is run by a boiler, eighteen inches by six inches, suspended from the upper frame rod of an Armande Model B, with gasoline for fuel. The boiler has a regular steam gauge, and can stand a pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch. The cylinders are two inches, and the piston rod acts on gearing on the crank shaft. The gearing is arranged five to one for crank axle, and one and one-quarter for rear wheel, which gives about sixty inches gearing. Mr. Sawyer is confident that this machine, on its final test, will fully realize his expectations.

## Fads, Facts and Fancies.

### Commentary upon Events, Episodes and Incidents of Current Interest.

A FERVID admirer of the ex-Secretary of State exclaims that "Blaine is the Gladstone of America!" It will be noted, however, that Gladstone generally gets elected.

It will take seven months for a message to reach Emin Bey informing him of Stanley's disastrous attempt to enter parliament. But it is doubtful whether even the tardiness of the news will take the edge off Emin's enjoyment or muffle the merriment of his chuckle.

LORD WOLSELEY has been telling young men that the only specific for getting on in the army is nerve. "Spirit and enthusiasm are useful," he says, "but nerve—nerve is the great thing needed. Nothing but nerve!" What soldiers actors would make!! These last exclamation points are mine, not Wolseley's.

THE boilers of the steamer *Mont Blanc*, plying on Lake Geneva, recently exploded with results fatal to many of her passengers. The Swiss government promptly arrested the directors of the company owning the boat, and will punish their negligence with terms of imprisonment ranging from two to five years. They order some things very well in Europe.

ROBERT L. GARNER, who was to have sailed to West Africa to study the language of apes, baboons, and monkeys, was unable to secure a berth on the steamship bound for those simian shores, and so must forego his journey for a few weeks. In order that the interim may not be wholly wasted, Mr. Garner will make a sojourn at several of the fashionable summer resorts.

THE two hundred and fiftieth performance of a farce-comedy was recently celebrated in a New York theatre with considerable hurrah. The friends of the concocter of the entertainment were present in great force, and at one point in the performance shouted "Author! Author!" A delegation of country visitors to the city, who chanced to be present on the occasion, being wholly unable to detect any plausible excuse for such a demand, mistook the calls of "Author! Author!" for cries of fire and started forthwith to leave the theatre with a precipitancy that threatened a panic.

FOREIGNERS must be rather amused by the persistency with which the press in this country denounces the employment of Pinkerton forces as "un-American." As a matter of fact, the system with which we have become familiar in recent times of riot and labor disturbances, is distinctly and peculiarly American. There is not another civilized country under the sun where the institution of a private standing army exists, or where it would be tolerated. The employment of hired retainers in contemptuous disregard of the public forces provided and maintained for the preservation of the peace, smacks too strongly of feudalism to be suffered anywhere except under our own broad and breezy government.

A PLAYWRIGHT of the first prominence in this country was recently asked by a manager to construct a modern society drama depicting the modes of thought and of life of the more elegant phases of American fashion—a play of manners, in short. The dramatist promptly and decisively declined the commission. While the subject was one to his fancy, he insisted that proper interpreters of the rôles of such a play were not at the command of the manager. The playwright argued that, as a rule, the American actor was of so coarse a strain that it was impossible for him to present a colorable semblance of a gentleman on the stage. As to the feminine contingent of the theatre, there were, possibly, three or four actresses who could acceptably portray a lady; but in the matter of men to represent the well-bred, well-bred lions of American society, the case was hopeless.

THERE is little doubt that following the next vacancy in the French Académie, M. Emile Zola will take his place among the Immortals. After "Le Débâcle," not even Parisian intrigue can avail to deprive Zola of the place that is due him in the association of French genius and talent. "Le Débâcle" is such a truly magnificent piece of work that it seems as if its author intended it as a defiance of the petty scheming and wirepulling that has hitherto succeeded in keeping him out of the Académie. It will be recalled that at the last election M. Pierre Loti, the author of some pretty amorous romances, was passed over Zola's head. Think of preferring "Madame Chrysanthème" to "La Terre"!

It must strike Latin scholars as rather droll to read in the kindly comments on the retirement of Professor Harkness from Brown University, the effusive commendations of "Harkness' Latin Grammar," of which the worthy old gentleman is the author. Surely all scholars of the classics can recall the famous criticism of the Harvard instructor, that "Allen and Greenough's grammar was good enough in its day, but the day for Harkness' grammar had passed twenty years before the work was published." It is but fair to add though, that despite this caustic judgment, Harkness' Latin grammar is still a standard text-book in the hundreds of Western "Universities" engaged in spoiling good farmers for poor lawyers and "sich."

We of the North are always ready with instances of the law's laxity in the states below Mason and Dixon's line; but the action of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, in confirming the death sentence of Col. Henry Clay King, forces upon one the inquiry, whether the Northern courts would have been equally stern and unyielding to a man of Colonel King's position and reputation. One has only to recall the number of distinguished murderers who now enjoy great prosperity and popularity in some of the most enlightened communities of the North, to doubt seriously if such a man would have been compelled to undergo the death penalty. One of the foremost lawyers of the South, the author of "King's Digest of Tennessee Laws," a citizen for years prominent in the best element of Southern life and letters, Colonel King must pay the law's direst penalty for the slaying of Poston, a brother member of the Memphis bar. In the highest civilization of the North, the Colonel would have had, at the most, to undergo a few months' confinement in a luxuriously appointed insane asylum.

AUSTRALIA has long been the marvel of scientists because of the strangeness of its flora and fauna, but I doubt that the antipodal home of the kangaroo and ornithomylus has ever produced anything more startling than the views on divorce entertained by Mr. Lothian Robson, a writer of repute in Sydney. In the drastic code of this sociologist, the law of the Patriarchs—those of Biblical fame, of course—is the true and only solution of the divorce problem. "Death," Mr. Robson insists, "should be the portion of the unfaithful, whether male or female. The crime is high treason against the State," this daring logician argues; "it therefore merits the heaviest penalty. Divorce with remarriage is confusion endlessly confounded; divorce without remarriage is a burden heavier than ordinary mankind can endure; the death of the guilty clears the ground and leaves all fresh and square." Mr. Robson, however, is by no means certain that this wholly unegoistic argument would prove convincing to those who make light of their marital vows; so he attempts to move them to a sense of their obligations to society in this wise: "And even to the guilty parties themselves their doom ought not to appear utterly deplorable; we live not for ourselves but for humanity, and death at a most uncertain future is certain to us all. If we can do nothing for the good of our race, but delete ourselves and our vices from the face of creation, we ought not to be unwilling to die." It is not likely, however, that this esoteric view of the matter will win many adherents in a country that has issued 320,000 decrees of divorce within the last twenty years.

CONSISTENCY is a virtue that rests about as heavily on the feather-brained and fickle-hearted French as does marital fidelity. A few months ago an American named Deacon killed

a Parisian libertine under circumstances that are deemed by the unwritten law of all the world ample justification of the deed. In France particularly does this view obtain, and to a degree that almost absolves the passionate avenger of his honor from the formal penalty of mere arrest. Contrary to the Gallic sentiment and practice, however, the American was put on trial for the killing of his wife's paramour, and was sentenced to imprisonment. While all Paris was still chucking over Deacon's punishment for slaying one of the most unconscionable rakes in the capital, a certain Madame Reynond delighted the *boulevardiers* with a new sensation. Suspecting the loyalty of her husband, she had tracked him to a rendezvous with his forbidden love. Breaking in upon the twain at a moment convincing rather than compromising, Madame Reynond shot her rival, and then, as the poor wretch writhed in the agony of death, the enraged avenger plunged a stiletto studded with jewels—the Frenchwoman of fashion is artistically elegant on all occasions—repeatedly into the vitals of her guilty victim. Madame Reynond, after a pretence of a trial, has just been acquitted of the charge brought against her, and left the court amid cheers of approval. There are few who will not commend the decision of her judges, but the fact that Deacon was punished for a deed committed under circumstances identical with the killing of Madame Reynond's rival, must strike every impartial critic of the affair. What is sauce for the Gallic goose is evidently not sauce for the Yankee gander.

It is nonsense to suppose that the false story of W. W. Astor's death was concocted for "stock-jobbing" purposes. The demise of an Astor never exerts any material influence on the price of the wares dealt in in Wall Street. The family is not largely interested in speculative properties. And, even if any member of the rich household should be possessed of a block of railroad stocks and bonds, his estate would not be left in such a condition that these securities would have to be disposed of in a rush or at a sacrifice. The real motive that started the fiction is doubtless of a news-mongering character. Some one of the two or three reckless newspapers in New York City, in eagerness to get a sensation, concocted the scheme. A forged cable was sent to one of the Astors' agents in this country announcing the death of the head of the family at Lansdowne House, his London residence. A reporter of the journal that hatched the scheme was then dispatched to the office of the agent mentioned, and, in the language of the enterprising "great daily" in question, "was the first to announce to the startled clerk the sudden death of his master." While the reporter was still relating to him the details of Mr. Astor's "death," "a cable arrived confirming the sad news." Mr. Astor's agent, like a popular camera, did the rest. The entire affair reminds one of the story of the two thrifty foreigners who concluded to turn their shop-worn goods into insurance money. It was arranged that one of the partners, in order to evade all suspicion of collusion, should go to a neighboring town for a day and await the distressing news of the ruin of his business. In a fever of pleasurable excitement he passed several hours in his temporary exile pending the announcement of the prearranged fire. As the time agreed upon drew nearer and nearer, the merchant became more and more impatient and eager, so every half hour he would hurry to the telegraph office and inquire: "Anything here for me—Solomon Untermeyer?" "No," was the answer, "nothing for Mr. Untermeyer." Again and again he called on the telegraph operator without receiving the longed-for announcement of his disaster. "Vell, vell," he commented each time, "dot's very queer; something must be wrong wid Guggenheimer." Toward evening he grew almost frantic with excitement, and at last he rushed to the telegraph office determined to learn the meaning of the delay. "Anything yet for Untermeyer?" he fairly shouted. "This time he was not to be disappointed. "Yes," said the operator calmly; "here's a message from ———." "Goodness gracious," interrupted the distracted merchant; "my store's on fire!" And indeed it was. Some of the episodes in the sensational announcement of the false news regarding Mr. Astor reminds one forcibly of the conflagration in Mr. Untermeyer's establishment.

# History of Seven Days.

A Chronicle of Important Events culled from all Quarters of the Globe, touching upon the News of the Week in Politics, the Arts, Sciences, and Society.

## NOTIFIED.

**Messrs. Cleveland and Stevenson Officially Informed that the White House is "To Let."**

New York City is the stronghold of the Democracy, and in it on the evening of July 20, at the Madison Square Garden, ten thousand lusty, big-voiced men welcomed Grover Cleveland and Adlai Stevenson. They were present to be officially informed that the Chicago Convention had seen fit to nominate them as the choice of the Democratic party for its candidates to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States.

**Tammany on her good behavior.**

Tammany was the spirit of the ceremonies. Her chieftains and her braves assembled in force to give assurance that in the month of November they would martial the forces which will count New York as certain for Cleveland and Stevenson.

Tammany learned a lesson in Chicago. She learned that a traitor cannot escape the odium of treachery, even though far from home. Her treachery of 1888 made her visit to Chicago uncomfortable, and the reprimand she received from the Democracy of the nation was made known to the country at large.

Now Tammany promises, like a bad boy returned home, to mend her ways and be an honor and a joy.

Since Tammany is as full of promises as an egg is full of meat, and, since her promises are often mere wind, the people will wait the result of the election with interest.

The proceedings of the evening having been so broadly heralded, it is only incumbent upon us to chronicle the event as a matter of record.

Chairman W. L. Wilson presided.

In response to the address of the Notification Committee, Mr. Cleveland made a speech, from which we make the following extracts:

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN—The message you deliver from the national Democracy arouses within me emotions which would be well nigh overwhelming if I did not recognize here assembled the representatives of a great party who must share with me the responsibility your mission invites. I find much relief in the reflection that I have been selected merely to stand for the principles and purposes to which my party is pledged, and for the enforcement and supremacy of which all who have any right to claim Democratic fellowship must constantly and persistently labor.

**Shares responsibility with his party.**

"Our party responsibility is indeed great. We assume a momentous obligation to our countrymen when, in return for their trust and confidence, we promise them a rectification of their wrongs and a better realization of the advantages which are due to them under our free and beneficent institutions.

"Turning our eyes to the plain people of the land, we see them burdened as consumers with a tariff system that unjustly and relentlessly demands from them, in the purchase of the necessities and comforts of life, an amount scarcely met by the wages of hard and steady toil—while the exactions thus wrung from them build up and increase the fortunes of those for whose benefit this injustice is perpetuated.

**Protection a false doctrine.**

"We see the farmer listening to a delusive story that fills his mind with visions of advantage, while his pocket is robbed by the stealthy hand of high protection.

"Our workmen are still told the tale, oft repeated in

spite of its demonstrated falsity, that the existing protective tariff is a boon to them, and that under its beneficent operation their wages must increase—while as they listen, scenes are enacted in the very abiding place of high protection that mock the hopes of toil, and attest the tender mercy the workman receives from those made selfish and sordid by unjust governmental favoritism.

"Ours is not a destructive party. We are not at enmity with the rights of any of our citizens. All are our countrymen. We are not recklessly heedless of any American interests, nor will we abandon our regard for them; but invoking the love of fairness and justice which belongs to true Americanism, and upon which our Constitution rests, we insist that no plan of tariff legislation shall be tolerated, which has for its object and purpose a forced contribution from the earnings and income of the mass of our citizens, to swell directly the accumulations of a favored few; nor will we permit a pretended solicitude for American labor, or any other specious pretext of benevolent care for others, to blind the eyes of the people to the selfish schemes of those who seek, through the aid of unequal tariff laws, to gain unearned and unreasonable advantages at the expense of their fellows.

**Opposing the many to favor the few.**

"We have also assumed in our covenant with those whose support we invite, the duty of opposing to the death another avowed scheme of our adversaries, which, under the guise of protecting the suffrage, covers, but does not conceal a design thereby to perpetuate the power of a party afraid to trust its continuance to the untrammelled and intelligent votes of the American people. We are pledged to resist the legislation intended to complete this scheme, because we have not forgotten the saturnalia of theft and brutal control which followed another Federal regulation of State suffrage; because we know that the managers of a party which did not scruple to rob the people of a President, would not hesitate to use the machinery created by such legislation to revive corrupt instrumentalities for partisan purposes; because an attempt to enforce such legislation would rekindle animosities where peace and hopefulness now prevail; because such an attempt would replace prosperous activity with discouragement and dread throughout a large section of our country, and would menace, everywhere in the land, the rights reserved to the States and to the people, which underlie the safeguards of American liberty."

**Federal Bayonets at the Polls.**

In acceptance of his notification Mr. Stevenson said: "In the contest upon which we now enter we make no appeal to the passions, but to the sober judgment of the people. We believe that the welfare of the toiling millions of our countrymen is bound up in the success of the Democratic party. Recent occurrences in a neighboring State have sadly emphasized the fact that a high protective tariff affords no protection; and tends in no way to better the condition of those who earn their bread by daily toil.

**Homestead and Force Bill.**

"Believing in the right of every voter to cast his ballot unawed by power, the Democratic party will steadily oppose all legislation which threatens to imperil that right by the interposition of Federal bayonets at the polls."

## POLITICAL.

It seems like a return to the good old days of the simplicity that Thomas Jefferson believed to be an essential of the republic's endurance, to read of the meeting between Grover Cleveland and Adlai Stevenson at Buzzard's Bay. As the train stopped at the station of the quiet country town on the



Massachusetts coast, Stevenson stepped to the platform and scanned the small crowd for a sight of Mr. Cleveland. Just as the son of Illinois was beginning to wonder if his leader had forgotten him, a very large man, as brown as an Indian, wearing a slouch hat and a rough suit of grey clothes, stepped forward, holding out his hand. It was Grover Cleveland. The contrast between the two men, as far as dress and manner went, was complete. Gen. Stevenson, correct and dignified, was standing straight in his Prince Albert coat, with severe white tie and sparkling diamond beneath, as if he regarded the occasion of special importance. Mr. Cleveland was dressed as if he was going fishing and had stopped to get some bait. "I should never have known you in the world," were Gen. Stevenson's first words as the two right hands hugged each other. "Well, I should have known you anywhere," answered the candidate for the Presidency, with a cordial smile. Just then a local light brushed up and asked Mr. Cleveland to shake hands with his mother, who was looking out eagerly from the car window. "I am glad to see you, madam," said the "man of destiny." "I hope you are well." "Pretty well, thank you, for an old woman." "Oh, pshaw, you are not old," laughed the ex-President, while Gen. Stevenson lifted his hat.

#### DOMESTIC.

NATURAL GAS in vast volumes has been struck near Salt Lake City, Utah.

DR. C. C. TERRY, of Fall River, Massachusetts, was killed while fencing with Prof. Castoldi, a fencing master. Castoldi's foil broke the mask on Terry's face, and, entering his eye, penetrated the brain.

HIP LUNG, a Chinese merchant of Chicago, has filed an appeal in the United States Circuit Court from the assessment placed upon card markers by the customs officers. "The markers, which are used in the Chinese game of 'bung loo,' were assessed fifty cents per package, and are purchased for two cents a package."

IT transpires that the late Prof. Theodore W. Dwight left his will unsigned a little too long, for he dropped dead when he had gotten as far in his signature as "Theodore W. Dwight." Two witnesses stood near to add their names the moment he should finish writing his name, but death stepped in, and the document in the eyes of the law is valueless.

OUR consular officers in France have been instructed to refuse to certify invoices of goods consigned to the United States on and after September 1 next, unless the merchandise is invoiced in accordance with the metric system. The use of the old system of measurement, now employed in France on invoices of goods to the United States, is said to facilitate frauds on the customs revenue.

SECRETARY OF STATE FOSTER announces that an entirely cordial and mutually satisfactory settlement has been reached between the government of the United States and Chili respecting the indemnity to be paid by the latter on account of the assault upon the crew of the *Baltimore*. \$75,000 in gold is to be distributed among the families of the two men who lost their lives, and to the surviving members of the crew who were wounded.

THE absurd notion that a Philadelphian cannot, in any circumstance, be aroused to an exhibition of activity or excitement is abundantly denied by the conduct of a Mr. J. Harkins, whose wife, while on a visit to some friends a few days ago, gave birth to quadruplets—all girls. According to the telegraphed accounts of the prodigy, "Mr. Harkins heard of the sudden increase in his family while eating his breakfast, and has since been in a terribly excited condition."

ALL the sacred relics left by the famous Father Mollinger, celebrated for his faith cures, are to be sold at auction. The authorities of the Pittsburgh diocese have refused to buy the relics, as they doubt the authenticity of some of them. It is thought not unlikely, though, that the relics will be bought in

by some New York church, and it is rumored that several wealthy New York Catholics, including Eugene Kelly and Joseph J. O'Donohue, who own private chapels, may be among the bidders for Father Mollinger's relics.

AN instructor in the Lehigh University, of Bethlehem, Pa., named Dwight E. Carroll, recently made a desperate attempt to kill himself in a moment of insanity, due to the insulting jests and deriding gibes to which he was subjected while addressing a gathering of collegians. It is only a few weeks since a tutor of Yale University was violently assaulted in his own apartment, and in the presence of his aged father, by a rowdy crew of drunken students, who beat down the tutor's door in their eagerness to get at him. Plainly a lot of promising raw material, that would work up readily into prize fighters or thugs, is running to waste in some of our institutions of learning.

IT begins to look as if our much vaunted tin mines were a good deal of a myth. The San Francisco *Examiner*, after a thorough investigation, has no hesitancy in pronouncing the Temescal tin mines in San Jacinto County an out-and-out failure. This declaration is based on the report of a mining engineer of long experience in Cornish tin mines, who has recently made a thorough investigation of the Temescal mines. It is said that the little ore in sight will soon be exhausted. The mines cost \$2,000,000, and during the fifteen months they have been in operation the English stockholders have sent out nearly \$8,000 per month to meet deficits. The *Examiner* says that Capt. Harris, late superintendent of the mines, who resigned because he was convinced the mines would not pay, has left for London to attend a conference of the English stockholders.

A THEATRICAL manager named William Fleischman was arrested by the Ocean Grove, N. J., authorities, for failing to wear the prescribed Mother Hubbard badge gown. Fleischman, who is a good swimmer, had the sleeve of his suit chopped off so that he could use his arms more freely. The exposed arms were too much for religious Ocean Grove, so Fleischman was seized. After a reprimand he was let go. All bathers wearing suits that do not reach to the wrists and ankles are to be arrested. Not to be outdone by the Ocean Grove people in their endeavor to introduce dress reform, Judge Borden, of Asbury Park, N. J., caused a young lady's arrest on the charge of wearing a "ballroom" dress in the street. After being severely lectured on the alleged immodesty of her attire, and cautioned never to appear out of doors again in a dress with a low corsage, she was permitted to go.

PERSONS who do not appreciate the superior dignity of our House of Lords as compared with our House of Commons, should review the figures showing the clerical expenses of the two branches of congress. The lower house, with a membership of 336 representatives and delegates, has 319 officers and employes all told, with compensation aggregating \$374,336.30. The senate, on the other hand, with a membership of 88 senators, has, exclusive of official stenographers and Maltby House employes, 303 officers and assistants, with compensation aggregating \$381,264. Thus there is less than one officer or employe to each member of congress in the house, and more than three to each senator. Again, the average compensation to each officer and employe of the house is \$1,110.72, and to each officer or employe of the senate \$1,258.30, or \$147.58 more than the house. The average cost per member of the house for officers and employes is \$1,027.78, while the average cost per senator for the same is \$4,447.55, being \$3,429.77 more than for members of the house.

#### WORLD'S FAIR.

M. SPIRIDON, a wealthy Frenchman, has offered to lend to the World's Fair, to be exhibited in the Department of Fine Arts, the original model of St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome. The model will come with an authenticated history, showing it to be the one designed by the architect, San Gallo, in 1540.

THE approach of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago has already drawn to the Windy City a great number of thugs,

thieves, pickpockets, and highwaymen. Their boldness, too, is quite extraordinary. A few days ago a pair of the rogues attacked a man in the foyer of the Grand Opera House, and, in the presence of a score of frightened persons, robbed their victim of money and jewelry, and, before they left, coolly knocked him down.

THE Papsal encyclical on the Columbus celebration directs that on October 12 the mass of the Trinity be celebrated in the Catholic churches of Spain, Italy, and America in honor of Columbus. The encyclical also invites the bishops of other nations to say the same mass. The Pope says he cannot doubt that Columbus was primarily inspired by the Catholic faith. The difference between him and the illustrious men who before and after him discovered unknown lands was that Columbus was animated by the spirit of religion, which sustained his genius, fortified his constancy, and afforded him consolation in his greatest trials.

THE sight of the saintly Matthew Quay, of Pennsylvania, entreating with quivering voice and tear-dimmed eyes that his colleagues in the United States senate should refuse to sanction an appropriation for the Columbian Exposition, save on condition that the fair be closed on Sundays, is one likely to make even the judicious laugh. If Chicago had her way, a place would at once be set apart in the hottest corner of satanic torridity for eternal occupancy by the Pennsylvania Pecksniff and the bewhiskered Pepper, of Kansas, who, not content with the harassments already put upon the Windy City's enterprise, behought himself to rob it in by proposing another proviso whereby no liquor should be sold on the grounds. Some mild hint of Chicago's feelings in the matter appears between the lines of this diplomatic paragraph, culled from scores of the same letter in the public prints of the ungainly town by the lakemide: "If the appropriation had been for a thieving tariff lord, for a railroad corporation, for a swindling mail contractor, or for any other sort of a jobber, big or little, this amiable body of fussy and stupid old men, most of them in the employ of high in the favor of some monopoly, would have fallen over each other in their haste to pass it without condition. No doubt many a guffaw will be heard in the cold tea recesses of that gin-soaked body as the fine humor of this rascally bill is discussed between drinks by the men who passed it. Let the directors denounce and renounce this shameful measure, the product of a shameless body, as it deserves. Let them do it promptly and emphatically. If the nation will not appropriately sustain an undertaking begun by its authority, carried on in its name, and designed for its everlasting glory, let the world know at once that Chicago, scornful of the Pharisees and rebuking the cranks and the misers, is able and willing to carry the enterprise to success alone."

#### SCIENCE.

THROUGH the efforts of a committee consisting of A. M. Palmer, Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Theodore Moss, S. P. Avery, W. C. Prime, and Lawrence Hutton, the entomological collection of the late Harry Edwards, the actor, has been purchased and presented to the American Museum of Natural History. There are more than 250,000 specimens in the collection. More than one-half of the purchase price was secured by the committee from the professional and personal friends of Mr. Edwards and from friends of the museum, the remainder being assumed by the trustees of the museum.

#### INDUSTRIAL.

It is stated in Havana that several American capitalists have formed a syndicate for the purpose of starting a large central sugar establishment near Trinidad.

THE Boston Central Labor Union has adopted resolutions demanding that the Congressional Committee investigating the Homestead riots shall extend its inquiry into the affairs of the Pinkerton "secret service."

THE St. Louis labor organizations have formed a "strike board," with power to levy assessments of from five to twenty-five cents upon each member of the unions in the board, to aid any strike which may be under way.

It is announced at Worcester, Mass., that the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad is about to use electricity instead of steam to propel both freight and passenger cars between New York and New Haven.

THE coal operators of Southern Iowa have practically formed a trust. At a meeting at Centerville, \$1.40 per ton for lump coal on track was made the minimum selling price, with heavy penalties for violation of the agreement.

#### MARINE.

THE Italian steamer *Citta di Roma*, Captain Gattuzo, sailing in the United States and Brazil Mail Steamship Company's service, which arrived in Rio Janeiro on July 10 from New York, caught fire shortly after she left that port, and was run ashore near there. The *Citta di Roma* is a vessel of 1,308 tons. She left New York on June 11.

A FOOLHARDY sailor for notoriety, named W. H. Andrews, has started across the Atlantic, bound for Palos, Spain, in a dory scarcely fourteen feet on the keel, but of good width and depth, and wholly decked over, save for a small cock-pit in the stern from which there is an entrance to the cabin. Capt. Andrews expects to consume fifty or sixty days in making the trip, but will take water and provisions sufficient to last over one hundred days. He will go alone. Four years ago he crossed the ocean in a dory. Last year he sailed from a small seaport in Massachusetts for Southampton, England, but after suffering great hardships was picked up and brought home by a passing steamship.

A LETTER just received from Sierra Leone announces the safe arrival in that port of *The Queen*, the smallest vessel that has ever attempted to sail from England to Africa. She is only thirty-five feet long, and is intended for trading purposes on some of the smaller African rivers in British territory. Mariners were a good deal interested in the bold venture of sailing such a small vessel so long a distance. She reached Sierra Leone in thirty-five days from Liverpool, having made one hundred and seventy miles in one day. This speaks well for her sailing qualities. There are no accommodations below for a crew, and a deck house had to be built to accommodate the men who sailed in her.

#### NAVAL.

THE most recent statement of the proposed make-up of the new navy shows a total of 45 vessels, 364 guns, 683 officers, 911 marines, and 9,500 seamen. In class 1 there are to be six double-turreted harbor defense vessels—the *Puritan*, *Montomah*, *Amphitrite*, *Monadnock*, *Terror*, and *Monterey*, with a total equipment of 36 guns, 75 officers, and 633 seamen. Class 2—Three armored cruisers—the *Maine*, *New York*, and a vessel of the *New York* type, under the act of 1893, with an equipment of 46 guns, 60 officers, 1,198 seamen, and 116 marines. Class 3—One vessel, the *Nov*, a harbor defense ram, with 8 officers and 84 seamen. Class 4—Five armored battle ships—the *Texas*, *Massachusetts*, *Indiana*, *Oregon*, and the vessel authorized by the act of 1893, with 72 guns, 108 officers, 1,768 seamen, and 180 marines. Class 5—Thirteen protected cruisers—the *Chicago*, *Boston*, *Atlanta*, *Newark*, *Charleston*, *Baltimore*, *San Francisco*, *Philadelphia*, *Cincinnati*, *Raleigh*, and Cruisers *Nov*, 6, 12, and 13; equipped with 136 guns, 266 officers, 3,786 seamen, and 450 marines. Class 6—Three cruisers—*Nov*, 9, 10, and 11; equipped with 30 guns, 48 officers, 651 seamen, and 75 marines. Class 7—Six gunboats—the *Yorktown*, *Concord*, *Bennington*, *Petrel*, *Nov*, 5, and *Nov*, 6; equipped with 38 guns, 75 officers, 855 seamen, and 84 marines. Class 8 (special class)—five vessels—the *Dolphin*, *Hamcraft*, *Vauxhall*, dynamite cruiser *Nov*, 2, and torpedo cruiser, with an equipment of 6 guns, 36 officers, 440 seamen, and 6 marines. Class 9—Three torpedo boats—the *Stiletto*, *Cushing*, and torpedo *Nov*, 2; equipped with 7 officers and 85 seamen. This approximates the new navy. Now, if the officers in charge of these vessels can manage to keep them out of the way of coal barges, ferry boats, dumping scows, and the other craft that have lately played such havoc with our men-of-war, it looks as if we may presently have quite a navy.



BURNING OF ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

COCHRANE STREET, SHOWING METHODIST CHURCH, GOVERNOR'S HOUSE AND GROUND, ALSO FASHIONABLE DWELLINGS.

**Burning of St. Johns, Newfoundland.**

TWENTY millions of dollars, it is estimated, will not more than cover the losses occasioned by the conflagration in St. Johns, Newfoundland, on July 8. The fire started on Long's Hill, in the very heart of the city, and sped by a stiff gale, it travelled at a rate that easily out-distanced all efforts to check it. Within half an hour from the first outbreak the fire department and people were utterly helpless, and the centre of the city was abandoned to its fate.

The first large building to go was the new Methodist College and boarding hall, recently erected at a cost of \$40,000, and the educational headquarters of Methodism in the colony.

From here the flames leaped to the Masonic Temple, a portion of which was used as the general Protestant Academy.

Sweeping down the hill, the flames licked up the Gower Street Methodist Brick Church, the oldest and largest in the city.

Then, across the street to the superb Cathedral of the English Church, 120 feet in length and 56 feet broad. This was designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, and was conceded to be the finest piece of Gothic architecture on the continent.



BURNING OF ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

WATER STREET, THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS THOROUGHFARE, SHOWING LEADING BUSINESS HOUSES.



BURNING OF ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. ATHENÆUM.

Next the Orange Hall and the Palace of Bishop Jones were consumed. Continuing its swath, the next victim of the fire was the Supreme Court House, on Duckworth Street; the police headquarters, the magnificent Athenæum building, containing the government offices, law offices, Government Savings Bank, a large public hall and reading-room. Proceeding along Duckworth Street, the Union Bank Building, the Commercial Bank, the fine Presbyterian Church, and the *Telegram* newspaper office were quickly destroyed. Then the flames took complete possession of the great business establishments and fish warehouses on Water Street, soon extending to the

wharves, from which the shipping had to haul out into the harbor for safety.

Spreading eastward from its starting point, the fire caught hold of the Catholic Cathedral.

Two-thirds of the population of St. John's are Catholics and worshiped in this structure. It was one of the largest and most magnificent places of worship in the new world, and was built of cut limestone and Irish granite. Its towers were 138 feet high; its length 237 feet, with transepts 180 feet long, while its nave was 60 feet long, with an ambulatory 12 feet in breadth, connected with the main building by a screen of mass-



BURNING OF ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE NEW EPISCOPAL CATHEDRAL WHICH WAS TOTALLY DESTROYED.

ive pillars and semicircular arches. It was built in 1850 and was the pride of every Catholic who ever saw it. Only a few days ago it was the scene of the consecration of the new bishop of the west coast.

St. Johns has suffered from three great conflagrations prior to this last one. In February, 1816, a large part of the town was destroyed. In the following year there was another big fire, with losses of \$2,000,000. Greater than either of these was the disaster of the 19th of June, 1846, when 2,000 houses were destroyed, involving a loss of \$4,000,000.

#### FOREIGN.

CHARLES THIÉDORÉ, the son of the King of Abyssinia, was arraigned in a London police court for threatening a betting man with whom he had a quarrel. Not being able to secure bondsmen for his good behavior, he was sent to prison for three months.

MARSHAL MACMAHON, who is now eighty-four years old, has completed his memoirs, but will not allow them to be published until after his death. They are in four volumes and cover the time between his Algerian campaign and the establishment of the French republic.

The event of the week in the Paris artistic world is the reconciliation of the two salons. It is now almost certain that next year the Champ de Mars artists will return to the Palais de l'Industrie. The main cause of this is the fact that the Champ de Mars salon has not paid its expenses.

The son of Herr Joachim, the famous violinist, has been deprived of his rank as artillery officer in the German army because he took part in a concert which his father gave recently at Frankfurt. The sentence was imposed by the colonel of his regiment, who told him that no German officer ought to make such a public exhibition of himself.

AMONG the royalties who are visiting Germany are King Alexander of Serbia, who is with his father, ex-King Milan, at Ems, and Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (Carmen Sylva), who is at Neuweid. The latter is a chronic invalid. She has written to a friend in Munich that her illness will soon end fatally. She does not believe the assurances of her physicians. Her sufferings from a spinal disease are only relieved by morphine injections.

THE steamer *City of Peking* has arrived at San Francisco, bringing reports of a series of disastrous fires on the Philippine Islands. At Marang, June 3, 200 buildings in the business section were destroyed. At San Miguel de Mayunus fire broke out in two districts of the town, causing a great deal of damage. At Balanga, June 6, 1,500 buildings were destroyed, 9,000 persons being rendered homeless and destitute. Other conflagrations occurred at Juan Mandola and Manban during the month.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* is authority for the following: "A French professor, having seen a statement that Thomas A. Edison was reported to have declared that he was preparing for the German emperor an infernal machine that would destroy the largest cities from a distance of thirty miles, and which would annihilate a whole army corps, wrote to Edison asking whether the most glorious American republic would place its scientific genius at the service of despotism as against liberty, and received the following reply: 'The assertions are wholly false. I certainly would be the last person to give the slightest help to the enemies of the French republic.'

PRIVATE advices from Russia say that the distress in the famine districts, and the mortality in the cholera stricken cities, far exceed anything allowed to appear in the Russian press. The fact that orders for disinfectants and medicine have been received by German firms, which the trade is unable to meet, testifies to the alarm of Russian official circles. One firm alone has received an order for 60,000 kilograms of carbolic acid from the Czar's physician in ordinary, but is unable to supply it, as the stocks have already been exhausted by orders from other parts of Russia. Eighteen deaths from

cholera occurred on board a Volga steamer between Astrakhan and Kazan. During three days seventeen persons have died from the disease on the Trans-Caucasus Railway.

SIR CHARLES EUAN-SMITH, the British envoy, has withdrawn from Fez, his mission having proved a failure and his negotiations with the Sultan having been ruptured. It is officially known that the only proposal made by the British envoy referred to the adoption of a commercial treaty, the provisions of which should be enjoyed equally by all nations. In this proposal the British representative was supported by the governments of Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, and Belgium. The Sultan refused to sign any treaty except one drawn up on his own lines, and this one he offered the British envoy a bribe of £30,000 to sign. The envoy treated the offer as an insult. French intrigues, it is alleged, guided the Sultan. £30,000 would doubtless fetch a French envoy; but an Englishman in a high post of diplomacy is quite a different creature. The French intrigues forgot that.

DESPITE the efforts of the anti-Semitic press in Germany, the attempted intimidation of the judges and other officers of the court, the absurd effort to fasten the unspeakable offense of blood sacrifice upon the Jews, has collapsed most ignobly. The trial at Xanten, a mediæval little town in one of the most backward sections of Germany, turned out like all others of recent years—that is to say, it showed that the real murderer tried to shield himself by inventing the charge against a Jew, and it seems more than likely that the original motive of the crime was to get up this charge. In discharging Buschhoff from the custody of the court, the presiding judge said: "For the infamously false charge brought against this poor man, the lying culprits who plotted this most impious scheme will answer to the Almighty. If the God of Jew and Gentile does not visit these fiends with His eternal damnation, then justice has fled from Heaven."

MOUNT ETNA's volcanic eruptions are increasing in violence with every hour. The seething catapult is ejecting huge boulders, and streams of lava are pouring down the mountain side. Enormous rocks, glowing and steaming, are shot a thousand feet in the air. Two hills have been upheaved and are emptying streams of glowing lava toward Nicolosi. The people of this town are said to be preparing to abandon the place in a body. But this I doubt, for the statement is coupled with the announcement that hundreds of visitors are flocking to the town to enjoy the gorgeous spectacle furnished by Etna. Catch an Italian populace quitting their homes at such a moment! Think of that beetle-browed horde of innkeepers, cab-drivers, coral-peddlers, and relic-hawkers, voluntarily foregoing such a chance at the *fortiori*! Boulders, lava, and liquid fire, indeed! Gabriel's trumpet itself could not call them at such a moment.

THE diplomats at Tangier, a few days ago, made a strong protest to the Moorish foreign minister against the treatment accorded foreigners, declaring that their governments would hold Morocco responsible for the safety in Morocco of the subjects of their respective countries. This protest has had the desired effect. The troops have been warned to desist from molesting foreigners, and they have also been ordered to restore the cattle and other property that they have stolen from villagers. Many Moorish women with their children, fearing outrages, abandoned their villages and sought refuge in the city. The agitation is now subsiding. It is stated that foreign warships will shortly visit Tangier again. Refugees who have arrived at Tangier report that the troops have looted houses in the villages, and outraged women. In many cases they chopped off women's hands to obtain the rings and bracelets they wore.

THERE'S a good deal of refreshing "horse sense" in the recent proposition of Sir Edward Watkin, Liberal Unionist, and chairman of the South Eastern Railway Company, member elect of the House of Commons for Hythe, urging a settlement of the Irish question by a compromise between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, and by the construction of a ship canal across Ireland and a tunnel connecting Ireland and Scotland.

The construction of a ship canal, Sir Edward says, would place Ireland on the shortest sea route to all the great West, and to the East by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Surveys, he adds, have shown that the project is feasible and that the cost would not exceed £20,000,000. Sir Edward further says that the construction of the ship canal and the tunnel would restore prosperity to Ireland, by affording work for thousands of men and by the impetus that would be added to her present commercial industries and the creation of new ones.

#### POOR PRINCE BISMARCK.

COUNT ADOLF W. WESTARP recounts an interview he recently had with Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe. Referring to the meeting of the Czar and Emperor William at Kiel, Prince Bismarck said he was always glad when such untoward incidents were over. Referring to his own dismissal, he remarked: "When the Kaiser ascended the throne, one of my colleagues, who hoped to become my successor, said: 'Your Majesty, if Frederick the Great had found on his accession a minister of the greatness of Bismarck, and had kept him in office, he would never have acquired the title of "Great." I do not yet know if this was the final and immediate cause of my dismissal. A misfortune of our time is the fact of leading ministers not being in the right places. Gen. Von Caprivi would have been an excellent minister of war, since the army had confidence in him." Alluding to Emperor William I., Prince Bismarck, in a voice choking with emotion, said: "It was a pleasure to serve him, yet he had a high idea of his position and his mission as a ruler. For him I would have done anything—even become his valet."

#### DEATH OF THOMAS COOK.

THOMAS COOK, the head of the well-known firm of excursion managers, is dead, at the age of eighty-four years. His first attempt at managing an excursion party was made in 1841. The temperance society of Leicester was about to hold a big celebration, and the temperance society of Market Harboro, a village ten miles distant, wished to attend in a body. Mr. Cook was himself at that time in Harboro, and was greatly interested in the cause of temperance. The Midland Railway had just been built and ran through the two towns, but the fares were so high that the Harboro society decided it must walk. It occurred to Mr. Cook that it would be better for the railroad company to take the whole society at reduced rates than to have them walk. He laid his scheme before the officers, with the result that a special train was run on the day of the celebration at reduced rates, and the management of the excursion was placed in Mr. Cook's hands. He carried out several other excursions in different parts of the country, and his success was so great that forty years ago he was made excursion agent for the Midland Railway Company, a position which he, and afterward the firm which he founded, has held ever since. About thirty years ago Mr. Cook conducted a small party of tourists to Paris, the first excursion of its kind out of England that had ever been held. On his return he started an office in Fleet Street, London. That was the real beginning of a business which has now become extended all over the world. His religious principles, which indeed had all along been the chief inspiration of his actions, led him a few years later to conduct a party to Egypt, through the Holy Land, and then back to England. The party was composed chiefly of clergymen whose livings would not otherwise have permitted them to take the trip. So rapidly did Mr. Cook's business grow in Egypt that in 1884 his boats on the Nile transported the forces of Gen. Wolsley from Alexandria to the First Cataract, a distance of 700 miles. In this country we rather laugh at Cook and his tours; but in Europe the house is regarded as highly as any firm of bankers in the world.

#### PAPACY IN THE EAST.

THE Latin Congregation and the Oriental Congregation of the Propaganda will shortly be gathered together in plenary session in order to discuss, under all its aspects, a vast project of the Pope for the ecclesiastical reorganization of the

churches of the East. It relates, in conjunction with France and with Turkey, to the reestablishment of the ancient Patriarch General of Constantinople in the person of Mgr. Azarian, at present Armenian Patriarch, residing at Constantinople, an eminent prelate, who enjoys the confidence of the Sultan and the sympathy of France and Russia. The Pope has been occupying himself with this question since 1883. For a long time its solution was looked upon in a Papal Nuncio at Constantinople, this official to have the care and the direction of the Christians of the entire Turkish empire. But this idea was abandoned, France seeming to be opposed to it on account of her secular protectorate. Then arose the thought of a Patriarch General with a civil personality. The following is the importance of the change: At this moment the Catholics of the East, of the Latin rite, do not form autonomous communities with civil personality; they are only tolerated. The apostolic delegate at Constantinople has a dependent situation; he cannot negotiate with the Sultan, except through the intermediary of the Ambassador of France. In reestablishing the Patriarch, the Holy See not only unifies and centralizes the Church of the East, but gives autonomy with the civil personality to all the communities of the Latin rite in the Turkish empire. In addition, the Patriarch will be able to negotiate directly with the Sultan, and personally with the Greek Patriarch, which was not possible up to the present.

#### OBITUARY.

ROSE TERRY COOKE, one of the best known of the women-authors of New England, died on the 18th inst. at her home at Pittsfield, Mass. She had been in delicate health for several years, and finally succumbed to an attack of heart failure. She was a member of the noted Terry family of Connecticut, and was born at East Hartford, February 17, 1827. She graduated from the Hartford Seminary at the early age of sixteen years, and taught school a long time, but finally ventured into literature so successfully that she soon gave her entire time to her pen. Following in some of the footsteps of her friend, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, she soon became known as one of the most faithful delineators of all that was strong as well as odd in New England character. Her work consisted principally of magazine stories, of which she wrote scores for the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, and other high-class periodicals. Most of her tales have been republished in book form in several volumes. She also wrote a great deal of verse, some of which was religious in sentiment and purpose, although her fancy was most preeminent in poems on her favorite flowers. Her poem "The Two Villages"—one of them a cemetery—is still being reprinted in newspapers and collections of poetry, as is also her "Trailing Arbutus." In 1873 she married R. D. Cooke, of Connecticut, who, with a daughter, survives her.

#### CRIMINAL.

JACOB KALE, a constable at Pratt Mines, Alabama, went into a negro cabin to arrest Alexander Frazer. The negro, after submitting, drew a pistol, and a duel followed in which both were killed.

CHANCELLOR MCGILL, at Newark, N. J., has denied the application for a new trial in the case of Robert Alden Fales, the sixteen-year-old boy, who was convicted of the murder of Thomas Haydon.

GEORGE WOODS, a farmer of Sturgis, South Dakota, shot and fatally wounded George Goodstodd, a young man who had been courting one of his daughters. Goodstodd lived long enough to shoot and kill Woods.

J. G. KELSEY, president of the Bank of Magnolia, Arkansas, and of the State City National Bank of Texarkana, and vice-president of the Ouachita Valley Bank of Camden, Arkansas, has left the country, a defaulter to the amount of \$70,000.

THE attorney general of Quebec has decided to investigate the workings of Montreal and Quebec employment bureaus, some of which are alleged to be mediums for procuring French

Canadians girls to go to large American cities for immoral purposes.

ADVICES have reached San Francisco from Yokohama, of the murder of the captain and crew of the schooner *Undine*, of San Francisco. The mate and his brother, who shipped at Honolulu, shot the captain and supercargo, and the crew were killed with poisoned liquor, the steward alone being spared. At Ascension Island the steward informed the authorities of the crime, and the murderers were arrested.

WILLIAM WATTS, a produce dealer of Buffalo, N. Y., who brings most of his goods from Canada, has been arrested by the United States officials on a charge of smuggling opium. He had been under suspicion some time, and had been watched. The officials learned that he was in the habit of bringing over about \$3,000 worth of opium each trip. His scheme was ingenious. He lined the bottom of his wagon with eggs, and in the centre put a quantity of opium. The bottom layer of the egg crates was usually filled with opium. Watts made about three dollars a can on the stuff. He bought it in Canada for five dollars a can, and sold it for eight dollars. There are a dozen Chinamen implicated in the smuggling scheme.

JUDGE BLAKE, at Laramie, Wyoming, has granted the application of the cattlemen, who invaded Johnson County, for a change of venue. The trial will be held at Cheyenne, commencing about August 1. His Honor says he is satisfied that in his county the feeling of the populace is so intense against the raiders that it would be necessary for them to prove themselves innocent instead of having the prosecution adopting the usual course of establishing the guilt of the accused. He adds that in Albany fully 300 of the 1,200 citizens eligible for jury service have disqualified themselves by voting for condemnatory resolutions at "indignation meetings" soon after the Northern war. The prisoners are highly elated over the outcome of the first legal tilt. In Cheyenne they have many friends who will work hard for them. Unless a special term is called the case will go over to the November term. In the latter event an effort will be made to have the men liberated on bond. Johnson is a small county of limited resources and is already alarmed over the expense of the prosecution. They have paid attorneys \$10,000 so far, and other items at hand and in prospect are appalling.

#### PERSONAL.

It is reported in Quebec that the Prince of Wales will visit Canada next year, that he will go to the Pacific coast over the Canadian Pacific Road, and that he will visit the Chicago Fair.

It is believed in Ottawa that Lord Stanley will resign the Governor Generalship of Canada before Lord Salisbury quits office. It is thought probable that the Earl of Aberdeen will succeed Lord Stanley of Preston as Governor General.

HENRY HANNA, one of the most prominent Republicans of Indiana, has resigned from the State Committee, stating that "as a patriot and an honest man" he can no longer support the national misrule of the party in power. He declares that the troubles of the times forbid partisanship, and it is the evident duty of every citizen of the republic to protest against the reckless extravagance and imperial corruption of the present régime.

#### SOCIAL.

THE frequency of thefts and robberies at Long Branch, N. J., has driven many guests away from the once popular but now semi-disreputable resort. At the recent burning of the big Atlantic Hotel, members of the local fire department abandoned their engines and hose-carts in order to participate in the sacking of the hotel, the guests of which were openly robbed, and assaulted when they tried to defend their property.

In consequence of the fact that many travelling Americans in Europe visit St. Gervais, the famous Swiss resort, their friends at home were naturally made very nervous by the report of the land-slide. Rumors of loss of life were exaggerated, and reports prove that those who were destroyed were natives. On the 12th of July the Bonassay glacier broke

loose from the side of Mont Blanc, and swept down the ravine in which St. Gervais is situated. The bodies of those recovered were horribly mangled. In many cases the heads were torn from the bodies, while in others the arms and legs had been cut off by sharp rocks or huge masses of ice. Again, some bodies were found that had been crushed out of all semblance to humanity. Many of the victims were overtaken in their sleep, and instantly swept into the torrent, where they were drowned, and their bodies afterward mutilated by the floating débris. Of the fifty-seven employés in the baths only nine were saved, and seven of these are severely injured. At the hamlet of Bionassay, which was swept out of existence by the sliding glacier, thirty-five persons were killed. The torrent brought down masses of rock weighing several tons. The course of the stream, ordinarily a few feet wide, spread to over a hundred feet. A mill, with the owner and his family, was carried a quarter of a mile from its foundation. Two of the inmates were killed, the others were rescued. The whole side of the ravine from the village of La Fayette to the valley is covered with malodorous mud three feet deep. Seventy-five bodies were recovered on July 13. A man who was an inmate of one of the bath establishments said that there were a number of English and American guests staying there and that eight arrived the same evening, but he did not know their names. It is certain that seventy-five persons were staying at the hotel. Forty servants and forty-five peasants of La Fayette were killed.



CONNIE GILCHRIST, one of the most notorious concert-hall singers in England, has become the bride of the Earl of Orkney. The marriage took place a few days ago in All Souls' Church, London. Lord Orkney acted as best man, while the bride was given away by the septuagenarian Duke of Beaufort, whose mistress the bride had been for several years. A wedding breakfast followed at the bride's house in Manchester Street, the house which the Duke of Beaufort bought for Connie some years ago. The couple went for a honeymoon tour of the continent.



EDITED BY MARY L. BISLAND.

**TAUT AND TRIM.**—The royal sport of yachting, while generally conceded to be exclusively a manly accomplishment, finds ardent supporters in the women who adorn the white decks, are gallant sailors, and lay their money liberally when a race or favorite is in question. Not being permitted to handle the wheel or lend a hand at loosening the sheets, they have centred all their attention upon evolving a costume fit to anchor every captain's heart, and assure them of numerous invitations aboard during the season.

One brilliant *châle* tinted creature, straight and tall, appeared last week in the most fetching frock by long odds that has graced either "forced or alt" this summer. It was of duck, of course, thick and white, with a plain heavily hemmed bell skirt, beneath which showed the neatly shod feet in snowy canvas. She wore a true navy blue blouse of silk, lightly embroidered down the front in white nautical designs, over which fitted the short duck Eton jacket, incongruous, but so smart and becoming no one was willing to find fault. A huge blue silk necktie fluttered from the flaring collar in front, her hands were encased in white suede, while the *prix de résistance* of her toilet was conceded to be a regulation sailor cap of duck, with the yacht's name etched in white on the blue ribbon that bound it to her head. What matter that this modern watersprite had carefully prepared one dozen ribbons, each bearing a different title, and to be varied with every invitation. Her costume was received with acclamation, and she was then and there asked for a midsummer cruise on one of the biggest pleasure boats afloat.

**A FIN DE SIÈCLE NOTION.**—Cat farms, dog dispensaries, hospitals for invalided animals, have long been known, but it appears that some one is about to set up a boarding establishment for birds, where the sick will be doctored, and healthy lodgers faithfully cared for during the absence from home of their owners. The songsters will be boarded at so much per week, and prices graded to suit their known appetites. For example, a parrot is supposed to eat twice as much as a canary, and must pay proportionately for his feed, while a finch nightingale or mocking bird pays even higher rates, owing to the fastidiousness distinguishing them. This is an age of progress, and in nothing is the fact more clearly demonstrated than in the tender consideration accorded dumb creatures.

**WITH NEEDLE AND SILK.**—There is apparently no end to the novelties offered women whose inclination leads them in the direction of ornamental needlework. Indeed, this class is so large, and such liberal patrons have they proved, that manufacturer and shopkeeper alike cater to their fancy. The result shows an extended field from which to choose, with all sorts of charming patterns, combinations, and stitches.

For tablecloths and portieres few fabrics will be found to equal the wool canvas cloth. It has a rough but soft texture, with a surface which somewhat recalls that of oatmeal cloth, though it is rather more formally woven. It has the merit, too, of being fifty inches wide and decidedly inexpensive.

For extremely heavy curtains intended to do real duty as draught excluders, there are some thick felts, faced and rough cloths, all pleasant and soft to work upon, especially if tapestry wools and large needles are used. Art serge is to the fore again wearing a new face, for it is now woven in pretty flowing patterns upon a rough crinkly background. Both this and

the old heavy English serge make up successfully into rugs for picnic and boating use. They are ornamented simply but boldly with tapestry wools, and are buttonholed around the edges. This time of year such a piece of embroidery would perhaps be found too warm a task to be appreciated, but pleasant in winter with the following season in view.

A word here about the lincens likely to hold their place in popular favor for years to come. The most adaptable to ornamental needlework is probably the plantation linen, ribbed, and somewhat resembling the canvas sold for tapestry painting. It is thick and strong, and bids fair to wear forever. The range of color in this material is extremely artistic, and the stuff lends itself well, when embroidered in rope flax, for chair and bench covers, for use in verandas, summer houses, house boats, for canopies for garden use, and for covering conservatory tables and boat cushions.

**A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.**—It is all well enough to rhapsodize over the human form divine, but conservative folk are voicing their satisfaction in the return of the "tucker." The initiated all recognize that dainty plaining of lisse, lace, or silk, lightly basted around the necks of décolleté gowns, as a sort of ninth hour repentance for having permitted the modiste to economize too rigidly in bodice material. To speak plainly, they propitiate modesty at the sacrifice of personal vanity, and society is generally benefited thereat.

For some seasons past it has been the habit to slash away recklessly at the bodice, a trivial thing at best, and then, no matter how deep or uncompromising the gashes, to let it stand while the world looked on and raised its eyebrows. For statuesque figures these radical measures were endurable, but in a majority of cases where the corsage was razed, a pair of odiously ugly shoulders emerged, exposed in all their excessive bonyness or flesh.

To redress this grievance, this crime against beauty, the dutiful tucker has rushed out to us from the regions of obscurity. It promises from henceforth to rise to the occasion, and not only propitiate Venus, but Diana as well.

**THE TYRANNY OF DRESS.**—"It simply amounts to this," an overwrought woman exclaimed the other day, "that I must give myself up body and soul to the pursuit of fashion, or else be reconciled to going about as a dowdy. Now, I know," she continued, "why bluestockings are usually guys in their dress and professional women look like frumps. They permit a part of their mental energy to drift into other channels, and are lost. To be smartly turned out, to keep one's wardrobe up to meet all the requirements of society, absurd brain, time, and money to the exclusion of all else. If shopping and going through the formula modistes allege to prescribe was alone necessary, why I never should complain; but not only must you buy and spend, but also sign yourself into everlasting bondage to the man or woman contracting to make your clothes. It is the commonest thing in the world to hear customers dolefully affirm that it requires *forty* three months to get a costume safely home from the dressmaker's. These tradespeople apparently have no conscience whatever in accepting every scrap of work offered them, are fluent in promising it at any time you mention, and when the sewing is once in hand, will unblushingly postpone delivery, not from day to day but month to month."



"Nothing," this indignant female announced, "is a graver reflection upon the way women do business, than the traffic carried on between mantua maker and patron. No man would for one instant tolerate such behavior from his tailor, yet you see women with money and leisure to command, eternally abusing the system and never moving a finger to better it. The fault must assuredly be on both sides—that of the employer who tolerates deception and trickery, and the employee who practices it."

"The very instant the business goes under masculine management, behold the difference. You go to a shop, choose from an almost limitless assortment of ready-made frocks, or give an order for any style you like, and rest satisfied the dress will be turned over complete to a pin, and at the very minute designated in the verbal contract. The whole thing runs like clockwork; no unfulfilled promises, no excuses, and consequently every year sees the great dry goods houses of New York doubling their ready-made clothing business, gradually destroying individual enterprise, and sending their goods broadcast over this country."

"It is well enough to abuse monopolies," she concluded, "but we all demand neatness, exactitude, and dispatch in every branch of labor. We find it impossible to get it in dealing with the individual, and turn promptly to the capitalist for redress. With him labor is organized; he refuses to recognize trifling with contracts, and sacrifices everything to satisfy his customer."

"It does seem rather mortifying that with all our vaunted advance, we, as a sex, fail so utterly to control the only two classes of workers under our direction—servants and modistes. No one ever hears of domestic friction in the ménage of a hotel, or of excuses from a tailor."

**SYMPATHETIC HUSBANDS.**—"Never marry, my dear," observed an experienced matron, "until you can find a man who has served his apprenticeship for matrimony, by working one term at least on the house committee of his own club."

"I tell you, after wrestling with the servant problem has chastened his haughty spirit, and he has meekly swallowed wholesale abuse for general incompetency, that man is tame enough to actually eat out of your hand, and you grow almost ashamed to hearken such a meek animal. I have seen that discipline curb the proudest spirit, for they always rush into club housekeeping with a self-assurance that would be pathetic except for the conceit it shows."

"At the outset these bachelors know more than Mary and Martha Washington put together. They descend to their lady friends upon the domestic mistakes Eve made, that have been perpetrated by her daughters ever since, and they now mean to turn the electric glare of their intellects upon and solve in a wink. Poor souls! they are very funny, composing menus, buying dish-towels, studying plumbing, and thumping mattresses to be sure they are turned daily. Every man in the place finds fault with them; they dare not eat when too many of the other fellows are around, for fear of being picked into on the score of stinginess, extravagance, monotony, carelessness, and cumbering up the club as all round humbugs and bores."

"Then, my dear, is your golden opportunity," this shrewd adviser added. "Take him when he realizes what poor stuff he is, and knows how to stand punishment without losing his temper. Not only will he look up to you, as every husband should, but when ripples come, as they will, you can make sure not alone of sympathy and patience, but can afford a certain independence of your fractious servants, having a good all round man in him whose name you consent to bear."

**A TREASURE-TROVE.**—A learned German with an unpronounceable name testifies to this: "On the 5th day of December, 1600, after the birth of Christ Jesus, as I was going with my beloved wife, Catherine Adelmannie (of pious memory), from Stuttgart to Cahena, I observed by the way that a very fine ruby which I wore mounted in a gold ring (the which she had given to me) lost repeatedly, and each time

almost completely, its splendid color, and that it assumed a sombre blackish hue, which blackness lasted not one day, but several; so much so that, being greatly astonished, I drew the ring from my finger and put it into a casket. I also warned my wife that some evil followed her or me, the which I augured from the change in the ruby. And truly I was not deceived, for within a few days she was taken mortally sick. After her death the ruby resumed its pristine color and brilliancy."

After such expert testimony who can doubt but that by nature, the ruby and no other jewel was intended for the plighting of a lover's truth? With its warmth of color, brilliancy, and great value when the stone is pure, it has always seemed strange that sentimentally inclined people should prefer the hard white diamond.

And who has proved that the ruby has lost the magical properties it certainly possessed of old, when occultism was an article of faith as firm as is now the belief in the power of electricity, and the wisest men were the most sincerely convinced of supernaturalism as the order of daily life?

The oriental ruby defied both poison and the plague. Worn on the person, or ground to powder and drunk as a drug, it preserved the wearer or the swallower from all superficial ills of the flesh. It made the sad heart merry, and banished all evil thoughts tending to unlawful love. It gave the troubled sleeper peaceful nights, and freed him from bad dreams and hag-ridden fears. It was more efficacious than camphor or quinine, eucalyptus or halavira in the way of a preservation from illness. A flashing blood-red ruby averted misfortunes, and when evil days threatened the wearer, it lost its brilliancy and became sad and dark for sympathy. When the danger had passed by, or the doom had been fulfilled, it regained its proper hue, and "the world went very well" once more.

**CALLED TO ORDER.**—At last the English papers seem to agree that the time has come to lay "our beloved Queen" sentiment aside, and ask pertinently why this elderly person, whom they supported so liberally, fails to do her duty by her loyal city of London.

Here in New York every one knows the difference a gay season makes in the financial condition of local tradespeople, and in England, where so much more hangs upon aristocratic patronage, the withdrawal of the court means comparative ruin to numbers of industries.

Yet, with the selfishness characteristic of her nature, Victoria disregards all respectful remonstrance, chooses to set herself off to Scotland, relegates her duties to a third-rate princess, and turns as cold a shoulder as she dares upon royal continental or Indian visitors.

Year after year she increases her demands upon the purses and good nature of her subjects, at the same time steadily curtailing the scope of her duties, and gradually shutting the public out not only from the royal palaces and pleasure grounds, but even a mild participation in State functions. It will be interesting to watch for the time when their patience becomes overtaxed, and they give their queenly agent warning of release from her position.

**A WOMAN HUSSAR.**—That the spirit of adventure is not peculiar to men, is proved every now and then by women who rise up, cast off the restraints of sex, and go out for a brief spell to see the world, just as young men do. The death has been recorded recently of a Hungarian lady, Mrs. Marie Hoche, who exhibited an extraordinarily patriotic and adventurous nature, and lived to be sixty-two years of age. During the revolution of 1848-49 she adopted men's clothes and took service with the German Legion, in Vienna; she was then barely eighteen.

Six months later she enrolled in a Hungarian Hussar regiment, was promoted, and afterward rewarded for bravery by being raised to officer's rank on the battlefield. Wounded at Villagos, she became a prisoner of war at the Russian camp, but soon after returned to her native town and married.

## FASHIONS.

IN connection with light summer wraps, the new dust cloaks are specialties of this season at race meetings and other out-of-door entertainments. Several are of fawn chiné silk, trimmed with double ruffles of ribbon around the hem, and have two capes cut up the back also edged with the ruffles. They are lined throughout with thin fancy silk. Others have large capes of guipure and most effective arrangements of ribbon. Chiffon parasols, in all colors, with two frills, often accompany the dust cloak, and very lovely they are. A number of the very smartest light cloaks are made of silk novelty brocade, with a full cape of lace on the shoulders.

A serge gown is without doubt supremely useful, but only in skilful hands does it become a costume of beauty as well as service. For fashionable out-of-door wear—if such a term may be used—for walking, boating, or climbing, a charming model is in navy blue, with plain skirt, save for the Russian passementerie at the hem, about an inch-and-a-half wide, with red, blue, and gold stitchings. The jacket is tolerably long, opened with revers, lined with white silk, and bordered in the same way, the trimming encircling the waist of the blue silk Russian blouse, with its full all-round basque. This would make a very smart yachting dress.

Vicuna always holds its own: it is pleasant to wear, and can be worn for a long time. Its newest form is shot. A brown and green model had a *bouillonne* of velvet shot in the same tones at the hem. This was also carried around the waist and throat, ending in butterfly bows in the middle of the back. The bodice and skirt appeared to be cut in one, and where skirt and bodice would unite, there was a band of passementerie matching the yoke. This could be worn on almost any occasion.

A rougher make of this favorite material, combined with a coarse kind of black guipure, is novel and attractive. A lace flounce edged the skirt, and was everywhere headed with gold braid. This dress had the appearance of a long redingote, being *en princesse*, apparently cut up on one side to show an under petticoat with horizontal rows of the gold trimming.

Brown tones and reseda are the favorite colors now for tailor-made gowns, and deep plaited basques are well suited to women who have lost their slimmness.

The selection of trimmings continues to be varied, and most of the new modes of decorating the gowns are charming in the extreme. For example, a dark blue cloth is made with a Russian vest and zouave jacket. This has the yoke bordered, not with the ordinary sequins, but with a fringe of small antique coins. There is a new make of zouave which is so cut

up the back that it shows the under bodice between the shoulder blades.

NO. 166. This sketch shows a silk coat, designed for a lady of middle age. It is semi-fitting in the back, and has loose fronts, with revers and collar, wide at the shoulder, and narrowing gradually at the waist. The material is French grey poul de soie, richly trimmed with steel passementerie and black Chantilly lace. A pretty bonnet to wear with this garment is one of grey straw, trimmed with smoke colored Venetian lace, and bow of grey velvet fixed on with a cut steel ornament.

NO. 167. A fête dress for a little girl of seven years. Pale blue China silk, trimmed with frills of embroidered silk, and a sash with the ends also worked in floss stitch; or the same style would be very pretty in Swiss muslin and embroidery, and the quantity of material required would be as follows:

Swiss muslin, 5 yards,	
66 59c,	\$3.95
Embroidery, 3 yards,	
@ \$1.00,	3.00
	<hr/> \$5.95

NO. 169. ART STUDENT'S WORKING APRON.

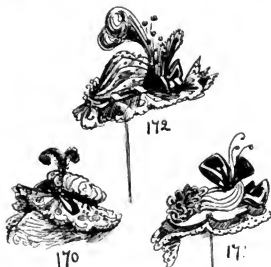
NO. 168 pictures a boating suit for a young lady. The skirt is quite plain, of navy blue serge, and the waist of blue and white striped Scotch flannel. It could be made of four yards of stripe, and one of plain white flannel for the collar and cuffs; it is sold at sixty-five cents per yard.

NO. 169 represents the manner in which an art student's apron for working should be made, and half sleeves, to protect the cuffs of the dress, would be of the same material. Blue, grey, or pink batiste, bordered with white, looks well and is easily laundered. Seven yards of batiste would be required, and it can be bought at thirty-five cents per yard.

NO. 170, 171 and 172 show three different styles of caps for elderly ladies. The first, No. 170, has a gathered crown of mousseline de soie and a lace frill. A bow of rose pink velvet and a small pearl ornament form the rest of the trimming.

NO. 171 consists of a crown of grey crêpe lisse in soft folds, resting on a foundation of bronze green velvet, under which is a ruche of embroidered lisse; a rosette of bébé ribbon rests at the back, and a bow of bronze velvet and an ornament of cut beads in the front.

NO. 172. A very charming combination of spotted net and velvet bows, together with a small plume with a spray of jet.



CAPS FOR ELDERLY LADIES.



## THE LATEST FASHIONS.

NO. 166, COAT OF SILK FOR LADY OF MIDDLE AGE. NO. 167, A TÊTE DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL. NO. 168, A BOATING SUIT.



1. Hereafter all correspondence should be addressed to "Editor, Correspondence Department, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixth-street, New York."

2. Questions sent by our readers will be answered in the order in which they are received. Owing to the large number of letters which reach us asking advice, and to the fact that answers to many of the questions involve considerable research, replies can rarely be given in the same week the letter is received. Our readers should not enclose stamped envelopes, with requests for private correspondence, as questions can be answered only in this column.

3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

NOTE-THEIRER.—Miss Katharine Nobles, to whom you refer, is life-secretary of the Woman's Club in New Orleans; and, during the recent meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in Chicago, was elected to serve upon the board of directors. She has been actively engaged in philanthropic work for years, is a woman of the broadest sympathies, and has very charming literary talents that she employs successfully in journalism and magazine writing. You may reach her by addressing your communication, "Care of Woman's Club, 250 Camp Street, New Orleans."

NETTIE R.—I cannot pretend to advise you upon such a serious matter. There is a disease popularly known as pen paralysis, but from your symptoms, etc., I should judge you needed a physician's care. Desultory writing, as you describe yours to have been, could scarcely cause so grave an indisposition.

PLAIN JANE.—My dear, I must beg you will send your MSS. direct to the editors. Nothing is a more utter waste of time than to wait for the criticism or advice of disinterested parties. Only the buyer and seller should be consulted, and be sure if your work is worthy, it will find a place in the world of literature wholly unaided, and, if unavailable, would not be helped on an inch by my commendation. By making it an ironclad rule never to write for less pecuniary remuneration, and to discard all middlemen, and let your stuff stand on its own merits, you will have learned two valuable professional secrets, and have no cause to doubt the worthiness of your efforts. The stories, poems, essays, and so on, you have contributed to your home paper, would count for less than nothing in a literary contest. They were merely accepted to fill space, and, believe me, there is nothing for which an editor has more sovereign contempt than gift work. The laborer is worthy of his hire, or is worth nothing, and is not deceived by the cheap flattery of unpaid authorship.

L. M. N.—The limitations of this column forbid any lengthy discussion of the problem you propound. I know by experience the incompetence, laziness, and treachery of the ordinary domestic, and can sympathize with the discomforts you suffer. But, after a succession of disappointments in the training of maids, don't you think it is as well for the mistress to take herself to task and discover whether erring herself on the side of laxity or severity has not had something to do with her troubles? Servants are the most sensitive creatures alive to any indecision or injustice on the part of their employers, and if I were you I would first resolve to reject all applicants save those able to bring first-class verified references, and then to be very circumspect in my management of the same. Your town of Hartford, Conn., is, I know, the paradise of the Bridget; but, so long as the domestics have combined to force their mistresses into granting them unreasonable demands, I should think you ladies would contrive some dignified retaliatory measures. I thought New England women were always competent to take a practical part in household work, and, by braving range and broom for one month, your aggravating maids would soon be brought to terms.

M. D. H.—Thanks very much for your kindly-given warning, and am always gratified when correspondents show so active an interest in the department. However, I am scarcely ready to yield my point, as personal experience has taught me the beneficial effects of warm applications when the patient is afflicted with

"Phthy" describes. The ablest physicians frequently resort to the cup-shaped eye-glass filled with warm milk or water, that is then allowed to remain over the weakened member for several minutes together. I confess that it is always a bit doubtful, but prescribe for a case where so delicate a member is involved, and the safest way is to see a specialist.

MARIA NO. 10.—Dust your bushes over on a dry, still day with quicklime. On a dry day, because damp will slack the lime and render it innocuous; on a still one, because the wind will blow the lime any and every where except on the bushes. Be careful of your eyes and clothes. An apparatus something like an overgrown flour-dredger is used for the purpose, and if you have not the real thing perhaps a dredger would do.

AMBITIOUS.—You say you can cook bacon and eggs. I wonder if you ever cook your eggs in this way, which is an old-fashioned receipt I find to my hand. To accomplish it successfully requires care, neatness, and method. Here it is: Take a saucer and butter it; this you will do most easily by putting a small piece of butter in the saucer, then place it on the stove and the butter will quickly melt, when, with a piece of white-blown paper you can easily rub the saucer all over. Take some eggs and break them carefully into the saucer—an ordinary-sized saucer will hold three quite well—and be sure you do not break the yolks; sprinkle a little pepper and salt over the top, and, with a spoon, pour a very little milk over the top also—a dessertspoonful will be enough—and, lastly, some very small pieces of butter must be placed here and there on the top. Put the saucer very carefully into the oven, which you must remember to have hot, but, no doubt, your cook will look after that for you; at the same time you should learn how the oven is heated yourself. The eggs will not take very long to set, but they must not be allowed to become hard. I cannot tell you the exact time it will take to cook them, because that depends on the heat of the oven. From five to ten minutes is as nearly as I can tell you the time. The eggs must be served in the saucer, and a little finely-chopped ham or tongue should be sprinkled over the top. The saucer should be placed on a plate which has a napkin neatly folded on it. I do not think scones would be at all too difficult for you to make. As you say your cooking must be inexpensive, you must use some beef-dripping to make your scones with; this must be clarified by being boiled in water; in this, again, no doubt, the cook will help you. Weigh three ounces of dripping and a pound of flour, three-quarters of an ounce of baking powder and one ounce of sugar; always weigh and measure the ingredients, you are going to use, before you begin. Put these ingredients into a basin, and with your hands, rub the dripping into the flour until it is quite smooth, and no lumps, large or small, are to be found. Measure half a pint of milk—an ordinary tumbler is a very good measure for this—and pour the milk on to the flour by degrees, stirring the mixture with a wooden spoon while doing so. The dough should be quite stiff. Turn it out on a board which you must sprinkle a little flour on. Take the rolling-pin and flour it, and roll the dough out to about the thickness of the third of an inch, as nearly as you can tell, and cut it out either in rounds or diamonds, or, in fact, any shape you like; but you must not take too long about doing it, and you must not roll the dough much. Place the scones on some lightly-floured baking-tins, and bake them for about half an hour. You can eat them either hot or cold, with preserves or butter.

ELDORE.—I advise putting a small quantity of washing-soda, pounded finely (about a teaspoonful will suffice), down the dog's throat. This must be given out of doors, as the effects are immediate. Then let the animal fast fourteen hours, and administer a tablespoonful of castor-oil, with five grains of santalin and three grains of powdered ginger added to the oil. Allow a large saucerful of warm broth an hour or two afterwards, to assist in working off the effects of the vermifuge, which is apt to irritate the system if given without an aperient at the same time. Give the dog a teaspoonful of pure glycerine every morning for a week or ten days. I prefer feeding dogs twice daily, the midday meal to consist of house-scraps of meat, rice, vegetables, bread, and gravy, and a biscuit at bedtime, given dry, if the dog seems to like it.

B. A. T.—The demand for couriers, especially from the ranks of women, is not very extensive. The facilities offered by the large agencies, or exchanges, with the conveniences of modern travel, render most people independent of private assistance. Then again, ladies of very high fashion in this country, who follow the methods practiced by noblemen abroad, employ in their household such accomplished butlers that, when starting for Europe or elsewhere, this servant invariably accompanies his mistress, and is supposed then to fulfil all the duties of a courier. At the same time, there are cases when a lady who can serve in the dual capacity of courier and companion, may be useful and demand. A

girl may be ordered to travel for her health, and find no member of her family sufficiently disengaged to accompany her; an elderly lady, whose society is particularly attractive, may find herself similarly stranded. Good temper and infinite patience are two absolute essentials for the post. Next to that, it is well to be business-like, so that the amount of the luggage may not become reduced as the travelers proceed; that trains should not be missed; and that expeditions in search of sleeping quarters should not have to be made at unseasonable hours. Above all things, the courier-companion should be clever at concealing any anxiety she secretly feels respecting the success of her schemes. After these moral gifts, it is useful to have some knowledge of other tongues than English.

A SUMMER BELL.—Yes; grey is much used for tea-gowns, being durable, and, certainly, very becoming to fair skins. Your crepon in this tint should be made with a Watteau plait in the back, slightly trained, with large hanging transparent sleeves. A smart frill of the material, edged with silver, standing up at the back of the neck and tapering toward the front, would look well, where a cream-colored vest should be introduced, falling from the throat to the feet and loosely confined at the waist by a bit of silver filigree. Your fawn gown might be trimmed with black ribbon, about an inch wide at the hem; carry over so many rows of the same ribbon down the front of the seamless bodice, in straight rows in front and in a point at the centre of the back, the waist fastening at the back beneath a row of tiny flat bows. The upper portion of this dress may be prettily made in front, of violet velvet, plaited in three flat plaits at the neck, and opening out in a lag form at the bust. Be sure not to have your skirts fitted so rigidly plain over the hips, for by permitting a trifling fullness even in front, you will reduce more than ever the apparent size of your waist. Long trains are distinctly old-fashioned now, as they always were vulgar for out-door wear; and the newest importations merely allow the slightest hint behind. For your evening frock, I certainly advise a rounded train, with a flat bodice down the centre—quite a new treatment, I assure you. Why doesn't your mother have made for the occasion a thin black gauze over *à la de Vil*, or any tint that suits her complexion? Have it festooned elaborately with lace, and by wearing a loosely-knotted sash skillfully draped over the hips, she will be safe to appear smartly and conceal her size. This black gauze is particularly suitable for elderly ladies, for the material can be made to fall in soft folds. Have the lace arranged to form a sort of deep-basque coat at the sides, and a point at the back, long enough to reach the centre, which takes away from that excessive plainness so unbecoming to broad hips. No; your questions were all perfectly reasonable, and it gives me much pleasure to answer them. Write again when any perplexity arises.

ELLENDALE.—Have your serge made with an Eton coat and waistcoat, each complete in itself, and on warm days wear the Eton jacket, with muslin or silk shirts, and the waistcoat for damp, chilly days. I should advise this year your having one gown of navy serge, and one of some pretty tweed, with either a narrow line in it or a very fine check. The tweed should have a long coat with loose fronts, to be worn with cambric waists. You cannot do better than use the Eton pattern; it is safe to be novel and smart the whole summer through. A sailor hat, of course, either white or blue, and be sure to avoid the exaggeratedly broad brims that have become vulgarized in such general usage.

COOKY.—I am afraid you will find this very complicated, and scarcely a dish suited to amateur efforts. However, success will be yours if you follow the directions faithfully; and, for a red luncheon, nothing could be more toothsome and decorative. Some lemon jelly, which has been flavored with maraschino and colored with pretty red currant juice, must be made to begin with, for a chattrouse of strawberries, and a plain charlotte mould must be lined to the eighth of an inch with it. This can be quickly done by standing the mould in a basin of chopped ice, then pour a little of the jelly into it, and turn the mould slowly round and round until a thin coating is formed; but it is very essential that care is exercised to prevent its being lumpy. When this is done, arrange strawberries, cut in half, all over the mould, the cut side being against the jelly. The cream to fill the centre is made by boiling, until it is reduced to half the quantity, three-quarters of a pint of jelly. Whip half a pint of cream until it is quite stiff; then, when partially cool, add the jelly to it together with a wine-glass of maraschino syrup and six ounces of strawberries cut into pieces. Stir the cream over some chopped ice until it begins to set; then pour it into the mould. You turn the chattrouse out in the ordinary way jellies and creams are done, by dipping the mould in warm water. The anchovy salad is made by filleting some anchovies, wash and dry them, then cut them into narrow strips, season them with salad oil and a very little mignonette pepper, and arrange on

the dish in which they are to be served, in rows slanting-wise, and a quarter of an inch apart, and then put other strips on top so they will cross in an opposite direction. When a sufficient number have been placed on the dish, garnish it round the base with hard-boiled eggs cut in divisions of eight, and seasoned with a little pepper, salt, oil, and vinegar. Some beets, cut into very fine strips and seasoned in the same way, look pretty when arranged around the base in groups, alternately, with capers and tinned olives. I cannot discover any reliable receipt for the third dish, and am sorry to prove disappointing.

JET.—A pretty idea, if you do not care to carry a watch, is to keep the little pocket in the upper left side of your jacket full of field flowers all summer. Mixed grasses and daisies, periwinkle, buttercups, or, indeed, any bit of color, is thus graciously added to a very simple toilet. No; flowers are not much worn for corsage decoration, neither artificial nor natural. If your admirer sends them, however, I would compliment him by always carrying a few in the hand, or wearing long-stemmed roses stuck through the ribbon-belt. You should never accept a courtesy of the sort as a matter of course; but show your appreciation every time he sends either fruit, flowers, or bonbons, by dispatching promptly a note of thanks cordially expressed. Driving alone, or riding unattended by a groom when on horseback, is a matter of individual taste and expediency. You should be governed largely in such matters by the prevailing rules of etiquette in your circle or neighborhood; and, at all times, I would strongly advise against doing anything to excite public comment, no matter how innocent the deed might be, while you are thus devoid of offense. It is not a debutante's province to regulate social matters, or is it incompatible with her dignity and independence to cheerfully conform in trivial matters of the kind.

MADAME.—Everything is transparent, and a full view of one side of the table is obtainable from the other, which is in itself a pleasing variety, after a long reign of heavy pompons and impenetrable canopies. All the flowers are kept very level, and the candles, which should be mostly in single holders, overtopping the decorations. This low style is especially adapted for rooms hung with fine pictures as you describe yours to be; the valuable bric-a-brac and marbles will likewise stand out with good effect. You might find a simple arrangement of the pictures and the poppies mixed with ferns at once novel and harmonious. No thoroughly artistic flair is possible unless the general surroundings are taken into account, resulting in that perfect sympathy that unconsciously soothes and delights the eye. White silk shades for the candles are more dainty, and, moreover, very much more refreshing for the hot weather than tinted ones. The illuminating of the table is a matter the importance of which cannot be overestimated in getting the best results. As a rule, rooms for summer time are more often over than under lighted. Turn all your gas-burners low. It is a pity you cling to the old-fashioned swinging chandelier in the centre of the room. Side lights are being very sensibly introduced in all the new houses, owing to the blinding effects of light concentrated above, and its blighting effects on a woman's beauty. As you can do no better, put the pale rose-colored silk bags over your glass globes, and turn off all but a gentle flame inside. Depend upon your pretty shaded lamps, at the side of the dining-room, and candles to show off yourself and guests to advantage. I can promise that the poppies recommended will surprise you by their adorable staying powers. They have been known to hold their pretty heads up at the end of a long hot dinner as crisply as though just gathered, as you for any cultivated flower.

A PAIR OF BLUE EYES.—Do not be so easily discouraged. The possibilities of varying the summer adornment of the fireplace are very numerous. The great thing this season is to fill up the space with a jardinière, or a large box fitted for the purpose, with a few grow flowers. If the latter are not to be had, a bed-room or study, try a handsome piece of Chinese or Indian matting. Should the pattern and color harmonize with the rest of the room, it makes a charming and convenient screen. Again, the loose reeds or bamboos so much used as blinds are simple, and, moreover, have the advantage of stopping the ventilation obtainable through the chimney-throat. Two, three, or four paneled screens are also fashionable, either of graduated height or level. Diminutive clothes-horses are sold, too, for the same purpose, to be covered with gathered silk or cretonne. These, I must warn you, are terrible barbarisms, and, when in a room where, when house I should be careful to always have them covered when any sweeping is done. An excellent plan is to have a wooden trellis made of criss-cross laths, and fitted in the mouth of the fireplace. Paint it green, and have creepers planted in a trough running along its base, which will trail their graceful tendrils and leaves in a most loveliness, and lycpodium offer you a fair choice of plants to choose from. If you are successful in getting your vines up to a vigorous growth, the effect is deliciously fresh and cool looking.



## GRAPHOLOGY.

BY L'INCONNUE.

## RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. Persons desiring to test character-reading by handwriting should send at least fifteen lines of original composition in the subject's handwriting, and signed by an assumed name, under which the reply will be given.

2. Letters must be marked "Graphology" in the left-hand top corner of the envelope, and addressed "L'Inconnue, care of Editor, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

X. N. X. YER. — This correspondent is neither original nor highly cultivated from an intellectual standpoint, but has an active brain, keen perceptions, is a close observer, and in striving for an end has that admirable gift of being able to forget herself. She is naturally imperious and cannot endure discipline, has ardor, energy, feels strongly when her interests are excited, is self-reliant, hopeful, dignified, would sacrifice a good deal for appearances, is usually sweet-tempered, is not very consistent, and needs to control her impulses and emotions to attain the full measure of success she covets.

SHARM. — A clever man, who might easily be a lawyer so fond is he of disputation, so alert is he in argument, with capacity for clear and cogent reasoning, a close tongue, quickness of mind, readiness of speech, and general activity of the faculties. He is far from commonplace, is overflowing with mental energy, and is easily capable of sustained intellectual effort. A good temper, instinctive caution, a vivid fancy, plenty of individuality, and the personal force that influences others, are all traits prominently developed. He is devoid of pretence, is well-bred, hopeful, ambitious, and is not without a full share of self-esteem. His affections are demonstrative, and he is interested in the opposite sex.

EVA MAUD. — Notwithstanding the ability, cultivation, and superficial symmetry of this character, it has an erratic strain somewhere that finds expression now and then in vagaries of taste or action. The will is not to be thwarted, but is infused with vigor, and is wonderfully insistent and very aspidog. The temper is pleasant but not easy-going, the impulses unsuitably generous, the intellect able, independent, and polished, disposition sweet and cheerful, speech careful, tastes correct and graceful, bearing dignified, artistic perceptions developed, and manners attractive to members of both sexes.

DAISY. — EDITOR. — MOONBEAM. — OCTOBER. — But one coupon enclosed for the delineation of four studies, and as every rule is disobeyed the communication is rejected.

L'ECRIE. — Pseudonym very doubtful; postmark, Leavenworth, Kansas. When impulse and emotion show such complete self-indulgence it is difficult for the graphologist to criticize justly. If the subject is very young, hope remains for a radical reform, but unreserved pruning must take place, with a general toning up of character and expression of the faults now ruining riot. The writer is overflowing with enthusiasm, holds twenty utterly opposing opinions in as many different minutes, assumes any number of airs and graces, is affected, fond of studying and producing effects, uncertain as to temper, absurdly capricious, and yet is too clever to let his real worth go utterly by the board. The virtues are well worth a thorough weeding of the faults.

HARLEM. — This specimen suggests a curious combination of characteristics good and bad. For example, together with a great deal of personal dignity, capacity for sustained mental effort, and the most persistent will, unquenchable, inexhaustible egotism is seen. One would surmise from the determination disclosed that the writer might struggle successfully with this very serious weakness and bring about a better equalization of faults and virtues. The tastes are certainly refined, the temper is as assuredly capricious, speech loquacious and often ill-considered, fancy lively, and nature in want of a tighter and steadier rein.

PORTIA. — Orange, New Jersey. Rather an interesting subject, who possesses a quick imperious temper, intolerant of the least opposition, an arbitrary exacting will, and a clear level head whenever judgment is needed. A cheerful sanguine disposition, many ambitious desires, liberality in viewing dispassionately both

sides of a question, a ready and crisp wit, a delightful freedom from conventional limitations, an excellent and cultured mind, keen perceptions, absolute candor, love of travel and luxury, and material as well as enlightened tastes, all go to make an agreeable woman.

M. A. W. B. — This subject is a high-bred woman of much delicacy of feeling, who has refined and fastidious tastes, and shows considerable personal pride in carriage as well as in her graceful manners. She has a vivid, romantic imagination, is ardent, and easily moved through her emotions, is not without nervousness, is fond of travel and change, and needs to keep guard upon her impulses that are constantly threatening prudence and reason. Obstinate is disclosed with a resolute will, a very sweet temper, an absence of the slightest pretence or affectation, a cultivated mind, though scarcely a vigorous or original intellect. Her temperament shows some little inequality, but is too healthy in tone to yield wholly to the depression of spirits she occasionally suffers. She is capable of passionately tender attachments, is susceptible and demonstratively affectionate, has generous instincts, and no power of argument.

I. S. II. — Here all the characteristics are striking and clearly defined. The writer is self-conscious, is fond of creating an effect and making a deep impression, studies detail, is distinguished by any number of individual mannerisms, and likes to be thought different from the ordinary mortal. She, too, is a woman of breeding, is an elegant, very determined, but usually secures her ends quietly, for prudence, penetration, powers of close observation, and a moderate degree of amiability, bear out this theory. Her disposition is equable, speech cautious, affections reserved, manners a trifle haughty; she is critical, liberal enough in her use of money, has a very lively fancy, is systematic, and admirably poised.

O. B. — You have plenty of individuality, and never fail to make your presence felt. That the impression created is not always flattering is due chiefly to a fatal but unconscious tendency to egotism. You think and talk of yourself too much, which should not be the case, in view of your bright mind, hearty, healthy nature, and vivid temperament. You are self-reliant, and rarely good-humored for one with such a vigorous, uncompromising will. The luxuries of life appeal to you strongly—amusement, physical ease, and the pleasures of the table. Your interest in the opposite sex is active and abiding, you know singularly well how to keep your own counsel, are freelanded in using money, have a keen sense of comprehension, liberal views, care little for intellectual pursuits, are full of physical virility, seldom yield to the vapors, may be trusted as a friend, and believe in yourself absolutely.

KEETINIA. — A vivacious, sanguine temperament, a general disregard for detail, an easy-going, contented disposition, some personal peculiarities, and a nature guided more by impulse and feeling than by any effort of the reasoning faculties. Self-discipline is needed, the will is hopeful and subject to influence, and the affections are warm.

T. E. FOOTE. — As you fail to give any indication of when your study was sent, it is quite impossible to give any information on the subject.

GORDON NO. 81 1/2. — Most likely a youthful correspondent, and doubtless one who is late in developing. The moral and mental qualities as well as rather potentialities as yet, promising excellent things with maturity. Amiability, firmness, simplicity, and directness of character, equanimity, a healthful sort of materiality, instinctive caution in speech, clear thought, and an absence of impulse, affectation, and susceptibility are here observed.

ROSE-THUD-W. — Pseudonym doubtful; postmark, Chicago. Another effort of adolescence, the youth of the writer being even more clearly defined in this example than in the one above. Many of the same traits are discovered here, with perhaps a more hopeful, aspiring disposition, greater self-consciousness, a more alert understanding, and a wider range of the imagination. Strong enthusiasms, a restless love of change, attention to detail, and capacity for higher mental culture are defined.

AMBER. — Unquestionably possessed of her full share of self-consciousness, is guilty of considerable affectation, and though too well-bred to make this failing unpleasantly obtrusive, should struggle against so insidious a shortcoming. She is thoroughbred, is passionately fond of beauty in every form, ardently cherishes some few eccentricities of taste and manners, loathes conservatism, is really bright and responsive, is generous to a fault, interested in the opposite sex, and keenly appreciative of admiration. She is pretty thorny when her will is crossed, has little patience with those who oppose, is fastidiously critical, and while well cultivated, is not a person of either broad intellectual capacity or deep learning.

NACCHIA. — GAN. — Your studies consist of but three lines of writing, and are consequently rejected as unsuitable according to rules governing this column.

**SUPD.**—Riverpoint, R. I. Unless you are mistaken in the date of your communication, your study was lost in the mail, as "L'Inconnue" fails to find any record of such a pseudonym. The same answer must be given to your friend "An Anxious One." However, it is not improbable that it may yet turn up, as correspondents so frequently forget the date of mailing and overestimate the time that has elapsed.

**Q. W. AKER.**—Neglected to enclose an inquiry coupon, and as letters received during the early part of last December are now being answered, will need to wait for several issues yet to see his delineation.

**JAFAN HAVACHT.**—Everything indicates that this is the composition of an utterly immature girl or boy, and as no profit could arise from reading an undeveloped character, the study is discarded.

**B. H. F.**—Also an insufficient example, but of length to show that the author is a clever and highly cultured man, whose mind is constantly polished by friction and exercise, who thinks quickly and clearly, acts promptly, talks fluently and well, but never forgets when silence is golden. He will not stand trifling, is good-humored enough but sharp as a briar when roused, is unpretentious, unimaginative, dignified, bitterly prejudiced, companionable, agreeable and attractive in manner, with elegant tastes that are yet rather material.

**E. B. BUFFALO.**—This study, enclosed with the above, implies frequent and serious depression of spirits and attacks of the blues that the writer finds it hard work to combat. Nor is this so surprising in view of the caprice, ready yielding to impulse, susceptibility to outside influences, and lively emotions described. Pluck, dignity, earnestness, and steadfastness of purpose are there as well, but with this despondency and willingness to be guided by the feelings rather than reason, the faults stand a good chance to drag the virtues down and get an upper hand. The brain is big, and should have a fairer opportunity to prove its worth, and a sweetness of temper displayed.

**B. B.**—Another example under the same cover, and indicative of a purely feminine nature. Tenderness, prudence, exquisite refinement, delicacy of feeling, a graceful, disciplined fancy, a charming disposition, hopeful, sunny, and amiable, an attractive personality, admirable conversational powers, capacity for passionately devoted attachments, all go to make up a beautifully balanced character of sweetness and worth.

**MARTHA.**—Is the last of this formidable collection of correspondence. There is more individuality in your chirography than the one immediately above. You have less equanimity, more often suffer with the vapors, are sprightlier, and more original intellectually, lose your temper sooner, and inwardly chafe against opposition. You are free handed, and have a susceptible warm heart, confess to any number of personal peculiarities, have varied and lively interests, and will never cease to respond, and at the same time find life an entertaining experience.

**ZINGARA.**—This correspondent is not introspective, is usually well content, has a healthy nature, and consequently suffers little with fluctuations of spirits. He is vigorous, energetic, has plenty of persistence, and very often achieves his ends; nevertheless, there is a lack of real intellectual force, and a decided preference for the material and practical, to idealistic aspirations. He thinks quickly and acts promptly, shows certain egotistical tendencies, is rather caustic in disposition, always holds his temper in hand, has refined taste, with a liking for notable and impressive effects. No susceptibility is seen in the affections, that are sincere and expansive, but not free of selfishness.

**QUINCYMECK.**—One of those commonplace people, duplicated by the thousands in every part of the world; good tempered, quick witted, and having enjoyed liberal advantages, fills a respectable niche in society, and is never thought of again. Facility is not always versatility, and the ability to make a spurt in the right direction does not always indicate reliable staying qualities.

**JUNE.**—Napa, Cal. This young person is determined to look on the bright side of life at all costs, is naturally optimistic, and will need to be careful that she does not rely too much upon her easy satisfaction, but lends forth all reasonable aid in working out the happy ends she so confidently anticipates. Her tastes are purely materialistic, as are her ambitions; she is passionately fond of the flesh-pots of Egypt, is not in the least degree clever mentally, yet has such bright manners and talks so vivaciously that this delinquency is soon forgotten. She has many weaknesses, but aims, much youthful energy, a very lively fancy, is loquacious, and sometimes extremely amusing, devoid of affectation, has a hot but sweet temper, a good deal of resolution, and is not susceptible, while her attachments are deep.

**GANO.**—Another sanguine individual, but with nothing like the animal virility of the one above. This person is cleverer, and aspires with a better mental right, although the cultivation is very moderate as yet. Persistence needs to be encouraged, the reasoning faculties trained to clearer and more connected thought, habits of system studied, and a tendency to caprice overcome. The tastes are refined, sympathies ready and warm, instincts honorable, feelings calm but sincere, manners unpretentious, and thought influenced by conservatism.

**VAILLANTE.**—An ardent, very emotional woman, sensitive to every variation of feeling, and who should put a stiff check upon that side of her character, as it is pretty sure to cause her trouble and unhappiness if indulged. Her fancy often runs away with her reason, she is impulsively generous, is high spirited, obstinate, restless, often imprudent, and prone to exaggerate in speech, is attractive personally, and has very winning manners. Her sense of self-respect is high, she is cultivated without any originality of mind, and has graceful tastes, but no special artistic perceptions.

**CHLOE.**—Pseudonym used before; postmark, Peckskill, N. Y. This subject is vivacious, cheerful, imaginative, full of physical vitality, and very conventional. She is attentive to detail, is devoted to travel, change, and amusement, is interested in the opposite sex, fond of admiration and attention, has abundant personal dignity, a fiery but sweet temper, an inflexibly determined will, and warmly demonstrative and unselfish affections.

**AL.**—This handwriting is significant of a clever, well-trained mind, capable of clear and exact thought, with literary perceptions and a general fondness for intellectual pursuits. The writer is fond of argument, and shows sequence of ideas, has admirable equanimity of disposition, and is hard to ruffle or discompose. He understands when to hold his tongue, though a fluent conversationalist, possesses talents of no mean order, has systematic habits, a pleasant disposition to get on with, is unpretentious, unimaginative, seldom yields to the promptings of impulse, and is apt to be temperate in all things. The study enclosed is unsigned, and but one coupon was forwarded.

**ROSALIND.**—An unformed specimen, the result of immaturity, and for that reason unprofitable reading for all concerned. As yet the ideas, feelings, and habits are sadly capricious, the affections undeveloped, the mind showing very limited culture and guided solely by the promptings of impulse.

**THE OLD MAID POLLY.**—A gentle, refined, sweet-natured woman, who possesses neither mental nor physical vigor, has a yielding, unselfish will, many pretty tastes, equanimity of disposition, no ambitious aspirations, is loquacious, easily content, prudent in small things as well as great, clings closely to her conservative ideas, and is utterly unselfish without being foolishly altruistic.

**CARDINAL RED.**—Georgetown. On lines, but yet an attractive study, suggesting, as it does, unaffected ability, breadth of sympathy, and capacity for higher cultivation than has yet been obtained. The writer is vigorous, energetic, frank, loquacious, has quick perceptions, active and varied interests, is practical, has a temper that rises like a flash, but is soon over, and never exhibits sullenness. The will is arbitrary and resentful of discipline, the manners pleasing, owing to complete self forgetfulness and a generous concern for others. The imagination is vivid, speech prone at times to exaggeration, tastes simple and solid, affections devoid of sentiment or demonstration, and have yet to undergo further development.

**LA NYRRE.**—Is cheerful, unsexing, amiable, a pleasant daily companion, without being a woman of any special mental force. Her tastes are graceful and well-bred, she is never unreasonable, needs a more settled purpose in life, and shows a very slight tendency to yield to capricious promptings. Her artistic perceptions are generally correct, ideas clear and definite, but are not infrequently doubtful; she loves change, grows very restless at times, is careful in guarding her speech, and is unaffected and warm-hearted.

**FLORIDA CRACKER.**—This individual possesses a number of personal peculiarities, and usually makes an impression upon those he meets. He has some whimsical fancies, and is stubborn to the verge of stupidity in insisting upon his own way, once convinced he is right. His inability to reason industriously, to follow a train of thought clearly and cogently, also the idiosyncrasies mentioned above, show he is subject to grave errors of judgment. He is clever, absolutely independent and self-reliant, despises the slightest sham or pretence, is outspoken without being foolishly condescending, talks interestingly, is public opinion enlightener and critic, perfectly square and upright, and has a very decided talent he has been at pains to cultivate. His faults and virtues are so strongly defined that the former, it would seem, might be overcome by exercising some of the grit his character discloses.



# THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

VOL. XI.

New York.

For the Week ending AUGUST 6, 1892.

Chicago.

NO. 129.



SOMEBODY ELSE'S ROMANCE.



## THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

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LORILLARD SPENCER, President.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN (weekly edition), including postage, in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$5.00 for 2 months. For all countries in the Postal Union, England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Spain, Belgium, Holland, etc., the same rate with postage, \$6.50 additional.

Single copies, 25 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, can be made by cheque, postal notes, money order, or registered letter, payable to THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., BREWERS BUILDING, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W. C., agents for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN for the United Kingdom.

FRONTZ & SONS, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris, depot for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN in France.

ADVERTISING.—The advertisements of leading firms solicited; for terms send to office. Medical and low-class advertisements declined.

## Current Comment.

THE PENNSYLVANIA MILITIA DISGRACED.—Major-General Snowden, commanding the forces of the sovereign State of Pennsylvania, and Colonel Hawkins, commanding the Tenth Regiment here, in their treatment of Private Iams of Company K, given the militiamen of the several States something to talk about.

It appears that Iams upon hearing of the attempted murder of Mr. Frick, cried out: "Boys, let's give three cheers for the man who shot Frick."

This silly speech was overheard by Lieutenant-Colonel Streator. He said: "Young man, what do you mean by that?"

Iams replied: "I meant that I was glad that Frick was shot, and I am, too."

"Now, my friend," says Lieutenant-Colonel Streator severely: "you are a soldier, and you have no business to make such remarks. Do you want to retract it?"

"No, sir; I am glad that Mr. Frick was shot, and I cannot retract anything I said that I really meant."

The question is, Had Private Iams a right to say what he did? If not; why not? In becoming a militiaman, what rights, as a citizen, did he vacate? what rights did he retain?

Let us suppose that the victim of the crank's pistol had been O'Donnell, or some man in another part of the State, would Iams have received the severe punishment meted out to him? If not; why not?

The troops, it is supposed, are at Homestead to preserve the peace, to restore order, to enforce the law. They are not there for any other purpose; they are not there in the interest of any man or association of men.

General Snowden is bound to protect the citizens of Homestead against all disturbers of the peace, it matters not from whence they come. He represents the force of law, an impartial, non-partisan law.

Mr. Frick should be no more to General Snowden than Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones. And Private Iams, in stating that he was glad that Mr. Frick had been shot, can not justly be accused of a breach of discipline; of bad taste, yes.

If General Snowden or Colonel Hawkins believed the language of Iams unbecoming a soldier, by what reasoning do they come to that conclusion? The troops were in no way drawn into the merits of the controversy existing between Mr. Frick and his colleagues, and O'Donnell and his constituency. They had a right to be glad or sorry for one side or the other, so long as it did not interfere with their sworn duty to the State.

It is evident that General Snowden and Colonel Hawkins were of opinion that expressions such as Iams made use of, were dangerous to the discipline of the troops. If so; in what way? What was the effect of the language on his fellows? We are informed it was received in silence. Was there any evidence that Private Iams had endeavored to cause a mutiny in his company? If so, he should have been tried by court-martial. We are simply told that a silly young man made a silly remark. Why was it not received with silent contempt? Why did General Snowden and Lieutenant-Colonel Streator become agitated and punish this man so mercilessly? had they seen evidences of mutiny?

They took up the remark, and acted upon it as though the lad had made a violent speech, a mutinous and inflammatory speech. They seemed to have sniffed mutiny in the air, and determined to crush it. And this is the way it was done.

The regiment was assembled without arms. Lieutenant-Colonel Streator advanced to where Iams stood, and with his penknife cut the buttons of the uniform. This done, he said: "Corporal of Company K, take a guard and take this man to a guard tent. Ask the surgeons to stand by, and string this man up by his thumbs until he can stand it no longer."

The regiment was dismissed. The men went to their tents; "they did not dare discuss what had taken place."

Iams was hanged by his thumbs for nineteen minutes, his toes scarce touching the ground. The surgeons, mounted on chairs, kept their fingers on his pulse. "One hundred and twenty beats; let him down." He was insensible.

During the performance of this devilish cruelty, the Corporal and soldiers turned their faces away.

Lieutenant-Colonel Streator reported to Colonel Hawkins, who endorsed the report and sent it to General Snowden. General Snowden wrote upon it: "Dismiss this man in disgrace from your regiment, and drum him out of camp tomorrow morning." And to the Orderly he added: "Tell Colonel Hawkins to have the man's head shaved on one side before he is dismissed."

The following morning the brigade was assembled on the parade ground. Iams had been stripped of his uniform, and had been forced to put on a tramp's suit of clothes. One side of his head was shaved to the scalp. He was then paraded under guard along the line and back again to Colonel Hawkins, who said: "You are now discharged in disgrace from the service. You will be escorted to the limits of the camp. If you ever dare enter it again, you will be summarily dealt with."

The annals of the militia do not chronicle a single instance of brutality equal to this. The punishment is not sanctioned by the regulations of the militia, or the laws of the State. The high-handed proceedings of this pavement stone Colonel and Major-General make them liable to the criminal laws of the State for felonious assault; and if it so happens that these brutal marionettes escape the law, they will stand convicted in public opinion as men who having a little brief authority, did not understand how to exercise it.

And if it so happens that a citizen, in becoming a militiaman, loses some of the rights of citizenship, it is not so certain that a militiaman, in becoming an officer of rank, is entitled to arrogate to himself powers beyond the law.

Major-General Snowden, Colonel Hawkins, and Lieutenant-Colonel Streator, you have brought shame on the grand military organization of the State of Pennsylvania.

**CLEVELAND AND CATHOLICS.**—WHAT looks to THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN like a trick to lure Grover Cleveland into an expression of unfriendliness toward Roman Catholics has utterly failed, simply because the honest courage and genuine manliness of the ex-President saved him from the carefully laid trap. A few days ago, a person named Back wrote to Cleveland, calling his attention to the statement quoted from the report in the *British-American Citizen* of a discourse in Music Hall, Boston:

When Cleveland became President he had a wire run from the White House to the Cardinal's Palace, and placed a Roman Catholic at the head of every division of the ten thousand employees in the departments, and permitted nuns, without authority and against the printed instructions hung up in every public building in Washington, to go twice each month through them, and command every clerk to contribute to the support of the Roman Catholic Church, and if he or she refused, have the yellow envelope sent them. We can see how unworthy such a man is of support.

In reply to this letter the ex-President wrote from his farm at Buzzard's Bay as follows:

WILLIAM BACK, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: I am almost ashamed to yield to your request to deny a statement so silly and absurd on its face as the one you send me. However, as this is the second application I have received on the same subject, I think it is best to end the matter so far as it is possible to do so, by branding the statement, in all its details and in its spirit and intention, as unqualifiedly and absolutely false.

I know Cardinal Gibbons and know him to be a good citizen and first-rate American, and that his kindness of heart and toleration are in striking contrast with the fierce intolerance and vicious malignity which disgrace some who claim to be Protestants. I know a number of members of the Catholic Church who were employed in the public service during my Administration, and I suppose there were many so employed. I should be ashamed of my Presbyterianism if these declarations gave grounds of offense.

Yours, very truly, GROVER CLEVELAND.

Had Mr. Blaine had the nerve to make some such reply as this to Dr. Burchard's cry of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," Benjamin Harrison might still be one of the foremost railroad lawyers in Indianapolis.

**OUTWITTING CAUTION.**—A new danger to those who go down to the sea in ships, and up to the country in railway trains has been brought to light by a committee of the Royal Society of London.

These gentlemen, during an investigation of the phenomena of "Color Vision," discovered that the tests applied to seamen and engine-drivers have been rendered inefficient by what may be called "color coaches"—cunning varlets who have devised a means of enabling color-blind men to pass the examinations required of applicants for posts on railways and ships.

The method of chromatic "cramping" hit upon by these reckless rogues is as ingeniously simple as it is mischievous. They provide themselves with a set of colors like those employed in the tests of the regular examiners. A color is shown to the pupil. It is green, let us say. The pupil calls it red. Thereupon he is told to answer green when a thing appears to him to be red.

By this system of color-coaching, varied, of course, according to the different color-sensations of different persons,

candidates are fitted to qualify for duties on whose proper performance hundreds of lives often depend. The case would be genuinely serious were it not that an effective preventive of such frauds was contrived some years ago by Professor Holmgren. In this conclusive test, a series of skeins of colored wools is employed. The examiner selects a skein of a certain color—say pale grass green—and the candidate is requested to pick out from the heap others of the same type of color, irrespective of shade. A color-blind person will match drabs, pinks, and yellows with grass green; blues and violets with light purple or rose, and dark green or light green with light red, according as he is "red-blind" or "green-blind."

Color-coaching, or even collusion, is out of the question in such a trial as Holmgren's, and amblyopia is detected beyond peradventure.

**NAVAL RESERVE.**—Again we present pictures of the gallant Naval Reserve. This infant organization bids fair to increase rapidly and become an important adjunct to the naval forces of the nation. What is true of the branch in New York State is equally true of the branches in San Francisco and Boston. The men presented a fine appearance and showed that, although one year has passed since they went to sea, their shore duties have well fitted them for the service.

Next year, we would suggest that the Secretary of the Navy arrange to have the naval militiamen of the Atlantic seaboard drill together. The men of Boston and the men of New York to all intents and purposes belong to one corps, and an annual drill as a body would do much to stimulate enthusiasm.

**PASSING OF THE LEG SHOW.**—

Students of the contemporary stage cannot but discover a hopeful sign in the confession of the managers of the New York Casino, that so-called comic opera—as it was presented at that house—has proved a failure, and seems so little likely ever again to be a popular form of entertainment, that the Casino will be transformed into a beer hall.

For several years the character and quality of comic opera performance have been steadily going to the bad, until of late some really brilliant work of Offenbach, Audran, Lecocq, or Strauss was openly prostituted into a means for the vulgar display of half-clad women and disgusting buffoons.

The fact that this manner of performance—in which the Casino was a conspicuous pioneer—has ceased to be profitable, is, to the optimist at least, an encouraging token of an improvement in the popular taste. Carnality and smut have lost what slight disreputable vogue they once enjoyed; and one may hope that the failure of the Casino is but the forerunner of the end of the mean and meretricious entertainment that has for some time made a brazen show of success.

**ENGLISH "UNCLAIMED ESTATES."**—Every now and then we read of someone, generally from the West, having come into a large fortune from an estate that has long lain unclaimed in England. Mr. Robert Lincoln, our Minister to the Court of St. James, has done his best to prevent



his glib fellow citizens from pursuing these shadowy claims, and has warned the public to have nothing to do with any of the "persons advertising as agents having lists of unclaimed estates and family names of persons entitled, and procuring the publication, as often happens, of sensational telegrams as to English estates, or money in the Bank of England awaiting American claimants." Mr. Lincoln has especially warned Americans against a certain William Lord Moore of the "European Claims Company"; but Mr. Moore's name continues to crop up every now and then in Western papers, although the editors must know that he is a swindler. A Denver paper recently announced that Mrs. Emma Snow, a servant in a hotel in that city, had "received the cheering news" that \$400,000 was coming to her from England. One of Mrs. Snow's ancestors, it appears, was a Dutch nobleman, and his fortune of \$2,000,000 had been lying in the Bank of England and some other European banks for over sixty-two years. William Lord Moore has informed her that her claim has been gained; and the poor woman probably believes it, and will allow herself to be bled. The newspaper from which we gain this information tells us that Mrs. Snow was unable to obtain employment in a certain restaurant where "the waitresses must wear white starched dresses," because "atmospheric raiment is light and gauzy, but it costs like thunder. Mrs. Snow was poor—too poor to get the requisite livery, and so she sadly gave up the promised place, and went back to where plain every-day clothes 'go.'" The first thing Mrs. Snow did when she received the joyful news was to file a suit for divorce against her husband, "a worthless piece of humanity," whom she was unwilling should "come in for any of the accruing inherited benefits." So Mr. Snow will lose the "old Dutch nobleman's" descendant; and Mrs. Snow will, for the next few days, dream of her presentation at court, and of the grand entertainments she will give to the Prince of Wales, and then awaken to the fact that she is destined to remain a servant who cannot afford to buy "atmospheric raiment" which "is light and gauzy," and "costs like thunder."

A MOUNTEBANK'S MISSION.—That mountebank of the pulpit, the Rev. DeWitt Talmage, of Brooklyn, is masquerading in Russia as a representative of the United States. He has been received by the Czar, and been presented to the Czarina and any amount of archdukes and archduchesses. He has been banqueted by the municipal authorities of Moscow and St. Petersburg, and the whole aristocracy of Russia have been tumbling over one another in the general rush to do this clerical jockanapes honor. The *Weiner Tagblatt* tells us: "He is to be the founder of a new political movement; in other words, Dr. DeWitt Talmage will be the creator of an American-Russian alliance." Who authorized the reverend gentleman to do anything of the sort? The aid we sent to the starving Russian peasants was the result of a sentiment, nine-tenths of which was business, and the remaining tenth charity. The millers and grainmen of the West who sent their flour and corn, openly avowed they were casting their bread upon the waters, and expected to find it after many days. If the Russians imagine the gift was one of pure charity, it will do them no harm to be left in that happy state of ignorance. But it is a cruel thing to delude them with the idea, as Dr. Talmage appears to be doing, according to the *Weiner Tagblatt*, that America is going to supply the Czar with the gold he has vainly sought in the European markets,

Even France, suffering though it is from Russo-mania, refuses to play any more the part of the Danaides, and pour its money into Russia's leaky treasury. The American capitalist must be a very different man to what we supposed he was, if he takes up the rôle. But the most cruel part of this mountebank's mission is that the Russians will imagine that the Rev. DeWitt Talmage is a typical American. *Horresco referens!*

LONDON'S "SMART" SET.—Lady Frances Balfour—the mother of that young statesman, whom only a short time ago the Irish delighted to call "Butcher Balfour," but whom they have now learned to respect—has in the current number of the *North American Review*, made a stinging reply to Lady Jeune's attack upon London society. She insists that that society is to-day much cleaner than it was before the passage of the first Reform bill, from which time Lady Jeune "dates the 'change' over the face of matters social." There were more scandals in London society sixty years ago, when friendships between the sexes were trammelled with a thousand restrictions, than there are now. Of Lady Jeune's groans over the democratic tendencies of English society, Lady Frances writes:

She thinks the evil serious when wealth and notoriety gain people admission to society, and she adjures the "shades of Almack's to turn in their graves," and bids them know that their "children and grandchildren are associating on terms of intimacy and equality with a crowd, whose sole recommendation is, that it panders and ministers to the most demoralizing influences of an age already bad enough." It is to be hoped that "the shades" are better employed, and if they are studying the question at all attentively, they probably have arrived at the conclusion that it is not worth while to turn in their graves over the doings of a "very small set."

Of this "very small set"—the so-called "smart set"—Lady Frances has no very high opinion. "Smartness" was nothing to do, she says, with good society.

People in good society may, among other qualities, have what is implied in this word, but "smartness" alone, without those gifts of refinement and culture which, with good breeding and the heritage of good birth, make for nothing. Ease and intimacy are the distinguishing marks of this social life, and neither the wealth nor the rank of this circle is of importance, so long as they possess these gifts. Those who have merely wealth to offer can never be of it, and though the portal is open to all, only such as are fitted by their qualities become one with all that is best and most agreeable in its inner life.

Unfortunately, our women who go to London with fair faces and fat purses, imagine that the "smart set" is the Holy of Holies of its society, and their highest ambition is to be received *en intimité* at Marlborough House. They are "sent to wallow in this sink of iniquity," which was the cause of Lady Jeune's Jeremiade. But they never enter into that social life of which "ease and intimacy are the distinguishing marks," as our George Ticknors and Russell Lowells did—that social life of which such women as Lady Frances Balfour are such an ornament.

SULKING IN HIS TENT.—Senator Hill is sulking in his tent. When the Democratic notification meeting was held at Madison Square Garden, the ex-Governor of New York found that imperative engagements prevented his attendance. Yet, the very next day he turned up in New York City and then went off to a summer resort. It is stated, too, that the Senator does not intend to return to Washington this season, but will spend the rest of the summer on his native heath at Elmira. Mr. Hill has not found the atmosphere of the Senate chamber congenial since his Presidential hopes vanished into thin air at Chicago. He has been, at least ostensibly, deserted

by his former friends who, when he sat in the gubernatorial chair, were ready to ratify anything he did. He thought he had succeeded in making himself indispensable to the Democratic party, but found that the Democracy existed outside the walls of Tammany Hall, and the discovery has made him sulky.

**DANCING BY PROXY.**—Curious observers of life at the fashionable summer resorts note a marked decrease in the fondness of the beaux and belles for the graceful delights of dancing. The gallant and the pretty idlers at resorts of summer frivolity, flout waltz, mazourka, and galop, in which they were erstwhile wont to mingle love and exercise.

The student of this suggestive social phenomenon traces its cause to the vogue of the professional dancer at gay entertainments during the winter season. Young people are no longer bidden to terpsichorean diversions of their own making, but to view the flings and fandangoes of some Andalusian *premiers*, or some past mistress of the art from Paris or Vienna.

It is likely that in this, as in many things, we are but following the example of the "smart set" of London, where the tendency for some time has been toward the custom recommended by a Turkish potentate on his visit to England a few years ago.

The Bashaw, during an entertainment at the house of some famous diplomat, saw his host tire and overhear himself in a dance. The imperturbable Turk marvelled to see a party of ladies and gentlemen fatigue themselves in such a useless manner, saying: "In my country we have slaves to do that for us."

The hint took, and ever since then fashionable London has been on the alert for attractive "slaves" to perform the agreeable duty of dancing. The example appears to have travelled over the seas, and to have taken root with us.

**MR. GLADSTONE'S DILEMMA.**—Mr. Gladstone finds himself between the two horns of a dilemma. The most conspicuous Irish members of Parliament, including the only Nationalist who represents an English constituency, strongly object to the Irish Home Rule question being put in the background, and insist that, when Mr. Gladstone comes into power, he should pay his obligation to them first, and then only is he at liberty to make good other engagements into which the Liberals may have entered. The Nationalists, too, are in a position to enforce their demand. So small, however, is the Gladstonian majority, that even the few Labor members must be taken into consideration in the present political situation.

Then, too, the Gladstonians proper differ among themselves upon many points. The argument some of them make against giving Home Rule precedence is that, in the interest of Home Rule itself, other measures should be taken up. The "one man, one vote" measure would, they believe, give the Liberals such a majority, that the House of Commons would be able to overrule the Lords, and force them to give Ireland self-government. If, however, electoral reforms are taken up first, the Nationalist members would hold the balance of power, and displace their constituents, who sent them to Parliament to work for Home Rule and nothing else. The fact that the reforms were carried through the Commons by means of Irish votes would hurt the Liberal party in Great Britain. That these measures were carried by Irish votes,

cast solely in the interest of an Irish measure, would disaffect many Englishmen who might otherwise be inclined to support them, and would also influence many Englishmen against the cause in behalf of which these tactics were adopted. But Mr. Gladstone has not lost his astuteness, and will, probably, find means of escape, even if a lot of trimming be necessary.

**CANADA AND THE CHINESE.**—We have had so many good reasons for complaint against Canada that it is satisfactory to learn that her officials are doing something to assist us in the restriction of Chinese immigration. Canada has a law restricting original Chinese immigration only a little less restrictive than our own, but it has not prevented a large number of Mongolians, fresh from China, being smuggled across the border into this country. The fault of the law lay in its lacking efficient checks upon the fraudulent use of "return papers," taken out by Chinese who had made enough money in America to enable them to return to the bosom of their family in China.

Won Lun having prospered in the New World, proposes to return to the Flowery Kingdom to live upon his earnings and dream of the Melican Sunday-school marm whom he is going to leave behind him. He takes out "return papers," and when he gets to China sells them to Fo Fum, who lands at a Canadian port as the returning Won Lun. Fo Fum is smuggled into the United States, starts a laundry, or opens a joint, and possibly marries a Melican girl. To prevent this, the Canadian government now refuses to allow any Chinaman to leave the Canadian dominion without a permit which will entitle him to return within six months without further cost. If he stays abroad beyond six months, he will not be admitted into Canada until he has paid an entrance fee of \$50, the poll tax imposed upon original immigrants. This will be a great assistance in the carrying out of our law, but it is cruel to the American girl, who dotes upon teaching Christianity to the heathen Chinese, to thus cut off the supply of "childlike and bland" Sunday-school pupils.

**LAUNCH OF THE COLUMBIA.**—The launch of the cruiser *Columbia*, at Philadelphia, will, if the expectations of its designers are fulfilled, mark an epoch in the naval history of the world. She is quite original in type, model, and mechanism, and, if she proves a success, will revolutionize the naval architecture of maritime Europe. She has been designed to sail around the world without coaling. It is hoped she will be able to make twenty-one knots when under full steam, and be able to overtake the fastest European liners. She is a commerce destroyer, pure and simple, superior in speed to the fastest cruisers recently built by England, France, and Italy. She has not been designed as a fighting ship, but her machinery, boilers, and magazine are protected by armor-plating and an armored deck. Her armament is light, but she has a formidable engine of attack in a ram. At a distance she will look like an innocent merchantman, but woe to the enemy's vessel that allows herself to be taken in, for the *Columbia* has a rapid armament which, at short range, can be employed with terrible effect. It is satisfactory to our national pride to know that, although it is little more than ten years since we began building our new navy, so great has been the progress, that to-day the most difficult work can be done as well in American as in European shipyards.



PAINTINGS OF THE DAY: V. "LEAVING THE CONFESSIONAL" BY CHARLES E. DELORT. (See page 553.)



IT was not often that George Washington was caught napping. But on one occasion Sir Henry Clinton did succeed in taking the Father of his Country unawares.

Sir Henry had succeeded Lord Howe as Commander-in-chief of the British forces in North America. Howe had been relieved of his command because he had failed to obey the orders of the home authorities and send the fleet up the Bronx River [*sic*], and bombard New York from the North.

Clinton concentrated his forces in the neighborhood of New York, and landed a force of several thousand men at Dyker Meadows, on Gravesend Bay, Long Island. It was there he entertained General Washington at a "surprise party," but patriotic historians do not relate this incident.

On these meadows a force of the Naval Reserves of New York recently landed, and attacked a body of Regulars as well as Naval Reserve men. Our illustrations represent scenes of the sham battle, which would have resulted in a victory for the attacking party had not its ammunition given out, according to previous arrangements.

Dyker Meadows lie between Fort Hamilton—which, with Fort Wadsworth, guards the Narrows, the entrance to New York Bay—and Bath Beach. According to the plan laid out for the battle, Fort Hamilton was not supposed to exist. The battlefield was the auxiliary parade ground sloping down to the meadow to the east of the fort, and whose limits are marked by two old houses with histories. One was the headquarters of the aforementioned Lord Howe, and the other, the Cortelyou House, was where Cornwallis once had his headquarters.

The beach was held by a small detachment of infantry. A supporting force was in the neighborhood, but not within striking distance. The naval brigade landed from the *New Hampshire*, assisted by marines, drove back the skirmish lines, which retreated and met the supporting force. The defense then held the landing force in check. The fight was

drawn, and the naval brigade, getting short of ammunition, fell back to its boats, but covered and protected, as it reëmbarked, by the fire of the guns of the *Atlanta* and *Chicago*.

From the *New Hampshire* it was observed that a squad of infantry was filing down to the Dyker Meadows, and taking up a position that commanded the only place on the beach where a landing could be effected in a hurry, without the boats running the danger of getting on the rocks. The attacking force at once strapped on their cutlasses, took their rifles from the racks, and each man placed twenty rounds of blank cartridges in his belt. The force took to the boats, and, the position pennant having been shown from the senior officer's boat, pushed for the shore in a line as straight as that of a body of infantry. While they were landing, the *Chicago* and *Atlanta* fired imaginary shells upon the beach. By the time the landing had been effected, the defenders had retreated to the sheds of the Cortelyou House and a line of posts a hundred feet back from the shore. As soon as the attacking party had formed it advanced steadily. The advances were made by running ahead about fifty feet, and then falling flat and firing. The Cortelyou House and sheds were captured, but the defenders held an equally good position behind the fence, a hundred yards ahead.

Under cover of the firing, from the ships, the artillery had been shipped from the boats to the field guns, and, after some difficulties—one of these difficulties being a fat woman and a baby who refused to get out of the way—succeeded in gaining a knoll that commanded the enemy's right flank.

And so the fight began.

It was carried on as prearranged, until the order for retreat was given, when, in the rush to swing back the machine guns to a safe place, a dozen women got tangled up in the ropes, which caused a display of skirts and ankles not mentioned in the programme.

The retreat was like the advance, only a good deal more



THE NAVAL RESERVE. THE NAVAL RESERVE, GETTING SHORT OF AMMUNITION, FALL BACK TO THEIR BOATS.



THE NAVAL RESERVE. LANDING A FIELD-PIECE FROM THE "CHICAGO'S" BOATS.





THE NAVAL RESERVE THE RESERVES FROM THE SHIPS DRIVING BACK THE PICKETS ON DYKER MEADOWS. A SKIRMISH.



rapid. The machine guns were hustled down the banks into the boats. The men piled in after them. There was a final rush by the land party that swept the rear guard of the invaders into the boats. Some of them had a close shave to get to the boats, and it was a question between wading out up to their waists or being taken prisoners of war. One was unfortunate enough to get laughed by the enemy. The defenders' skirmishers held the shore, and as long as the boats were in range the two forces exchanged shots.

The *Chicago* and *Atlanta* dropped a few shells on shore just to cover the withdrawal of their men.

The fight was over.

### DANIEL WEBSTER'S POETRY.

SOME one, with more curiosity than discretion, has raked up the fact that the otherwise unique and great Daniel Webster was given to "dropping in" to poetry when touched by sentiments and emotions that seek expression in rhythmic numbers. It must be admitted that it is, perhaps, just as well that the famous commoner did not elect to pursue the calling of a poet instead of that of statesman. The examples of the product of his muse might possibly be regarded as "promising," but they are not prodigious.

In one of the poems cited, the future giant of congress deplores his separation from one of his college companions, and closes with this stanza:

Let love and friendship reign,  
Let virtue join the train  
And all their sweets retain,  
Till Phœbus' blaze expire;  
Till God who rules on high  
Shall rend the tottering sky,  
All nature gasping die  
And earth be wrapt in fire.

When about to engage in his career of barrister, Mr. Webster wrote to a friend: "I expect to meet many disappointments in the prosecution of the law. I find I have calculated too largely on the profession. For this reason I have engaged a new auxiliary to support me under mortification: it is tobacco." He thinks it but decent, however, to celebrate the narcotic departure in greeting verse:

Come, then, tobacco, new-found friend,  
Come, and thy suppliant attend  
In each dull, lonely hour.  
Then, while the excoms part and proud,  
The politician, learned and loud,  
Keep one eternal clack,  
I'll tread where silent nature smiles,  
Where solitude my woes beguiles,  
And chew thee, dear tobacco.

Even when engaged in homely correspondence with his family, he seems unable to check the rampant Pegasus.

The postscript of a letter of April 30, 1805, addressed to his brother Ezekiel, ends thus:

Fol de dol, dol de dol di dol,  
I'll never make money my idol;  
For away our dollars will fly all,  
With my friend and my pitcher  
I'm twenty times richer,  
Than if I had made money my idol;  
Fol de dol, dol de dol di dol;

Is there not in this last thought a hint of the intellectual courage, the disdain of conventionality that later came to make Mr. Webster the foremost among his men and times?

### ELECTRICITY AND NEURALGIA.

A NEW cure for neuralgia and a new use for electricity have been discovered. Though at present it has not been found entirely possible to remove organic matter from water by means of electricity, it has the power to reduce such matter appreciably; and now a Russian physician asserts that the pain of neuralgia, if superficial, can be relieved at once by throwing a beam of light from a bright arc-light upon the affected part.



WILLIAM F. HARRITY.

WILLIAM F. HARRITY, the chairman of the National Democratic Committee, is a native of the sturdy little State of Delaware. He was born in Wilmington in 1850. At the age of twenty he graduated from La Salle College, Philadelphia, at the head of his class. After teaching for a year, he entered the law offices of Lewis C. Cassidy and Archer Pierce. He was admitted to the bar in 1873, remaining in the offices of Cassidy & Pierce until 1880. In that year he formed a partnership with James Gay Gordon, now one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia. In 1882, when the Democracy of Philadelphia was disorganized, he was made chairman of the Democratic City Executive Committee. The Democracy won in that year.

In 1882 a serious revolt confronted the Republican party in the State and in the city. There was a chance, under skillful management and harmonious action, for a Democratic victory. At this juncture, Harrity, whose work as an organizer had already been felt in a number of ways, was asked to take the chairmanship of the Democratic City Executive Committee. The result was the success of the whole State ticket.

In 1890 a fatal division in the Republican party again presented an opportunity to the Democrats. Formidable candidates for the Democratic nomination, seeing the possibility of success, were openly in the field. Governor Pattison was in the background. The Democratic masses and the Independent Republicans rather wished than hoped that he might be made the Democratic candidate. But the Governor's friends had no machinery at their command. Mr. Harrity held the Philadelphia delegation well in hand, and had a potent influence in the State Committee. His relations to Governor Pattison did not, however, give any hope that he would support a Pattison movement. Suddenly, however, Harrity executed a *coup d'état* which completely changed the aspect of affairs. Without consultation with the Governor, and without warning to the other candidates, he declared that he favored Pattison's nomination as the one nomination which insured Democratic victory.

The triumphant election of Governor Pattison fully vindicated Mr. Harrity, and placed him by common acclamation at the head of the party in Pennsylvania.



VIEW OF THE CRAFT SEEKING LOST GOLD IN HELL GATE, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.

## The Lost "Hussar."

ON the twenty-third day of November, in the year 1780, the good ship *Hussar* arrived in the port of New York. The war-ship *Mercury* accompanied her, and the two, besides acting as convoy to a fleet of merchant ships, brought the gold sent by the British government to pay the troops then quartered at New London, Connecticut.

The *Mercury* carried £380,000 sterling (mostly in British guineas). The *Hussar* carried £580,000 sterling. The aggregate was £960,000, or \$4,800,000 in American money. After the fleet had anchored in New York harbor, the gold on the *Mercury* was transferred to the *Hussar*, and while the former remained to protect the King's property, the *Hussar* set sail for New London. The captain was in a hurry, so he ventured to take the route through Hell Gate, instead of the longer, but safer, southern passage around Long Island. Hell Gate was a different place then from what it is now, and the dangers of the water gap were heightened by an ignorance of the course. The captain had heard that a negro pilot had successfully steered a large frigate through the labyrinth of rocks, and he imagined that he could do the same thing.

There was a sunken reef there, however, of which the captain of the *Hussar* knew next to nothing, and so, when within gun-shot of open water, his treasure ship struck heavily, he fondly believed that he had merely snapped some chain device contrived by the rebels.

As the ship began to recoil and scrape, he got some notion of the real nature of the catastrophe, and sought to swing the craft into open water. He succeeded only too well, for as the *Hussar* swung into the swift current, the water rushed into the leak with an uproar that indicated surely enough the extent of the *Hussar's* hurt. In attempting to beach the boat, she keeled over, and sunk in ninety feet of water.

There she has lain from that day to this.

Of course the Englishmen were unwilling to abandon so much wealth without making an effort to get it, and in 1794, fourteen years after the gold went down, two briggs arrived at Port Morris, the present name of the locality where the hulk of the *Hussar* lies buried, equipped with apparatus for raising the vessel. For two years the British subjects vainly grappled for the buried treasure; then the American government awoke to a realization of the fact that they had no legal right to be thus engaged, and ordered them off. In 1819 certain English capitalists organized a stock company to prosecute the search, thus showing that the story about the sunken treasure was well known in that country as well as in this.

These Englishmen tried a diving bell, but the currents through Hell Gate prevented the use of that apparatus.

Another company was formed, and that, too, failed to make any impression on the wreck. Every year or so new companies would sink more money in the enterprise, but still the gold remained undisturbed. Then there was a long period of inactivity, during which the tides packed the wreck down more solidly with sand and mud. This current has been a chief obstacle in the search for the treasure, for it sweeps down past this particular spot with special force.

About a quarter of a century ago a company was organized, under the name of the Worcester Hussars, to try to secure the long-hidden fortune. Capt. Charles B. Pratt, one of the pioneer divers of the country, who afterward became Mayor of Worcester, was the originator of that company. With his assistants he tackled the ship with dynamite, and in a few months had torn away all of the upper structure. The heavy guns had long before crushed through the deck and lodged over the powder magazine and treasure vault, and had been cemented down by barnacles and sand, until the pick could make no impression on the mass. All this work was carried on in the dark, and progress was consequently slow.

But enough articles of value were recovered to give their work the worth and dignity of practical success. A jewel casket filled with necklaces, crosses, rings, earrings, pearls, and other jewels of great value, was brought from the depths one day, but that same night it was stolen. Pots and jars of antiquated shapes, bearing on their sides the stamp of the vessel and the royal monogram of Georgius Rex; slender beer pots of curious construction; leathern buckets, with the name *Hussar* in broad letters still legible; thousands of cannon balls, and hushels of gun flints, together with several whole cannon, one of which was sold to the English government for \$1,500, while others found a resting place in Central Park—all these things were dislodged by the divers.

More significant, however, than these finds was the discovery of numerous gold and silver coins, that were taken as proof conclusive of the presence of treasure chests in the wreckage.

A few months ago a party of New Englanders formed themselves into a company, styled the Little Giant Hussar Wrecking Company, and made arrangements to try their luck in recovering the sovereigns supposed to be lying in the hold of the ancient craft. Under the direction of Capt. Simonds, divers and dredgers are exploring the wreckage, with, as yet, but indifferent results.

The arrangements for carrying on the work at present are quite elaborate. There is a floating living-house containing a dining-room, kitchen, sink-room, a fore-castle in which are

eight berths, a private office, and chambers for Capt. Simonds, the clerk, the diver, and the directors. It is fully equipped with all the culinary utensils needed in a first-class house, and its boiler is generously furnished. The dredger and machine float, 52 by 22 feet in area, is fully equipped with all the machinery needed in this peculiar search. In one corner is the air pump, which will supply the divers with breathing material while they are at work nearly a hundred feet below. In another corner is the hydraulic pump for opening and shutting the big bucket. In another place is a force pump for washing the mud, etc., brought up from the wreck. There is also the dynamo which will supply the divers with a 6,000 candle power electric search light. The air pump and dynamo are arranged so that they can be worked by hand, independent of the engine. The value of this arrangement, in case of accident to the engine, is at once apparent. The big boiler and double engine take up most of the space in the forward half, and the drums for the wire ropes use up what is left of the room. Beneath the floor on which this machinery stands are two water tanks, with a capacity of 1,000 gallons each, a three days' supply. The engine has a lifting power of ten tons. The bucket weighs 2,800 pounds, so there is plenty of power left to hoist anything that may be clutched by the steel jaws when they close. That same bucket has been known to lift a rock weighing six tons with a grip of only four inches.

The principal difficulty encountered so far has been the force of the tides. The water is ninety feet deep where the dredging is being done, and therefore it is only at slack water that the bucket can be used with any success.

Mark water occurs twice a day and lasts not longer than forty minutes. Capt. Simonds has lowered the bucket once each morning for the last few days, but so far he has not met with much success. He has brought a few tons of rock and mud to the surface, and with these a number of unimportant objects. He feels confident that he is anchored very near the position of the wreck, because of several pieces of iron, brass, and copper that have come up in the bucket. These are all covered with rust and barnacles, so that it would be difficult to determine whether or not they ever belonged to the sunken *Hussar*, or, if they did, what part of the ship they came from. A piece of sheet lead about six inches square, punctured with holes and covered on one side with a black substance, Capt. Simonds thinks is a part of the lining of the *Hussar's* powder magazine. He says

the black substance is gunpowder. Every scoop brings up several pieces of flint. It is said that the *Hussar* brought a cargo of flints from England to be used by the British army here, as flint was difficult to obtain in this country. The flints found by Capt. Simonds are supposed to be a portion of this cargo.

Two articles brought up recently were plainly not of the *Hussar's* original cargo. One is a diver's rubber shoe, the other an umbrella handle.

Old John Grimes, who dived for the *Hussar's* treasures three decades ago, has come forward, and declares that the umbrella handle was one he had dropped overboard at the time he was in search of the wreck, and that the rubber shoe was similar to the kind the divers used in those days. Capt.

Simonds says that the finding of these things shows that the current at the bottom has probably not washed away the treasure he is searching for.

### A Prince's Nerve.

CATON WOODVILLE, who was one of the party that accompanied the late Prince Albert Victor to share in the excitement of elephant catching in Mysore, relates an episode that tried the royal huntsman's nerve and that of his companions as well.

One particularly huge beast brought to bay by the herd of *Kwankies*, or trained elephants used in the hunt, suddenly plunged forward in an endeavor to break through the stolid line of tuskers. A pistol shot frightened the raging monster back. As she swerved about she passed within a few feet of Prince Albert, who had preferred to watch the dangerous sport on the ground. "It was an anxious moment for us spectators as to what the Prince would do," says Mr. Woodville, "for had

he retreated hastily and suddenly, the levathan would surely have charged him. But the Prince took the matter very coolly, and showed as much presence of mind as if these scenes occurred daily with him. Needless to say, we all appreciated much his coolness and courage and the daring he displayed in entering the kheddah. This was the event that gave rise to the sensational telegrams and the many congratulatory messages from all parts of the world on his presidential escape."

"The devices of the triumphant arches," under which the distinguished visitor to the jungles passed, "were mostly in English," writes Mr. Woodville, "and some were extremely funny, although seriously meant, as 'Tell your grandmother we are happy!'"



IT IS WITH THIS HUGE HYDRAULIC DREDGER THE MOVERS OF THE ENTERPRISE EXPECT TO RAISE THE SUNKEN TREASURE.



From a photograph by Steinhilber.

MR. W. K. VANDERBILT'S STEAM YACHT "ALVA," N. Y. C.

### THE "ALVA."

ANY man less rich than Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt might well count himself undone by the loss of such a treasure as the yacht *Alva*, which was sunk off Nantucket Shoals on the 24th ult. by the freight steamer *Dinwiddie*.

No finer, stancher, or saucier ship ever sailed the seas than the gorgeous pleasure craft that now lies in the muddy depths of Pollock Rip.

This luxurious example of modern shipbuilding came from the Wilmington yards of the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company. It was built, however, on the design of a foreigner—St. Caere Byre, of Liverpool—who sent over two of his ablest assistants to superintend the construction.

"Don't mind the expense," was Mr. Vanderbilt's instruction to the builders.

And, of course, they didn't.

The *Alva* was an ocean liner in dimensions, and a floating palace in equipment. Her rig was that of a three-masted schooner, square forward, having three yards on the foremast. The hull was of the finest quality of mild steel. The massive frames, which thickly ribbed the vessel, were of plate steel, while her floors and deck were constructed of the same metal. Three powerful engines furnished the propelling power, operating through a propeller wheel, which was a splendid specimen of the founder's art. It was a solid cast manganese bronze four-bladed screw, without a single flaw, and weighed ten thousand pounds. Like most of the *Alva's* equipment, this magnificent screw was made abroad.

The *Alva's* deck was fitted with three steel-plated cabins, the forward one communicating with the main saloon and Mr. Vanderbilt's own apartments, including eight separate rooms. Aft of these were a library, a smoking-room, and seven guest chambers, decorated most sumptuously in white enamel and gold. The hull and its mechanical fittings alone cost

\$300,000, and fully as much more must have been spent in the splendid furnishings.

A crew of fifty-five seamen were needed to man the craft, and she had proved their mettle on more than one occasion. Her first extended cruise was made in July, 1887, when she carried Mr. Vanderbilt and his family across the Atlantic, up the Mediterranean and the Nile, and back home by way of the Canary Islands and Nassau. Her second trip was in the fall of 1889, when she touched at several European ports, wintering at Nice, and cruising among the West India Islands on the way home.

Lately the *Alva* began to develop a streak of bad luck. On her return from a long cruise in 1891, she steamed into New York harbor with her owner and his guests crowded as far forward as they could get, and the yellow flag flying at the mainmast. One of the sailors had been seized with malignant smallpox on the cruise, and Mr. Vanderbilt's party had a very worrisome trip of it. The vessel went into Quarantine.

A few weeks ago the *Alva*, coming into port, ran down a rowboat in the North River, and two persons were drowned.

At the time of the disastrous contact with the *Dinwiddie*, the *Alva* was lying at anchor, surrounded by a dense fog. She was bound from Bar Harbor for Newport with a "stag" party of Mr. Vanderbilt's intimates. The *Alva* did not sink until twenty minutes after the accident, and all on board were picked up and carried to Boston by the freighter.

### TEA AS AN EMBALMER.

THE thousands of tea-drinkers throughout the world may not generally know that the Chinese use tea for preserving the bodies of the dead, and that a corpse placed in the centre of a box of tea, it is said, will keep for years. It also may be pleasant to know that tea, which has been employed in this capacity, is afterwards exported for foreign consumption, the boxes being marked in a way known only to the natives.



THOMAS H. CARTER.

THOMAS H. CARTER, the newly elected chairman of the Republican National Committee, is in no way a man out of the ordinary. He owes his present conspicuous position entirely to the circumstance that no one else, of any consideration at all, would accept the position. It was offered in turn to every Republican of prominence in the country, but was promptly declined by all of them. It is written that Grover Cleveland shall be the next President of the United States, and for that reason no Republican leader is ready to conduct a campaign that is doomed to failure. Carter is the last man in the party that President Harrison would have chosen for the management of his campaign. It is a proved fact that President Harrison pledged the chairmanship to Mr. Carter, and afterward tried by every artifice at his command to keep Mr. Carter from getting it. The place was promised to Carter if he would endeavor to keep the Northwestern States in line for Harrison. There was a fierce fight between the Blaine and Harrison men in Montana, and North Dakota was extremely doubtful. Carter undertook the task, not only of keeping the new Northwest States in line, but largely of assisting in engineering the Harrison campaign.

According to contract, he delivered the vote of South Dakota solid, and the vote of Montana practically solid, but North Dakota broke away, and four votes went to Blaine.

As the time approached for the organization of the National Committee, Mr. Carter was informed that he could not be chairman. He asked why, and he nearly dropped to the floor with amazement when he was told:

"You were not able to control North Dakota in the convention."

"But nobody could control North Dakota," he said.

"That makes no difference. You cannot be chairman, but you can be secretary, if you wish." When Harrison found, however, that the place could not be foisted upon anyone else, Carter was made chairman.

Thomas H. Carter is but thirty-eight years old, having been born in June, 1854, at Furnace, Scioto County, Ohio. In 1865 he moved to Peoria, Ill., where he lived until 1875, when he moved to Burlington, Iowa. He studied law in Louisville, Ky., and Illinois, and was admitted to the bar in Nebraska.

## New York's Building.

### A Clubhouse Open for the Entertainment of the Fair's Visitors.

THE New York State building at the World's Fair, Chicago, will cover an area of 14,338 feet, exclusive of terrace and porticos, which cover an additional area of 3,676 feet.

The building is in the style of the Italian Renaissance. A villa in character, rectangular in form, approached on the south by a flight of fourteen steps, 46 feet wide, giving access to a grand terrace, 15 feet by 80 feet, from which the loggia or open vestibule, 46 feet by 17 feet 6 inches, is reached. In the selection of the style of the building, the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, have been guided by several conditions of climate and surroundings, and, after careful reflection, believed that the school of the Italian Renaissance afforded the best opportunities for a successful comparison with the larger buildings of the exposition.

"An additional reason for the broader treatment and more palatial and festal characteristics," say the architects, "as well as grander proportions of the Italian Renaissance, seems to us in the favorable comparison which is sure to be drawn between the New York State building, designed upon these lines, and those of other States, in which the incongruous and conglomerate result produced by the use of imitations of historic buildings is bound to be felt."

The length of the building proper is 154 feet; including porticos, 214 feet. Extreme length at foundation line, 214 feet; depth of main building, 89 feet; greatest width, 106 feet; extreme depth on foundation line, including terrace and steps, 142 feet; height from grade to main cornice, 63 feet 2 inches; height to clerestory cornice roof line, 77 feet 5 inches; height of deck floor between belvederes, 81 feet; height of floors of belvederes above grade, 83 feet; apex of tower roofs, 96 feet.

"The creation of a building economical in construction, appropriate to the purposes and the season for which it is intended, and without monumental in character," say the architects, "as befits the quarters of a great State like New York, has seemed to us to be only possible under the system of composition which resulted in such buildings as the Villa Medici, the Farnesina, the Villa D'Esti, the Barberini, and other palaces and royal villas in the environs of Rome."

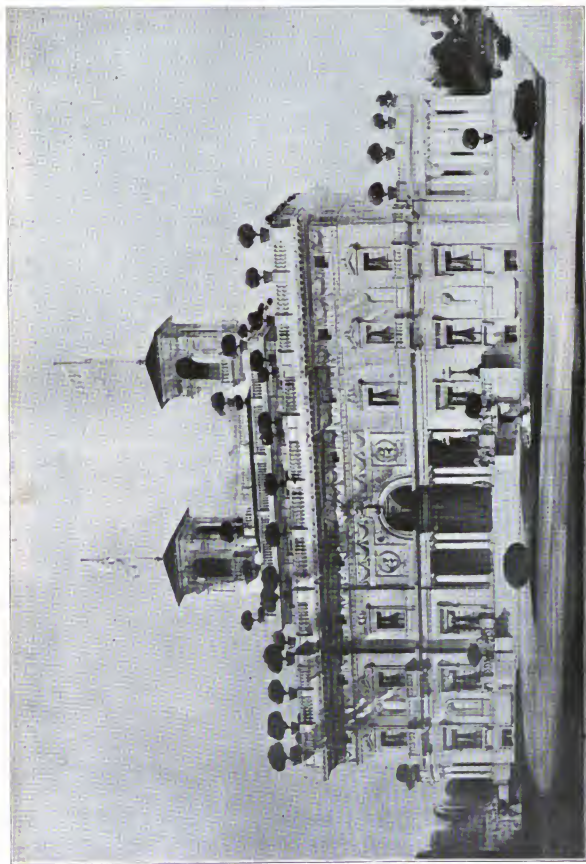
"Partaking of the domestic, as well as of the palatial, this building forms not only a headquarters for the State of New York, but a clubhouse for the comfortable reception and entertainment of visitors from all over the world."

"The roof garden is to form an attractive feature. It will form a triple terrace garden, decorated with orange trees brought from Florida, set in enriched Italian terra-cotta pots brought expressly from Naples; the terraces to be furnished with awnings, arbors, tables, and chairs for hot weather use, and lighted by electricity. It will control a commanding view of Lake Michigan to the east, of the Art Building to the south, and of the artificial lake of the exposition to the west, and will afford a cool and delightful retreat."

"The entrance is flanked by the Barberini lions, recently cast in Rome, and selected in preference to the lions of the Villa Medici, which, however fine, are inferior in size."

"The familiar motive of the loggia of the Villa Medici, as well as the two crowning belvederes, were particularly selected as characteristic of the Italian Renaissance, and well adapted for the purposes of this building; as also the frieze of the Farnesina palace, under the main cornice, representing boys bearing garlands of fruit and flowers."

The main feature of the building will be the banquet hall on the second floor, entered from the staircase hall gallery by three double doorways. This room will be 84 feet long, 46 feet wide, and 45 feet in height. Here balls, banquets, receptions, and public entertainments will be given. It will contain a gallery for musicians and one for ladies. Off this there will be a tea-room for ladies, fitted up in the style of Marie Antoinette.



DESIGN OF THE NEW YORK STATE BUILDING, IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

Fac-simile reproduction from architects' design.



OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS: LVIII. JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS. (See page 564.)

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, NEW YORK.)



# The Building of America.\*

## VII. LOUISIANA'S EARLY HISTORY.



THE Spanish historians, in their anxiety to illustrate the glories of their nation—the discovery and conquest of America being one of the national triumphs they claim—have indulged in fabrication to such an extent that it is almost impossible to tell where the falsehoods end and where the truth begins. We are taught in school that De Soto discovered the lower Mississippi in 1541. If he did, it is passing strange that Spain made no attempt to take possession of the country to which his expedition had given her a valid claim, nor did any of her subjects venture to follow the tracks of De Soto's discoveries. It was more than a hundred and thirty years after De Soto's death that the voyages of Joliet and Marquette first revealed with certainty the existence and direction of the Mississippi, which, up to that time, appears to have been known to Europeans only through the vague reports of the Indians.

For Robert Cavalier de La Salle has also been claimed the honor of having discovered the great Western river. This claim has been made upon the authority of a document found among the government archives of Paris, which purports to give particulars of various talks of La Salle himself about events in America previous to the year 1678; but, as Mr. Henry H. Hurlbut has pointed out, this "strange paper is neither dated, nor signed, nor in any manner authenticated." It is not, as he says, reasonable to suppose that if La Salle had made the voyage to the lakes and thence to the Mississippi, in 1671, he would not have told it previous to 1678, or that the government of New France would have sent out an exploring party to search for the Mississippi in 1673. "If the same thing had been accomplished two years earlier by La Salle, who was a particular friend of Frontenac, the governor."

In 1682 La Salle did actually sail down the whole length of the stream from the Illinois country, and at the mouth of the river took possession of the country on both banks and, in honor of his sovereign, called it Louisiana.

Robert Cavalier de La Salle was born at Rouen about November, 1633. His elder brother, a priest, emigrated to Canada, and, in 1666, the younger La Salle followed him to Montreal. Robert's services to the colony were enormous, and, when he returned to France after eight years' absence, Louis XIV. granted him letters of nobility and a large territory on Lake Ontario. But in Canada his good fortune made enemies for him, especially among the Jesuits, and an attempt was made to poison him. All sorts of charges were made

against him to the home government, and, in 1677, he again went to France, and not only disproved the calumnies spread by his enemies, but obtained authority to seek the mouth of the Mississippi at his own expense. On September 15, 1678, he returned to Quebec with thirty craftsmen and the brave Henri de Conty. After meeting with immense difficulties, caused through the jealousy of the Jesuits, he embarked on Lake Michigan. When he reached Lake Peoria he raised a fort which he called Crèvecoeur, and began the construction of a vessel in which to descend to the Gulf of Mexico. In the neighborhood were camped a large body of Illinois. La Salle made an alliance with them, but was denounced to the Indians as a friend of the Iroquois, who were their most hated enemies. The Illinois became restless, and this so alarmed La Salle's followers that some deserted him, after having put into his saucapan a strong dose of poison. Happily he had an antidote which saved him.

He returned to Fort Conty only to learn that one of his vessels had been lost, and that a ship which was bringing him money from France had sunk. Eighteen of the men he had brought with him were detained by his enemies, and his other men had deserted with his goods and boats.

But La Salle was not a man to be thwarted by any amount of difficulties. He went to Montreal, succeeded in raising some money, arrested some of the deserters, and started out again. He found that the Iroquois had made terrible havoc along the banks of the Mississippi. Fort Crèvecoeur and his vessel had been destroyed. At length he reached Fort Miami and made it his winter quarters. He returned once more to Fort Frontenac for supplies, and on February 6 he sailed at the Mississippi. On the 12th he embarked. On April 7 he arrived at the mouth of the stream, and two days later took formal possession of the country in the name of the king.

La Salle had intended to erect a fort at the mouth of the river, but owing to lack of provisions he had to return to Canada. He fell sick on the way and was confined forty days to his bed. When he reached Illinois, instead of being received with open arms, he was persecuted. Gen. de La Barre, the king's representative, pretended to disbelieve that La Salle had succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Mississippi. A Jesuit priest, blessed the bullets of the deserters, and assured them they might use them to kill the faithful Conty who had shared La Salle's dangers. La Barre confiscated the fort of Frontenac, which had been granted by the king to the discoverer, and that of St. Louis. La Salle found himself and those who had been associated with him in the enterprise, ruined.

He returned to France and persuaded Minister Senigelay to recall La Barre. He then proposed to return by sea to the mouth of the Mississippi, and on July 24, 1684, set sail for the Gulf of Mexico. The fleet sent out was composed of four vessels, and was commanded by Le Gallois de Beaujeu, whom La Salle suspected, because of "the devotion of Madame de Beaujeu" to the Jesuits. That he had good reason for his suspicions he soon discovered. For Beaujeu passed the mouth of the river and landed La Salle in the Bay of Matagorda, and gave him cannon without balls, as to get them would disarrange the storage.

Abandoned by De Beaujeu, La Salle and his companions constructed some forts and endeavored to reach the Mississippi by land. For two years they sought in vain, and the colonists and soldiers gradually divided away. It is not surprising, if, after all these misfortunes, La Salle's temper was embittered. He has been accused of harshness to his men, and on March 19, 1687, some of them assassinated him while he was making a brave attempt to reach Illinois by land. The few emigrants and soldiers which he had left at Fort St. Louis, on the coast

\*Previously published in this series: I. "The Founders of New England," in No. 125 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; II. "Savagers in a Strange Land," in No. 127; III. "The Huguenot Settlements of America," in No. 124; IV. "The Dutch Settlement of Manhattan Island," in No. 123; V. "Captain John Smith of Virginia," in Nos. 126 and 127.





From a print made in 1720.

## JOHN LAW, THE PROJECTOR OF THE MISSISSIPPI SCHEME.

The notorious John Law, a Scotchman by birth, and a daring adventurer by nature, succeeded in gaining the favor of the Regent, and, under his auspices, of carrying into effect one of the most stupendous swindles the world has ever known—the famous Mississippi scheme.

of Texas, received no succor from France, and were eventually massacred by the Indians.

The vanity of the *Grand Monarque* had been very much flattered by La Salle calling the newly discovered country after him, but after the failure of the expedition he was too busily engaged fighting with half the powers of Europe to trouble himself about Louisiana. After the Peace of Ryswick, however, a French officer named Iberville proposed to the Ministry to renew the trial of planting a colony there, and his offer was accepted. Four vessels, of which two were frigates of thirty guns each, were fitted out for the expedition, and were joined at San Domingo by another large man-of-war. In January, 1699, the flotilla reached Pensacola, but the Spanish governor refused to admit so powerful a squadron into the harbor, so they proceeded on their journey until they got to the Chandeleur Islands, where they anchored.

Among the members of the expedition was Father Anastasius, who had accompanied La Salle when he sailed down the river, and was with him when he was killed. As the principal object was to discover the mouth of the Mississippi, Iberville took him as a guide, and they started off in a boat together to explore the coast. Bienville, who was Iberville's youngest brother, had charge of a second boat. Three days after they had left the fleet they entered a river which Father Anastasius declared must be the Mississippi. But Iberville was doubtful; so, for about ten days, they worked their way up stream, and, at length, reached a village of Bayagoula Indians, who proved very friendly, and told the Frenchmen that they really were on the Mississippi. The Indians showed Iberville a missal in which was written the name of one of La Salle's companions, and gave him a letter written by the Chevalier de Tonti, fourteen years before, to La Salle. The letter stated that Tonti had descended the stream with twenty

Canadians and thirty Indians, to rejoin his old commander, and expressed his regret that he had not succeeded. The party continued its exploration as far up the Mississippi as the mouth of the Red River. They then turned back and, worn out with their long and difficult pull, floated down the stream. Bienville descended the river to its opening into the Gulf, but Iberville found his way through Lakes Maurepas and Pontchartrain, and reached the fleet a few days before his brother.

Iberville now made a great mistake in his choice of a site for the new settlement. Instead of selecting a spot somewhere on the fertile banks of the Mississippi, he chose a position on the sandy and barren shore and islands of the Gulf, and to the locality, as well as to the circumstances under which it was first started, much of the subsequent distress of the colony must be attributed.

Frenchmen have rarely been fortunate in their attempts at permanent colonization. "Brave, enterprising, and hardy, fond of adventure, and quick in the command of their resources, they have," as has been said of them, "proved excellent pioneers for the more slow and stubborn race who came after them, both in Canada and the valley of the Mississippi, and who, by superior industry and patience, have robbed them of the fairest fruits of their labors." The establishment of the colony of Louisiana was simply a freak of vanity on the part of the grandiloquent Louis XIV. He tried by the mere force of his royal will to create in the fertile valley of the Mississippi, a colonial dominion to rival or eclipse the flourishing English colonies on the Atlantic coast, which had been established for her, in their penury and homelessness, by the hard hands and stout hearts of her political and religious exiles. But colonies cannot be improvised, even by a man who was so big in his estimation that he imagined himself to be the State. Iberville's emigrants did not leave France by choice. They were sent to the mouth of the Mississippi in ships of war under a military guard. Most of them had no



HERNANDO DE SOTO, THE ALLEGED DISCOVERER OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

idea of agriculture, and only thought of mining, or trading with Indians. Others had no intention whatever of doing labor; they meant to live on the bounty of "the very high, very powerful, very invincible and victorious prince, Louis the Great, King of France, the fourteenth of that name," which was liberally dispensed in the shape of big salaries to the chief officers of the colony.

A council was held, and it was decided to establish the chief settlement at the eastern extremity of Biloxi Bay, about the middle of the coast of what is now the State of Mississippi. Eighteen years after the colony was founded, Du Prat arrived there, and afterwards gave the following description of it:

I never could guess the reason why the principal settlement was made at this place, nor why the capital should be built at it: as nothing could be more repugnant to good sense. Vessels were not able to come within four leagues of it; and, what was worse, nothing could be brought from them but by changing the boats there several times, from a smaller size to another still smaller; after which, they had to go upwards of a hundred paces with small carts through the water, to unload the smallest boats. And what ought to have been a still greater discouragement to making a settlement at Biloxi, the land is the most barren of any to be found thereabouts, being nothing but a fine sand as white and as shining as snow, on which no kind of green thing can be raised. It was, moreover, extremely incommoded with rats, which swarm there in the sand, and at that time gnawed even the stocks of the guns, the famine being very great.

A fort was raised on this promising spot, and Iberville appointed one of his brothers, Sanvolle, as commander, and Bienville to act as his lieutenant. Then he returned to France, and Bienville started up the Mississippi to explore the bayous and to make friends with the Indians, in which latter task he proved very successful, as the French generally did. As he was returning, Bienville found in the lower portion of the Mississippi, an English man-of-war of sixteen guns, commanded by Captain Bar, who told him he had left another



Louis XV. was on the throne of France and the Duke of Orleans was Regent.



From a portrait in Canada.

BIENVILLE, THE FOUNDER OF NEW ORLEANS.

ship of equal force at the mouth of the river, and that the object of his voyage was to explore the stream in order to ascertain the feasibility of establishing an English colony on its banks. Bienville gravely assured him that the Mississippi was much further west, that the place where they then were was a dependence of the Canadian provinces, and that the French already had a fort and several settlements in the neighborhood. The simple-minded Britisher thanked Bienville for his courtesy, and made the best of his way down stream. Hence, the name *Détour Anglais*, or English reach, given to a great bend in the river a few miles below where New Orleans now stands. While Bienville was "bluffing" Bar, a French sailor on the English ship handed him a petition signed by a number of Huguenots who had taken refuge in Carolina upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It asked leave of the French government for the signers to establish themselves in Louisiana, on condition that they were allowed to enjoy full liberty of conscience. But Bienville replied that the Most Christian King, his Master, had not driven the Protestants out of his European kingdom in order that they might form a republic in his American dominions.

When Iberville returned to the colony he fitted out an exploring expedition in order to anticipate the English in their design of forming a settlement on the banks of the Mississippi. The result of the expedition was that Iberville and his brothers made up their mind that the best thing to do was to remove the colony from Biloxi to the banks of the Great Father of Waters. Sanvolle wrote to the French government, "I can do nothing here at Biloxi, the environs are so promising." But home ministers always have known so much better than the colonists what is good for them, and will probably continue to do so to the end of the chapter; so they refused to let them change their home. What with famine and disease their numbers diminished so rapidly that by December, 1701, there were hardly one hundred and fifty persons in the colony. Sanvolle died on July 22 of that year, and Bienville succeeded him as governor of the colony. Iberville, who had gone



LE GALLOIS DE BEAUJEU.

It was he who frustrated La Salle's endeavors to find the mouth of the Mississippi by sea.

again to France, returned about this time with provisions. Gayarré says:

According to the King's commands, which he transmitted to his brother, Bienville left twenty men under the orders of Boisbrenat at Fort Biloxi, and removed the headquarters of the colony to the west side of Mobile River, very near where the City of Mobile now stands.

Chateaugné, another brother of Iberville, arrived at Biloxi in 1704 in a ship loaded with provisions, and found the colonists on the point of starvation. Many had been saved from death only by the aid sent them by the governor of Pensacola.

Soon after Chateaugné's visit to the colony, there arrived at Biloxi a cargo of twenty unmarried women from France. Hitherto the colony had consisted almost entirely of males. Bienville received a letter from the minister which said:

In order that no one might be sent who was not acknowledged to be pure and irreproachable in character, his Majesty commissioned the bishop of Quebec to select them in places that could not be suspected of any licentiousness. You will take care to establish them in as eligible a manner as possible, and to marry them to men who can give them a comfortable livelihood.

If we are to believe Dumont, these ladies, with one exception, had not been famous in France for the purity of their lives. According to him, all, save one whom he calls *la demoiselle de bonne volonté*, were forced to emigrate to Louisiana against their will. When they reached Biloxi, they were lodged in a house, and a sentinel was placed at the door. During the day they were permitted to receive visitors, and they very soon found husbands. The last of the ladies to get married—of whom Dumont most ungallantly writes, "this Helen was anything rather than beautiful, and had more the air of a soldier of the guard than of a timid female"—caused a serious quarrel between two suitors, who were about to settle their respective pretensions by single combat, when the commandant interfered and forced them to end the dispute by drawing lots for the martial-looking bride. The following year the French ministry sent another supply of twenty-three, but the rage for getting married had died out, and the governor was obliged to exhibit his wares before he could find a market for them. The poor things had a hard time of it. Bienville wrote to the home government, "the women, who are for the most part from Paris, eat it [the corn supplied to the starving colony by the Spaniards] very unwillingly, and roundly scold the bishop of Quebec who had given them to understand that they were emigrating to the land of promise." Gayarré publishes a letter which shows that the governor himself did not escape these feminine abjurations. The "boss" of this cargo of ladies complains that a major at Mobile had intended to marry her but that Bienville had prevented him from doing so, upon which she indignantly remarks, "It is evident that M. de Bienville has not the necessary qualifications for governing a colony."

Whether the original ladies of Louisiana were of unspotted character or not, we cannot pretend to decide, but that they were not beautiful is evident from the following letter written by Duclos, the chief commissary of the colony, to the French minister in 1713. M. de Clérembault, who seems to have had the selection of the ladies, had sent out twelve—  
—who were so plain and ill-shaped that the inhabitants of this



THE BUILDING OF AMERICA: NEW ORLEANS AS IT WAS IN 1713.

country, especially the Canadians, had very little inclination for them. Still, two of them are now married, but I have great fears the others will remain a long time on our hands. It appears to me that in making such a selection, M. de Clémentine ought to have regarded rather to the external appearance than to the character of the women.

But six years before this letter was written, Iberville had died of yellow fever at San Domingo. The most unfounded charges had been made against him and his brothers, who were accused of being "mere thieves and cheats who are squandering his Majesty's property." And Bienville was superseded: but, luckily for the colony, his successor died on the passage out.

The factitious glory of Louis XIV. was now on the wane, and the energies of France had been entirely exhausted by his long, and, of late, disastrous wars. The government at last perceived that Bienville had not means at his command to make Louisiana an important possession for France. It was decided to grant the exclusive right of trade with the colony to Antoine Crozat, a rich merchant, who received the charter in September, 1712. The grant comprised all the territory belonging to France, from the Carolinas to Mexico, including Isle Dauphine and all the country watered by the Mississippi, the Ohio (then called the Wabash), and the Missouri. The territory thus described was to bear the name of Louisiana, and to be a dependence of the government of New France.

Crozat tried to open an overland intercourse with the Spaniards of New Mexico, but failed; and, disheartened by the losses caused by his expeditions to that country, and the enormous expenses of the colony, he returned his burdensome grant to the French government in 1717. At this time the French in Louisiana, including the soldiers, numbered seven hundred souls.

Louis XV. was on the throne of France, and the Duke of Orleans was Regent. The notorious John Law, a Scotchman by birth, and a daring adventurer by nature, succeeded in gaining the favor of the regent, and, under his auspices, of carrying into effect one of the most stupendous swindles the world has ever known—the famous Mississippi scheme. France was "to be renovated through a tide of wealth which should flow in upon it from all quarters under the wonder-working agency of a new bank, with immense capital, that had already been established with Law at the head of it, and of this new commercial association which was to draw immeasurable riches from the hitherto feeble and sickly colony of Louisiana. Whether Law was a dupe of his own schemes, or whether he had his eyes open the whole time, it is impossible to say. What we are certain of is that he succeeded in sending France to the hospital, as the inscription on his tomb grimly tells us, and benefiting Louisiana. The company, of which he was chief director, was bound to transport to Louisiana during the time of its charter, at least six thousand whites, and three thousand negro slaves. The bubble burst, and the company was destroyed before this plan was carried into effect; but not till its lavish expenditures and the abundant means it had provided for bringing emigrants and slaves into the colony, had given strength and confidence to the settlers, and enabled them to rely, in some measure, on their own efforts.

Bienville was reinstated as governor, and one of the first things he did was to seek a proper location on the banks of the Mississippi for the settlement. He selected the site upon which New Orleans now stands. The ground was cleared, but the city was not properly founded and made the seat of government until some years later. In June, 1722, the colonists learned that Law's bank had failed and France was bankrupt. The shock proved fatal to the fortunes of many individuals in the colony, but did not materially impede its general prosperity. A number of Germans who had occupied a grant made to Law in the Arkansas, came in a body to New Orleans, seeking to find a passage to France whence they might regain their native land. The colonial government could not or would not assist them to return, but offered them a tract of land on both sides of the Mississippi; and this was the origin of the establishment on that part of the river which is still known as *Cité des Allemands*, or German shore.

## PERSONALS.

### About the Men and Women who make the history of our own times.

**J**EAN DE RESKI, the popular tenor, has been ordered to rest his voice until he commences his American tour. His horses have this season won more races in Russia than anyone else's.

**O**LIVE SCHWEINER, the author of "The Story of an African Farm," only received sixty-five dollars for that work. When she is in London, she lives in a very small suite of rooms in a building devoted to working-women.

**M**ADAME CARNOT, wife of the President of France, has made herself very popular since she became mistress of the Elysée Palace. It was a dull place in Madame Grévy's day, and had a thoroughly *bourgeois* air about it, but Madame Carnot has altered all that and made it most attractive.

**L**ORD WOLSELEY, as commander of the forces in Ireland, has issued an order forbidding champagne being put on the table when he visits any of the corps. This recalls a famous remark made by Sir Charles Napier when he was leaving India. He exhorted the young officers to cease drinking "unpaid champagne."

**A**NDREW CARNEGIE owes a great deal of his success in life to his mother, who was an uneducated woman with a very strong Scotch accent. Having lost her husband, she brought her two boys to this country, and worked hard for their daily bread. Mr. Carnegie was very devoted to the old lady, and only when she died did he marry.

**P**RINCE CHRISTIAN, one of Queen Victoria's sons-in-law, ventured to vote at the recent English elections. As he did not vote for a Gladstonian candidate, the Radical papers are attacking him. One of them says that if people who have enjoyed parish relief are disfranchised, so ought pauper princes, who are supported by the people.

**G**ENERAL ADLAI EWING STEVENSON has the reputation of having in one year discharged eighteen thousand six hundred and seventy-eight postmasters. This so delights the Tammany organ that it calls the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, "the mighty reaper of Republican heads, the dean of decollators, the most illustrious of neck-nippers."

**M**RS. MARION WHITELAW REID, mother of the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, is in her eighty-ninth year. She lives in a picturesque house at Cedarville, Ohio, where her distinguished son pays her a visit twice a year. Mr. Reid, whose full name is Jacob Whitelaw Reid, is her only surviving child, his brother and sister having died many years ago.

**M**RS. LANGTRY'S two-year old, Milford, has at last been beaten. It was presented to her by Abingdon Baird, who, when the fair actress transferred her affections to young Peel, was very anxious to get it back, but Mrs. Langtry would not return it, and hopes to win the next Derby with Milford. If she does, it will be the first time a woman has won the blue ribbon of the turf.

**T**HE MAHARAJAH OF BARODA, in India, owns the most valuable regalia in the world. He has among other things a gorgeous collar containing five hundred diamonds, some of which are as big as walnuts. The pendant consists of a brilliant known as the "Star of

Deccan." His special carpet, ten by six feet in size, is made of pearls having huge diamonds in the centre and corners, and cost \$1,500,000.

**M.** DANIEL WILSON, Grévy's son-in-law, is the dog that has been given a bad name in France. He has only to appear in public, muzzled or not, for the cry of "hang him!" to go up from every virtuous republican. He has now been fined 1,000 francs for corrupt electioneering. His crime consisted in treating at Loches, of which he is town councillor, and nothing would ever have been thought of it if the criminal had not been Daniel Wilson.

**M.** R. POPHAM, who was one of the Speakers of the House of Commons during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, had, one day, an audience with her Majesty. "Now, Mr. Speaker," said the Queen, "what has passed in the Lower House?" "Seven weeks, if it please your Majesty," answered the Speaker. "This is rather an antique personal, but may be used with effect in these days, when legislative bodies sit so long and do so little."

**Q.** UEN VICTORIA is, according to Professor Karl Vogt, a monometric woman. In an article on his deceased colleague, Dr. August Wilhelm Hoffman, he divided the fair sex into polometric and monometric ladies. The Queen of England is monometric because for her "there existed only one perfect husband, the Prince consort; only one consummate flower of statesmanship, Lord Beaconsfield, and only one ideally complete natural scientist, August Wilhelm Hoffman."

**M.** LLE, JEANNE CHAUVIN, a law student of Paris, and a girl of extraordinary talent, is the latest victim of the jealousy so frequently exhibited by the male students. She was to read her thesis for the Doctor of Law degree at the Law School, but her unmannerly competitors made such a tumult that she was obliged to roll up her paper and retire. She is to have another trial, when an endeavor will be made to keep out the unruly ones. This is not saying much for French gallantry.

**A.** DMIRAL SIR HARRY KEPPEL, that most popular of English sailors, is a very little man. Many years ago he wore no hair on his face. He was sent to demand satisfaction from the Dey of Tunis for an insult to the British flag. The Dey looked with utter contempt upon the little sailor, and fussed and fumed at the English government having sent a "beardless boy" to deal with him. To this Sir Harry replied that if a beard was all the Dey wanted, the next time he insulted the British a goat should be sent to demand satisfaction of him.

**W.** ILLIAM MCGARRAHAN has, after over twenty years of fighting, during which he lost a large fortune, succeeded in persuading Congress to pass upon his claim to a piece of mining property in California. He is a gentle-mannered, gentle-voiced old gentleman of upwards of seventy. If the Court of Claims decides in his favor, he will be enormously wealthy, but he has no relatives to leave it to. His last surviving relative, a nephew of the same name as his, was once sporting editor of the *New York Herald*, and was one of the prettiest writers on the American press. He dropped dead a few years ago while he was eating breakfast in a restaurant.

**T.** HE late Lord Tollenmache's article in the *Fortnightly Review* is full of good anecdotes. From Lord Charles Wellesley he had the following story of the Iron Duke: "General Alva told me that when he travelled with the Duke, and asked him what o'clock he would start, he usually said 'At daylight'; and to the question of what they should find for dinner, the usual answer was 'Cold meat.' 'In *en pris en horreur*,' added Alva, '*les deux mots*, cold meat of daylight.'" Lord Charles was often troubled by inopportune acquaintances, who begged for some of his father's hair. On

such occasions he said to an old servant whose hair was like the Duke's, "Sit down, John; I must cut off another lock." Another story he tells is that of a Tory nobleman at Queen Caroline's trial, who was stopped by the mob when entering Westminster Hall, and told to shout "Queen forever!" After exacting a promise that they would grant him a free passage if he complied, he waved his hat and called out, "Queen forever! and may all your wives be like her!"

## PAINTINGS OF THE DAY.

V. "LEAVING THE CONFESSIONAL." By CHARLES EDUARD DELORT. (See page 542.)

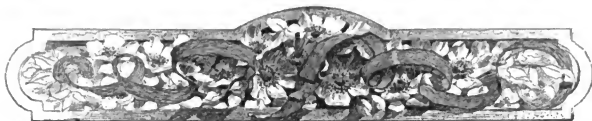
CHARLES EDUARD DELORT, the author of that striking pictorial page of French military history, "Capture of a Dutch Fleet by the Hussars of the French Republic (January, 1794)," which appeared at the Salon of 1882, and is now one of the best pieces of historical genre in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, is represented in our present issue by a dainty single-figure subject, in a vein which he has worked with peculiarly happy results.

In "Leaving the Confessional" the painter has found a subject which is, strange as it may seem in view of all its possibilities, somewhat unusual; and he has handled it with grace and delicacy, with a dainty suggestion quite foreign to the more robust and broad humor with which Antonio Casanova, famous for his fat Spanish monks and their pretty dark-eyed penitents, would have enveloped it.

This charming little lady of the days of Louis XV., with her pretty white costume, her white capote, and her neat little slippers, is tripping out of the richly-sculptured wooden structure where she has been shriven, with as light a heart, almost, as her riant face indicates that she by nature usually carries with her. Her sins have been small, and she is glad to forget them, for they have no tender memories; or, perhaps, they were large, and one does not regret the absolution, but only that it was necessary, and that they were sins.

However, this pretty *bourgeoise*—for she evidently is such, with all her Sunday fine clothes—is a trifle pensive about something, and she leans her dainty head to one side, and curves her little lips in a smile, as the thought that is in her eyes brings back a memory that is, perhaps, none the less fond, in that it reminds her that she was, perhaps, less false to herself than to her duty. Madame or mademoiselle—which is it? the reader to decide—with her prayer-book in one hand, her basket of silk hanging from her wrist, holds up her dress in coquettish fashion just a trifle as she makes for the street. She forms a fine contrast to the praying lady—or is it gentleman, as the sword indicates?—that is roughly sculptured on the pavement stone at her feet, which covers his tomb. Farewell, madam or mademoiselle; may your sins always lie as lightly on you and be as small as, we trust, those have been which you have just confessed! How grave or light they were, I doubt if the father-confessor, even if we saw his face, would give any inkling.

Monsieur Delort, who is a pupil of graceful, cold, and classic Gleyre, and also one of the most distinguished of those of that maker of many masters—Gérôme—is now fifty-one, having been born at Nismes in 1841. Besides being a frequent exhibitor at the salons of the Champs Elysées and Champ de Mars, he is one of the most constant exhibitors at the displays of the Society of French Water-Colorists. He sent to the "new" salon this year—that of the Champ de Mars—a picture called "A La Frontière." At the Water-Colorists he was not represented this year. Last season he showed there a scene of the same campaign as that represented in the picture at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, "A Reconnaissance of Cavalry on the Beach of Kaewick, Holland (1794)," and four illustrations—for he has much fame in that line—for the "Theatre de Musset," published by Jouast. M. Delort received a medal of the third class at the Salon, in 1875, for his "Embarkation of Manon Lescaut," one of the second in 1882, for the Dutch fleet picture, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor, in 1889, for his "Return from Exile."



## IN SEARCH OF A LOST RACE.\*

"THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN'S" EXPEDITION, SENT TO EXPLORE THE RUINED PUEBLOS OF THE SOUTHWEST.

### X. DISCOVERIES IN A RICH FIELD.

In one of the deep cañons, about two miles south of Eagle Nest Cave, we discovered one of the most picturesque series of ruins that we had yet seen. It is situated in a beautiful box cañon in the rocky divide between Butler's Wash and Comb Wash, about nine miles south of the Rio San Juan. The cañon is but half a mile in length, but what a contrast it affords to the monotonous and bare mesa and valleys outside! Here, instead of stunted sage-brush, we find a luxuriant growth of large, wide-spreading cottonwood trees, giving delightful shade from the hot sun; and beautiful shrubbery and flowering plants, and cool running water. One can appreciate the great difference only after travelling all day on the dry and sandy mesa, where not a drop of water is to be found, and then entering one of these little cañons, which seem like paradise on earth. One of the large cottonwood trees measured fifteen feet around the base—a wonderful growth for this locality.

Directly at the west end of the cañon, the high sandstone cliffs, with a graceful and undulating curve on their weathered surfaces, close together abruptly, forming a large cavern about one hundred feet from the bottom of the cañon. In this cave are the ruins we are about to describe. From their prominent position they command the valley; and their curved fronts, cut with dozens of port-holes, give the effect of a modern fortress. We named it Monarch's Cave, for it must have been monarch of all it surveyed.

The cavern was 35 feet in height at the front, and 57.6 feet deep, forming an excellent stronghold and a perfect shelter. It is only accessible on the north, and then only by using the ancient footholds which have been cut in the slanting sandstone ledge. As many of these have been worn away, it is with no little difficulty that one gains entrance into the cave. Directly under the mouth, at the bottom of the cañon, and almost hidden by the shrubbery, is a large, excellent spring of clear cold water, measuring thirty feet across and having a depth at the centre of four feet. Such a source of water was of extraordinary importance to the ancient dwellers in the cavern. It not only supplied them with water, but also irrigated the cañon for the cultivation of their crops. At the back of the cave water also trickles down the ledge of rock, causing a thick growth of hanging ferns and creeping vines, adding much to the beauty of the place.

Judging from the large number of port-holes in these ruins, the structure was evidently intended as a fortification. In one room alone we counted twenty-five port-holes. From these the defenders could send their deadly arrows in every direction, up or down the cañon. The front walls of the most prominent rooms are all rounded, so that by means of the port-holes the whole cañon below could be commanded. The entire aspect of the cave is of defense and protection rather than comfort.

The buildings in the north end of the cave give perfect illustrations as to the methods of roofing, when the buildings did not extend up to the roof of the cave. Two heavy beams

or rafters were laid across the top of the building, parallel with each other, as the foundation for the roof. Then over these, brush and small sticks were laid crosswise to a thickness of three inches, and upon this was set a layer of adobe mud about three or four inches thick, neatly plastered down. The roofs in Monarch's Cave still show the finger-marks of the ancient builders. Some of these buildings are two stories in height, the upper story being in a good state of preservation, although the floors have fallen through. In one case, the entrance to the upper room is by a small door in the wall, which is reached by means of a cedar log laid across to the next dwelling. The log is a little lower than the sill of the door, and, for convenience in entering, a stone protrudes from the building, serving as a step from the log to the door above. It is, truly, a unique way of entering one's residence, and it is the only case which we have noticed. In this building and the one next to it were originally small square doors neatly built, but subsequently filled up with roughly-hewn rocks, tightly plastered as if for extra protection. At the other end of the series of ruins, many of the walls have been made out of a conglomeration of adobe mud and small stones. These have the appearance of being somewhat older than the stone walls, and, in some instances, the latter have been placed directly over others. At this end there is an estufa in a poor state of preservation, being nearly filled with debris. Its diameter is 14.6 feet.

Imprints and representations of the human hand were found in great numbers upon the walls of the cave, in red, white, and green paint, some so high up on the walls that it would have taken a long ladder to reach them. Rude picture-writings were also found at intervals in the cave and along the side of the cliff. As a rule, they had the same general characteristics as those we have described in other localities. One, directly over the south end of the ruins, high up on the roof of the cave, was of extraordinary dimensions, being eighteen feet long and six feet wide, and painted in red; but so roughly executed and weathered that it was impossible to make out what it represented.

By digging in some of the rooms a few neatly worked stone axes and arrow heads, pieces of matting, short sticks with balls of pitch on the end for torches, pieces of string, and many corncobs and husks were found.

The exact dimensions and general plan of the ruins and cave will be seen in the ground plan which accompanies this article.

Another interesting series of ruins was found on the west side of Cottonwood Gulch (so named on account of its immense cottonwood trees), about twelve miles north of the San Juan, on the west side of Butler's Wash. They were situated on the north side of the cañon, on a large ledge of sandstone fifty feet above the surface. At first we were much puzzled how to reach them. After several unsuccessful attempts, we cut a sapling and used it as a ladder. Upon reaching the ledge we soon discovered how the ancient inhabitants performed the feat. In several places along the edge, the rock is worn away as if ropes had been lowered.

\* See Nos. 111, 116, 120, 121, 122, 124, 125, 126, 127, and 128 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.



IN SEARCH OF A LOST RACE. MONARCH'S CANYON NEAR COTTONWOOD CREEK, UTAH.





IN SEARCH OF A LOST RACE: A VIEW OF MONARCH'S CAVE, UTAH.



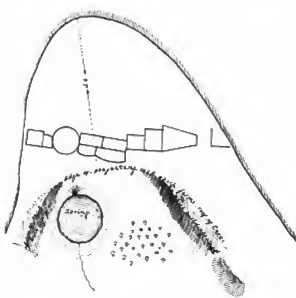


DIAGRAM OF MONARCH'S CAVE.

The main ruin consists of five rooms, all one story in height, and all built along the edge of the ledge. Nothing of importance was found in excavating the rooms. On the face of the cliff, at a distance of about fifty feet, is a striking set of picture-writings. There are two target-shaped figures; one is a foot and a half in diameter, and consists of seven rings, one inside the other, with alternating colors of white, green, and red; the other much resembles the first, and has a diameter of fourteen inches, and five rings of white, green, and yellow. Between these two target-shaped figures is a large semicircle painted in green, having a diameter of eighteen inches. Suspended from each end of the semicircle is a small circle in green, with a red dot in the centre. These can be seen some distance down the cañon, and their bright colors immediately attract the eye.

Directly under the ledge is a cave extending back for a considerable distance, and fortified at the entrance by a rough stone wall containing many port-holes. Along the base of the

cliff to the west of the cave, is a series of a dozen rooms and two estufas, all in a poor state of preservation, and much broken down. The first estufa has a diameter of 15.7 feet, and is about 4 feet in depth; the second one is a little smaller, having a diameter of 14.5 feet. The other rooms near the estufas are not worth special mention, being in a poor state of preservation. A few picture-writings are to be seen upon the walls of the cliff near the houses; and, also, imprints of the hand in red and white paint. We dug into many of these rooms, but found nothing of importance.

On the morning of May 14, while working our way up the valley in Butler's Wash, about fifteen miles from the San Juan River, we noticed an immense cave up in the rocky ledge, fully two miles distant. As we approached it seemed to grow to enormous dimensions. Upon reaching it and measuring it, we found it to be 300 feet wide, 50 feet high, and 125 feet deep. Its mouth was 200 feet above the bottom of the gulch. All around in the entrance the early inhabitants had built a strong stone wall 4 feet in height, and running in a semicircle to a distance of 400 feet. From its enormous dimensions we called it Giant's Cave, and it is, undoubtedly, the largest one in this part of the country. No other traces of ancient occupation were found than a few picture-writings and a few rock shelters, so we presumed that it was used only in time of danger, as a safe retreat. A quarter of a mile to the east of this cave, down the cañon, is a series of ruins which, at one time, were of fine workmanship; but the ledge of rock has fallen and destroyed the greater part of the buildings. One of the rooms has a very interesting painted decoration on the walls much resembling Greek workmanship. Directly above this, on the east wall, is a representation of the full moon painted in red, and opposite it, on the west wall, a painting of the new moon.

Some of these buildings were originally two stories in height. Many of the walls contained port-holes. The walls were in such a ruined condition that it was impossible to obtain correct measurements.

On the morning of May 16 we arrived at Allen Cañon, a tributary to the Cottonwood Creek.\* The latter flows in a southeasterly direction until it empties into the San Juan River near Bluff City, a distance of thirty-five miles. It is a wild and desolate valley, bordered by weathered cliffs, whose tops are sparsely covered with stunted pinyons and cedars.

Near our camp on the west side of the cañon, we found a

\*Cottonwood Creek is the name given by the early Mormon settlers to a creek which is called Hallett's Creek on the maps. In this region the Mormon names are always used, while those on the maps are not even known.



THE TUMBLING DOWN WALLS OF A SMALL RUIN NEAR MONARCH'S CAVE, UTAH.

two-story house, 8 feet deep, 10 feet wide, and 4 feet high. It is interesting, as it shows the construction of the floors and roof—made of beams, brush, and adobe mud.

A short distance from this house, in the end of the box cañon tributary to the Allen Cañon, is an interesting series of ruins which we have called Double Cave. They are placed upon two ledges, one above the other. The upper ledge is about thirty feet higher than the other, and entirely inaccessible. The cliff extends one hundred feet or more above it, while from below there is no means of access. Evidently, part of the ledge has fallen at the point where the ancient dwellers were originally able to climb to it. The caves both face the south, so that the noonday sun shines some distance into them. The lower cave is fifty feet from the bottom of the cañon, but it can be entered without difficulty. Several of the buildings are two stories in height, and protected by a high wall which runs along the edge of the cave. This wall was strengthened by plastering in poles which touched the roof of the cave, and were manifestly intended to prevent it from toppling over. The majority of the walls in the lower series were about twelve feet in height, and the rooms eight feet square, with the floors covered with several feet of debris and dust.

Many of the beams and rafters remain intact, and are well preserved. The same methods of making the floors and roofs, which we have described already, were used here. On the wall of the cave is a painting, in red, of a snake, measuring five feet in length, and there are also many imprints of the human hand in red.

The ruins on the upper ledge we were unable to get into, even by means of a long rope. Viewing them from the opposite side of the cañon, we saw that they consist of half-a-dozen small rooms, in a fair state of preservation.

In one of the small tributary cañons to Allen Cañon, about thirty-five miles northwest of Bluff City, are two small but characteristic cliff houses. In cliff house "A," the dwelling is protected by a peculiar wall, consisting of wicker work and adobe mud, supported by stout cedar posts, set in round holes in the solid rock. The wall is neatly made, and is the only example of this kind of work which we found. It is about six feet high and eight inches thick. This dwelling is situated in a hollow cavity in the cliff, about thirty-five feet from the ground, and we were only able to enter it by cutting down a sapling, and climbing up by means of it. The dwelling is complete, with roof of adobe mud, and an extraordinarily small doorway.

About a quarter mile to the west of this is another small cliff house, much resembling it. It consists of two very small rooms, with the doorways facing each other. Several miles to the west of this, in one of the southwest tributaries to the Cottonwood Cañon, is an interesting ruin, in a small circular cave, which is accessible only by climbing up the ledge, using the little steps and footholds which were cut in by the ancient dwellers of the cave. It is one hundred and fifty feet from the bottom of the cañon, and fifty feet from the top of the cliff. There are five rooms, and a sort of hallway; the rooms in the middle being two stories in height. Nothing of importance was found in the cave.

From this point we proceeded down the Cottonwood Creek for a distance of thirty-five miles, until we reached our permanent camp near Bluff City. Along this creek there are very few ruins, and we only saw a very few unimportant shelters and cliff houses, and several ruined pueblo remains.

As a conclusion, we would say that there is no richer locality in this country for the ruins of cliff-dwellings than Hutter's Wash, Comb Wash, and the unexplored regions to the south and west. A rich reward awaits the archaeologist who thoroughly explores the more remote cañons and gorges in this desolate and unknown region.

LEWIS W. GUNCKEL.

### All that is Worth Knowing.

NO man can read THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN without knowing what is going on in the world—what is really worth knowing. It is the illustrated history of a week.

## Fads, Facts and Fancies.

### Commentary upon Events, Episodes and Incidents of Current Interest.

GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, has followed the example of his intimates, the Drexels, and will cast his vote for Cleveland and Stevenson. While it is not likely that Mr. Childs' newspaper, the *Philadelphia Ledger*, will attack the existing administration in a very rabid fashion, it would not surprise his friends to see the famous *Ledger* come out flat-footedly for the Democratic nominee.

MR. F. F. MACKAY puts himself on record as holding this opinion: "At the present time the art of acting, in this country, at least, is nearly lost. I do not hesitate to assert, for instance, that there is no actor upon our stage to-day who can give an adequate performance of Macbeth or Hamlet." We wonder that there is not an actor in America who does not differ with Mr. Mackay on this point.

THE friends of Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, and of Dr. Russell, of Barre, Mass., are at swords' points over the question as to which of these learned gentlemen is "the oldest living graduate of Harvard College." The discussion is rapidly reaching a high degree of fervor, and yet to an unbiased critic it would seem as though both parties to the dispute were in the right. The solution of the problem depends wholly upon the construction put upon the phrase "oldest living graduate." The gentleman from Barre, though a graduate of the class of 1826, is now ninety-two years old; the Philadelphia, on the other hand, though two years younger, is a graduate of the class of 1820—six years earlier than Dr. Russell. So that, while the latter is two years older than Dr. Furness, Dr. Furness is a graduate of six years' priority to Dr. Russell.

MADAME MARCHESI, the most celebrated of modern singing-teachers, has a disagreeable but effective method of dealing with the scores of silly young persons who apply to her for instruction in the difficult art of *bel canto*. Recently, a self-confident graduate of the American farce-comedy stage, contrived by various devices to compel the great Marchesi to listen to her ambitious warblings. The candidate observed with unconcealed delight the wonder and surprise with which the famous teacher heard her vocal performance. "Well, you see, madame," exclaimed the young American exultantly, when she had finished: "you see I have a voice?" "Yes, indeed, my child," returned Marchesi: "you have a voice—a fine voice!" "A fine voice!" echoed the aspirant rapturously. "Yes, a fine voice," continued Marchesi: "a fine voice to shout 'potatoes!' up a dark alley." That ended the interview.

THERE seems to be so much misconception in this country regarding the causes of the numerous revolutions in South America that it may not be out of the way to explain matters by means of some instances familiar to citizens of the United States. The case of Palacio, the exiled dictator of Venezuela, is almost identical, save in its outcome, with that of Governor Bulkeley of Connecticut. Palacio, standing on a technicality in the laws relating to the election of his successor, refused to surrender his post. The Venezuelans of the better class, possessed of warmer blood and hotter tempers than the citizens of Connecticut, organized to teach Palacio that quibbles and technicalities do not weigh against the clearly expressed will of the people. We are inclined to make great sport of the South American's proneness to engage in revolutions; but we should all admire the people of Connecticut vastly if they should pluck up sufficient courage to teach the usurper Bulkeley the lesson that the Venezuelans have taught Palacio. The Chilean revolution sprang from circumstances identical with the damnable theft of the Presidency in 1876. Balmaceda's followers, like Grant's, had enjoyed such an orgy of corruption that they could not bring themselves to surrender the

place of power. At first they did not venture to retain Balmaceda in the Presidency any more than General Grant and his rascally adherents thought of maintaining possession of the post to which Samuel J. Tilden had been elected. As the time drew near for the installation of his successor, Balmaceda did just as Grant and his ruffians did: he proposed an arbitration which he knew would result in the choice for the Presidency of his creature, Vucana. The Grant gang did identically the same thing when they exploited an electoral commission, knowing full well that their creature Hayes would be made President. The Chilians took a less cautious view of the matter than we did in identical circumstances, and so, instead of settling the trouble by means of an electoral commission, they engaged in revolution. It will be recalled that in 1884 the party in power at that time projected a move like that carried out in 1876, but it so happened that the New York *World* had come under the management of fearless and fire-eating Democrats from out of the Southwest. In conspicuously displayed "leaders," the editors of that journal aroused the citizens to the danger that threatened the republic and warned the intriguers that an attempt to repeat the fraud of 1876 would be met with a call to arms to which every patriot in the nation would respond. We trust these very modern instances will set some persons right in regard to the South American disorders, and also serve to remind others of the injunction relating to beams in our own eyes and motes in those of others.

## OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS.\*

### LVIII. JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS.

AMONG the many talented artists of that artistically successful but financially unsuccessful and defunct organization known as the American Opera Company, was Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis, the sweet-voiced contralto of the Boston Ideals. Like the flight of an eagle, its eye upon the sun, its course upward and onward, Jessie Bartlett Davis, by untiring study, directness of purpose, and unbounded ambition, has reached a high place. To-day she stands foremost among the contralto singers of the world.

Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis comes of fine old New England stock—her father being a New Hampshire Bartlett. Like most opera singers, Mrs. Davis was first heard in concert and church choir. When but fifteen years of age she became a member of Caroline Riching's Old Folks Company and even then, in its rude condition, her voice attracted wide attention and favorable comment.

After the disruption of the Riching's troupe in 1876, Jessie Bartlett returned to her humble home in Morris, Illinois, and applied herself to serious study. Within a year from her return home she was engaged in the choir of the Church of the Messiah in Chicago; her friends securing for her at the same time a clerkship in the money order department of the Chicago post-office. Her arduous duties in those two positions allowed her little time for study, yet every minute and every dollar she could spare were gladly, even joyfully, given to the cultivation of her phenomenally beautiful voice.

Mrs. Davis claims that her career actually commenced when she sang the part of Buttercup in the Chicago church choir "Pinafore" company. She accepted the character after much

urging of her friends, and the critics throughout the country agreed that she was the best of all of the many who essayed that part. It was while singing in this company that her big black eyes and melodious voice pierced the heart of Manager Will J. Davis, and before the engagement ended they were made man and wife—two souls with but a single thought; two hearts that beat as one.

After the close of the "Pinafore" season Jessie Bartlett Davis came to New York and studied under the tuition of Signor De Rialph, and it was while studying under this most excellent teacher that Colonel Mapleson sought her, and, after hearing her sing Siebel to Patti's Marguerita, vainly endeavored to make a six years' contract with her, offering, as an additional inducement to a good salary, to pay for her voice culture under the best teachers in Europe. Preferring to remain in her own country, she engaged for a season with the Carleton Company. Her splendid successes there stand unparalleled. When the American Opera Company formed, she was offered and accepted a leading position. Her triumphs in "Lakme," "Faust," "The Merry Wives," etc., are a part of the history of the operatic stage in America. After remaining with this company for two seasons, Jessie Bartlett Davis went to Paris to devote herself to hard study under the best masters. Upon her return she accepted an engagement with the Bostonians, under the management of Barnabee, Karl & McDonald.

Besides being a great artist, Jessie Bartlett Davis is a charming conversationalist, a clever writer, and a most delightful hostess. Eugene Field, in speaking of a visit paid by him about a year ago to Willowdale, the home of Jessie Bartlett Davis and her husband, relates the following incident:

Willowdale is situated some forty miles from Chicago, and Field went out there with the conviction that a day of quiet country life would give him an entirely new nervous system. It seems not to have had just that effect. In fact, he says frankly that the repose at the farm was not so reposeful as it might have been. There was always some novel or exciting event happening. "One day," he says—"Ough, how it rained that day!—one of the pedigreed mares jumped the pasture fence and made for the railroad track. I was transfixed with horror, for the down freight was nearly due. Davis was in the city and the farmhands were a mile away. Mrs. Davis rose equal to the occasion. She slipped into her husband's big rubber boots, threw a waterproof over her head, seized a rake, and sailed across lots after that recreant mare. It was a sublime spectacle; a prima donna, contralto assoluta rampant in a driving rain! And the way she shooed that mare home again! An army of men could never have accomplished the feat so speedily and gracefully. Yes, when I think of her reposeful summer on that farm, of the butter she made, of the victuals she served us all, of the patient care she bestowed upon her little boy, of the general executive ability she displayed in the conduct of a thousand harassing domestic affairs, and the constant and delicate attention she paid to the guests that naturally and enthusiastically flocked to the farm—when I recall these things and see her here this week, in all the beauty of her operatic art, I am moved to credit her with more than you, who do not know the many sides of her nature and the extent of her accomplishments, would be likely to accord her."

Jessie Bartlett Davis is as beautiful as she is talented. Her face is of exquisite mould, with eyes bright with the light of intellectuality; her figure is superb, and in organization she is loving, fervent, modest, brave—the very type of a true woman's nature. She has an unusually wide circle of friends, who admire her devotion to her art and conscientious regard for her duty to the public. She has written some pretty stories for the newspapers, her "Only a Chorus Girl" attracting much attention among the *literati*. Her poems—several of them she composed music for, and two of which, "Retrospection" and "Surcease of Sorrow," had, and are having, large sales—have appeared in the leading papers of all the large cities in the Union. She is still (1888) in the bloom and freshness of a young matronhood, and it will be strange, indeed, if, with her genius, energy, and ambition, many more chapters, recording accomplishments of the highest order, are not yet to be added to her life.

Her photograph appears on page 552.

\*Portraits already published in "Our Gallery of Players": Pauline Hall, in No. 71 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; Fanny Havensport, in No. 73; Mrs. Langtry, in No. 74; Roy Tompkins, in No. 75; Marie Jansen, in No. 76; Helen Druway, in No. 77; Laura Moore, in No. 78; Ada Rehan, in No. 79; Georgia Cayvan, in No. 80; Della Fox, in No. 81; Anna O'Keefe, in No. 82; Roma Vokes, in No. 83; Marion Marola, in No. 84; Helen Barrett, in No. 85; Isabelle Urquhart, in No. 86; Ellen Terry, in No. 87; Annie Myers, in No. 88; Julia Marlowe, in No. 89; Miss Helena Modjeska, in No. 90; Mrs. Agnes Booth, in No. 91; Marie Burroughs, in No. 92; Joseph Jefferson, in No. 93; Henry Irving, in No. 94; Jane Hoadley James, in No. 95; Joseph Hawley, in No. 96; William Barnet, in No. 97; Margaret Marler, in No. 98; Stuart Rolson, in No. 99; Tommaso Salvini, in No. 100; Bertha Constantine, in No. 101; Edward H. Sorbren, in No. 102; Sarah Bernhardt, in No. 103; Lillian Russell, in No. 104; Helen Druway, in No. 105; Frederic Bond, in No. 106; Effie Elller, in No. 107; Francis Williams, in No. 108; John H. Lee, in No. 109; Robert B. Mantell, in No. 110; Adelaide Fencer, in No. 111; Minnie K. Gale, in No. 112; Mrs. George Drew-Barrymore, in No. 113; Mame, Gail Latham, in No. 114; Annie Reardon, in No. 115; Jeanette Leland, in No. 116; Rose Coghlan, in No. 117; Emma Egan Story, in No. 118; Edwin Booth, in No. 119; Viola Allen, in No. 120; Maurice Baring, in No. 121; Grace Henderson, in No. 122; John Albert, in No. 123; Wm. J. LeMoyne, in No. 124; James Lewis, in No. 125; Camille D'Arville, in No. 126, and Beatrice Cameron, in No. 127.



I lost my father and mother when I was a child, and was brought up by an uncle. He was one of those men who, despising plodding in business, was addicted to speculation instead.

Now, as it is only reserved to the very few to achieve complete success in anything, and as my uncle was not one of these lucky few, it must follow that he ought to have been contented with partial success in the greater number of his ventures. Like most of us, however, a partial success only led him on to stake on hazardous transactions, which did not always yield him the return he expected.

He also allowed himself sometimes to be persuaded into undertakings that promised too much. It was on one of these shoals of promise that his bark one dark morning was hopelessly wrecked.

The minds of some men grow stronger under the shocks of misfortune, while those of others, finer tempered perhaps, seem to snap to pieces, or what is worse, soften under the strokes of calamity.

My poor uncle's mind, unfortunately, was of this latter kind. When his wealth vanished his constitution broke down, his mental powers gave way, and after having become wretchedly and miserably poor, he left this vale of tears, it is to be hoped, for a happier world.

My early recollections do not extend to my uncle's prosperous, but to his adverse, circumstances.

Picture to yourself a ragged, neglected, half-fed, dirty, slovenly little boy, fond of the street gutters, and very partial to mud-pies, and you will be able to form an idea of me at an early age. I cannot say that my ragamuffin, poverty-stricken state oppressed me much at the time, but something in connection with this state caused me many a careful heart-pang; this something was lack of food.

Not knowing any other, I dare say I might have become reconciled to my pitiable life of raggedness, squalor, and dirt, but nothing could accustom me to the miseries occasioned by a frequent empty stomach.

Of course my uncle's friends did not crowd around him when illness and abject poverty had marked him for their own, and therefore there was no one to take the slightest interest in me.

So one day the half-starved, uncared-for, unloved little boy, in a fit of hardened desperation, left his miserable home. I was too young to form any particular resolves when I decided on this rash step. I merely thought I would try and find some one to give me something to eat.

The first object that crossed my path was another little boy, smaller than myself, munching a crust. I appealed to him

for a bit; he refused me, naturally, not having sufficient for himself, which made me feel very angry towards him. After this failure, I asked a well-dressed lady for a nickel, but she passed on and took no notice of me. Then a very big policeman knocked me on the arm, and told me to move on. At last a poor old washerwoman gave me a five-cent piece, whereupon I spent two cents in bread and hid the balance in a bit of rag about my person.

I dwell especially upon these particulars for this reason: my miserly propensities first exhibited themselves in my hoarding these three cents.

Two ideas incline men to become misers. The first and foremost one is the fear of want, the second is dislike to mankind.

My dread of being hungry, united with my hate for the boy, the lady, and the policeman, induced me to hide the three cents.

On the following day the joy of possession was stronger than the desire to spend, so I still hoarded my cents.

Strange to say, I never for a moment harbored any grateful feelings towards the washerwoman, who gave me my first start in life, but, like other human creatures, I forgot her kindness, and only remembered the unkindness of those, who, without injuring me, had merely passed me by. Their conduct sowed the seeds of hatred within me towards my kind. The feelings of childhood, unaffected by the reason of our later years, are indelible when they are evil; like the dirt which stains marble forever, nothing can wash them out. You can understand then how, nursing my small hates until they grew into large ones, I gradually became a misanthrope; besides, my vagrant street-life nursed my miserly propensities.

The phantom of an approaching dread that I might become so poor again as to feel the cravings of an empty stomach, always stared me in the face, and sometimes made me grudge myself my present wants, in order to prevent any dreadful possible future ones. It was only forethought carried so far as to become a disease. Looking at a miser in this light, he is not such an unreasonable being, and we can thus fully understand the noble Benjamin Franklin's ignoble money maxims.

## II.

HAVING thus informed you how I became a little miser, let me tell you how I got on in life. I got on, like millions in this world, by pursuing small aims with indomitable persistence. You can't succeed by the mere fact of pinching, and hoarding, and screwing, and half starving yourself. This is one of the means towards pecuniary prosperity. To preserve, as I have said, persistently in little objects, is the other. Misfortune had sharpened my wits; and though my mental range could not grasp great ends, it could firmly seize small ones. My vagrant mode of life soon forced a pursuit on me. I bought and sold lucifer matches. The miserable trickery connected with the trade soon made me succeed in it. I picked up empty boxes, and partially filled them from the contents of those I bought. I thus had a double profit. As for personal expenses, I reduced them almost to *nil*. I ate anything when I was hungry—I slept anywhere when I was sleepy; but I progressed nevertheless, so that each week as it passed, without adding to my worldly comforts, added materially to my worldly gains.

People talk of primal childish joys, of the joy experienced on hearing our first play, of receiving our first present, of hearing our first words of encouragement; but I say these all fade into insignificance, "fade into the light of common day," compared with the joy of beholding, touching, and hoarding the first five-dollar bill which is ours by the indisputable right of possession. When I had gained my first one, it seemed to me a

mine of priceless joys. Covering in dark places, in murky corners, in all sorts of miserable byways, where I knew no other ragged boy could see me to deprive me of it, my stealthy eager gaze would be fixed on that bill. I grasped it tightly, fearing it might be snatched from me by some invisible hand; I turned it over and over with a wild admiration; I furtively hid it about me, and then felt it, as if to reassure myself of its reality. I never thought of spending it; it could never be parted with; it had cost me too much; it was the little miser's prop. It was his everything.

Slowly and surely I toiled; experience made me a salesman. I was determined that my wants should not, but that my bills should, increase. Can any one fancy the life I led at this time? I don't think they could. Of all the shams and make-believes in this world, which, unfortunately, is crowded with them, could there be a greater sham than a ragged, miserly, boyish vagrant, who assumed wretchedness in order to attract pity, who pretended to be in want in order to win sympathy—a pitiable, abject, human creature, whose wretched servility was a mask to attain one end—namely, to find a customer for his wares? Well, I had not been taught any better; I could not see my life then as I see it now, and perhaps it was best as it was, or else I never should have written this story.

Having toiled, hoarded, and grudged as a vagrant match-seller for a few years, I had a mind to increase the field of my labors, and so my next step in life was to open a store. I took one in a dingy, noisy, squalid quarter of New York, where the pitiable display of goods, and the vagrant, ragged customers have the same poverty-stricken look; where lean sloth, and grim poverty, and loathsome squalor run riot, and infect everything and everybody, but an excellent place for a miser to husband and increase his resources. I soon found out the articles in demand, and, by-and-by, my store was filled with the usual attractive goods of such a locality, such as old furniture of all kinds, house effects of a lean and wasted description, carpets that were never to see prosperous days any more, hearth rugs faded forever, pans that had been mended to death almost, a jumbled collection of out-of-print books, sallow-looking engravings that might have put any gaze at them out of countenance, tea trays, tea caddies, cups, that must have had unwholesome beverages in them once, and hosts of other things, such as keys, scissors, inkstands, etc., etc., all of a pitiable make; the very strays and waifs of household stuff.

To buy my wares as cheaply, and sell them as dearly as possible, I stooped to the usual artifices of cunning, meanness, and hypocrisy, and I continued to hoard my profits carefully and steadily, and as the years passed on, I soon found myself possessed of a considerable amount of money. But the gradual possession of money—so precious to keep, that I deprived myself of food, rest, and enjoyment in order to obtain it—brought its usual concomitant with it—anxiety lest it should by some means be snatched from me. I never thought that death might snatch me from it; but a terrible thought would pursue me during my days and nights, that I might suddenly find my treasure wrested from me. Then I would gaze on its hiding-place, underneath the boards of a certain cupboard, hungrily and ardently, and afterwards place it out of sight again, only to meet the terrible phantom of my fear, haunting and surveying me.

### III.

ONE day, to overcome a disappointment following a failure in endeavoring to sell a dilapidated feather bed to a bleary-eyed tinker, I went to my cupboard to count and count my bills when I heard the bell of my shop sound, as if it was pulled violently. Quickly hiding my treasure, and then taking care to close my parlor door, I rushed to my place of business, but found no one. I gazed down the court, but could see no one who looked like a customer. I then searched every nook and crevice of the place to discover if anyone, unknown to myself, had furtively entered with the intention of hiding in order to rob me; but everything was quiet, there being no sign or token whatever of a human presence.

Had anyone watched me? and if so, would anyone follow up their curiosity by making a forcible entry into my shop this

evening so as to plunder me? Terrible as my former fears were, they were not intensified. The burning care that was consuming my idle and sleepy moments was now at a white heat. Instantly self-preservation, which to me was the preservation of my hoard, told me to remove it to another hiding-place, but none suggested itself to me; the lining of my bed, the interstices of the walls of my room, all might do, but were they safe? Soon, however, my dilemma came to an end, and I thought of the strangest, oddest of all repositories for my money—a repository which even a thief might look at first and then not open.

I would make a double-cased *coffin*, and place my treasure between the boards. That night, instead of sleeping, I worked at my coffin, and before the morning broke I had the satisfaction of seeing my bills safely stowed in it, and placed out of sight under my bed.

Then for some time nothing disturbed the monotonous flow of my days. My wants, being few, were very easily satisfied. I kept no servant or assistant, and did all my own work. When I left my shop I always barred and locked the doors. Having had enough of tramping in my youth, walking for the sake of walking afforded me no pleasure, and except for business purposes I seldom wandered beyond the precincts of the court. Sometimes on a summer's evening, when the miserable tramps that had infested the dirty purlieus around me, had gone to some more favored district, I would venture out, attracted perhaps by the sight of a bevy of happy half-naked, dirty, slovenly children dancing round an organ. I can't say I entered into the spirit of the innocent scene; I felt no pity for the Italian grinder; I did not like the music, such as it was; I could not understand why the children should caper so foolishly; I did not believe they were happy; and yet the homely spectacle faintly stirred the slumbering feeling within me, but it did not stir me sufficiently to incite me to pat the children or to toss a cent to the organ grinder. During this time I never made an acquaintance; I avoided my neighbors. What cared I for companionship or society? I never gave or asked for favors. I did not seek my kind, because I did not believe in my kind. My aim in life was to increase, in order to enjoy my store of money. The afterthought of what was to become of it when I had amassed it never took possession of me. I did not seek for affection, because I did not know what affection meant. I think my idea then of the world was something like the following:

A great fair, where those who frequent it are either preying on or mocking one another; that the principle that rules life is the desire either to be inordinately vain or inordinately foolish; that the earth is a prison, where everyone is a slave to some whim or other, and that no one was free but myself.

I can't say that my thoughts shaped themselves in these words exactly; still these were my thoughts.

### IV.

I DO NOT think I mentioned that my sitting-room and bedroom were all in one. It was a scantily furnished apartment, containing an iron bedstead, a carpet whose coloring had all faded out of it, six chairs of various models, and nearly all of them in a half-rickety condition; an ink-stained, greasy surfaced table, very weak on its legs; two wretched crosses of pictures on the walls, one representing Washington doubting the Delaware, the other, the assassination of Lincoln; and a sofa, whose only horsehair seat was flat with the continual pressing of its numberless occupants before my time. Reclining on this sofa, I had a clear glimpse of my bed, which was opposite it, and of the dark coffin underneath, containing my treasure.

Somehow I was very partial to this old bit of furniture; I was fond of resting on it, and sometimes I would dream on it (for a miser has his dreams like other people). If I had been of a philosophic turn, which I was not, I might have seen the real end of my life in the coffin opposite, instead of the gold that was in it. But the limit of all my visions was the thought of my treasure. I had sold myself body and soul to possess it; all my fears were directed at alone; all my hopes were bound in it alone; I craved naught else; it was my only exceeding great joy; and when I did not clutch it with greedy fingers or



THE MISER'S TREASURE.—"I CAN'T AFFORD ANYTHING, M'AM; I HAVE NOTHING, M'AM; I AM VERY, VERY POOR," WAS MY REPLY.

behold it with glowing eyes. I worshiped it almost with a fervor I cannot express, and which none but a miser can fully understand.

Reclining on this sofa one evening, I was startled out of a reverie I had fallen into by the loud ring of my shop door, and rushing to see who my late customer was, I was confronted by a woman, who, without being asked, opened my sitting-room door and quietly and determinedly seated herself on the best of my rickety chairs. The surprise occasioned by this intrusion almost deprived me of speech, and as I gazed on the intruder, the angry words coming to my lips were completely staved, and a feeling similar to the one which the sight of the children around the organ had stirred within me, arose in their stead.

She was so completely self-possessed and still, that I had time to scan her very attentively.

Her figure was lithe, slight, and short; her face was oval and Grecian; her thick amber-tinted hair clung around her head in folds; her features were small and delicate, and her eyes were of a clear grey tint. Her age I could not guess; she might have been twenty, she might have been thirty. What struck me as peculiar about her, was her natty, neat, prim look, and her self-possessed manner. Accustomed as I was to untidiness, disorder, and carelessness, this exquisitely neat woman, whose dress, from her shoes to her bonnet, was adjusted with such nice discrimination and admirable taste, and perfect fitness, completely awed and silenced me.

"I suppose you don't know my business, Mr. Wasker?" said this natty creature. "I see you don't," she continued: "but I should like you to guess."

"In the way of business, ma'am," was all I could hurriedly articulate.

"I know you can't guess," she went on to say. "I'm not collecting dimes in order to convert the natives of Japan; I don't serve our loose straws for believing fools; I don't want money to repair a church; I don't want you or any other man to be saved against his inclination, but I want you to give me something for a poor child."

Unable to interrupt her by reason of her quickly uttered words, and charmed by her extraordinary self-possessed manner and natty figure, I might have been silent still, but the appeal to my pocket at once dissolved the spell she had woven around me, and once more I was the grudging miser.

"I can't afford anything, ma'am; I have nothing, ma'am; I am very, very poor," was my reply.

"But you don't know what a poor child it is," continued my visitant, seemingly not at all disconcerted by my churlish answer. "Its little limbs have been crushed by a stone; it is a homeless child, and an orphan; I have taken it to the hospital, and it now lies in a dangerous state, and there are no loving, kind eyes to watch it, no tender arms to fold it in pity; I know you have a kind heart, and I am sure that you will give me your aid by adding to my subscription to supply it with its wants, and perhaps it may recover, and grow up, and bless its benefactors—fancy that." And she paused.

Not at all moved by her recital, obdurate, and cold as a stone, I still refused. She rose to go. As she disappeared from my view I felt inclined to call her back. Perhaps, if she had not retired so hastily I might have done so. I then went to my shop door, vainly endeavoring to catch a glimpse of her, but it was too late—she had gone.

## V.

I DID NOT sleep very soundly that night, though I soon righted myself with my conscience. I made excuses. I compounded for my unkindness. No one had taken any compassion on me when I was an unknown child, and what need, then, was there for me to feel pity for an unknown child? Still, all these comforting thoughts did not summon sleep. I was restless. I tossed about in my bed. I was a prey to night horrors. All kinds of hopes and fears stood up in my mind alarmed; the figure of the woman haunted me with her clear grey eyes, with first a beseeching look and afterwards a look of horror; a crushed child put out its little arms towards me, she held it back. Then I fell into a dreamy, restless, perturbed sleep, which was only a half sleep. I knew where I

was, and yet I seemed elsewhere. I tried to shake off the trammels of my wretched slumber, but I could not. The bed seemed to crush me. I tried to cry, but my tongue was glued to my mouth. Consciousness and sleep seemed to struggle within me, but some other power, mightier than either, overpowered me completely. Then a strange sight appeared to my vision. The rafters of my floor appeared to give way; from underneath six creatures arose. What they were I cannot say. I only know they were blacker than night, and had shrouds over them. Then they vanished, only to reappear with something in their arms, and a ray of moonlight falling on that something revealed it to be, to my horror, my own coffin. Slowly and steadily I saw the dense black figures, made lurid and ghastly by the stealthy moonbeam, bear the coffin away. Vainly I strove with my voice to bid them halt; vainly I endeavored to grasp it from them. I was utterly powerless either to speak or to move. By-and-by I heard shrieks, pitiful cries, now like the voices of children, and again like the voice of my strange visitant. Then I heard and saw no more. And nature conquering my dreadful nightmare, must have soothed me with that sleep I had craved for so long.

Waking at my usual time in the morning, combined with a sense of fatigue, I had the recollection of my dream. Still, to assure myself it was not a dread reality, the first thing I did was to look under the bed. There, in its place, was the coffin. With a sense of relief I proceeded to open it, to convince myself that my treasure was also safe. I peered, I strained my glance, but my money was not in its place. Distracted and bewildered, I would not believe my senses. And again I searched to no purpose; the treasure had gone—gone from my possession forever!

## TRUE STORY OF "THERMIDOR."

IT CAN injure no one now to tell the true story of the famous interdiction put upon "Thermidor" by the French censor immediately after the first production of Sardou's crimson-colored picture of the Reign of Terror. The failure of the play was painfully evident to the author and his friends before the fall of the second curtain. Jules Clarence, the director of the Theatre Française and an intimate of Sardou, had no hesitancy in saying that the work could not pass into the repertoire of the state-theatre, and that its immediate withdrawal was the most effective way of redeeming Sardou's rare blunder. *Sans doute*—but such a confession of failure would kill the work in other markets, and deprive Monsieur Sardou of many handsome royalties. The censor of plays was the man to save them. He should pump into a *façade*, return to his study, and after several hours of brain-wrecking deliberation he should decide that "Thermidor" was a menace to the public peace, an arraignment too awful, too thrilling of the past violence of the Parisians, and, therefore, its further presentation must be prohibited. So Sardou lost his royalties from the *Comédie*, but how American managers did tumble over one another in their eagerness to get the "prohibited" play! The English, somewhat more up to snuff than we are in matters of Parisian *blague* and intrigue, read the truth between the lines of the first-night feuilletons.

## AROUND THE WORLD.

THERE ARE 1,100 steamships traversing the four great ocean routes. The first is that across the Atlantic, another is by Suez to India, China, and Australia. To go around the world that way takes eighty or ninety days and covers 23,000 miles. The passage money is \$1,000, and the traveller who wishes to go in comfort and ease should take another \$1,000 with him. Another sea route described is that by which you start from San Francisco and sail around the American continent to New York. The journey is 16,500 miles long, it takes 100 days to cover it, and the fare is about the same as that around the world. To go around the Cape of Good Hope to Australia and back around Cape Horn is about 25,000 miles, and can be covered in eighty-one days. The cost is only \$750.

# History of Seven Days.

A Chronicle of Important Events culled from all Quarters of the Globe, touching upon the News of the Week in Politics, the Arts, Sciences, and Society.

## DOMESTIC.

THE restriction on travel through Shoshone County, Idaho, the scene of the Cr  ur d'Alene mining troubles, has been removed by the military authorities.

THE will of Cyrus W. Field leaves all his property to his children, to be divided equally. The estate consists of little besides an insurance policy for \$300,000.

THE United States Senate has confirmed the appointments of Andrew D. White as Minister to Russia, A. Loudon Snowden, Minister to Spain, and Truxton Beale, Minister to Greece.

A FIRE in Bay City, Michigan, on the 25th ult., destroyed three hundred dwelling-houses, four hotels, two churches, and forty stores. The entire loss will exceed one million dollars.

Representatives of several hundred millions of dollars worth of property in New York City, have protested against the introduction of the trolley system of street car transit in the metropolis. It is thought, however, that despite their objections, the promoters of the trolley scheme, will succeed in getting a franchise. They have a huge corruption fund, and are spending it prodigally.

SOUTH CAROLINA is threatened with a race war between the whites and blacks. George Kinard, a negro, assaulted Mrs. Addison, a white woman, at Irmo, a small station on the Columbia, Newberry and Laurens Railroad, in Lexington County, twelve miles from Columbia. The negro held a pistol to her head, and threatened to kill her if she resisted or cried out. The husband was only a hundred yards away at the time. Upon the departure of Kinard, Mrs. Addison raised an alarm, and her husband endeavored to catch the negro, but he got away. A posse arrested Kinard and brought him before Mrs. Addison, who identified him as her assailant. The negroes around Irmo are greatly excited over the affair, and are gathering at Irmo, there having been talk of lynching by the white men. Lewis Brown, a negro, became very insolent, and got into a fight with Mr. S. K. Bounknight, who shot Brown through the stomach, and he will likely die. This shooting still further incensed the negroes, and there was talk of rescuing Kinard. The white men of the neighborhood are collecting at Irmo under arms. The negroes are arming and sending runners into the country for help. The white citizens are preparing for defense, and trouble will certainly occur. The Sheriff is very apprehensive as to the safety of the prisoner. The Lexington Guards were asked to turn out and protect the jail, but refused to do so, unless ordered by the Governor. The Governor has been telegraphed to for orders. The whites at Irmo are being reinforced by armed citizens from neighboring towns. The prisoner says he is innocent of the crime.

THE body of Robert Ray Hamilton, the prominent New Yorker, who was drowned in Snake River, Wyoming, about two years ago, has been brought back to New York, and buried in the family vault in Greenwood Cemetery. Mr. Hamilton, anxious to leave a city where his good name had been hopelessly compromised by his wild infatuation for a woman named Eva Mann, with whom he went through a form of marriage, went into partnership with John Dudley Sargent, who had been a stage driver in the Rockies, and who was anxious to establish a tourist resort somewhere near Yellowstone Park. Hamilton went into Wyoming with Sargent, and built Hamilton Lodge, near Jackson's Lake. This

was in June, and for some time Hamilton dropped out of sight. About two years ago a report was published that the unfortunate young man had been accidentally drowned three weeks before, while crossing Snake River, in Jackson's Hole. At first every one accepted the story as true. Mr. J. O. Green, a son of President Norvin Green, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, with a party of searchers, found the body lodged in the branches of a fallen tree in a bit of still water in the Snake River. The body answered a general description of Hamilton, although it was much decomposed. It was dressed in Hamilton's clothing, and in the pockets were found his watch and fly book. Doubts rising as to the identity of the corpse, the body was disinterred on October 9 of last year, and was carefully examined for such marks as would identify it if it were the body of Hamilton. This examination established beyond doubt the fact that it was really the body of Robert Ray Hamilton. After this examination the remains were again interred within a short distance of Hamilton Lodge, and there they have remained until they were removed to New York for burial in Greenwood.

PROMINENT medical men of Montreal have sounded an alarm against the danger which they declare threatens Canada from Asiatic cholera on the Pacific as well as on the Atlantic coast. The attention of the Canadian government has frequently been called to the defective quarantine system, but nothing has been done to remedy it. Dr. Lefevre, Chairman of the Vancouver (B. C.) Board of Health, declares that the danger on the Pacific is very great, and extreme precaution is necessary against the dissemination of cholera and small-pox by immigrants and passengers from China and Japan.

THE Marquis de Mores wants to fight Joseph Medill, the editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. The following letter has been received at the *Tribune* office:

NO. 38 RUE DE MONT THAB OR, PARIS,  
July 12, 1892.

TO THE EDITOR CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

DEAR SIR: I notice the mention of my name in your issue of June 29. I am happy to say that, as far as public sentiment is concerned in this country, your kind appreciation of myself is not shared. I wish to know if, as editor of the *Tribune*, you take the responsibility of the article. Yours truly,

MARQUIS DE MORES.

The matter to which the Marquis took exception was an editorial relating to the Mayer duel, in which the nobleman was denounced as a worthless adventurer.

Joseph Medill, editor of the *Tribune*, who looks upon the letter as a challenge, is sixty-five years old. He is willing to meet the Marquis in a twenty-four foot ring at Jackson Park, with boxing gloves or muskets, or anything else suitable to the occasion or weather. The *Tribune* wired John L. Sullivan, "Bat" Masterson, "Bud" Renand of New Orleans, James J. Corbett, and others throughout the country, asking them if they would be willing to act as bottle holders in the case of the Marquis should meet the Marquis in a twenty-four foot ring.

In commenting on the matter, the *Tribune's* editor says that De Mores should have counted himself lucky in getting off with such a comparatively mild denunciation as that of "a worthless adventurer."

## FOREIGN.

A SHORTAGE of \$900,000, according to an official report, has just been discovered in the general treasury of the Mexican State of Puebla.



THE Italian cruiser *Giovanni Bausan* has been ordered to proceed to New York in October to take part in the Columbus Memorial celebration.

IT is reported in Madrid that the government has decided to leave the customs revenues of Cuba to the Banco Colonial and a firm of Paris bankers.

THERE is a row already in the ranks of the supporters of Mr. Gladstone. Some want social reforms brought to the front and Home Rule kept in the background, while the Irish members are reserved and refuse to discuss their intentions.

DEACON has been officially informed that the petition for his pardon, which had been signed by the jurymen before whom he was tried, has been rejected. It is said that when his term of imprisonment expires he will be expelled from France.

THE Sofia, *Sivoboda* publishes a dispatch which it claims was sent by the Russian government to its minister at Bucharest ordering him to pay \$10,000 to the plotters who were concocting plans to murder Prince Ferdinand, the ruler of Bulgaria.

BOTH the German and Austrian courts are shocked at the official sanction by the Russian government of plans for the murder of Prince Ferdinand, who is a blood relation of the Czar. The outcome of the affair is likely to be an early recognition of the Bulgarian ruler by the Triple Alliance.

THE Rt. Hon. George J. Goschen, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, has had a conference with Lord Knutsford, Colonial Secretary, to arrange for the issuing of an imperial loan to Newfoundland for the purpose of relieving the sufferers by the St. Johns fire.

EMPEROR WILLIAM is expected home from his whaling trip in the north of Europe. On August 1 he will go to England to attend the Cowes regatta, and will remain a week as the guest of Queen Victoria. On September 3 he will sail for Sweden to be the guest of King Oscar in hunting elk.

BARON FAVA, the Italian Minister at Washington, has notified the Columbus Committee of One Hundred that the Italian government will send the Columbus statue to this country in August on the royal transport *Garrigiano*, conveyed by the cruiser *Bausan*. Arrangements will be made to receive the vessels with proper honors.

PROFESSOR DRACHE, an expert in cholera, says that the cases of cholera in Vienna at present are fewer than usual at this time of the year. There is little probability, he thinks, of a general invasion of Europe by cholera, although there is danger of its reaching Austria; but should August and September pass without an outbreak, that danger will be over.

THE Franco-Russian Relief Committee has requested Yvonne Loubet to try to influence banks to assist in the issue of lottery bonds, enabling the committee to raise twenty million francs for the relief of distress in Russia. Premier Loubet, in promising to cooperate with the committee, expressed the wish that a similar plan be adopted to relieve distress in France.

OFFICIAL telegrams from Batavia confirm the recent accounts of the awful destruction caused on Great Sanger Island, belonging to Holland, by a volcanic eruption on June 17. These later advices are to the effect that the whole northwestern portion of the island was destroyed, and that two thousand of the inhabitants were killed. There were no Europeans among the victims.

A PARTY of Americans, consisting of Miss Anna Lorge, Miss Stella Englehart, and Miss Mabel Englehart, all of St. Joseph, Mo., and Mr. Stewart Macentien and Mr. Douglas Macentien, of Chicago, while rowing on Lake Lucerne, in Switzerland, contrary to prohibition, passed from the lake into the River Reuss. At the second iron bridge the boat was cut in two and Miss Anna Lorge was drowned.

THE arrest of Henry B. Ryder, the American Consul at Copenhagen, was due to a complaint made against him by a family residing on the Island of Amager. The members of this family inherited one thousand kroners from a relative who died in the United States, and this money should have been paid over to them by Mr. Ryder. Only receiving five hundred kroners from Mr. Ryder, the family informed the police, and the consul was taken into custody on the charge of fraud.

DR. STUHLMANN, Emin Pasha's second in command, writes to Dr. Schweinfurth from East Africa, denying that Emin Pasha invaded British territory, or that he had tried to recover the ivory he left at Wadelai, the rebels having seized and carried it off. The fatigues of the marches, says Dr. Stuhlmann, sapped Emin's health, his eyesight became worse, until he could not read or write, or see the way, and he continued to suffer from insomnia and from frequent hemorrhages from an old ear wound. Dr. Stuhlmann, who parted with Emin some distance west of Victoria Nyanza, brings to the coast a rich scientific collection.

TO inquiries addressed to Mr. Akers Douglas, the chief Conservative whip, as to whether the government, if defeated on a vote of "no confidence," would persist in remaining in office, he responded simply that "the government will act in accordance with precedent and the constitution." As the balance of precedents is distinctly toward immediate resignation in defeat, the whip's reply can be taken as opposed to the report that Lord Salisbury will challenge the validity of Gladstone's majority and try to govern with a minority. A suggestion to this effect has been discussed in the Conservative clubs since the character of the Gladstonian majority became visible, but on every side it has been scouted as improbable.

PRINCE BISMARCK, in his recent speech at Kissingen, after referring to the events of 1866 and 1870, said: "My hearers must excuse the political nature of my speech. After forty years of political life it is impossible for me to abandon politics. People may try to close my mouth as much as possible, but I shall not be silent. All of my opponents are of the opinion that I would occupy a light place in history if I kept silent and said not another word, and my resistance to this suggestion has caused the harshest judgment against my person and character. The semi-official press especially forgets that when it declares me a dangerous man its aspersions must infallibly react on the office I quitted. The papers cannot disparage me without the poison they use against me acting upon people and events that contributed to the foundation of the empire." The Frankfurt *Zeitung* states that an official reply to Prince Bismarck's attacks is in course of preparation.

#### PERSONAL.

THE President has recognized FELICIANO Garcia as Consul General of Guatemala at New York.

OWING to the untrue report that Mr. and Mrs. Heckscher, of New York, had lost their lives in the St. Germain-les-Bains disaster, further inquiries have been made to ascertain if any Americans perished in that calamity, and it has been learned that none lost their lives.

DR. CHARLES SCUDDER, son of the late Hon. Henry J. Scudder and son-in-law of Senator William M. Evans, committed suicide on the 19th ult. at Northport, L. I., while suffering from temporary alienation of mind. During the night he wandered from his apartment where he was under the guard of a nurse. Dr. Scudder's attendant got trace of his master, but before he could overtake him Dr. Scudder had fallen to the ground, after plunging a dagger into his heart. It is believed that he died almost instantly.

NEW illustrations of the eccentricity of the wealthy American, Livingstone, who recently died in Florence, are afforded by the publication of the contents of his will. Livingstone always refused to give tips, remarking instead to those who served him, "I'll remember you in my will." Most of those to whom he said this thought it merely a bad joke, and regarded Livingstone as a

very stingy fellow in respect to douceurs, though in other matters he had a well-deserved reputation for liberality. It now appears, however, that he meant exactly what he said. In his will he bequeathed 20,000 lire to the omnibus conductors of Florence, through their society; the same amount to the cabmen's society; 6,000 lire to the waiters of the Café Bottegone; the same to the waiters of the Café Doney; 50,000 to the manager of the Café Borghesi, who was always very attentive to the testator, and 5,000 to the waiters at that resort.

#### POLITICAL.

A WASHINGTON special to the Baltimore *News* says that "it is understood by some of Mr. Hill's admirers that he has for some time contemplated resigning from the Senate. He may do so at any time."

MR. PEPPER, United States senator of the Alliance Party, insists that the Third Party will carry a sufficient number of States to throw the election in the House. The logical result of this will be the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland.

COL. A. K. McCLEURE, of Philadelphia, has written Governor McKinley, of Ohio, proposing a joint discussion of the tariff between Governor McKinley and himself. Governor McKinley replied that he would refer the proposition to the Republican National Committee. Subsequently Colonel McCleure wrote Chairman Harrity, of the Democratic National Committee, transmitting the correspondence and asking him to make an effort to arrange with Chairman Carter, of the Republican National Committee, for a joint discussion.

#### INDUSTRIAL.

THE attempt to assassinate Mr. Frick, the general manager of the Carnegie Works at Homestead, has led to the discovery of an anarchistic society, banded for purposes of murder.

The man calling himself Alexander Berkman, who was appointed by lot to commit the fatal assault upon Mr. Frick, has done but little work since first coming to this country five years ago, and has been supported in idleness by the contributions of various members of the anarchistic society mentioned. Hugh O'Donnell, the most conspicuous figure among the strikers, emphatically denies that he said the cause of the employes has been hopelessly hurt by the murderous attack upon Mr. Frick, and advises the strikers to make whatever terms possible with the company.

THE twenty-fifth annual volume of "Poor's Manual of the Railroads of the United States" for the year 1892, just issued, contains fifty new maps of the leading railroad systems of the country, in addition to the twenty sectional maps hitherto printed. Revised statements are given for about two thousand companies. The total railroad mileage of the United States at the close of 1891 was 167,999 miles, and its cost, measured by the amount of stocks, bonds, and debt, \$10,765,626,041. Gross earnings were \$1,138,024,459, an increase over 1890 of \$40,177,031; net earnings, \$356,327,883, or 31.30 per cent. of the gross. For interest \$231,259,810, and for dividends \$90,719,757 were paid. The total passengers carried, 556,015,802 during 1891, amounted to nine times the population of the country. Passenger earnings aggregated \$290,799,656, and the freight tonnage 704,398,609 tons. At an average rate of 0.929 mills per ton per mile, this traffic earned for the railroads \$754,185,910.

#### NAVAL.

CRUISER No. 12—or as the vessel has been nicknamed, "the *Pirate*"—was launched on the 26th ult. from Cramp's shipyard, Philadelphia, and was christened the *Columbia* by Miss Edith Morton, daughter of Vice-President Morton. The Messrs. Cramp decided some time ago not to issue invitations

#### THE CAMPAIGN IN CARTOON. I.



HARD TO SWALLOW.  
MR. HAMILTON, IN "JUDGE," SHOWS THE DEMOCRATS TAKING MEDICINE.

to the launch, and in consequence there was a marked difference in the size of the crowd present in comparison with that of previous launchings at the yard. The first keel plate of this vessel was laid December 30, 1890. From the present condition of the work there is no reason why she should not be put in commission within the next twelve months. In cruiser No. 12 the United States will possess a vessel having a sustained sea speed of twenty-one knots, the conditions in the fire-rooms not being harder than in the ordinary Atlantic liner. The vessel is well protected by a heavy armor deck, running fore and aft, and covering magazines, engines, boilers, and steering gear. She will be able to carry 750 tons of coal on normal draught, and has a total coal capacity of 2,000 tons. The vessel is built with a double bottom. The protective deck is four inches thick on the slopes and two-and-a-half elsewhere. The tops of the deck beams at the sides are four feet six inches below the load line, and the beams at the centre are generally one foot above, except at the bow and stern where the deck tapers down to the side line of beams. The motive power at full force will be transmitted through three screws—one placed amidships as in ordinary single screw vessels, and two others placed further forward, one on each side, as is usual in twin screw vessels. This arrangement represents the latest advance in the steam engineering line where such power is to be transmitted. If twin screws were used, more than 10,000 indicated horse-power would pass through one shaft. Now each shaft transmits only 6,850, and the vessel has one more chance in case of break down. The vital portions of the vessel are protected by an armored deck, and the space between this deck and gun-deck will be minutely subdivided into coal bunkers and storerooms. In addition to these a cofferdam, five feet in width, will be worked next to the ship's side for the whole length of the vessel. In the bunkers this will be filled with patent fuel, forming a wall five feet thick against machine gun fire. The contents can also be utilized as fuel in an emergency. Forward and abaft the coal

bunkers the cofferdam will be filled with cellulose. The main battery will consist of four 6-inch breech loading rifles of high power, eight 4-inch breech loading rifles, rapid firing; about eighteen machine guns, and six torpedo tubes. At present these tubes are in condition to be arranged for either the Howett automobile or the Whitehead torpedo. In wake of the 4-inch and machine guns, the ship's side will be armed with 4 and 2-inch plates. The 6-inch guns are mounted in the open, protected by heavy shields attached to the gun carriages.

#### CRIMINAL.

A. H. RAUM, claiming to be a son of General Raum, who has been fraudulently operating as a pension agent in Waterbury, Conn., was arrested and fined \$300 in the police court, and, being unable to pay, was sent to jail.

JOHN D. AND CHARLES RUGGLES, the men who robbed the stage near Redding, Cal., a few weeks ago and killed Express Messenger Montgomery and wounded the driver and a passenger, were taken from the jail by forty masked men and hanged. It is believed that the lynching was due in part to "the recent sentimental attitude of a number of women towards the prisoners."

J. H. CROSS and J. DANIELS have been arrested by the police of Denver, Col., charged with being the principal and accomplice in the robbery of David H. Moffatt, president of the First National Bank of that place, on March 29, 1889. On that day a robber entered the bank in broad daylight and at the point of a revolver forced Mr. Moffatt to give up \$21,000, with which the thief made good his escape.

The great battle against the gamblers waged by the decent portion of the residents of Saratoga has resulted in a victory for the gamblers, whose dens are once more thrown open to the public. A strong fight had been made against the gambling resorts, and it looked for a time as though one of Saratoga's chief attractions was to be killed, when the hotel men, fearful of their own interests, came to the rescue of the club-houses. For several years the fight against the gambling places has been carried on with more or less vigor. The objections were smaller against the club-houses than against the petty roulette and faro games that thrived in every side street and that bid for the trade of the colored waiters and the small fry generally, but incidentally the great club-houses were included in the general onslaught.

THE attorneys of Col. H. Clay King, condemned to be hanged on August 12 for the murder of David H. Boston, in Memphis, Tenn., on March 10, 1891, have applied for and have received a writ of habeas corpus, citing Sheriff McLendon to produce the body of H. Clay King before the United States Circuit Court, Judge Howell E. Jackson, at Nashville, and plead to the allegation that Col. King is held a prisoner by him. During the trial of King in the lower court, which lasted over a month, and occurred in the midst of the heated term, the officer in charge of the jury took them on an excursion across the river on a ferryboat. The trip was taken merely for fresh air and recreation. The jury was kept apart from other passengers, and the usual precautions were observed. But the boat touched Arkansas soil, and the defense made of the incident its chief reliance for a reversal in the State Supreme Court. There were numerous other exceptions taken and argued, but of all the grounds for a new trial urged, none was dwelt upon with such stress as that trip to Arkansas. The contention was that the moment the jury got beyond the boundary line of the State, it was beyond the jurisdiction of the court, and was in legal effect then and there disbanded. The return to Tennessee did not reestablish its legal status as a jury, hence a conviction by such a body of men was not due process of law.

#### THE STAGE.

RUBENSTEIN, the Russian pianist, has definitely cancelled his contract to make a tour in the United States.

It is said that the physicians attending Jean de Resze, the noted French tenor, think that either a cancer or a tumor is

#### THE CAMPAIGN IN CARTOON. II.



ONLY ONE GOOD WING FOR A LONG JOURNEY.

MR. GRIFFIN, IN "TRUTH," INTIMATES REPUTED AS WEAKNESS.

## THE CAMPAIGN IN CARTOON. III.



FALLEN THROUGH.

MR. TAYLOR, IN "PECK," MAKES A POINT.

growing in his throat, and that he will not be able to appear in operatic performances again within a year, if even that early.

Those who have enjoyed the enviable privilege of seeing Miss Lottie Collins go through her famous act of "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-aye" are curious to note how Americans will regard the performance. The fact that her tour in this country is to be under the direction of a reputable manager would seem to indicate, in a general way, that the performance is one not completely unfit for publication; but if common report of those who have seen the pudgy variety artiste in the unprovoked riot of smut and motion that make up the entertainment, counts for anything, then Miss Lottie Collins is likely to come in for more attention from the police than from the public. Theatre-goers have been called upon of late to endure some conspicuous violations of refinement and decency; but it is doubtful if anything so frankly vulgar and disgustingly vile has yet been thrust at them as the "Ta-ra-ra" act. It may not be amiss in London concert-halls and beer-gardens, but in an American theatre, courting the patronage of the old and young, the respectable as well as the disreputable—pray, draw the line somewhere here, gentlemen impressarios!

## SOCIAL.

MRS. ANTONIO NAVARRO (Mary Anderson, the actress) writes to the Associated Press a letter in which she denounces as untrue the reports which have been current of late that she intended to return to the stage. The Navarro will pass the autumn in Sweden and the winter in Italy.

An elopement which has stirred up all Georgia society is that of Miss Dousieka Holcombe, one of the noted belles of Georgia, and J. Ponce de Leon Gill, a wealthy New Yorker, who has a home in Dewitt, Ga. Miss Holcombe is a noted beauty, though quite young. She is a member of one of the most prominent Georgia families and is a granddaughter of Mrs. Governor McKens, of South Carolina, whose beauty and brilliancy made her famous at all courts of Europe when her husband was Minister to Russia. Miss Holcombe and Mr. Gill met by appointment at Americus, Ga., and were married. None of their relatives was present on the occasion.

The landlords of the Long Branch hotels have had a dreadful time of it thus far this season. In addition to numerous

sporadic cases of typhoid-fever among the guests, and small-pox among the servants of the more fashionable hotels, a gang of thieves has lately swooped down upon the place, and carried on the boldest depredations. "What with waiters and porters within the hotel," a disgruntled traveller is quoted as saying, "and the less bold, but more brutal, robbers from without, the guest has a mighty poor show for his whiteally."

## LABOR.

ONE is not surprised to read in the accounts of the troubles at Homestead that the strikers showed scant respect for the soldiers, when coupled to the statement appears, in conspicuous type, the announcement that "Major So-and-So, who is in charge of the provost guards of the day, is the winner of the \$50 first prize offered some months ago by *The Earth* newspaper for the best written special story." While Major So-and-So doubtless has the right to choose his own avocations, we question seriously whether the militia officer who allows his name to be used by a correspondent as an advertisement for the correspondent's paper, is the manner of man to awe a lot of brawny ironworkers. In a general way, too, we shouldn't look for an inspiring hero in a fellow that wrote the \$50 prize story of a vulgar newspaper.

ALTHOUGH our multi-millionaires are prompt and loud in their expressions of confidence in the peaceful outcome of the labor agitations that are continually engrossing public attention and private concern in this country, it is noticeable that many of them are careful to provide safe retreats for themselves, either here or abroad, in case matters should become too hot for their comfort or security. One of the Vanderbilts has built himself a rock-ribbed castle on top of an almost inaccessible mountain in the wilds of North Carolina; one of the Astors has taken up a permanent residence in London, and several of the richest men in the country have acquired sea-going yachts for the deliberate and confessed purpose of having an effective means of escape in times of trouble. There are few of our Crescuses who have not handsome fortunes deposited in trans-Atlantic banks, or invested in foreign government bonds and other securities. Evidently they do not intend to be taken by surprise as were the French aristocrats, who met with death by remaining behind to protect their fortunes; or who, in their zeal to save their lives, found themselves doomed to pass their days in foreign lands in dire poverty.

## LEGAL.

A TRIFLE, light as air, flicked from London's recent court records, should prove vastly suggestive to American law interpreters. A so-called Smoke Ball Company advertised that £100 would be given to anyone who had influenza after buying one of the smoke balls and using it according to the printed directions—that is, three times a day for two weeks. A lady named Mrs. Carlill was attracted by the golden promise herein contained. She went through the inhalation conscientiously, but she caught influenza, none the less. Consequently she felt entitled to the £100; but this the defendants ungraciously refused to pay. They suggested that certain conditions, such as registration of the inhalations, were implied, and finally became the defendants in an action at law upon the subject. Mr. Justice Hawkins, before whom the case was tried, did not admit their pleading. Was there a contract? he asked.—Yes, there was. Did it, as a contract, require a stamp?—No, it did not, since it was not an agreement between two parties. Was it a wager?—No, for only one party had anything to lose; and it was not an insurance. So the lady got her £100.

## WORLD'S FAIR.

A SYNDICATE, to be known as the Historic Art Association, has been formed, with a capital of \$5,000,000, for the purpose of making an exhibit of the works of American artists of note, old and new, during the World's Fair. The president of the syndicate is Philo Beard, vice-president of the Erie Bank of Buffalo, and among the others interested with him in his scheme are: Chauncey M. Depew, Andrew Carnegie, George W. Childs, George W. Curtis, Henry G. Nabyard, J. Pierpont

## THE CAMPAIGN IN CARTOON. IV.



A SILLY BUGABOO.

UNCLE SAM: "You cannot distract my attention from the real issue! Who is that hiding behind you?"

VICTOR, IN "JUDGE," TELLS A STORY.

Morgan, A. S. Webb, Cornelius N. Bliss, Joseph H. Choate, H. Goodwin, Oswald Ottendorfer, John Bigelow, Gen. Horace Porter, Hamilton Fish, Oliver Ames, F. L. Ames, C. I. Tiffany, and D. W. Powers.

## ARTS.

THE Music Committee of the North American Saengerbund—Prof. Xaver Scharwenka, of New York; Arthur Classen, of Brooklyn, and Emil Ring, of Cleveland—has just awarded the prize of \$1,000 to the "Neue Welt," a festival cantata, to be rendered at the Saengerfest at Cleveland, Ohio, next year. The composer is Heinrich Zoller, of New York.

## SPORT.

PALM ALTO, whose death at Senator Stanford's stock-farm, in California, has been announced, was a bay horse, foaled in 1882, and by right of his record, 2:08½, was the unquestioned king of trotting stallions. His record, indeed, has never been surpassed except by Sund, 2:08½, though it is the same as that of Maud S. He was regarded as one of the most valuable horses in the world, and his owner held him beyond price. He was bred by Senator Stanford, and was by the great Electioneer and out of Dame Winnie, a thoroughbred daughter of Planet. As a race horse he was distinguished for his gameness as much as for his wonderful speed, and at the stud he promised to be a grand success.

## THE NATHAN TRAGEDY.

THE death of Washington Nathan, of New York, at Boulevard-Sur-Mer, has recalled one of the most famous tragedies in American history.

At the time of the murder of the millionaire banker, Benjamin Nathan, twenty-two years ago, his son Washington, who has just died, was a conspicuous figure in the gay life of the town. He spent a good deal of money, and, as it afterwards turned out, had frequent quarrels with his father on the subject. Washington had been with his father that Thursday evening. At seven o'clock Mr. Nathan left the house of his brother-in-law in Nineteenth Street, saying that he intended to spend the night in his town house with his sons instead of

going out to Morristown. Washington was with him, but parted from his father on the street. The elder Nathan went directly to his house on Twenty-third Street, opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York.

Shortly after six o'clock the following morning a policeman patrolling Twenty-third Street heard screams of "Murder!" in the direction of Fifth Avenue. Running in that direction he saw two young men stamling in their nightdresses on the steps of the Nathan house. One of them was nearly covered with blood.

They shouted for the policeman to come into the house, saying their father had been murdered. On the floor of the front room the officer found the dead body of Bunker Nathan. It lay on its back, clad in a nightdress, with the head in a great pool of blood, which flowed from numerous gaping wounds in the skull. Blood was also scattered about the room, on the door and door-posts, and on the walls.

The door of the safe stood open and the key was missing. A drawer in the safe had been taken out and apparently rifled of its contents, and near the desk lay a tin box containing papers which had not been removed. As soon as other police officers arrived a thorough search was made of the premises.

On the desk lay a check for \$10,000, partly filled in. It seemed as if Mr. Nathan had been struck down from behind while writing this check. Two of the fingers of his left hand had been fractured as if warding off a blow, and a struggle had evidently taken place before he was overcome by the numerous wounds on the head.

A bloody trail of naked footprints was found leading from the corpse down the stairs to the door and out to the stoop, but this was explained when Frederick, one of the sons, said he had got the blood on his nightshirt and feet when endeavoring to lift the body, and had then gone to the stoop to call for the police. The other son present was Washington Nathan. He said he had discovered the body, but had not touched it, and called his brother.

At the coroner's inquest he was closely cross-examined, and he gave a detailed description of his whereabouts that night before he entered the house, a quarter of an hour after midnight. In this he was corroborated by Clara Dale, a young woman in whose company he had passed part of the evening.

The coroner's inquest, by the way, was the only important official investigation ever made into the Nathan murder. It never got so far as a trial, and to this day it remains, as Superintendent Byrnes says, "the most celebrated, and certainly the most mysterious, murder ever committed in New York."

A case very similar is the murder in Chicago a few years ago of the millionaire Snell.

Washington Nathan passed the last few years of his life in Europe. There he married Mrs. Arnott, a daughter of Colonel Mapleson, of operatic fame. His mother died in 1879, leaving \$1,000,000. Of this sum \$100,000 was left in trust for Washington. This yielded him an income of \$5,500 a year. Creditors here sought to cut it down to \$1,500 a year and get the balance for their unpaid accounts, but Judge Barrett decided that \$5,500 was not more than sufficient to support him as he was educated and accustomed to live.

In 1884 Washington went to Paris and later moved to Margate, a suburb of London. From his father's estate he had received \$75,000, and from other sources \$35,000. This he quickly spent. His brothers—Harmon, Julian, and Frederick—live in this city. Some of their sisters are married. Their mother was a sister of Judge Cardozo.

## THE SCOURGE.

LATE advices from Astrakhan state that the epidemic of cholera is abating in virulence and extent. From the same place it is learned that serious disturbances have occurred at Sredniaach-Toulounewed, where the inhabitants and a number of emigrants rebelled against the sanitary measures adopted by the authorities. The rioters attacked and pillaged the post-office and the communal offices, and also wrecked a pharmacy and killed the proprietor and his assistant. They then attacked the police, who were trying to restore order, killing one and injuring a number of others. A priest

who attempted to pacify the rioters was severely beaten. In the villages of Tolstoi and Zaimische infuriated mobs seized and destroyed a quantity of disinfectants landed from a steamer, and tried to seize the steamer but were repulsed. Many new cases have occurred at Nijni Novgorod, and merchandise for the great annual fair which is now open is arriving but very slowly. An official bulletin announces that 2,012 cases of cholera and 1,302 deaths from the disease occurred in Russia on July 21, 22 and 23. These figures include the statistics for Viakka, in European Russia, where 138 cases and 64 deaths were reported.

#### WILLIAM AND THE WHALE.

IT is related that Emperor William, while cruising in the waters of Norway a few days since, succeeded in harpooning a whale some seventy feet in length, and of a most violent temper. The leviathan was lashing about in a very threatening manner, and was on the point of breaking loose from his captors when William, turning to those about him, whispered: "He little knows who is at this end of the harpoon-string." The cable accounts of the affair stop at this point, but there is authority for the statement that the Emperor's sotto-voce comment reached the whale, who, yielding to excited curiosity, waddled up to the side of William's boat, gazed at the young Emperor in silence for a moment, and then, with a weak wave of the tail, gave up the fight forthwith.

#### A SIGHED-FOR HEIR.

NEWPORT, R. I., had its aristocratic quiet disturbed a few days ago in a most unwonted fashion. The coachman of Mr. J. Hooker Hammersley, one of the members of the fashionable colony at the elegant capital, was seen to drive through the town at an early hour in the morning, waving his hat frantically and shouting with the enthusiasm of an Indian in warpaint: "Hip, hip, hurrah! We've got a seven million dollar baby up to our house." The coachman's ruthless abuse of prepositions was disregarded in the general interest in the cause of his hilarious conduct, and when the crowd caught up with him, they thought only of ascertaining the meaning of the strange cry about a "seven million dollar baby." The explanation

was simple enough. A male child had been born to Mr. and Mrs. Hammersley, and if the fortunate tot survives his *titled* cousin, the Duchess of Marlborough, he will come into a property valued at seven million dollars. Should he depart this life—the Fates forefend!—before his noble relative across the seas, then those seven millions will be at the disposal of the Durhess—but only to distribute to such charitable institutions as she may choose.

#### CONSCIENCE MONEY—NEXT!

A RESIDENT of Ohio has returned the government his pension check—*mirabile dictu!*—stating that he has had a divine inspiration from the Lord, informing him that the pension money was a curse, and in future to reject it as blood money. A commission will probably be appointed to examine into the sanity of this extraordinary person. Only his claim that he is acting under Divine guidance has thus far saved him from incarceration.

#### THE OUTLAW OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

CAPTAIN BOUCHARD, the Rob Roy of the St. Lawrence, who has for months defied the government of the Dominion, has finally fallen into the hands of the authorities, but not until a force of fifty artilleymen from Quebec, commanded by Major Wilson, B. Battery, was sent to reinforce the customs officials. His operations were confined to importing contraband liquor; and though a few lots, valued at several thousand dollars, have been seized from time to time, Bouchard has defied the federal cruisers with an armed crew, and succeeded in landing and concealing at various points thousands of barrels of smuggled goods, on each gallon of which he evades the payment of duty.

#### A MODERN MIRACLE.

TILLIE EGAN, the eight-year old daughter of Policeman Egan, of Hoboken, has been treated for spine and hip disease for several months, but was helpless. She visited the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, in New York, where the relic of St. Ann is exposed, and had to be assisted into the church. A cure was effected by the relic, and she was able to leave the church and return to her home without assistance.

#### THE CAMPAIGN IN CARTOON. V.



THEY'RE OFF!

MR. KEFFLER, IN "TUCK," GIVES HIS VIEW OF THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE.



The Casino, South Lakewood Park, N. J.

JUST outside of the corporate limits of Lakewood there is growing up a healthy young suburb which has every indication of outstripping the town itself. Situated in the heart of the pines, South Lakewood Park is an artistic gem in an emerald green setting. Only a very few years ago the site upon which the new suburb is springing up was a bleak and howling wilderness, without any stretch of imagination. To-day there are miles of graded boulevards and streets. Building operations are under way, showing that the young town's growth will be a lusty one. Five houses, not one to cost less than \$6,000, are in course of erection, and a magnificent Casino will be erected in time for the winter season at Lakewood. South Lakewood Park will possess all the boasted advantages of Lakewood, without many of its drawbacks, in so far that the new suburb will never have any old rookeries to disgrace its streets.

The land sales will in no instance be made otherwise than subject to the severest restrictions, and no buildings will be allowed in South Lakewood Park other than such as belong to a gentleman's private residence. The town lots are full size, 50 by 100 feet, and for more extensive residences the South Lakewood Park Company, through its agents, Alexander & Co., of No. 2 West Fourteenth Street, New York, will sell lots of 200 by 200 feet. No lots of any kind are sold for less than \$700 each, and from that figure they scale up into the thousands. In other words, South Lakewood Park is intended as a rich man's resort, and as the Hotel Falmouth, on which the company will begin operations at once, will be one of the most perfect in appointments, as well as in architectural beauty, it goes without saying that South Lakewood Park will rival the older town before long. There can be no manner of doubt as to the superior location of South Lakewood Park over the older village, as it lies almost one hundred feet higher than Lakewood itself, which is hemmed in as in a "sink hole." As a consequence, the drainage of the new suburb is a superior one, and the problem of sanitary sewerage, which is bothering old Lakewood, gives the South Lakewood Park Land Company no concern whatever. The Casino, of which mention has already been made, will be managed by Carl Berger, the well-known caterer of New York. In appointments, down to the smallest detail, everything will be done to make the

Casino an attractive one. Every feature will be given it to make it a favorite with the travelling public, and among other things there will be a swimming pool, fifty feet in diameter, a magnificent ball-room, bowling-alley, billiard-rooms, grill-rooms, bachelors' quarters, and other new features. The Royal Hungarian Band, now playing at the Park Avenue Hotel, has been engaged by Mr. Berger for the season at South Lakewood Park. The high character of the incorporators of the South Lakewood Park Land Company is guarantee sufficient that the new suburb of Lakewood will be preëminently a rich man's town. The new Hotel Falmouth will cost \$250,000 when finished, and the Casino will cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000. The plans for both were prepared by Messrs. Ball & Dabney, the Boston architects, under whose supervision the new buildings will also be erected. To those who knew Lakewood five years ago, it is an open secret that South Lakewood Park is further advanced to-day than was the old village at that time. Carl Berger, the manager of the Casino, was formerly associated with Sherry in the management of the Narragansett Casino, and for four years he was the lessee of the Casino at Newport. Alexander & Co. will be pleased to give full particulars of South Lakewood Park to the readers of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN. What is of especial value to those who are looking for a location for a winter or a summer home, is that the lands of the South Lakewood Park Land Company lie so much higher than the old town of Lakewood itself, that in summer, as in winter, the air is never heavy. There are no swamps on the property of the company, and consequently no "made ground" hiding the germs of malaria or worse, nor is it necessary at South Lakewood to drive several miles so as to get into the piney woods, as they cover the whole ground owned by the company. The new Casino and the Hotel Falmouth together will be able to entertain almost six hundred guests, and will be a welcome addition to that part of the pines, where every new venture and every new resort gain lifelong friends for the pine laden and healthgiving air of Jersey. Among the prominent incorporators of South Lakewood Park are: Joseph C. Gibbons, Superintendent, Pullman Division, Central Railroad of New Jersey; Col. B. S. Pardee, of *The Journal of Finance*; John W. Ryckman, of the Hotel Leslie, Augusta, Ga.; Mr. Meyer Auerbach, and many others.





EDITED BY MARY L. BISLAND.

**STRENGTH AND AGILITY.**—That the prowess of the modern girl is not confined to purely intellectual fields, was interestingly proved at the Crystal Palace, in London, the other day, where, in the centre transept, and amid the overwhelming applause of a huge concourse of spectators, a squad of lady athletes went through a series of evolutions with light Indian clubs, in a style which left nothing to be desired on the score of either grace or ease. The lady members of the club also gave an exhibition of their skill and strength in vaulting, horse exercises, and other gymnastic feats that proved a highly popular feature of the entertainment.

**AN OUNCE OF PRECAUTION.**—At the present time a large number of ladies are desirous of utilizing the higher education they have received by doing literary labor; but these aspirants for employment should bear in mind that too much caution cannot be exercised in ascertaining whether the work offered them is really conducive to their profit or loss. As a general principle, it may be stated that all offers of employment, literary or otherwise, in which it is made a *sine qua non* that the proposed employé deposits a certain sum of money, should be strictly avoided. In these cases it is plausibly stated either that the money is required to be sunk in the business in which the worker is to be engaged, or that it goes into the bank as a security of his or her good faith and honesty. It is the rare exception that the dupe ever recovers the money so deposited.

These swindlers often play upon the vanity of those they propose to cheat, by promising to bring to light literary efforts rejected by well-known publishers. It is proved again and again that no class of people are so readily deceived as the would-be author, who refuses to accept the verdict of the critic, is too impatient to wait for a legitimate opening, but insists he must and shall be read at all hazards. As a rule, these hazards prove sadly expensive, and an ounce of modest precaution is worth a pound of humiliating cure.

**A LITERARY ARISTOCRAT.**—Very high placed in the social literary world of Boston is the gifted poetess and charming woman, Mrs. Annie Field. In that New England city, where books and balls tread on one another's heels, where Ibsen and Ibsen are on everyone's tongue during the season in town, around Mrs. Field revolves a circle of which she is the adored and aristocratic centre. Outside of Boston, men and women know little of the poetess's personality, save what she may choose to reveal in her admired verse; and this is a pity, since her friends enthusiastically declare that to enjoy the friendship of so admirable and gifted a woman is to be privileged, indeed.

Though confessedly past her youthful days, Mrs. Field is yet a beautiful woman; an old-fashioned beauty is hers, of the type that used to be preserved on ivory miniatures, and that by the quaint arrangement of her hair, and the folding of muslin bands about her throat and wrists, is appropriately offset. Her house on a quiet street is the ideal poet's home, full of books, flowers, harmonious colors, and that aspect of calm ease, of friendly repose, and dignified seclusion communicated by its inhabitants.

Not only from the great corps of writers and lovers of books has Mrs. Field chosen her friends. Beauty, sweetness, good nature, good health, and the high spirits of young people constitute for her a never-ending charm, a potent attraction,

and a sympathy to which the young people so gladly yield, that half the debutantes of a season are her devoted admirers. Sarah Orne Jewett, her good friend and frequent visitor, is a second ideal of all feminine perfection to the earnest and enthusiastic girls who adore the frank, sweet manner and handsome expressive face of the young and successful novelist.

**MISS TILLINGHAST.**—One of the hardest working and most successful artists in New York city is Miss Mary Tillinghast, whose reputation as an architect, interior decorator, and worker in stained glass, is steadily growing and will one day make her famous. Versatile as she is, however, and with all the imagination, vigor, and skill that distinguishes her every effort, Miss Tillinghast's strongest claims to the admiration of her own sex lies in the masculine energy and industry she displays. She despises the "stop gap work" of so many women, is equally scornful of superficiality, also a failing of theirs, and, having adopted her profession, is exhausting every resource to become perfect in each detail, and be able to offer her service on terms of equality with men.

It is simply astonishing the amount of hard mental labor her habits of concentration enable her to accomplish in a day. She has a studio, retires to it, is protected from the annoyance of petty interruptions, and there works out the most complicated questions. For example, she is given a plot of rough land, which she levels, lays out, puts in the foundations, prepares as admirable plans as any firm in the city, contracts for the erection of the building, and does not turn the house over until every curtain is hung and the brass knocker glitters on the front door. She engages and pays workmen, is an expert in all building materials, has an historical as well as artistic knowledge of the possibilities of architecture, is shrewd, prompt, direct, economical, and with it all carries in her head a genuine feminine intuition of what comfort means in a home.

A number of the most sumptuously and harmoniously decorated private residences of New York are her handiwork, for with a keen eye for bargains and beauty combined, she is ever picking up quaint bits here and there, and when the opportunity comes she weaves them into a sympathetic picture.

And the marvel of it is, how she is able to build chapels, furnish houses, design and paint magnificent memorial windows of stained glass, and yet keep every line taut and true, without relaxing her perfect system for a moment.

Naturally, Miss Tillinghast has pretty nearly all the engagements she can possibly accept, for every order accomplished means a dozen new ones from the admirers and patrons the first one wins for her. This very summer she has been forced to forego a proposed visit to Spain, for with the home of a rich Western senator to decorate in Washington, a house at Tuxedo, another at Newport, and still a fourth to build at the seaside, she is ever on the wing between these several places.

Her taste, infinite resources, her patience, and indefatigable energy, all supply an eloquent example to the thousands of women-workers all over this country, who disgrace their professions by reducing them to the low plane of makeshifts.

**FOR THE DINNER-TABLE.**—There is no need nowadays for the dinner-giving hostess, who twice or thrice a week gathers a host of friends about her table, to rack her troubled brains over the vexing question of novelties in table decoration. Clever minds, and more skilful hands, constantly searching



for the new and beautiful, can so easily solve the vexing problem for her, that by merely peeping into the windows of the great shops, where rare china and glassware are for sale, a whole world of things are brought to view. For instance, one importer and manufacturer of costly and fragile ware, generously exposes behind his great plate glass window, a scheme of table decoration, prepared for a great dinner, that should draw an exclamation of admiration from the very paying stones. The base of the centerpiece is a huge, circular, bevel-edged French mirror, half two-and-a-half feet wide. In the centre of this stands a tall, slender flower vase of pale green Venetian glass, set on a base of clear white crystal and gilt. This, in turn, is surrounded by four smaller vases of pale green glass, connected with each other by high delicate arches of white glass, that like fairy bridges span the space of polished mirror, and spring like sprays of water from vase to vase. Each slender green flower cup and the central spiral held clusters of pink sweet peas, that against the clear green and white crystal formed a most enchanting harmony of color that the mirror beneath glowingly reflected.

To be used with the green and white centerpiece is a set of twelve finger glasses, not less unique and lovely than the vases. The base of each finger glass consisted of a circular mirror, about as large as a dessert plate. On this, worked in French gilt, lies a broad pad and lily bud, and from them springs up a stem that swells out into an open flower of green glass, crimped about the edges, and dashed with gold. This delicate flower of glass, filled with water, acts as the finger-bowl, while a tiny white swan, sailing gaily over the minute lake of mirror, holds in his back a second miniature vase for the guest's flower favors.

This design is but one of the many wrought out in glass for the decoration of summer dinner-tables, where on the cool shining crystal hold so much more appropriate and decorative place than heavy silver reserved for winter banquets. One Newport hostess, put to it for a dinner-table novelty, carpeted the centre of her round table with the deep green lacy *Carpodium* vine, and stripping her morning-room of half a dozen or more lovely Dresden china shepherdesses, courtiers, milkmaids, and cupids, arranged them in a circle on the improvised Arcadian greensward, and in their hands or over their shoulders threw a wreath of pink and blue sweet peas. This wreath she had made herself by lightly tacking the blossoms to a narrow ribbon. In the centre of the dancing flower-laden circle she placed a charming group of Dresden cupids upholding in their arms a large bouquet of pea blossoms.

**HOUSEKEEPING.**—This is quite a new and profitable profession that has of late opened broad avenues of preferment to women, who, thrown upon their own resources for support, can offer only a knowledge of domestic duties in exchange for a share of the world's goods. There was a time, to which the memory of even the youthful American can run back, when housekeepers employed in private houses were to be found only in English novels. With delight we have read again and again of the various plump and motherly Mrs. Trimmers and Mrs. Perkins, who were rustling black silks and snowy caps, who, with forgivable indiscretion, as they showed visitors through picture galleries and great drawing-rooms, detailed the family history, blood-shot with unspeakable murders and other crimes equally cheerful, and affectionately but sighingly discussed the black doings of his fascinating misbehaving but absent lordship. 'Twas the housekeeper also who kept track of the family ghost, who cruelly domiciled the house party's most timid member in the haunted chamber, was a potent factor in bringing to justice the thieves of my lady's diamonds, and was the first to gloomily advise dragging the carp pond for the gardener's daughter. In short, the housekeeper is to the American as important a feature of country house in fact and in fiction as plums are to a Christmas pudding. However, 'tis not in the above-mentioned valuable capacities that housekeepers have of late been rapidly introduced into American homes, and capable women who have never known the romantic acquaintance of ghosts or carp ponds are eligible to this profitable employment.

Very naturally, the housekeepers have suddenly become a

necessity in large well-ordered private houses. Only in the memory of the younger generation have wealthy Americans showed a disposition to build great and spacious homes, and exhibit a love for the extending of lavish hospitality, for the proper administration of which an army of servants are called into requisition. In the good old days of simple living and quiet entertaining, the mistress of a household felt it not only her duty, but her pleasure, to manage her small kingdom, and in person regulate the great matters and mere details of domestic affairs. In the great country houses that are becoming larger, more numerous, and more popular with their owners each year, it is practically impossible for the mistresses thereof to rule unassisted.

In the average modern country house, to which the owners resort the 1st of May, and do not desert until the 1st of November, the mistress domiciles a steady stream of guests, house parties in groups of fives and fifteens. Her duty is to make for them a Utopian existence while under her roof. To give them days of complete pleasure, life with all possible joys, and no discomfort. She must herself be the perfection of good temper and careless gaiety. She should arrange never-fluttering amusement, and for the touch of the bell supply, as if by magic, every creature comfort and luxury. The hostess who is obliged to discuss the daily menus with the cook, who must spur the ever-lagging energies of the housemaids, consult with the butler, reprove the footmen, preserve social harmony in the servants' hall, hearken to complaints, devote proper attention to her nursery, and be ever fresh, ready, and inspired for her guests, finds her nervous energies so sorely taxed, her interest so cruelly divided, her temper so tried, that entertainment becomes drudgery to herself and only doubtfully pleasant to her friends.

'Tis just here that the housekeeper steps in and shoulders one-half the responsibility by assuming all the domestic cares. In the country house the housekeeper is provided with her own, and always a comfortable, pretty room. By mistress and maids she is respectfully addressed as Mrs. or Miss Blank, as the case may be, and over all the servants except, perhaps, the butler, is given an employer's authority. To preserve her dignity, and the respect of the domestics, she is not permitted to eat at their table or sit in their hall, but is conceded such privileges and privacy as accord with her position. To her complaints are brought, and by her domestic differences are adjusted. She is applied to for orders, and, often without consulting the mistress, dismisses or engages servants. She pays the wages and, outside of the butler's province, disburses the major portion of the household expenses, and with the aid of carefully kept books reports at stated intervals to the mistress. By the neat simplicity of her dress—an example is set to the women under her charge, while that badge of domestic servitude, the white apron, only occasionally is worn. The ideal housekeeper is keen of eye, decided yet kindly of speech, neat in dress, prompt in action, and inflexibly regular in her daily round of duties, even of temper, a person who inspires the respect of those under her, who sits when in the presence of her mistress, yet is quick to reprove the breach of deportment in her maids. From fifty to sixty dollars is the salary paid the average housekeeper, a monthly stipend that she draws almost clear of expense, and nearly are all the necessities and luxuries of life supplied her.

And this is a profession but poorly supplied and practiced by women. One liberal, kindly mistress of a house tells of the advent and dismissal of half a score of housekeepers, incompetents all, whose influence was demoralizing to servants and superiors, who were eager for their salary, yet loath to do their duty. Applicants often condemned the service required as menial and unworthy of ladies, or the responsibilities heavier than they cared to undertake. Scores of clever, capable young women gladly accept that intolerable occupation of nursery governess, assume the ignominious duties of typewriting, saleswomen are to be had by the score, and seamstresses fight desperately for a living, or the decayed gentlewoman turns to the poor expedient of shopping on commission, anything to avoid that fancied disgrace of domestic servitude, and to maintain that false and pitiful idol of the working American woman—her social position.



## MOURNING GOWNS, BONNETS, ETC.

**W**IDOWS' first mourning varies but little, except that it follows the fashion of the hour in outline and cut.

The skirt is plain, with crepe nearly to the waist-band, the sleeves and plastron of crepe nearly concealing the material of the dress, which is usually of fine Henrietta cloth; a collar band and deep cuffs of finely hemmed lawn generally accompany a small cap for indoor wear; while for walking, a bonnet of crepe, with a narrow border of white and white Swiss strings, and deeply bordered crepe veil, reaching nearly to the ground, is worn the first few months. Also a wrap or jacket of cloth, with a deep border of crepe, but without ornaments of any kind.

**N**O. 175. This shows a widow's dress for second mourning, less somber in effect, but still heavily trimmed with crepe. It is for out-of-doors, and is made of imperial serge. The wide Empire revers and collar and sleeves are trimmed with crepe, and the bonnet has a small bow of crepe, and a veil of silk nun's veiling with woven border. This is put on the bonnet in scarf fashion, and falls down the back in pretty cascade folds. For still slighter



NO. 176, A WHITE MOUSSELINE FICHU.

mourning small veils of black net, with an inch wide hem of crepe, is worn. Imperial serge varies from \$1.50 to \$5.00 per yard, and crepe from \$5.00 to \$10.00.

**N**O. 176. This pictures a pretty fichu of white mousseline de soie, folded shawl-wise, and having the hem bordered with two plaitings of white net. It forms a nice addition to a plain silk dress for evening wear while in mourning.

**N**O. 173 represents a mourning gown of Tamise cloth, prettily fashioned and trimmed with crepe and four-inch wide mourning ribbon. The same style could be made in wool batiste for a house gown, and the skirt quite plain without crepe.

Tamise cloth, 7 yards,	at \$1.50,	\$10.50
Mourning ribbon, 4 yards,	at .75,	3.00
Crepe, 1½ yards,	at \$7.75,	8.63
Lining silk, 10 yards,	at 75,	7.50
		<hr/> \$29.63

**N**O. 174 portrays an evening gown for a young lady in mourning. It is of black soie de chine, having a jabot and collar of embroidered crepe, gathered at the neck with narrow ribbon. The large puff sleeves are also trimmed with ribbon, and the flounce of embroidered crepe, which trims the skirt, is festooned with rosettes of the same black ribbon. With the gathered bodice is worn a swathed sash, tied at the back with long loops, and ends that reach the train of the skirt. Quantities of material as follows:

Soie de chine, 15 yards,	at \$1.75,	\$26.25
Bebe ribbon, 34 yards,	at .10,	3.40
Embroidered crepe, 1½ yards,	at 2.25,	3.38
Embroidered crepe, 5 yards, 10 inches wide,	at 3.47,	17.35
		<hr/> \$55.63



NO. 175, A WIDOW'S SECOND MOURNING.



LATEST FASHIONS IN MOURNING GOWNS.

NO. 173. MOURNING VISITING GOWN OF TAMISE CLOTH.

NO. 174. MOURNING EVENING GOWN FOR A YOUNG LADY.



1. Hereafter all correspondence should be addressed to "Editor, Correspondence Department, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."
2. Questions sent by our readers will be answered in the order in which they are received. Owing to the large number of letters which reach us asking advice, and to the fact that answers to many of the questions involve considerable research, replies can rarely be given in the same week the letter is received. Our readers should not enclose stamped envelopes, with requests for private correspondence, as questions can be answered only in these columns.
3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

RESTLESS.—Am unable to furnish you with directions for finding cheap lodgings so far West, but, should you change your mind, can tell you where it is possible to get board at \$7 per week in a delightfully located house in the White Mountains.

R. M. M.—Of course it is trying to wait so very long for an answer to your letter, but "L'Inconnue" tells me her department has run full six months behind, and still the studies pour in daily. I am afraid it is impossible for me to undertake to keep you posted as to when your delineation will appear, and can only advise close watching of the Graphology columns. Be sure you will receive attention in turn, for every communication is carefully filed and replied to promptly when reached.

OUTING.—Croquettes of chicken or veal, either with or without the addition of ham or tongue, mixed with plenty of good *Béchamel* sauce, are excellent travelling companions, serving equally well for tents or boating parties, or to fill up a corner of a hamper for the races. Lamb and mint sauce also make capital croquettes. Indeed, any kind of meat answers for this purpose, if the fact be remembered that while they should be crisp and dry on the outside, it is an absolute essential that they be full of well-flavored sauce or gravy within. Again, quenelles of all kinds are good travellers, and, if carefully packed in soufflé cases, can easily be eaten with a spoon or fork, and do not even require to be served on plates. Nowadays, when cold entrees of all sorts are still so popular, it is not much of an innovation to offer cold quenelles to one's guests. Chicken cream, stiffened with a little good, strong gelatine, Russian salad, mayonnaise of chicken, salmon, etc., if duly stiffened with aspic, chaudiroid of chicken, or sweet-bread, and many similar entrees, if divided into small portions and served in paper cases, can easily be packed and carried any distance without injury. The dishes suggested will add materially to the toothsome-ness of any kind of alfresco feast.

F. F. F.—I do know women who make a fairly good living by following the profession you suggest. But it requires natural aptitude, and the field is not very wide. Every one who understands a foreign tongue, even superficially, feels competent to translate the works of the great masters, and in every instance are aggrieved that her MSS. are rejected. Only a woman with some experience, a fine, discriminating literary sense, and profound knowledge of both languages, should ever dream of attempting such a thing. If you feel you possess a really original talent for writing, try anything in preference to translating; or should you be assured your gift is rather in the direction of appreciating the subtleties of French and German, why, devote your energies to forming conversation classes for the study of those tongues, coaching travellers who are always willing to pay handsomely for such services, or strive for a professorship in some college; and be assured any one of the three will give you a better return in money and fame for the time and ability expended.

L. D.—It is because she starches your napy that it crumples so readily and stands up in ugly folds. After it is carefully washed and crisply dried in the sun, let her dampen the napkins very wet and press with a steamingly hot iron. In this way, an absolutely satin finish is obtained, and the cloths will hang at the corners of the table in soft, rich folds. Starch again has caused all the trouble with your fringes. Never allow the least particle

to be used in any house linen, except the hems of pillow and bolster cases that need the least bit, judiciously applied.

FAN TAIL.—I should have a hat of grey netting chip, if I were you, trimmed with ivory guipure lace, and pale pink roses to match the pink of your gown. If you do not care for grey, a black hat would not look badly with a touch of rose color in it. It might be more useful than the grey, because you could wear it afterward with any other gown, particularly if the pink flowers were put on to be removed at pleasure.

EXTERIOR.—Hang the plain ingrain paper as much as possible, and larger-patterned ceiling papers, if you like. Pink, or yellow paint anywhere, or in any shade. Have olive-green, Indian-red, brown, or ivory, as much as you please. Be sure that your pretty sofas are broad in the seat and high in the back, or else their beauty counts for very little. The hangings should be of plain woolen stuffs and good cretonnes; choose dark Spanish mahogany as much as possible, and, of all things, do not cover up your tables with little cloths, or litter your small cottage with useless plunder—by which all your bric-a-brac is designated, whether it be good or bad. Those tall lamp stands come in all prices, but I would strongly advise against using them if your ceilings are low, as the smoke so soon discolors paint and paper overhead.

EDITH A.—The wonder is that you keep a maid at all, if your establishment is, in truth, conducted on such erratic lines. Nothing demoralizes servants like irregular hours and inconstancy in those they serve. Why don't one of you three decide to take hold of the housekeeping, letting all orders be recognized as coming from that one authoritative head? Any other way it would be impossible to know who to obey, every command conflicting with one given previously. As for the respective duties of domestics, if you keep three maids, I should divide their work as follows, and then insist that each one holds single to the department portioned out to her. For example, let your cook look after kitchen and basement, wash the front hall and doorsteps, and attend to her cooking. The parlor maid should clean the dining-room and small sitting-room, the silver and glass—seven that used up—, and mend all house linen. She should, of course, wait upon the table, keeping an immaculate pantry, and be ready to serve any extra meals required, wine, or refreshments handed about. Now, the housemaid has care of the drawing-room, stairs, and bedrooms. She must darn all socks and stockings, mend everything, and keep your wardrobe in order, besides varnishing the shoes, brushing dusty clothes, draining the bath, making the family in the morning, running light errands, doing an extra bit of shopping, and aiding guests who visit you and are unprovided with a private servant. No; never take your personal maid when visiting at a friend's house, without first making sure she can accommodate her conveniently.

THE BOHEM MAN.—Here are a few suggestions for the menus that you complain cause you such a world of trouble. For instance, fry fried egg and tartar sauce; cutlets with surbise sauce; rum steak and anchovy butter; little chocolate soufflés; Turkish butter; clear chicken soup, *à la Négresse*; beef croquettes; neck of mutton, *à la Duchesse*; strawberry trifle; chives straws. Or, then, there are small red mullets in case; kidneys sauté; ragout of fowl; pastry sandwiches; devilled sandlins. Again, green pea soup; iced chicken soufflé; stewed fresh brisket of beef and vegetables; sweet omelet; ham toast; slices of whitening, *à la Perle*; lamb's fry and green peas; cold stewed beef; green gooseberry tart and cream; currant toast; pot-au-feu; hashed beef or gratin; fore-quarter of lamb; peach toast; rice cake and parmesan; cold salmon and green sauce; pigeon pie; fruit salad and cream; crab mayonnaise. This arrangement of dishes will be found to work fairly well together.

HIGHFLIER.—My advice would be to scrub all the woodwork, but, more particularly, the doors and wainscoting, with very strong soda and water simply; but the soda must be used with a free hand, and laid on with plenty of muscle behind very powerful scrubbing brushes. To remove all the paint requires strength in the soda, steady application, and then several coats can be removed as clean as if the wood were new.

F. A. D.—It seems a little late in the year for inquiries of the kind; but if you fail to get off this season, these suggestions may be of service next summer. In August, you will find Switzerland a very delightful place to visit; but, as that is the favorite month for tourists, I doubt whether cheap board is possible in any direction. Possibly, in some small hotel, eight francs per day for adults and five francs each for children and servants, could be found. But for this you must make special arrangements. Six or seven years ago, these were the rates prevailing at Rosenalm, or

about these terms—a place which has the advantage over Engleberg in having more level ground near, and woods and meadows where children can play. But why not by some quiet seaside place in Great Britain? There are many such on the Clyde that would suit most admirably. Kilmon, on the Holy Loch, about seven and a half miles from Greenock, by water; with but three hundred inhabitants, picturesquely situated, many beautiful drives, fine fishing, very good boating, and convenient for steamer trips to the surrounding lochs. A good hotel and some nice lodgings can be found there. Then there is a pretty hamlet, Ardently, on Loch Long, the tiniest sort of a village, having a few snug cottages, only one shop, the post-office, and an hotel and inn. No fishing can be had here, and the boating is doubtful. The island of Arran is another favorite place for rustication, only the accommodations are very poor. Tarbert, on Loch Tyne, and Colinton, in the Kyles of Bute, would all answer nicely for what you seem to need.

MY LADY.—There are several flowering plants that may be used with good effect for bordering your beds. There are pinks—they are generally very successful as edging plants—either Mrs. Sinkin's white, or old pink Thrift is another excellent plant for the purpose, and I would suggest double daisies, also. Nothing could be more charming than the blue gentianella, if grown in sufficient quantity; and yet, again, saxifrage hypnoides and cerastium tomentosum make neat bordering plants. The golden thyme admits of being cut back like box, and is one of the best I can recommend.

WOOD CARYER.—You are certainly very unfortunate, but I think these receipts may be useful. If the cot is in use, it would be best to fill the holes with petroleum oil, or, failing that, paraffin mixed with a small amount of benzine; finishing by rubbing all over vigorously with a soft cloth and vaseline. If the cot is only a curiosity, corrosive sublimate dissolved in water—one ounce to a quart—would effectually stop the ravages of the worms in your teakwood. If the above preparation should happen to stain the teakwood, apply weak ammonia and water. Camphor dissolved in paraffin would also be a good thing to use, if you do not mind the smell.

ANXIOUS.—I think it extremely doubtful whether you would not be expected to go regularly to the office every morning and do your work there. In the case of a secretaryship to a lady, she would require your services at her private residence. Such work is seldom given out, and if you make it obligatory that the writing shall be done by you at home, I very much fear the chances of securing more than mere copying, addressing envelopes, and so on. Short-hand is now made an essential, so many preferring to dictate their letters, and letting the secretary write it out at leisure.

FANNY.—Please note advice given above to "Anxious." This covers some of the ground for you as well. I only know how such things are managed by young men looking for tutorships. They patronize the agencies that serve as a medium for this sort of work; and I know of a number of young law students, fresh from college, who have been able to pay all of their expenses by tutoring secured in this way. Yes, I am sure you can find young school girls, either preparing to enter some of the women's colleges, or eager to be coached on special subjects, who would pay well for your services. Avoid copying if you can; it is a wretchedly monotonous, unintelligent class of labor, beaming to the brain, and even the best scribe will get little more than starvation prices.

SECOND-HAND.—If the hood of your second-hand vehicle is old and cracked, have it remanaged. If it has been very little used, apply the polish sold for the purpose, or else castor oil, than which there is nothing better for any leather. It must be well rubbed in and well rubbed off. It may be as well to add that the fumes from the stables are deleterious to every kind of leather, owing to the ammonia contained in them.

BIRTHDAY.—I can vouch for either of these, and recommend them highly. Put into a large pan one pound of butter and one pint of milk, and shake them about until the former is melted, without allowing it to become too hot. Put three pounds of well-dried and sifted flour in a basin or large pan, stir in the contents of the saucepan three tablespoonfuls of good yeast and six well-beaten eggs. Work all these ingredients into a smooth dough, cover it up, and stand it in a warm place to rise. When this is accomplished, add one-and-a-half pounds of currants and a quart of a pound of thinly-sliced candied peel. Knead all this thoroughly, and stand it in a warm place to rise again. Put the dough in large cake tins or cake rings, kept for such occasions. These should be lined with buttered papers, standing at least four inches

above the edge of the tin. After standing for three-quarters of an hour, bake in a brisk oven for one-and-a-half to two hours' time. These cakes are served on bare wooden platters, with a wreath of wheat ears all round, and a small sheaf to garnish the top. For the other kind, suppose you take about half a pound of shelled walnuts, blanch them in boiling water for three minutes, peel them, and dry them on a cloth. Pound them in a mortar, adding the whole egg, which must be put in carefully and gradually, to prevent the mixture from becoming too oily. To this paste add six ounces of caster sugar and of butter, respectively, one pinch of salt, and a tablespoonful of orange-flower water. Pound and stir all this thoroughly, adding three eggs, broken in one after the other. Make one pound of puff pastry, give it five turns, cut it in two pieces, roll each piece first into a ball, then roll it out quite flat with the rolling pin, to the thickness of half an inch; place one of these on a buttered baking tin, and over it spread the walnut paste; lay the other piece of pastry over, press with the thumb all round to keep them together and form an edge; trim off all unevenness, brush over with egg, cut out a pattern with a floured knife, and bake for fifty minutes. When cool, sprinkle with sugar and serve.

S. V. R.—*Glaux* are perennials of easy culture. The most ornamental are *G. coccineum*, fl. pl. scarlet, and *G. miniatum*, a kind of apricot color. The best way to increase them is by seed, which may be sown at any time during summer or autumn. Prick off the seedlings as soon as large enough. Old plants may also be increased by division, in the spring.

BURKHARDT.—The question you propound is very difficult for anyone to help you to decide. All you urge in favor of boarding is true; and only a woman who has tried to follow a profession, and at the same time keep house, can appreciate the difficulty of serving her two hard taskmasters with fidelity. Complaints such as yours are very numerous, and only go to show the urgent necessity for a properly conducted apartment house for women, where they can secure privacy and independence of domestic worries at the same time. Suppose you sisters have your bedchamber in partnership, and then secure a small sitting-room next door. This would go a great ways towards saving you the publicity you dread, and, within your own parlor, you could set up a few household lures and penalties. Then your brothers would have to go out to seek their amusements; and I believe a cosy, home-like little boudoir would go further towards holding the family bonds intact than all the style and elegance you suggest. As I understand it, money is also a consideration.

## THE MART AND EXCHANGE.

1. Letters to Mart and Exchange must be marked "Mart and Exchange," in the left-hand bar corner of the envelope, and addressed, "THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."
2. Append initials or "nom de plume" to all communications for this column. Private addresses will be withheld at the office of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, through which all correspondence should pass, in order to insure the good faith of those making use of the department.
3. No letters will be forwarded unless accompanied by stamps.
4. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

## WANTED TO EXCHANGE.

Lace.—I would like to exchange different pieces of point lace for pieces of silver, Dresden or Haviland china. Would also like to exchange a gold ring set with garnets for one set with amethyst.—Address 44,024, this office.

## WANTED TO SELL.

Indian Relics.—Cabinet of genuine Indian relics, consisting of thirty-seven pieces collected by the owner. Many of the pieces cannot be duplicated, and were gathered together some twenty years ago. Will send list of articles and price to any prospective purchaser.—INDIAN.

Birds.—I have five hundred stuffed birds and animals for sale. What am I offered?—B. K. M.

Tapestry.—A piece of ancient Chinese tapestry; taken from a Chinese temple during war with the English. Crimson cloth, embroidered in gold and colored silk.—TAPESTRY.



By L'INCONNUE.

## RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. Persons desiring to test character-reading by handwriting should send at least fifteen lines of original composition in the subject's handwriting, and signed by an assumed name, under which the reply will be given.
2. Letters must be marked "Graphology" in the left-hand top corner of the envelope, and addressed "L'Inconnue, care of Editor, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."
3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

OMEGA.—This is anything but a handsome chirography from the graphologist's standpoint. It is indicative of uncurbed passions, an unreasonable yielding to whatever impulse suggests, of a temperament alternately hilariously gay and desperately depressed, of nervousness, an unintelligent longing for change, carelessness, inability to reason lucidly or logically, and an instinctive love of secretiveness. The steadfast pursuit of a desired end, mental capacity, physical vigor, and sanguine ambition disclosed do not compensate for such glaring faults.

CHIEF-IN-CARNE.—On lines. The cultivation discovered is limited, the capacities fairly good, the will lacks vigor, temper is hasty but never violent, speech cautious, habits reserved, thought quick, and actions impulsive. Interest in the opposite sex is seen, as well as susceptible and demonstrative affections, fondness for pleasure, ease and luxury, and at the same time capacity for well sustained mental effort.

TOW M.—There is nothing in this example to indicate talent or even a fair degree of cultivation. The ideas and tastes are absolutely commonplace, although personal refinement is seen; the mind is conventional, no mental energy is discovered, habits are systematic, steadiness, fidelity, and sincerity of affections testify to excellent moral qualities, and prove that as lover and friend the writer may be trusted.

SUNSHINE.—Is subject to fluctuations of temperament, suffering seriously from the vapors at times, and again rising into the heights. She is not in the least degree intellectual, and must always depend upon her sweetness of nature, her pretty tastes and fancies, her tenderness, ready sympathies, unaffected, friendly manners, and yielding disposition, to win the admiration she evidently craves. Her ideas are strictly conservative.

PERILLA.—Sturdy enclosed with the above is in striking contrast, although here a clever mind is marred by prejudice and conventionality. The writer is a self-conscious person, who pays great attention to minutiae, is seldom off guard, and represents every tendency to impulse or spontaneity. The disposition is equitable, self-contained, cautious and reliable, speech is discreet, prejudices bitter, tastes ambitious and cultivated, temper naturally quick, but held under excellent control. System, generosity, interest in the opposite sex, and some modes of action not wholly straightforward.

EST MOL.—The third example in this series is that of a youthful scribbler, who has not yet assimilated the experiences and advantages he has enjoyed. His fair ability needs to be concentrated and systematized. He is too restless, impulsive, subject to outside influences and distractions, has not learned to be fastidiously critical of his own achievements, as he might, is susceptible and emotional. His imagination is vivid, he is vastly interested in the opposite sex, lacks persistency of purpose, is intuitively refined, not a bit obstinate, and is tenderly affectionate.

OLD DOMINION.—Certainly this must be an adolescent correspondent, who betrays such exaggerated impulse, so many different and uncontrolled emotions, such liveliness of manner and vivacity of mind. The imagination has never known check or curb, the temper is wilful, headstrong, and unyielding in demanding its own way. The tastes are luxurious, pleasure loving and capricious, the

resolution strong but often misguided, every trait going to prove the very serious need of applying self-discipline. This corrective influence would be well worth while trying, for the mind is naturally keen and receptive, instincts generous, and feelings deep. As it is, the character has been spoiled by over-indulgence, by too easy self-gratification, and never suffering the results of its indifference to obligation. Generosity is another admirable quality, and if once the gravest weaknesses were cured, the latent ambition discovered would spring up and work moral and mental miracles.

ALIENA.—You are not given to analytical criticism, and must in your faith or want of belief be guided solely by instincts. This deficiency of the reasoning faculty is proved by an utter lack of sequence of ideas. You are illogical, and rely upon your feelings for guidance. Your disposition is cheerful and hopeful; you cherish a number of eager ambitions, have an aspiring will, with moderately good staying powers, are prone to egotism in conversation, never imprudently reveal your private affairs, being more reserved than otherwise in speech. Your temper is gentle and agreeable, you are straightforward, unaffected, sincere, warm-hearted and unintellectual.

ESTRANGE.—Pseudonym used very frequently; postmarked Staten Island, Nov. 27. This is a charming handwriting, hunkered in its faultiness, but at the same time high-level and full of individuality. The brain is alert, responsive and receptive, and talent of a fine order is deserved. The mind shows versatility and cultivation. The perceptions are keen, speech entertaining, fancy lively and original, disposition cheerful, candid, and fond of the healthy amusements and delights of life. A lack of system is observed, also indifference to detail, a crisp, ready wit, restlessness, love of travel, passionate appreciation of beauty in every form, literary tastes, and slow affections that are deep when once aroused.

CHRYSANTHAMUS.—Croton, Ill. An absolutely commonplace example, significant of limited intellectual attainments and conservative tastes and ideas. The virtues displayed are of a quiet uninteresting kind, including discretion, orderly habits, and attention to detail.

GLADYS S.—This subject has a capricious temperament, becomes depressed and elated by turns, exercises little or no self-discipline, is young, enthusiastic, thoughtless, eager for change, imprudent in speech, impulsively generous, has a sweet but hasty temper, does not often know her mind two minutes consecutively, has a bright, vivacious mind, indifferently trained, clings closely to conventional methods, laughs at sentiment, is very sincere, and has plenty of personal attractions.

FORTIA.—Again; postmarked New York. Subject of letter, the horse show. Common pseudonyms should be avoided as far as possible, as it is difficult to prevent confusion. There seems to be rather an excess of youthful correspondents, whose lack of maturity is displayed by their easy yielding to momentary feelings and impressions, their ingenious emotions, unmixing warmth of affections, stress upon comparatively little things, and unconscious concessions to conservative prejudices. They have not yet learned to think and reason for themselves, and still look for guidance. This young person is fastidiously refined, and doubtless has means to gratify her elegant and costly tastes. She is not of a cheerful nature, often suffers from low spirits, is gentle, has a very high sense of self-respect, an amiable disposition, a good deal of determination, and intuitive caution.

HELENA, MONTANA.—Pseudonym very doubtful, possibly intended for same as postmark—Helena, Montana. This example has capacity for lucid and logical thought, that is not free of prejudice, but is, nevertheless, honest in struggling for clearness and cogency. Habits of reflection, fondness for exercising the mental faculties, some natural talent, ardor, enthusiasm, varied and lively interests, an agreeable, companionable disposition, natural refinement and prudence, as well as a spirit of economy, earnestness, and energy, are seen.

YOU MISTER.—Fort Custer. Together with some very pleasing traits, this individual is self-conscious, conventional, devoid of a real originality, is blink in detail, inclined to be affected, has a sunny temper that fires up quickly, and is soon amiable again. She is passionately fond of amusement, admiration, and the luxuries of life, is sanguine, imaginative, interested in the opposite sex, never tires in pursuit of those things that please her, and has more physical than mental energy. She is disposed to be romantic, seldom betrays herself in her fluent conversations, is refined, rather attractive personally, being gay, enthusiastic, and very easily influenced.

WILL KNOW.—On lines. An odd mixture of cleverness and conservatism, being an individual as full of theories as an egg is of

meat, and passionately liking to find expression for the same, and thus excite keen self-satisfaction. There is not one spark of genuine spontaneity, or real self-forgetfulness, or breadth of sympathy in the writer's whole composition; but he is bright, good after his fashion, and will ever be interesting as a psychological study. He holds himself steadily in hand, has a receptive and well-trained mind, is agreeable, has a gentle, amiable disposition, is dignified, clear-headed, very determined, discreet, and has a very pretty and cultured talent.

J. A. L.—Brooklyn. When you wish an enclosed study returned, it is necessary to forward an envelope, stamped and addressed, for that purpose. This department cannot undertake such a thing otherwise. Your friend is not a person of the least mental originality or force, and has not even attained to anything beyond mediocre culture. All the vigor they have to command is wasted on comparative trifles, in trumpety emotions, on achieving effects that in the end amount to little or nothing. The imagination is undisciplined, the mind guided by monetary impressions, the will persistent but unhelpful, and even the ideas are conventional. He or she, as the case may be, speaks very freely and often imprudently, is subject to severe attacks of the vapors, is incoherent, hasty in action, demonstratively and successfully affectionate, is interested in the opposite sex, and loves admiration very dearly.

MONTCLAIR.—A thoroughly agreeable handwriting, descriptive of a charming, high-bred individual, blessed with an alert comprehension, an admirably enlightened mind able to reason clearly and connectedly, fond of argument, and able to sustain an interesting line of thought. The writer is broadly sympathetic, having liberal, generous views on all subjects, keen and correct perceptions, an appreciative sense of the best in literature and art, a ready wit, entertaining powers as a conversationalist, refined and intellectual tastes, yet plenty of healthy materiality, intense prejudices, natural talent, a sanguine, evenly balanced temperament, abundant individuality, a temper intolerant of interference or opposition, and luxury loving instincts, with sufficient simplicity to keep them toned up.

JENNIE ANTONETTE.—Here, alas! is a striking contrast, where the most utter commonplace prevails, where the tastes are uninteresting and abilities limited, the will yielding, and unable to persist in the pursuit of one desired end. It may be that the correspondent is, as yet, immature, and unable to distinguish between superficial effects and solid acquisitions, and, consequently, lays undue stress upon outward show. She is refined, a sweet, gentle person, no doubt, but should criticize herself more severely, should study the ethics of taste, prune her expansive notions, and after adopting high standards bring herself up to them. Her disposition is an agreeable one, safe to wear in daily contact. She is not apt to be imprudent, has an exalted sense of self-respect, many conscientious restraints, and a warm, true heart.

MARGARET.—Boston, Dec. 3. Absolutely, there is nothing for the Graphologist to say of such a hopelessly colorless handwriting. The author can have no depth or individuality to adopt such a vehicle for expressing her thoughts, and must possess an utterly negative mind.

A HIGHER.—On lines. Rather a pleasing example, though devoid of vigor and the originality that makes even the homeliestigraphy interesting. Habits of system, caution, a graceful and vivid fancy, artistic perception and love of beauty are disclosed, together with a uniform temperament, gentle, polished manners, abundant self-discipline, a great regard for outward appearances, a mild but earnest will, a sweet temper, interest in the opposite sex, and capacity for faithful devotion.

ELBOWS.—Boston. A rarely nice specimen, suggestive of a clever and very charming man, who was born with pleasing manners, and has enhanced them by cultivating his natural talents and agreeable disposition. He is totally lacking in pretense, has the most social, frank, and friendly instincts, is openhanded and generous-hearted, loves all sorts of gaiety and amusement, is cheerful, honorable, and high-bred. His mind is responsive and shows the benefits of liberal advantages, his thought is clear and cogent, he is independent, perfectly reasonable, the most companionable of men, and one who is liked and sought after for his bright talk, quick wit, simplicity, and solidity.

MAUD BOOTH.—This study is illustrative of a self-conscious young woman, who would be vastly improved by forgetting her own existence for a time, and broadening her mind and sympathies by thinking more of others. Her imagination needs a very stiff curb, she is prone to exaggeration in her extremely incautious speech, has an inaccurate mind, is limitedly cultured, is attentive

to the petty details, and much too careless of more important matters. Her love of admiration is inordinate, she is greatly interested in the opposite sex, shows equanimity of disposition, an easy temper, violent when roused, no persistence of purpose, and luxurious tastes.

TAN DR.—This subject is wholly ungoverned in her speech, and constantly says things she has subsequent cause to regret. She has a thrifty spirit, is seldom cast down or depressed, has a vivid imagination, is energetic and indolent by turns, holds absolutely conventional ideas on all subjects, is well-bred, attentive to detail, conscientious, seldom out of humor, and devotedly affectionate.

L'EMBERLAND.—This specimen is indicative of mental ability that has been fairly well trained, with every quality of mind and heart strongly defined. For instance, the temper is hasty, under poor control, never bears malice, but is up and over like a flash. The will is arbitrary, grows restive under contradiction, and has more vigor than persistence of purpose. The disposition is sanguine, well balanced, is free of all morbid taint, is candid, yet sufficiently cautious, and shows itself devoid of affectation and deceit. Thought is inquisitive, critical, and clear, but the argumentative powers are doubtful, as the ideas, while independent and clever, fail to show that smooth, rapid sequence, significant of gift in disputation. The tastes are rather literary and intellectual. There is more mental than physical energy displayed, actions are sometimes unduly impulsive, and feelings warm, without susceptible tenderness.

MISS ZILLA.—A refined, thoroughly well-bred young woman, is sweet tempered, sunny in disposition, has a romantic imagination, many pretty tastes, graceful and attractive manners, but she is lacking in literary perception, has no critical discernment, her intellectual ideas are not the most exalted, showing her tendency is more to an elegant sort of materiality. Her will is open to influence, and though consistent, is not strong; she has very generous impulses, is fond of the opposite sex, devoted to amusement, admiration, and cares greatly for the beauty of her surroundings. Tenderness, warmth, and demonstration are observed in the affections.

THE ONLY.—A very descriptive handwriting, whose author is unquestionably a man of much more than ordinary mental force. He is keen-witted, clever, agreeable, and always interesting in conversation. The several personal peculiarities for which he is noted give him no concern, for he rather prides himself upon his immunity from the weakness of his kind, and heartily despises trivial conventionalities. He is independent in his ideas, is clear-headed, possesses some talent, holds many bitter prejudices, never hesitates to express himself plainly. Thinks quickly, acts hastily, is well-bred, cultivated, has a ready sense of humor, a very considerable amount of unconscious conceit, and no personal vanity or affectation. He cares for the opposite sex.

HENRY HOWELL.—Study enclosed with the above; signifies decided nervousness, an abnormal love of novelty and change, ability that is not very well directed, and loses much of its effectiveness by being misapplied. Here again originality is discovered, the rare quality of free thought, with an egotistical tendency, an uncertain temper, and will apt to yield to impulse. The emotions are not controlled and may get the writer into mischief.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.—A curious specimen, suggestive of individuality bordering dangerously near serious idiosyncrasies. Plenty of brain power and independence are displayed, with liberal cultivation, keen perceptions, a contempt for superficial show, a strong insistent will, an arbitrary temper, intuitive refinement, correct taste in literature, restiveness under the slightest discipline or restraint, secretive habits, disposition to finessé if the occasion arises, a sanguine nature, ambitious, dissatisfied with anything but the best, fastidious, and more accustomed to success than failure.

SIEGFRIED.—The fourth example under one cover that again bears out the singular resemblance existing between all five subjects. This individual would seem to be rather better disciplined than the others, to pay more deference to conservative limitations, have a lively fancy, but a less vivacious and original mind. The moral qualities are all commendable.

ON THE FENCE.—The fifth and last study in this series shows the influence of foreign education upon its recipient, who has some decided intellectual gift or talent, seconded by an insistent aspiring will, an inquisitive, critical mind, better able to analyze and pull to pieces than reconstruct, and without the power of reasoning logically or with sequence of ideas. An absence of pretense, good breeding and individuality distinguish this specimen as well as the others.

# THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

VOL. XI.

New York.

For the Week ending AUGUST 13, 1892.

Chicago.

No. 130.



ON THE ROCKS AT NARRAGANSETT PIER. (See page 591.)



## THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

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LORILLARD SPENCER, President.

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Single copies, 25 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, can be made by cheque, postal notes, money order, or registered letter, payable to THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixth Street, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., Business Building, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., agents for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN for the United Kingdom.

HERPAIN'S, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris, depot for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN in FRANCE.

ADVERTISING.—The advertisements of leading firms solicited; for terms send to offices. Medical and low-class advertisements declined.

## Current Comment.

CAN MR. GLADSTONE STAND IT?—There is cause for grave anxiety in the bulletins relating to the state of Mr. Gladstone's health. They are all intended to be reassuring. They tell us that he is in perfect health save for inconsequential ailments, that he is improving rapidly, that he is considerably better. In their efforts to allay the growing alarm, the authors of these statements make practical confession that there is an element of truth in the rumors they contradict. The personal and political friends of the aged statesman do not like to face the fact, but it is nevertheless being borne upon them that their hero is only mortal after all, and that he has already exceeded man's allotted span. Will he, then, be able to endure the strain of battle that is before him?

His mind is as vigorous as ever; his body is not. He is eighty-three years old. He has always been an ardent, active leader; he has not been satisfied to fight his battles with the arms of his lieutenants, but has ever been foremost in the fray. A man of his characteristics could not be expected to change his tactics at this late day. In the coming encounters in the parliamentary lists, he wishes to accomplish what he thinks will be the crowning glory of his career, the conferring of Home Rule upon Ireland.

If Mr. Gladstone had a united, well compacted party behind him, if he and his associates could only agree as to what Home Rule should be, his ambition might be gratified without serious cost to himself. But neither of these conditions exist. His party can be kept together only by reconciling discordant elements. A large proportion of his followers look coldly upon Home Rule. There is every probability that internal dissensions in his party will cause him as great annoyance and worry as the attacks of the opposition. The principles of Home Rule have yet to be settled, and at the end of the battle in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone would be confronted by the problem, vastly more difficult, of how to get a Home Rule bill through the House of Lords.

Will Mr. Gladstone be able to accomplish the gigantic task he has set for himself? The answer seems unhappily too

clear when we consider that the mere preliminaries of the campaign now opening have affected his health very seriously.

ANOTHER FRIEND OF THE PRINCE'S.—There is a familiar ring in one of the sentences in which the London art scandal was published. We were informed that "a personage of the highest degree has interested himself with a view to bringing about a settlement of the affair outside of the law courts." Of course, the "personage of the highest degree" is the Prince of Wales, and, equally of course, it is one of his friends who is accused of having done something disreputable.

The affair is not so unpleasant as the Tranby Croft episode. If the charges made against Capt. Adrian Jones by Sir Frederick Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy, were true in their entirety, the thing might amount to no more than this: That Capt. Jones had the comparatively innocent vanity of supposing himself to be a good sculptor, and to gratify that vanity hired a good professional artist to help him execute a group of three prancing horses. In a less degree this sort of thing is done continually in girl's boarding schools and by teachers of drawing and painting. If Capt. Jones did have his horses "touched up" in whole or in part, he was silly rather than a villain. In any event, his performance is a matter of no consequence to the world in general.

The scandal is of a little interest as giving another touch to the mental portrait which the public is forming of the Prince of Wales. It has long been known that he had a fondness for "bringing about settlements of affairs outside the law courts," but one would suppose that his experience as to private settlements in the case of Sir William Gordon Cumming would have taught him the advisability of rigidly holding himself aloof when his friends might have dirty linen to wash.

CHOLERA'S ADVANCE.—In Europe, there seems good reason to fear the advance of the cholera; in the United States, there should be none.

The chief danger to Europe lies in the situation in Russia. Plague following famine is usual in the cycle of calamities. The subjects of the Czar who escaped death by starvation are more liable than other men to fall victims to cholera. Their weakened systems are less able to resist the progress of the disease. Therefore Russia may become a breeding ground for cholera, from whence it may spread to the rest of Europe more easily than in other years. Added to this is the lack of ordinary precautions at the start to prevent the entrance of the disease into Russia, or to confine it to the districts in which it had obtained a foothold. The machinery of local government, never of the best in Russia, seems to have been worn out by efforts to relieve the famine and to have been useless against the cholera. It was late when the steps taught by sanitary science were taken.

France is already having a touch of cholera scare. Despite denials, the disease now epidemic in and about Paris appears to be of the nature of cholera, and the alarm has been increased by the notification sent by Pasteur to the authorities to the effect that all the microbes in ice are not killed by the cold. This fact has been demonstrated in America, where cases of typhoid fever have been traced to the use of impure ice.

In the United States, the need of vigilant quarantine is so well understood that there should be no danger of cholera here, even should the disease become epidemic in Europe.

Americans would suffer from it only through being deterred by fear from making their usual trips across the ocean.

**ABUSE OF HABEAS CORPUS.**—Charles J. Peshall is an ingenious Jersey City lawyer who has discovered how to keep murderers alive when the law says they shall die, and whose sense of duty does not prevent him from using his discovery.

Human intellect has not yet succeeded in framing a perfect code of laws. Mr. Peshall considers it proper to take advantage of this fact. To protect citizens in their rights, the Federal laws provide for the widest freedom in the use of the writ of habeas corpus; and, to guard against mistakes or injustice in the lower courts, it is ordained that an appeal taken to the United States Supreme Court in case the writ is dismissed, shall operate as a stay of proceedings. Mr. Peshall's plan works like this: He has a client who committed a deliberate, cold-blooded murder; who was condemned to death by the courts of his State, and who exhausted all the appeals provided for by the laws of New Jersey. Every tribunal before which the case was brought decided that the man should suffer the extreme penalty of the law; yet, by taking out successive writs of habeas corpus, and by carrying appeals to the Supreme Court, Mr. Peshall can, apparently, defeat justice indefinitely. The appeals are dismissed as soon as heard, but each appeal involves months of delay. So successful has Mr. Peshall been, that he has undertaken to defeat the course of justice in a similar case in another court.

The duty of a lawyer to his client is not involved in this matter. Mr. Peshall's duty ended with the dismissal of the last appeal for which there was reasonable ground. By persisting in his present course he is working a two-fold evil. By exhibiting the impotence of the courts to punish, he lessens the power of the law to deter, by fear, from murder; and he may bring about a change in the present habeas corpus laws, which might restrict their operation in an injurious manner.

New York lawyers who attempted the same abuse of the writ of habeas corpus which Mr. Peshall is practicing, were finally compelled, by the force of public opinion, to desist. It is a pity that public opinion is less active or less forceful in New Jersey than in New York.

**VIRTUES AND VICES IN CONGRESS.**—Decorum is the rule in the Senate at Washington. Individual senators may offend more or less grievously against the unwritten code of society, but a scene that provokes scandal is rare. The faults of the Senate as a body are more of the order of venial sins. One is involved in the rules of so-called senatorial courtesy; another includes the enjoyment of quasi-legal privileges and comforts; a third is exhibited in the prevailing absenteeism. There are scarcely enough senators in Washington to carry on the business of the Senate. A large proportion of the members are away enjoying themselves or attending to their private affairs.

Decorum is not always the rule in the House of Representatives. The members are, as an average, younger than the senators, they are less under the influence of the traditions of the Capitol, and the House being a more numerous body than the Senate, it is naturally more turbulent and difficult to control. The scenes at night sessions especially often recall a schoolroom when the teacher is away. On such occasions the members are undignified; fortunately, we may say with

assurance, there is rarely anything worse than an ebullition of the schoolboy's spirit of mischief.

Congressman Watson's famous book has had the good effect of demonstrating this at least. Congressmen do not reel about the aisles, drunk. Drunken speakers do not address the chair. The investigation instigated by Mr. Watson's charges has proved how strong is the sense of decorum of our public men; in how straight a path public opinion compels public servants to walk.

It is indisputable that men do succumb to the temptations offered by the excitement and the novelty of life at Washington. They, however, are only exceptions to the general rule. And if we compare the conduct of public men of to-day and of a half century ago, we cannot but be gratified at the improvement that will be found. Equal cause for congratulation will be afforded by a comparison of our Congress and similar public bodies of other nations.

**COWBOYS OF THE SEA.**—Sons of rich men, younger sons of English peers, and hardy youngsters, have rounded up cattle on the plains, and have called themselves "cowboys." One line of their business they have not as yet taken to; but it is now suggested to those who, seeking the occupation of a cowherd in the wild and woolly West, sigh for the salt sea air.

In an interesting article printed in this issue, the writer tells a plain story of the trials and hardships of sea-going cowboys. If it is true that the cowherd cannot ride the bucking bronco on the prairie, he is, at least, able to ride the booming billow; if he is not called upon to brand the buttock of the steer, he is afforded an opportunity to twist his tail. Why not be picturesque in tarpaulins as well as in sombreros? Indeed, the sea affords its peculiar and special advantages. And to the young man who loves the wave, and still must care for cattle, the life of the cowboy of the sea must possess its fascinations.

**THE OBSERVATIONS OF MARS.**—Most people were inclined to feel disappointment as they read in the newspapers the dispatches from the observatories, telling what the great astronomers of the world had been able to see of Mars. Expectation had been whetted. The imagination had been excited. Marvels had been looked for. In all astronomy there is hardly a subject which possesses more absorbing interest, or of which less is known than the questions, are there other worlds than ours with living beings in them? are these beings like the creatures that inhabit the earth, or more wonderful? have they conquered forces and achieved things beyond our wildest dreams, or do we possess, in the universe, the preeminence we so proudly claim upon the earth? Writers of all periods have tasked their fancy to describe the wonders of the stars, and their dreams still delight and interest.

Mars was approaching its nearest to the earth; the most powerful telescopes were turned toward the planet, and it was hoped that some decisive proof of the existence of living



beings might be obtained. The reality has fallen very far short of the expectation. For this failure the astronomers should not be blamed, for they never encouraged the expectation of the marvellous. At the most, they pointed out possibilities. It is not their fault if the public has mistaken the possibilities for probabilities.

From the standpoint of science, however, the results are of great value. Accurate knowledge has been obtained of the satellites of Mars, the smallest objects known to astronomy; and, what is, perhaps, of still greater importance, some errors have been disproved. The most noteworthy of these relate to Schiaparelli's theory of geminated canals, which has been shown to be unfounded. In a general way, a solid basis has been afforded for the study of Mars by future astronomers.

A little material has also been contributed for use by the popular fancy. The queer little moons of Mars are something entirely new in astronomy. One of them revolves about the planet three times a day; so that we may imagine the inhabitants—if there are any—setting their clocks and watches, and regulating their daily vocations by its appearances and disappearances.

**CHECKMATED BY CHANCE.**—If ever a man was marked out by fortune for a stunning disappointment, William McGarrah is he. For nearly four decades McGarrah has haunted the halls of Congress with a claim against the government. With a gift of unctious gab that betokens many a touch of the blarneystone, with argument, appeal, and entreaty, with a firm conviction of the justice of his demands, with hope eternal in his Irish breast, McGarrah has labored with Senator, Congressman, and lobbyist to aid him in the tireless quest of his due.

At last, after a struggle against doubts, delays, and downright failures that would knock-out all but the sturdiest heart and the cheeriest temper, McGarrah prevails. Congress carefully considers his ancient claim, decides that his demands are just and right, and votes that McGarrah shall have his way.

Three millions of dollars are McGarrah's—almost!

There is still the President's signature needed to enable the determined claimant to call at the United States Treasury and get the cash. That is a mere detail, however, that disturbs neither McGarrah nor any of his clan. The representatives of the people, in Congress assembled, have said that "Mac" shall have his due, and it is beyond the possible that the President should seek to veto their will.

But here is just where McGarrah struck a snag, and where chance asserted its prowess.

The mines to which McGarrah lays claim chance to be within the land-grant of the Union Pacific Railroad; that portion of the grant of the Union Pacific Railroad chanced to come into the possession of a monstrously rich man named D. O. Mills; that monstrously rich man chanced to have a son-in-law named Whitelaw Reid, and that son-in-law, Whitelaw Reid, chanced to be nominated for Vice-President on the ticket with President Harrison.

See?

**BARON HIRSCH'S PROPOSITION.**—In some respects, Baron Hirsch's proposition to remove all of his co-religionists from Russia and transplant them to lands where they would be secure from persecution on account of their faith and their race, is the greatest undertaking projected by man. It can

be compared in magnitude of design and difficulty of undertaking with such myths as the building of the Tower of Babel. Yet so wonderful has been the development of man's methods of transportation and power of organization that there is no reason to suppose the project impossible of realization under favorable conditions. So far as the mere question of transportation is concerned, the late Thomas Cook may be said to have solved it. If the migration were extended over a period of years, under the system perfected by him it could be carried on so smoothly as to be almost imperceptible.

It has been estimated that one-half of the Hebrew race is living in the dominions of the Czar. The number of individuals has been put at 3,500,000, which is probably greater than that of any of the barbarian peoples who descended from their plains and forests upon the Roman Empire at the period of its decline. It would be the greatest migration of which we have knowledge. To be successful it would be necessary that it should not inflict hardship or suffering either upon the emigrants themselves or upon the people with whom they might come in contact. The operation would resemble greatly the transplanting of an entire forest. Each individual family must be taken up from the soil in which it is now rooted, transported with extreme solicitude, and replanted in soil adapted to its needs. After the transfer shall have been accomplished, it would still be necessary to watch each individual family to see that it takes root in its new home. The mere expense, which Baron Hirsch is willing to assume, would be stupendous, and the mental labor would be greater.

The migration would be a radical solution of the terrible problem of the Jews in Russia could it be accomplished successfully, and it would make Baron Hirsch live in history as one of the greatest philanthropists the world has ever known. He would rank with Moses and Mahomet, Confucius and Lycurgus, among the great law-givers and leaders of men.

**POLITICS AND THE FAIR.**—In connection with the Columbian Exposition there is one fact which editors of newspapers, members of Congress, political chieftains, and the public generally should bear in mind constantly. It is, that the Fair must not be used for political purposes.

The purpose of the Fair is to exhibit to the whole world the advance made by the people of the United States in every department of human progress; to compare the processes of mankind; to educate, to instruct, to benefit. Its success will be an additional glory to us, its failure a lasting disgrace.

What Chicago has promised to do, and what Chicago has failed to do, are matters entirely foreign to the discussion of the question what the United States ought to do. The United States have but one course to adopt with credit, and that is, to give all reasonable assistance in making the Fair a noteworthy success. The money which it may be necessary to spend with this purpose may never be recovered directly. Indirectly, however, the expense would be repaid an hundredfold in benefits to the country at large were the success of the Fair what it should be.

The Fair being an enterprise that concerns the whole body of the people, it can never be used with profit to further the fortunes of either political party. Some Democrats in Congress have opposed making further appropriations to aid the Fair, on the ground that the money would be used so as to make it impossible to carry the State of Illinois for the Democratic candidates for President and Vice-President. Such

alarm is needless. The fortunes of Cleveland and Stevenson in Illinois can neither be made nor be marred by an appropriation, or the lack of one.

On the other hand, should an attempt be made to use the public money for partisan advantage, the discredit of such an abuse of public trust would do the Republican party more damage, not only in Illinois, but throughout the country as well, than any benefit that they could hope to gain.

The Columbian Exposition is a national, non-political undertaking, and must be respected as such.

**CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.**—The English officeholders who conduct the affairs of Canada are trying to entice Newfoundland into the Dominion. They hope by doing so that they will accomplish two objects.

One object is to supply a new market for Canadian goods. The inhabitants of Newfoundland are to-day much nearer to the United States in feeling and disposition than they are to Canada. They prefer to trade with Americans, all things being equal, rather than with Canadians. Were they permitted to do so, they would quickly enter into a commercial treaty with the United States and become annexed in all but name. The influence of the English officeholders in Canada has heretofore prevented the English government from sanctioning such a treaty. These officeholders now wish to go a step farther. By incorporating Newfoundland in the Dominion they think they could put a stop to the trade now held by the Americans, to the gain of Canada.

The second object is to inflict upon the United States some sort of punishment for the retaliation laws already passed and those which will be passed. The officeholders have been taught that President Harrison's opinions in regard to retaliation are not inspired exclusively by a desire to reap political advantage, but are held by him in common with the vast majority of the American people. Their theories upon the subject having proved wholly visionary, they are casting about for means to protect themselves from the storm that must break upon them when the retaliation laws are put into effect; but they have been unable, so far, to discover any better than retaliation on their own account.

They are entirely welcome to do what they can to tempt Newfoundland into their fold. Their labor is, however, likely to be vain. Newfoundland has many causes of complaint against England for the manner in which she has been treated. She can rightfully claim that her interests have been utterly neglected in the disputes between England and France regarding the fisheries. Canada stands for England to her people, and it is scarcely too much to say that there is greater probability of Newfoundland being annexed to the United States than there is of the colony being joined to the Dominion of Canada.

**CITY OWNERSHIP OF SALOONS.**—The experiment which Sioux Falls, South Dakota, proposes to make in the municipal ownership of saloons is not altogether novel in principle. It has been made in States, counties, and townships of the United States on a limited scale. The principle is practically that upon which the army canteens are conducted. In Europe, it has been in operation upon a large scale, and for so long a period that writers on the subject of temperance have felt justified in basing conclusions and systems upon it.

It is obvious that if saloons are conducted on the principle that they are intended to satisfy a public need, and are carried on for that purpose and not for the purpose of gain, several elements will be eliminated which now help to make them harmful. The average saloonkeeper serves no better liquor than his customers compel him to; now, the worse the liquor is in quality, the worse are its effects, morally, mentally, and physically. Again, it is to the interest of the saloonkeeper that his customers shall drink as much as possible within certain limits. With public ownership of saloons, both these incentives are lacking. There is no reason why the liquor should not be as good as can be supplied for the price, and there is no advantage to be gained by increasing the sales, for there should be no profits in the business. Other benefits of the same general character are derived from the public ownership of saloons.

Where the system has been tried in its best form, it has generally been successful. The element of politics must enter into the practical operation of the system in any American city, and one of the main points to be settled by the Sioux Falls experiment will be its effect. If politics can be kept far enough in the background, South Dakota will have furnished to the Union an example which will do much to atone for the discreditable notoriety the State has gained by its experience in the divorce business.

**MYRA CLARK GAINES'S ESTATE.**—It would be inaccurate to say that the latest chapter in the history of the estate of Myra Clark Gaines is as strange as the others. There is a popular belief, more or less founded upon facts, that in prolonged and intricate legal contests the lawyers get the lion's share of the spoils. So it is not exactly surprising to read of the division it is proposed to make of the estate between the lawyers and the heirs. It is of interest, nevertheless, when one bears in mind the strange story of the woman's persistent fight for her rights.

Myra Clark Gaines devoted her life to gaining the property to which she was entitled, but which was withheld from her. She began as a blooming, beautiful bride; success came only when age, cares, and privations had left her a shrivelled lonely old woman. The disappointments, annoyances, labors, miseries, deceptions, and failures she endured in the interval might have broken the heart of a man; but this woman never faltered in her purpose, powerful though the interests arrayed against her was, hopeless though the struggle must have seemed often.

At the end of her years of persistent struggle she won and died. The City of New Orleans has recently come to a settlement with her executors. It has admitted owing her the sum of \$923,788. Now comes the opportunity of the lawyers. Claims presented by lawyers against the estate have been admitted to the extent of \$279,000. Other claims aggregating nearly \$380,000 additional are disputed, but will probably have to be paid in whole or in part. Thus the lawyers propose a division by which they should take two-thirds of the estate, leaving one-third to their client.

In her last days, looking back upon her hard life, Myra Clark Gaines might well have asked herself if the result had been worth the struggle. Could she have foreseen the division the lawyers seek to make of the property for which she gave her whole life, she would, assuredly, have answered, No!



PAINTINGS OF THE DAY: VI. "THE BRAGGART," BY JEAN MEISSONIER. (See page 599.)



## AT THE PIER.

**W**HEN day breaks the grey fog rises, and while the sea is changing from grey to pink, and pink to blue, the Narragansett landscape emerges from the mist. Cool and tranquil are the green lawns; moist and glittering the leafy branches of the quiet trees. The brightest note in the picture is the wet yellow-green of the ivy that hugs the grey Casino.

Shutters are closed, and shades are drawn. But a searching and impudent sunlight soon finds a way to break the slumber of beauty on her pillow. With this intrusion begins the day of a belle at the Pier.

There are belles and belles. Beauty that is radiant by gas-light, in ball-dress, does not always rise Venus-like when submitted to the flannel and salt-water test. From the ball-room to the beach is but a step, but it is a step that counts—a step through which various good matches have been made or marred. Where many women are beautiful, and nearly all more or less *chic*, it is hard to choose a belle in all senses representative; but a choice must be made.

Our belle is a diving belle.

With all her youth, with all her charms,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms.

"Will the day be fine?" is the first question when, in her light grey *peignoir*, with scarlet frills, she notes that the

Casino clock indicates the breakfast hour, and shades her eyes to scan the outlook to seaward. The waves, in white spray signals, give token that "all is well."

Dressing is lively work. White silk hose, white shoes, garments and petticoats of palest pink, a soft white gown with old pink stripes—the belle is ready for the breakfast table and the morning's mail.

Neat, twisted hair and natural bangs have been easily arranged. The girl who expects to hold her own in the breakers, and an hour later at the Casino, cannot be a slave to curling-tongs. Hair, complexion, and figure must be nature's own. And, above all, must a belle possess the art of making a quick toilet with neatness and dispatch.

The morning's mail is typical. The letters run something like this:

DEAR MISS:

I am the famous manicure N., and hearing of you, etc.

"Hoher!" from the belle.

DEAR BELLE:

Mamma says you had better not order any more gowns at present, your allowance being already overdrawn. Baby has a tooth. Your chaperon cannot be too particular. Do not on any account be seen alone, they do gossip so. I do hope you'll get a husband as lovely as my Augustus. And mamma says to let us know if that wicked Don Juan is there this year. And if so, by all means

("Cik!" And I thought them from Don Juan, to whom I sent a note of thanks.")

Does your silence mean that you consent to accept my homage? May I hope that, although I have not the youthful advantages of your other admirers, you may believe me none the less ardent?

Ever devotedly your

BEAUFREGARD,

GENERAL ALGERNON BEAUFREGARD SMITH

TO THE BELLE OF THE BEACH.

"He's a hundred if he's an hour. I suppose he wants me to be marron in a veteran's home."

DEAR MISS BELLE:

May I have the pleasure? etc., etc. Tandem at four, etc., etc.

BLEEMORE VAN GELDER.

"What shall I wear?"

DEAR MISS BELLE:

You looked so lovely, etc., etc., and may I hope? etc., etc., tennis at five? etc., etc.

BOBBY VALL.



AT THE BEACH: WATCHING THE BATHERS FROM THE SEASHORE.

avoid him. Our new cook does make the loveliest ices. We do hope you are looking well and that your gowns are all a success. Now, do be careful about Don Juan, etc., etc.

Your loving sister, KATE.

"Oh, dear! I've worn all my gowns but five or six, and now I'll have to wear a lot of them twice."

DEAR MISS:

We have a dyeing and cleaning establishment second to none, etc., etc.

"What a nuisance!"

DEAR MISS:

At our new hair-dressing parlors, etc., etc.

"They must think I wear a wig."

MY VERY DEAR MISS BELLE:

I feel encouraged by your kind reception of the letters I sent yesterday.

"I suppose so. The children must be amused."

DEAR MISS BELLE:

Do you know the song "Out on the Rocks"? etc., etc., and will you not walk with me from six to seven? etc., etc.

JACK HARVARD.

"I shouldn't mind. He's a nice boy. But my chaperon always requires me to give up something. I think, today, I'll sacrifice Jack. That will give me an hour's rest, and I shall be fresh for the hop."

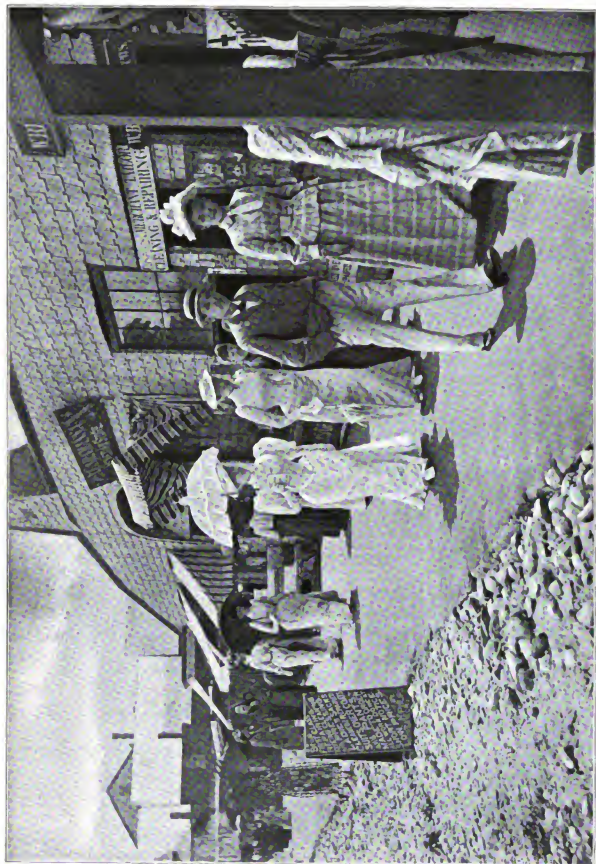
DEAR MISS BELLE:

Glad you like the sweets. They say I do that sort of thing extremely well.

If you intend, this evening, to give me the first waltz and a flower from your corsage for my buttonhole, meet me in the surf at twelve noon, and wear a light-blue bathing-suit trimmed in navy-blue.

Ever constantly,

DON JUAN.



AT THE PIER. ON THE WAY TO THE BATHING BEACH FOR THE MORNING BATH.



"The wretch! It was the general who sent the *fruits glacés*; and Don Juan knows I go in at twelve every day in a light-blue suit trimmed with navy-blue. If he did not dance so well, and mamma were not so opposed to him, I should find a way to punish his impudence."

Breakfast over, a white veil is tied around a pink and white hat. White gloves are drawn on. Her white umbrella in one hand, and in the other a French novel, discreetly swathed in a white and old-rose book-cover, the belle repairs to the Casino.

By this time the chaperon and the bathing-hour are approaching. Not in vain was this year's Belle of the Beach educated in Paris. If the indefatigable Willie Seymour were manager of this seaside comedy in the open air, he could not improve upon her exits and her entrances. Her characterization has some specially good qualities; it begins with discretion, and prolongs suspense to exactly the proper point.

She is discovered under the awning in front of the fashionable bath-house. When the hour for bathing comes, the curious, in an nonchalant manner, gather conveniently near.

Behind her rolls the crescent curve of sapphire ocean, fringed with pearls. Her pretty nose is buried in the book which she is reading through the meshes of her white veil.

She is apparently absorbed in her pink and white romance, oblivious of the waiting *clientèle* of spectators, dead to the beckoning fascinations of sea and sunshine.

Suddenly on the beach there is an excitement that attracts the attention of all. Reckless Charlie, the roving photographer of local fame, is taking the picture of a popular dummie, who hopes to immortalize the fact that he can stand on his head with his toes pointed to the zenith. This fact is no sooner recorded than it is discovered that the Belle of the Beach has disappeared.

The first suspense is over; she is going in. Harvard dive for their

Don Juan, Bobby Yale, and Jack respective dressing-rooms.

Biltmore Van Gilder walks down to the water's edge, and stands with his back to the ocean. General Algeron Beauregard Smith, in his excitement, buys some water-lilies of a bootblack, who, by combining two pleasing industries, makes himself a striking study in black and white. The general looks sentimentally at the pond-lilies; then, finding himself observed, proceeds to present them, with a flourish, to the leader of the brass band.

The leader is a portly and pleasing woman in an imported gown. The band is composed of a number of ladies who are unusually well-informed. They are called the brass band because they know all the tunes played at the Pier, and repeat them loudly with skilful variations. They are such powerful disseminators, that new people are disposed to load them with gifts and treat them with respectful consideration.

There is a sudden hush. The brass band is still. It is the

Belle of the Beach. She is in pale-blue mohair, with belt and braiding of navy-blue; around her head a dark-blue foulard with pale-blue spots. You see a sliver twinkle of pale-blue shapely legs, a flash of plump white arms and slim white hands with rosy nails, and the belle, her brown eyes demurely downcast, has reached the beach.

As she passes Biltmore Van Gilder, and the first cold ripple just touches her toes, she extends a hand in invitation.

"Come," she says.

"Dressed as I am, I've half a mind to," he replies.

"Why is it," thinks the belle to herself, as she dives like a pale-blue mermaid through the first breaker, and swims out toward Newport; "why is it that marriageable millionaires have always only 'half a mind' for anything?"

"Just too late," says the general, with an unholly chuckle, as Don Juan appears in breathless haste.

The young man's muttered "The deuce!" is followed by a run, a flying leap over children, pails, and pet dogs, and he is pursuing a spotted foulard that is getting away from him out beyond the breakers.

Just then two more figures on the board-walk. "Say, Bobby, how did that girl get out so soon?"

"Blessed if I know, Jack. Come on."

When your heroine and most of your heroes take to the water, there is nothing for a dry historian but to await their return.

And even so, it is easy enough to miss a dripping sylph who knows how to be elusive enough to make you come the next day in the hope of really getting a good look at her.

At one o'clock, on the grey-stone terrace of the Casino, while the band plays a seafaring medley from "Paul Jones," there she sits, surrounded by three new and dry nien, whose proffered refreshments fail to tempt her to lift the dotted veil. Serene, composed, and absolutely *comme il faut*, from the poise of her French hat to the trim neatness of her slender shoes, it is hard to realize that she emerged dripping from the waves but little more than half an hour ago.

"Late again," says Don Juan, at the end of the terrace.

"Look at that girl," says Bobby, jumping up to peep over the edge as he rushes along; "ain't she a wonder?"

"Way out of sight," says Jack, trying to wipe the salt out of his eyes.

Later, when the tennis-balls and the afternoon shadows are just beginning to fall, you may see the return of Biltmore Van Gilder with his tandem and the gayest cat of all. By his side is a voluptuous yet slender figure, all in pale, tailor-made grey. You see a close-reeced grey hat with a pair of white wings worn Mercury-fashion, grey *suede* boots, a pair of embroidered swallows flitting across a grey sun-umbrella, grey gloves, grey veil. It is a visionary forerunner of the pearl-grey fog that is coming up to drive her from the tennis-ground later on.

Fog and chaperon do her worst. Bobby Yale, tennis-hero, is early bereft of the idol whose white and violet flannel suit looked so spring-like against the green lawn.

At the hop, in a rich black gown, her white arms shining through lace sleeves, the belle looks little like the bold swimmer of noon-time. Yet an observer could not fail to notice the Southern arch of a revealed instep, or the easy action of an obviously supple figure.

No bud is quite so fetching by gaslight as the bud that is about to blossom into a rose.

So says Don Juan, and he says other things, too, pleasant to hear, unsafe to believe.

And so the day of a belle is over. All that is left of it is the fog leaking in through the closed shutters, a sleepy maid putting away wraps, and one rose that has not yet begun to fade.

Her last sensation is that of the rhythm of the breakers, a sound that runs in her head like an air from some opera. The waves wash away the general, and Bobby, and Jack, and Biltmore, and Don Juan.

The rose fades.

And the wave-song seems to say:

"Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither."

MIXIE BUCANAN GOODMAN.





# COWBOYS OF THE SEA

THE night is intensely dark and the rain is falling in drenching torrents, but the stock yard is in a tumult of activity. The cattlemen, unmindful of the rain and mud, are rushing hither and thither, yelling wildly and gesticulating at the cattle that stubbornly refuse to be driven from the pens into the roping chute. A monster steer plants himself squarely in front of the chute, and, defiantly glaring at the shadowy forms about him, refuses to be driven farther.

"Tail him up! Twist the critter!" shouts the boss.

One of the men springs forward, and seizing the obstinate animal's tail, wrenches it sharply. The steer lets fly a vicious kick, which is evaded with the skill of a matador. Again the tail is twisted, this time nearly in a knot. The steer at this urging enters the chute where a rope halter is placed about his horns, and a numbered brass tag fastened to one of his ears. This being done, the steer is ready for shipment to a foreign market.

The ship on which the cattle are to be transported must leave at the flood tide, and the men have but a few hours in which to drive the cattle to where the vessel is lying and get them aboard. This is a difficult part of cattle shipment, even when it is done by the light of day, but when it must be executed in the darkness of a rainy night, with only the aid of dimly burning lanterns, it becomes dangerous. The cattle, instinctively knowing that something unusual is going on, become disquiet, and the men must ever be on the watch to subdue any fractious steer that may take it into his head to bolt, thus inspiring a stampede.

The cattle are driven from the wharf up a narrow gang-plank that is provided with strong railings on either side, and into the ship they are forced pell-mell. A steer, unwilling to enter the dark port before him, will sometimes wedge himself between the railings, thus causing a jam. He is soon dislodged, however; an active drover mounts one of the cattle and crawls nimbly from back to back, until the steer that is the cause of the trouble is reached. A few vigorous prods with the pointed stick which he carries, sends the steer along, and the jam being broken, the surging mass of cattle enters the ship. The drover must now look sharp, lest he fall and be trampled on or be gored to death. This is not likely to occur, for he jumps over the railing into the water, from which he is drawn by one of his companions. He again resumes his work, ready to repeat his hazardous feat if occasion requires. He does not mind wet garments; this is only one of the slight discomforts of his rough life. The last steer having been driven in, the port through which they entered is closed.

Daylight is now streaming into the ship's hold. The men, extinguishing their lanterns, set about to arrange the stock in order. The animals are quartered below in strong pens which are divided into sections, each section holding from thirty to forty cattle. They are packed as close as the law will permit; two feet six inches by nine feet long is the space prescribed.

The laws that regulate the cattle traffic are of English origin. The ships that carry on this trade fly the British flag,

although many of the vessels are the property of American capitalists.

The halters which were fastened about the horns of the cattle while in the stock yard, are tied to the stanchions in front of the pens. This prevents them from moving from their proper places.

The feeding and care of the stock during the voyage is a matter of the greatest consideration to the shippers. Everything that is known is done to increase the weight of the cattle and to better their condition. The shippers argue, with excellent judgment, too, that hay and corn in the cattle's stomach, will, in the end, be far more profitable than to keep



H. J. CORNISH, U. S. CATTLE INSPECTOR.

the cost of it in their pockets. John Bull is very particular as to the condition of the beef he purchases, and should the American cattle dealers land their stock on his shores in a poor condition, they would find the doors of trade closed to them.

At four o'clock in the morning the men are turned out to water the stock. This is a long and tedious task. The thirsty animals repeatedly overturn the buckets in their vain endeavor to drink all the water at one draught. But every

steer is given as much as he will drink; the cattle-boss who directs the men in their work sees to this. Hay is then bountifully fed, and, after this has been devoured, the troughs fixed in front of the pens are thoroughly cleaned and a limited amount of corn is thrown in for each animal. Twelve o'clock, and six hundred head of cattle have been fed. The men are then allowed a short respite from their hard work. The fore part of the afternoon is devoted to the cleaning out of the pens and the alleyways between them. This is a very



S. A. Carter.

COWBOYS OF THE SEA—STEERS DRIVEN ON BOARD THE CATTLE SHIP.

disagreeable job. It was formerly not done at all, and the accumulated manure was disposed of at a profit, but the stench below was stifling, and the men were unable to work among the cattle under these conditions. Toward evening the stock is again fed, and it is eight or nine o'clock before the work is finished.

The men, during the voyage, must take their turns alternately in watching the cattle during the night. The watch gang is made up of four men who are stationed in different parts of the ship, and whose duty it is to keep a sharp lookout for any disturbance among the cattle, and to see that the halters do not become crossed, a very serious thing, by the way, which often causes the steer to break his neck in endeavoring to get disentangled.

At midnight the watches are relieved, and they have only four hours in which to rest, when they must "turn to" again, and another day of unremitting toil is before them.

Six hundred cattle at sea require the care of five experienced men, with the aid of from six to eight helpers, or "stiffs," as they are contemptuously called, on account of their utter worthlessness in an emergency. These men are generally impecunious foreigners, who, finding this country not the land of promise they thought, and desiring to return home, secure their passage across the ocean by working their way. Poor fellows! could they but foresee the hardships of the trip they would be loath to venture it. Their life aboard a cattle ship is a pitiable one. They are forced to stand all the insults and abuse the regular cowboys see fit to heap upon them. The cattlemen claim that these helpers are "scabs," and are ruining their business. They can get

no redress for their grievance, so they revenge themselves upon the poor foreigners.

The regular drover—the cowboy of the sea—has none of the heroic qualities that his Western brother is alleged to possess. His tattered clothes are in no way picturesque; he does not wear a large sombrero; his headgear is generally a battered derby that has survived more than one drunken spree in the streets of London or Liverpool. But he equals, if indeed he does not surpass, the Western cowboy in reckless daring and in the management of cattle. The steer which the spurred and long-haired genius dares approach only when on the back of his trained pony, the transatlantic cattle drover manages while on foot.

The food which the men are compelled to eat, a discriminating dog would turn from in disgust; at least, that is what they say of it. Coffee, scouse, and hardtack comprise the morning mess. The coffee is coffee

in name only; that it is not the genuine article is quite certain; but just what it is would be hard to state. The scouse consists of a heterogeneous mass of potatoes and meat. The meat in this mixture is the refuse from the captain's table, which is collected by the cook until enough has been secured for a mess. By this time it is putrid to a state of foulness; but no matter, it is all dumped into the scouse pot, and the men must eat it or starve, and they choose to eat it. Even the hardtack is of an inferior grade.

For their noonday meal the men are given soup and salt horse. The soup is disagreeably suggestive of dishwater, which it very much resembles, and as for the salt horse, a snell of it would offend the nostrils of a Digger Indian, to use the words of a man of experience. The evening meal is so very meagre that little can be said of it. Tea and hardtack is all they get.

For bedding, they have each a ragged blanket that is invariably infested with vermin, the bare boards of the bunk being their only mattress. But they find no fault; seldom have they fared better, and becoming inured to this mode of living, they have sunk almost to the level of the brutes with which they care.



"STIFFS"—CATTLE VESSEL PASSENGERS.



CAPTAIN OF THE "BULL BARGE."



OCEAN DROVER AND COWBOYS.



COWBOYS OF THE SEA. (See page 595.)

A REFRACTORY STEER IN THE HOLD OF A CATTLE STEAMER SUBJECTED TO THE OPERATION OF TAIL-TWISTING.

## PAINTINGS OF THE DAY.

VI. "THE BRAGGART." By JEAN MEISSONIER.

(See page 590.)

SCRUPULOUS sincerity in every detail of pose, expression, costume, and accessories, is a dominant characteristic of all the works of the late master, Meissonier, that worthy descendant of the great Dutch genre painters of the past. His works have therefore absolute verity of type and story. His men live in their clothes. They have not put them on to be painted in, and equally are their expressions, actions, and surroundings in character. I say his men, for he rarely painted women, though there are many well-pictured in the famous series of drawings on wood he made for his friend—the Comte de Chévreuse's—famous and decidedly off-color series of amatory tales in verse, known as "Les Contes Rémoués."

The single figures of Meissonier are more numerous than his larger compositions, and such is their value, not to speak of that of the more important works, that the average collector thinks himself fortunate if he owns one. And with these single figures—courtiers, soldiers, and literatures, gentlemen and swashbucklers, elegants and pedants—he always tells a story for him who, looking on them, cares to read.

Sometimes it is only suggested, and the spectator may, the silk being provided, weave the web of his own fancy. Such is the case with the Louis XIII. gentleman who, in the picture we illustrate, leans against the corner of a wall, and is "A Braggart." At other times it is told in detail; as in such works as "The Etcher," at work on a plate, the subject of which is seen in the picture on an easel by his erching table; "The Philosopher," seated in his library, with books on his table and on a chair, as well as on the shelves, reading a sheet of paper on which he has been writing, while the hand that holds the quill-pen rests on the open folio he has been consulting; or "A Bravo," lying in wait by a door for his victim.

The story of the fellow who, in every-day costume, leans against the wall, is at our will. Is he thinking of a conquest, or a twice-told tale. Has he fooled a lady, or a friend? Certain he has not fooled himself; he knows himself too well for that. With his hat on, his legs well out in leisurely pose, and his arms crossed, with one hand twirling his moustache, he is an effective figure, this Gascon. His full, strong, well-rounded face, tells of his vigorous, healthy, and coarse nature; and his wide open bold eyes show not alone effrontery, but audacity and intelligence.

Is he on duty or off duty, thinking of a well-told story or inventing or elaborating a new one? That we leave to the reader, for we have not the key, and we question if the late M. Meissonier had. He painted a braggart, and there he is. What more do you want? He is picturesque, and, perhaps, does not know it, though he is evidently very well satisfied with himself and his costume. With the oaken wainscot, the bit of tapestry, and the strip of window peeping from behind the curtain, this braggart has chosen a picturesque setting for a pose that, with all its careless and assertive character, is not without elegance of line. A very similar picture to this, though the hat is off and the arms are in another position, is "Twirling His Moustache," which was painted in the same year, and figured as No. 106 in the "Exposition Meissonier," consisting of 150 examples, made in Paris in 1884, at the Petit Gallery, for the benefit of "L'Hospice de Nuit."

The picture was painted in 1880, when the artist had reached the full zenith of his powers, and, perhaps, the summit of his ambition. "The Exhibition of 1867, the culminating incident of the Empire, may be regarded as that, also, of the triumph of the career of M. Meissonier," says one of the painter's biographers. There he showed, among fourteen works, "1814," then owned by M. Delahante, and now by

M. Chauchard; "1807," from the Stewart collection, now one of the glories of the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York; "The Emperor at Solferino," of the Luxemburg; "The Ordinance," and "Information—General Desaix," with the Army of the Rhine and Moselle," both in the W. H. Vanderbilt (New York) collection; "Lecture cher Diderot," and "Le Maréchal Ferrant."

At the retrospective exhibition, held in Paris in 1889, in connection with the international display, the painter was represented by nine works, including a portrait of M. Delahante, the "1814" he then owned, from the Salon of 1864; "L'At-tente," from that of 1857; "The Emperor at Solferino," "The Etcher," and "M. Thiers on His Death Bed." In the general display of the exposition the master showed ten works in oil, including some Venetian subjects and "The Guide—Army of the Rhine and Moselle (1797)," and "Jena," and the water-color, "1807."

In view of the enormous prices to which the works of the late master have attained, both at auction and private sale, it is curious to note that the first picture he exhibited, nearly seventy years ago to be sure, fetched but twenty dollars. It is called "The Visitors," is in the collection, in Paris, of Sir Richard Wallace, and shows an old gentleman receiving two callers in an interior. The costumes are of the time of James I., and the work is said not to be so remarkable for the finish of detail, which became such a dominant characteristic of the painter's works, as for a Rembrandt-like management of the light falling on the heads and the white ruffs of the costumes, and reflected from a claret jug and some glasses which stand on a table.

The master's studio and residence were in Paris—his much simpler but still finely appointed studio and country house being at Poissy—on the Boulevard Malesherbes. The following capital description of the Paris establishment was published a dozen years ago:

"There is little to see outside beyond a large expanse of masonry, as neatly joined as a piece of cabinet work, but within you have the terraces and the arcades which form such charming backgrounds in the pictures of the Italian school. It is the Italian Renaissance, adapted, of course, to French modern needs. The *porte cochère* is very much like any other *porte cochère*, and seems only to promise you a mansion of the common type, and you are in a spacious courtyard, in one corner whereof you see a richly carved Gothic stairway, with an arched terrace forming the boundary on the other side.

There is little ornamentation on the outside of the turret, just as much as the style permits, no more, but what there is is simply as delicate in workmanship as a piece of embroidery painted by Meissonier's own hand. This is true of all the place. The owner has chosen a style which admits but sparingly of ornament, and which depends chiefly for its effect on the purity of unbroken line. But where the ornament comes in he has taken care to have it of the very best. He has been his own designer. For the years during which the house has been in progress, he has worked as an architect as well as a painter. Not a bit of the decoration in galleries, staircases, and rooms but has been done from his own designs. He has kept rigorously to the laws of his design.

"You pass from the courtyard to the studio, through a pillared hall, and up a staircase, rich in carved panelling, for in the interior the style admits of somewhat greater luxuriance. Then you come to the prime wonder of the house, its immense studio. There are two ateliers, but the larger one, for some reason best known to the painter, serves as a kind of ante-chamber to the smaller. The latter is a retreat to which Meissonier, who is one of the shyest of men, escaped from the world.

"It is difficult to give an idea of the amplitude of the great one without going into measurements; but it would certainly hold the deliberative assembly of a small state. Here, again, a rich panelling runs round the walls, and the place looks too fine for daily work. From the smaller studio we may pass into the open air by a gallery which forms the roof of the arcade, and make the round of the premises to the coach-houses and stables, all in perfect keeping of style. Even the back stairs are, in their way, exquisite specimens of early Italian work."







OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS: LIX. MISS VIRGINIA HARNED. (See page 624).

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK).



## CENTRAL PARK.

### I. IN THE MEADOW.

THE lambs are nibbling the tender grass. The children are playing with their toys. The nurse-maid is reading a novel, by "The Duchess," under the scanty shade. It is afternoon in Central Park, New York.

Of all the kaleidoscopic views of a great pleasure-ground, this is the view that lingers most pleasantly in the memory. In the distant corner the lairs are hard at base-ball, working as though their lives depended on their exertion. "Waterloo," said the Duke of Wellington, "was won on the cricket-field." So base-ball, perhaps, scored its highest victory at Appomattox.

Two little girls are digging in the soft earth with spades made for sand excavations. From time to time they look round as though expecting reinforcements.

"What is it?" you ask of the sparrow policeman.

"A doll-funeral," says he. "We have them every day."

The grave is a foot deep. The grave-diggers, each about six years old, have selected a desolate part of the meadow. The grass all around is stunted. Here and there you see little triangular boards. Initials are roughly carved on them with a penknife. Bunches of field-flowers are strewn on the mounds. It is a Dolls' Cemetery.

"Do the children find amusement in these funerals?" you ask.

"Well," says the policeman, "I can't make them out. They cry twice as much as grown folks cry at a real burial. I've often found the owner of the doll lying hysterical on the grass, and have had to take her home. Little girls are queer beings, sir; queerer, I think, than when they get big, and that's saying much."

A sound of lamentation is heard in the distance. Under the trees a procession is seen approaching. It has none but little girls in it, the oldest about eight years of age. They are dressed in their ordinary dresses, but in their arms they carry dolls, and each doll is robed in black, with a frill of white lace round her wrists and neck. In the middle of the procession walk two little maidens carrying the coffin, which is a corset-box lined with black alpaca; and in the coffin reposes the doll, golden-haired, ruddy-checked as in life, though the absence of its arms and legs, and a ghastly rent in its neck, explains the cause of its death. Behind it walks its mother, a pretty child, sobbing disconsolately. Her companions follow at a respectful distance.

The mourners are singing as they advance. At first you conjecture that their music is the "Funeral March of

a Marionette"; but how should children know that? Coming closer, you catch the refrain of the "Little Tin Soldier," and hear the tale of his tragic fate.

Once more he sees his rose love.  
Still she is dancing gay;  
He is worn and faded,  
Loyal still for aye.  
Then came a hand that swept them  
Into a furnace wide;  
Pierced in life, in dying  
They are side by side.  
Ah! for the Little Tin Soldier,  
Ah! for her cruel part;  
There lies her rose in ashes,  
There his loyal little heart.

It is not especially appropriate, perhaps, but it seems to touch a chord in the heart of the bereaved mother, and she weeps anew. Possibly there was some love romance, like that of the Little Tin Soldier, in the career of the dead doll.

They come to the grave, where the two little diggers receive them. The coffin is placed beside it, and the mourners pass, two by two, and gaze at the unnaturally healthy face of the beautiful departed. One child, more thoughtful than the rest, puts a comforting arm round the small mother's neck, and the latter leans a wealth of golden curls upon the consoler's shoulder and sobs as though her poor little heart would break.

The coffin is lowered into the grave. Earth is heaped on it with the sand-spades. The children sit in a mournful circle, occasionally wiping their eyes on the crape dresses of their dolls. The triangular board, marked with the initials of the doll and its mother, is fixed in the stunted grass and built up with loose earth. The ceremony is done. The mother has seen her darling for the last time, and is led away in a torrent of tears, while the rest follow sadly across the field.

### II. ON THE MALL.

A HANDSOME woman sits in her carriage. She stops her coachman at the point where the Mall debouches into the regular drive, and there a friend accosts her. We may





ON THE MALL IN CENTRAL PARK.

A HANDSOME WOMAN SITS IN HER CARRIAGE. SHE STOPS HER COACHMAN AT THE POINT WHERE THE MALL DEBOUCHES INTO THE REGULAR DRIVE, AND THERE A FRIEND ACCOSTS HER. SHE CHATS GAYLY OF BOOKS AND PICTURES AND PLAYS AND FASHIONS

whisper that the lady who kindly sat as a model to our artist is Mrs. Frank W. Sanger, the manager's wife. She chats gayly of books, and pictures, and plays, and fashions, and the races, and all the topics of a pretty woman's talk.

The carriages flow by her as she chats. Where in the world could so miscellaneous a throng be seen? There are the old families in their staid vehicles; the newly rich in their sumptuous equipages; the people who merely drive to keep up appearances; the breeder of trotting horses; the riding-school master and his class, who are crossing from the bridle-path; the saloon-keeper and his "lady," attired in all the colors of the rainbow; the spendthrift driving tandem; the young clubman in his dog-cart; the floor-walker and the object of his affections. Who is not there that can hire, buy, or beg a carriage?

And the type of the Mall?

One would say that the dominant element in the drive

she passes, and print her name conspicuously next morning in the papers.

Her husband never appears. That is the mark of the "lionsnes pauvres." You never see their husbands.

But one afternoon, when the wife is driving in the park, a friend calls on Impécune at home, and says: "My boy, how do you manage to keep a carriage and pair?"

"Oh," says Impécune, carelessly, "my wife does it by saving in other directions."

"But," urges the obtrusive friend—who does not know the obtrusive friend?—"your wife has enormous bills at the dress-maker's and milliner's."

"They are all paid," replies the husband, getting a little restive.

"Not by you," blurts out this foolish visitor.

The husband considers the advisability of strangling his friend. He hesitates, and, hesitating, is lost. He goes to the milliner, the dress-maker, the carriage-maker. He hands



AT THE CASINO.

Here is the most popular restaurant in Central Park. Here the "smart set" rubs elbows with the various elements of rapid life in town. The "swagger" portion of the city still deigns to sip ices with the skirt-dancers at a restaurant in the heart of the park.

was what the French call the "lionne pauvre." The whole thing is essentially a woman's show, and the most noticeable of the women who take part in it is the wife of the poor man, bent on making a brave show with the rich. She has been bred in luxury, and cannot give it up. She dares not say to her old companions: "My husband is poor," or, "My husband is ruined"; and add, "We are going to give up our carriage, and live at Harlem." Feminine vanity, the wretched competitions of "society," impel her to keep up the fight. She has to appear in her carriage on the Mall, and bow recognitions right and left, though the butcher be clamoring with his bill at home, and the lazier be threatening proceedings at law.

How many of these rich equipages have rich people for their occupants? How many are there, not to see, but to be seen?

Young Mrs. Impécune is always in the throng. She wears the prettiest hats, the most dashing costumes. Her turn-out is faultless. The roadside reporters note her as

that his wife's bills are all sent to young Lawless, whose name is never linked with that of a woman without contaminating her; and it is not long before the Impécunes appear in the divorce court.

Innumerable are the domestic tragedies of the Mall.

### III. AT THE CASINO.

SHIFT the kaleidoscope. Here is the popular restaurant of Central Park. Here the "smart set" rubs elbows with the various elements of rapid life in town. The prevalence of the Lotties and Totties of the stage has driven some of the "aristocracy"—pardon us the phrase, O democratic brethren—to Claremont on the Riverside Drive, in the vicinity of Grant's tomb. But the "swagger" portion of the city still deigns to sip ices with the skirt-dancers at a restaurant in the heart of the park.

"As long as they behave themselves," says the manager, "they are all ladies and gentlemen to me."



## ON THE LAKES

THE FRODO THOUGHT THE SWAN WAS FOLLOWING FRIENDS FROM THE BANK, NOW RECLINING IN THE STEER OF A BOAT.



IN THE LOVERS' WALK.

Here is the romantic portion of Central Park. It is in full view of the coaches, carriages, tandems, dog-carts, and buggies that form the moving background of the scene. It is not so secluded a spot as its name would seem to imply. Indeed, it is hard to find a reasonable warrant for its name.

Lottie and Tottie are nice enough girls. They are not here to drink champagne, or smoke cigarettes, or ogle the men. Their wants are simple and substantial. Their talk is all of themselves and of their triumphs on the stage.

"When I was with Booth—" begins Lottie.

"Why, you were only a super," interrupts Tottie.

"I beg your pardon," cries her fair friend, bridling up; "I was a page, and said, 'My lord, the carriage waits.'"

It was the memorable achievement in Lottie's career.

She is now a shining light in farce comedy, and when the show goes to some village in the Western wilds she is occasionally allowed to sing. For these services, being a pretty girl, she is paid the sum of thirty dollars a week, and manages therewith to support her mother and sister. If she makes a brief pleasure-trip to eat ices in Central Park, who shall begrudge it to her? She is an honest, hard-working girl, far more worthy of esteem than many of the idle women who condemn her.

A class more common still in this resort is that of the angry wives, who seem to select it for the purpose of hickering with their husbands. What stories of jealousy and conjugal strife one of its waiters could tell! This is what he hears:

"I know that you were here with Mrs. Lightfoot last week."

"So were you, the week before, with Rattlepate."

"It is false."

"No falsier than this ridiculous accusation of yours."

"I'll go home to my mother."

"Well, go. A good riddance! Waiter, the bill."

One group you see at a table on the veranda—two women, young and pretty, and a nun. The girl who faces you is in a brown study.

The youth who is flirting so amiably with her friend is her husband. He is not inattentive to his wife, as husbands go. On the contrary, he has recently been making her a number of small presents, and that is why she is in a brown study.

He never made these presents in the early days of marriage. He seemed quite content with a display of affection,

But lately he has been absent from home a good deal, and whenever he returned he had a trinket in his hand.

What did it mean? Was there some reason for making these presents?

So here, in the Casino, the wife suddenly turns to the husband and says:

"Harold, dear, you have been giving me so many things lately that I've at last bought something for you. Here is a set of studs. I got them at Tiffany's."

In an instant the youth ceases flirting with his companion. He looks up, hesitates, and his face gets white.

"I—I—what in thunder made you buy me those?" he cries in anger.

His wrath does not disconcert his wife. She looks at him fixedly, and says, sternly:

"I make you this present because of the presents you made me."

"That is different!" he cries, thumping his fist on the table till the glasses ring. "A husband may give his wife what he likes, but, by heaven—"

His wife bursts into a fit of laughter.

"You have betrayed yourself!" she cries. "I long suspected that you merely made me the presents to expiate some flirtation you had indulged in. They relieved your conscience. Very well. I have now relieved mine."

"Ethel, you don't mean—" he begins.

"No, I don't mean anything, you goose," she replies. "But you are fairly trapped. Henceforth you will have to be on your good behavior. Let us pay the bill and go back to the carriage."

#### IV. IN THE LOVERS' WALK.

HERE is the romantic portion of Central Park. It is in full view of the coaches, carriages, tandems, dog-carts, and buggies that form the moving background of the scene. It is not so secluded a spot as its name would seem to imply. Indeed, it is hard to find a reasonable warrant for its name in any of its surroundings.

There must surely be legends connected with the walk.

Who does not remember, in travelling down the Rhine, the zest with which he learns that at this spot a nymph was carried away by water-sprites; and at that spot a mermaid rises annually from the river and shakes her golden locks; and somewhere else two lovers drowned themselves together? Every place becomes sacred to the wanderer when he knows that love has passed that way.

What, then, are the legends of the Lovers' Walk? How many fond hearts have been broken under its trees? Which is the particular oak beneath which the heartbroken Clara bade her Harry farewell, knowing that she had to marry old Mr. Moneybags in the morning? On which of these chestnuts did Harry hang himself?

Here sit two pretty girls together. Surely they can tell us. Certainly they must be whispering their love-secrets together. No; they are watching two other girls who are disappearing down the walk, and are estimating the cost of these maidens' dresses.

Let us turn elsewhere.

Here comes an elderly man, his hands behind him, lost in thought. He is thinking, no doubt, of the days when he plighted his troth to a lady now as elderly as he—a lady who has since been married thrice. He is recalling the tender words they spoke together; remembering their passionate avowals of love made as they wandered across the shade-dappled sward. You come close to hear the words he is muttering to himself. What is it? A mere babble of figures. He is conning the rise and fall of the stock market.

Your last hope is in the Park Policeman. "Can you tell me," you ask, "whether there are any legends connected with this romantic spot?"

He has to be told what "legends" are. No; he has never heard of any.

"Never heard that fairies come out here at night?"

He laughs at the absurdity.

"Never heard that Queen Titania comes to dance in the moonlight, with Colweb and Peas-blossom to attend her?"

No; he never heard of the ladies, though he opines that they must be pretty queer ladies who would dance at night in Central Park.

"Then why," you finally ask, in despair: "why is it called the Lovers' Walk?"

"Well," says the policeman, "that's just what I should like to know myself. I've seen lovers everywhere else, snuggling and cuddling till it makes one sick; but I never saw one of 'em here."

#### V. ON THE LAKES.

"LEDA AND THE SWAN," you say, as you study our artist's water-scene. The velveteens are pursuing their way around the lake, a dozen holiday folks sitting delighted on the benches, a sturdy youth in his shirt-sleeves working paddle-wheels concealed under the swan's wings. The rowboats are filled with women and children, barely screened from the sun by party-colored awnings. And the beauty is feeding the swans.

She comes here every day to feed them, now throwing her crumbs from the banks, now reclining in the stern of a boat.

There was a time when she came here with a youth at her side. Every time that the little hand threw the crumbs it fell back into his broad palm; and the swans, looking up at the loving couple, saw the girl's cheeks flush and thought she never looked so lovely.

Now she comes alone. The swans get their crumbs as plentifully as ever, but there is a sad look in the maiden's eyes, and the roses have left her cheeks, and she sits silent for hours while the swans swim around her.

Who shall fathom these mysteries of Central Park?

#### MONEY IN PATENTS.

DISPARAGEMENT of patents is easy, says an exchange, but it should not be forgotten by those who sneer at inventors that, out of a total of \$8,000,000,000 of capital invested in manufacturing in the United States, patents form the basis for the investment of \$4,000,000,000. Evidently, the United States system of encouraging invention, that has resulted in the patenting of over 476,000 inventions, is wise and valuable.

## Military Punishments.

### How Offenses Against Discipline are Provided for by Army Regulations.

THE offense committed by Private W. L. Iams, of Company K, Tenth Regiment, Pennsylvania National Guard, is not to be found named among offenses against discipline in the Army Regulations or the Articles of War of any known civilized country.

Neither is the punishment which was inflicted upon Private Iams to be found in any of the military or naval laws above mentioned.

The offense consisted in calling for three cheers for the man who failed to kill Henry C. Frick, managing partner of the Carnegie Steel Company. The punishment included tricing up by the thumbs for a period of nineteen minutes (more or less); disgracing publicly before the whole regiment; shaking one side of the head of the culprit; stripping him of his uniform; dressing him in the ordinary habiliments of a tramp; drumming him out of his regiment; and placing him in a box-car on a train, to be conveyed from the encampment at Homestead, Pa., to Pittsburgh, with the threat that if he reappeared on the scene, he would be "summarily dealt with." It is further stated that Private Iams, under the laws of Pennsylvania, being dishonorably dismissed from the militia service of the State, is thereby disfranchised.

Careful scrutiny of the laws and regulations bearing upon the subject, fails to find, in the history of military punishment, anything similar to the above. The military offenses charged against soldiers at home, under British military law, for the year 1891, included—desertion; making away with necessities of life; absence without leave; fraudulent enlistment; violence and disobedience to superiors; minor insubordination; quitting, or sleeping on post; drunkenness; disgraceful conduct. In the case of all these offenses the culprits were tried by court-martial, and the greater number of the punishments inflicted were by fines; those offenses which were more serious being punished by imprisonment in the guard-house, extra drill, extra guard duty, loss of good conduct pay, and stoppage of leave.

For disgraceful offenses British military law still resorts to the lash, although a soldier cannot be flogged until he has been convicted of one such offense, and no more than fifty lashes can be given. In time of war, death by shooting, or even hanging, follows desertion, sleeping, or drunkenness on post, acts of treachery in behalf of the enemy, and other crimes.

Formerly, in nearly all European countries, soldiers convicted of theft, mutinied, or other offenses not punishable by death, were punished by being made to "run the gauntlet," a punishment too well known to need description here. In those days, as many as a thousand lashes were inflicted, where flogging was the punishment; but the practice has gradually lessened, and, in the English army, since 1866, there has been practically no flogging.

In the Russian army, the punishment of the knout—inflicted with a leather strap having a wooden handle—is still common. Long ago in the Russian army, insubordinate soldiers were punished by being made to hang by their hands from a beam, but the practice has long since been given up as barbarous. Transportation for the most grievous and dangerous crimes against military law has been, and still is, within the scope of British and French punishment. The force of public opinion in the countries of Europe has long since caused the brutal punishments of ancient times to be abandoned, while a trial of some sort is essential in regard to offenders against military law. Punishment at the discretion of commanders of regiments have been for many years generally abolished among civilized nations.

Meanwhile it is not to be lost sight of, that in State and other prisons for the incarceration of common criminals, in most countries in Europe, as well as in the United States, the punishment of hanging by the thumbs, like that of the shower-

bath, and others which are conceded to be simply brutal—are still in vogue, though incidents to illustrate the fact are seldom forthcoming, except through the most drastic inquiry on the part of commissioners and legislative committees.

In ancient times—as among the Romans, Macedonians, Spartans, and Greeks—the punishment of mutilation, as well as that of death, was a frequent incident of military history. So it was not uncommon for offenders against military law to be tortured by burning alive, or otherwise, for desertion and other grave offenses. Deserters, too, were sent into slavery, or bled to death. Degradation and dismissal from the service were for such offenses as petty thefts, loss of arms, or other minor improprieties. It was among the Romans that an offender was sometimes made to stand exposed to the jeers of the public “in an un military dress.”

In the British navy, two hundred years ago, it was not unusual to employ cunningly devised punishments which were not set down in the laws governing that part of the service. Thus, the process of flogging was made more attractive to the subject by what was known as “pickling”; the unfortunate sailor, after being lashed with the “cat” until his back was sore, being washed in that most sensitive part with strong brine. But, as in the army, so in the British navy, all such unusual and original punishments are no longer permitted.

In this connection, it is to be remembered that all these obsolete punishments were relics of the dark ages, and where they were abandoned and abolished, it was by reason of the growth of more humane sentiments, and a public opinion wholly averse to cruel and unnecessary chastisement for slight misconduct. In the olden time, in England, the “ducking-stool” was a favorite mode of punishment for scolds; so were the pillory and the stocks, and within fifty years the latter article was in existence in a small town in one of the British American provinces. In England, two hundred years ago, “ducking” was a common practice in the case of many small offenses. In the sixteenth century convicted scolds and gossips were punished by having their heads locked in an iron framework, including a “gag,” or a sharp knife, which effectually prevented conversation.

Another punishment of the same period was that of placing the offender in a barrel or tub, having holes for his arms to pass through at the sides, and which he carried about the streets, to the delight of the populace. The “pillory,” as is well known, included a stool upon which the culprit stood, and a board above, supported by a post with holes, through which his head and hands were thrust, and locked thereon, affording good marks for passers-by to try their skill upon, with such missiles as came handiest. The whipping-post has existed in England (and in Delaware) in our own time, though the whipping of female vagrants was abolished by statute, in England, in 1791. Tarring and feathering, and riding on a rail, are mere incidents of our own time, and have been illustrated by their occurrence, within the past two years, as far north and east as New Jersey and Long Island; but these cases of lawlessness have been perpetrated by boozers, and not upon members of a State’s National Guard. In fact, as has been already observed, it is not practicable to parallel in the history of military crime and punishment, the case of Private Iams, of Company K, of the Tenth Regiment, National Guard of Pennsylvania.

In the United States the practice of punishing offenders against military law and discipline in any of the ways we have indicated, does not exist. Nor is punishment for any of the offenses set down in the military regulations, except after due trial, permitted. Further, punishment by American military law, is confined, except in the case of the death penalty, to imprisonment, expulsion from the service, and minor penalties. These rules hold good, also, in the American navy, as the recent case of Commander McCalla, who was court-martialed and severely punished for striking a drunken sailor with the flat of his sword, sufficiently shows. The offense for which Private Iams was punished has no existence in the Army Regulations, as it could not possibly be specifically described, and is not covered by the expression, “conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.” (Private Iams was not an officer); nor does it come under the term “insubordi-

nation.” Further, Private Iams, at the time when the alleged offense was committed, was off duty, seated in his company street. In 1861, when the division of the two sections of the United States had suddenly been made effectual, Edward Everett Hale wrote and published “The Man Without a Country.” It was a pathetic tale of a lieutenant in the United States Navy, who, being convicted of having used an opprobrious expression with regard to his country, was condemned to never thereafter, on whatsoever ships he might serve, hear the name of that country spoken. But, as Rudyard Kipling has somewhere remarked, “that is another story.” The offense of Private Iams was not that of damning the United States, nor using any epithet derogatory to his superior officer, the service, or his country. The language employed was not even infamous or outrageous in itself—although the expression of a cruel and brutal opinion is improper and unwise under any circumstances. There was nothing, in fact, in the occurrence, which should bring it within the purview of military discipline, further than might be included in a sharp reprimand on the part of his commanding officer, for manifest indecorum. Nothing, as has been shown, occurs in military history in Christendom, to afford a precedent for the punishment given for the abuse, or error, or offense committed.

The United States Army Regulations on this subject, say: “The legal punishment for soldiers by sentence of a court-martial, according to the offense and the jurisdiction of the court, are—death; confinement; confinement on bread and water diet; solitary confinement; hard labor; ball and chain; forfeiture of pay and allowances; discharges from service; reprimands.” Further, “a superior military commander to the officer confirming the proceedings, may suspend the execution of the sentence, when, in his judgment, it is void upon the face of the proceedings, or when he sees it fit for executive clemency.”

Col. Hawkins, acting brigadier general, and Gen. Snowden, commanding, did not avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them—which may, or may not occur in the militia regulations of Pennsylvania. The theory advanced by Col. Hawkins, that the offense was treason, is neither tenable under the description of treason in military law; nor is it applicable, as the proceedings were irregular, not being preceded by a trial by court-martial, conviction, and sentence.

The military regulations of the National Guard of Pennsylvania are admitted to be those of the military code of the Regular Army; so are those of the military forces of the State of New York. And these latter contain the following:

ARTICLE I. Section 1. All inferiors are required to obey strictly, and to execute with alacrity and good faith, the lawful orders of the superiors appointed over them.

Sec. 2. Military authority is to be exercised with firmness, but with kindness and justice to inferiors. Punishments shall be strictly conformable to military law.

Sec. 3. Superiors of every grade are forbidden to injure those under them by tyrannical or capricious conduct, or by abusive language.

The general regulations regarding the appointing of courts-martial and the proper trial of offenders, and as to their rights in the premises, are clear and explicit—while there is nothing to be found in the articles of war, the military code, or army regulations to the contrary of this in any case whatever, or affording the slightest right on the part of commanding officers to inflict grave punishment without such trial; or brutal, cruel, or unusual punishment or indignity under any circumstances.

The articles of war cover the case of Private Iams in two provisions, viz:

Any officer or soldier who begins, excites, causes, or joins in any mutiny or sedition in any troop, battery, company, party or post, detachment or guard shall suffer death, or such other punishment as a court-martial shall direct.

No person in the military service shall be punished by flogging, or by branding, marking, or tattooing on the body.

### All that is Worth Knowing.

No man can read THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN without knowing what is going on in the world—what is really worth knowing. It is the illustrated history of a week.



## In Search of a Lost Race.\*

"THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN'S" EXPEDITION,  
SENT TO EXPLORE THE RUINED PUEBLOS  
OF THE SOUTHWEST.



IMPRESSION OF HAND OFTEN FOUND ON THE ROCKS OF CAÑON HOVENWEEP.

### XL. THE SYMBOL OF THE HAND.

In former articles reference has been made to the symbol of the hand which we discovered while examining the cliff and mesa ruins in the San Juan valley. These positive evidences of the prehistoric race, in search for whose remains THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN equipped and maintained an extensive expedition in the cañons of the Colorado and its tributaries, are of great interest to the archaeologist, and to the student of the great unknown history of our own country. They connect us, over a great lapse of years, with a people who once lived, battled, and passed away. In them we take special interest.

The hand is, of all pictographs, the symbol of most frequent occurrence. It is cut into the rock, or painted upon it in red, yellow, or black. Sometimes it stands alone over the entrance to a dwelling, and sometimes on the walls surrounded with numerous pictographs of animate and inanimate objects. In almost all cases they are located in such inaccessible places, or are so indefinite, that it is quite impossible to secure photographs.

The rear walls of each of the fifteen chambers of the Casa del Echo cavern are stamped with several hands of ordinary size. Not one of them is cut into the rock; in every case the owner or dweller seems to have dipped his hand into red paint, and then firmly pressed his palm and fingers against a smooth portion of the wall. Since it seems incredible that so light a paint could have lasted through the thousands of years, it is probable that the color was thickened by the laying on of more paint over the lines first made. It is observable that the right hand predominates, and by actual count we found the average to be an excess of over seventy per cent.

Mr. McJoid states that the hand along the Colorado River dwellings is most frequent above the entrance to the dwelling.

Of all symbols none is more ancient than the symbol of the hand. Its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, but its use as a symbol can be traced to the time of the early Egyptians, Jews, Assyrians, and Greeks, when the impress of the signet or seal was left upon wax, with the force of the hand, to denote the will of the person. To-day it is preserved in our legal phraseology with precisely the same significance, and when we write "witness our hand and seal" we express a thought common to men five thousand and more years ago.

It is more curious to note that after the culture, refinement, and elegance of the great people of Assyria, Greece, and Egypt disappeared, much as have our cliff dwellers, a new race—the Saxon—merged from the oblivion of unrecorded years, and struggled to advance to civilization. We find the Saxon barons stamping their hands on documents, and sealing the hot wax with signets graven with their coat of arms. Several such documents are extant. These barons were often unable to write. They would cause a clerk to draw up the document, and then the baron would dip his hand in ink or paint and press it upon the parchment. In this instance the hand signified ownership. The signer knew that as all hands are different, the lines of the palm could never be counterfeited, or the validity of the document questioned.

It is a reasonable presumption that the owner of a cliff house stamped his palm and fingers against the wall, not as a decoration, but as a mark of ownership, and set it over his door as a sign of "good luck," to keep away evil spirits, just as it is common to-day for a countryman to place a horseshoe over his cottage door. Even this superstition is so ancient that man knows not from whence it came.

Mr. Warren K. Moorehead has carefully examined the collections at Washington and Cambridge, and he has looked over forty standard works upon the antiquities of the United States and Central and South America in search of material bearing upon the use of the hand as a symbol. He reports: "The result of our labors was quite satisfactory. The following direct references the most important out of some thirty assign to this symbol an important place in the superstitions of both civilized and barbaric races.

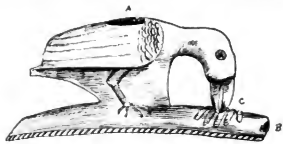
"George Smith, in his 'Assyrian Discoveries' (New York, 1875), page 429, makes the following observation: 'While excavating the houses and temples in the cities of Kouynjik and Nimroud, I found those curious rude models of hands which were played in the walls first upwards, their object probably being to preserve the palace against evil spirits. On one the inscription reads: 'Palace of Assur-Nazir-Pal, King of Assyria.'

"Concerning this same symbol (found in Yucatan) Augustus Le Plongeon says on page 40 of 'Sacred Mysteries of the Mayas and Quichés' (New York, 1886): 'In August, 1880, among the debris, at the foot of the mound just described, I found pieces of what once had been the statue of a priest. The part of the statue from the waist to the knee particularly attracted my attention. Over his dress this personage wore an apron, with an extended hand.' (See illustration.)

"There are many instances of the occurrence of human hands upon pottery, shell, and stone in the Mississippi valley. Gen. G. P. Thruston, of Nashville, Tenn., in 'Antiquities of Tennessee' (Cincinnati, 1890), pages 136 and 333, gives cuts of two remarkable objects from the burial graves of the Cumberland and Tennessee valleys. He says: 'The bottle, or water jar, ornamented with the figure of an open hand (Nimber cemetery), was discovered since plate V, was engraved. Unfortunately its long burial has partly obliterated the design and coloring, but enough remains to show their general outlines. The design was evidently ideographic, and probably possessed some peculiar significance. A vessel of the same size and form, and similarly ornamented, but with an upraised hand, was found in Franklin County, Northern Alabama, near



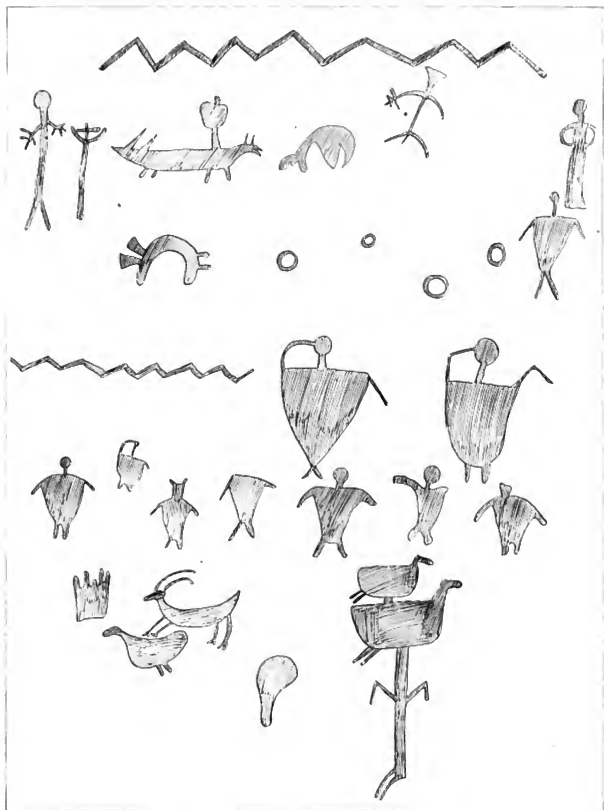
SANDSTONE DISK.  
Engraved with two entwined or knotted rattlesnakes. In palm of hand is an open eye.



EFFIGY PIPE, FROM A TUMULUS IN ROSS COUNTY, OHIO.

The figure of a bird touching a hand with its bill, token of submission.  
A. Bowl. B. Stemhole. C. Hand symbol.

\* See Nos. 111, 116, 119, 121, 122, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, and 132 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.



IN SEARCH OF A LOST RACE.—PICTURE-WRITINGS ON THE ROCKS OF THE COLORADO RIVER CAÑON. IN THE SERIES OF PICTOGRAPHS IS FOUND THE SYMBOL OF THE HAND AND OTHER SYMBOLS OF UNKNOWN SIGNIFICANCE.



the Mississippi line, and is well illustrated in the "Fourth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology," page 433. The two vessels are so nearly alike that they appear to have been decorated in the same aboriginal paint shop.

"While speaking of hands found upon pottery, the student might be referred to the Bureau of Ethnology collections, stored in the Smithsonian Institution, and to the Peabody Museum, the Cincinnati Art Museum, the St. Louis Academy, and Davenport, Iowa, museums. Mr. C. W. Riggs, who has excavated extensively in tumuli of the swamp region of Arkansas, has found several large bowls decorated with *femora* and hands. The hands are in relief, natural, and of good execution. In my collection at Washington is a bowl with a woman's head as a handle on one side, and upon the other a turtle resting upon an open hand. Both figures are somewhat worn.

"The symbol is frequently found upon shell. In one instance it was surrounded by a rattlesnake—'a symbol of even greater interest and importance,' says Gen. Thruston. "In his work upon 'Art in Shell of the Ancient Americans,' Mr. Holmes, of the Bureau of Ethnology, presents an illustration of a stone disk, upon which remarkable serpent figures are engraved. Regarding this interesting stone, Mr. Holmes states: 'I have seen in the National Museum, at Carthage, Alabama, a curious specimen of stone disk, which should be mentioned in this place, although there is not sufficient assurance of its genuineness to allow it undisputed claim to a place among antiquities. It is a perfectly circular, neatly dressed sandstone disk, twelve inches in diameter and one-half an inch in thickness. Upon one face we see three marginal incised lines, while on the other there is a well-engraved design which represents two entwined, or rather knotted, rattlesnakes; within the circular space enclosed by the bodies of the serpents is a well-drawn hand, in the palm of which is placed an open eye. This would probably have been omitted by the artist, had he fully appreciated the skeptical tendencies of the modern archaeologist. The margin of the plate is divided into seventeen sections by small semicircular indentations. This object is said to have been obtained from a mound near Carthage, Alabama.'

"I am inclined to regard this engraved disk as a genuine antique. The typical form of the stone, its discovery at Carthage, Alabama, in the centre of an advanced mound settlement, the coiled serpent figures, the angles or points behind the eyes, which occur upon the ancient stone and pottery figures from that section; the similarity of the open hand to the open hand, figures upon the vessels of pottery from Tennessee and Alabama—all seem to offer testimony confirming the genuineness of this relic. More of these plates or disks have been discovered in Alabama than in any other section. The two vessels of pottery decorated with the figures of an open

hand, in general appearance not unlike the hand engraved upon the stone disk, have been reported or discovered since the publication of Mr. Holmes' article.

"The Rev. Stephen D. Peet, editor of the *American Anti-Quarian*, is a noted authority upon symbols. He speaks of picture-writings, and, among them, the hand, in Vol. VI., No. 2, pages 119 to 132.

"Messrs. Squire and Davis, 'Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley,' page 266, give the figure of a bird touching a hand with its bill, in token of submission." (See illustration.)

The hand occurring in groups of pictographs has no special significance of its own, and is to be read as a part of the picture series. The hand upon pottery, shell, or stone may be ceremonial, ornamental, or the totem of the tribe to which the possessor of the object belongs. We are inclined to believe that the serpent-hand symbol, so frequently noted, has a special significance. The hand may, also mean life, existence, or duration. Such an interpretation of the ornament, or holy vessel, used by a priest, so decorated, seems not at variance with the truth.

The hand among modern Indians meant friendship and good-will when made in beads, or accompanying a pipe. In the Ohio valley it was used by the Shawnees to symbolize death. For instance, when Simon Kenton was captured and taken to Old Chillicothe, the women painted a black hand upon his right cheek as indicative of speedy death at the stake.

Like the Swastika and the serpent, the hand symbol is scattered all over the world. It was put to various uses by different peoples, but all seem to have agreed in stamping it upon the walls and doors of homes as a mark of ownership, and as an assurance of good times. Primitive man could not have chosen a better symbol. He knew that his hand was the most useful portion of his body, yet he was unable to understand its delicate mechanism, or appreciate its wonderful adaptability to a thousand varied uses. Yet he employed reproductions of it to represent the power, authority, and rights of man.



The hand is a symbol of most frequent occurrence. It is cut into the rock or painted upon it in red, yellow, or black.



Over her dress this personage wore an apron with an extended hand.

#### MANUFACTURE OF CARDS IN RUSSIA.

OUT of a population of 109,000,000 there are 30,000,000 people in Russia who play cards. To supply this demand there is only one factory, belonging to the Foundling Hospital, which manufactures annually 6,000,000 packs of cards. In order to make this enormous quantity of cards only three hundred and twenty-nine women, aged from fifteen to twenty years, and sixty-eight men are employed. The factory is a model of cleanliness both exteriorly and interiorly, as this is one of the essential conditions of this branch of production. All the employees live in the factory and work from six A.M. to six P.M., for which they receive salaries varying from five to fifteen dollars a month. Besides the ordinary playing cards of different qualities, the factory produces annually 120,000 packs of figured cards for the German colonies, besides 12,000 packs of miniature playing cards as toys. The cardboard is supplied by the Neva mill. The factory's annual profit is \$800,000.



## CUPID IN COLD TYPE.

"Well! but what are you going to decide upon?"

"You will see; I have a project."

"A project! And you have not told me about it?"

"Oh, I wish to surprise you."

"Indeed! Well, I hope you may succeed. But life is not a romance. You may be deceived. At all events my friendship compels me to give you my opinion. You have made a fool of yourself."

If this was the opinion of Dr. Lorilleux, how much more so was it the opinion of M. Divorne, of Lannion, in the Côtes du Nord!

PASCAL DIVORNE, son of a well-to-do country notary, had passed from the Polytechnic School into the School of Mines, at Paris. An education, which represented a capital of about \$7,000, had been given to him, his father's highest ambition being to walk *anti-uniform*, in his native town, with his son and heir in the embroidered uniform of a government engineer. Suddenly, to the surprise of his friends, and the utter dismay of his parents, this most promising, but wayward, young man gave in his *dimission* at the very moment when he was about to reap the fruits of a laborious and sound education, by the acquisition of the long-coveted government appointment.

The strangest part of the affair was that Pascal Divorne neither communicated his intention to his relatives nor to his most intimate friends; nor did he condescend to give them the least information as to the causes which had induced him to take so extraordinary a step, which, to all appearances, was utterly ruinous and destructive of his future prospects in life. Among these friends was one who had been his chum ever since they were boys at school together; and now that Eugene Lorilleux held a physician's diploma, and had a position in the world, he considered it part of the duty which he owed to himself to look after his friend's welfare. He was further impelled to interference by a secret motive—an impulse which was carefully confined to his own bosom. He admired Pascal—he knew better than anyone else the integrity of his character, and the purity of his manners. The only son of a widowed mother, Lorilleux had a sister much younger than himself, to whom he was devotedly attached, and he could not imagine a better future for her than as the wife of his friend, Pascal, he said to himself, was rich and disinterested; his sister was pretty, modest, and well brought up; she would make the happiness of her husband, and the best of wives. How happy they would both be! And he cherished the idea until it had become a very part of his existence.

"What will you do now?" he asked Pascal. "Here are five years cast to the dogs."

"Do you think so, my dear friend? I hoped I had profitably employed my time."

The news of his son's conduct came upon him like a thunder-clap. All his fondest hopes and most cherished desires were thrown to the wind. He would have cursed his son if it had not been for the intercession of Madame Divorne. Mothers are always ready to find some excuse for a son, however much they may condemn them at the bottom of their hearts.

Matters were in this condition when one fine evening Pascal suddenly turned up at the paternal home. The old servant, who had gone to the door vesperting the loud rings, nearly fell back on seeing her young master. Leaving the door open, she rushed about the house screaming for master and mistress.

The old notary was still shouting "What is it?" when Madame Divorne had folded the prodigal son in her arms. As to papa, he felt it due to his paternal dignity that he should temper his reception with a certain austerity of manner, but he felt that his anger was melting away like snow before the breath of April. There was supper to get ready, for Pascal had travelled and was hungry. Old Josette bustled in and out—it was impossible to talk.

"Your father is very angry," was almost all that Madame Divorne could whisper. "Why did you not write to say you were coming?"

"Because he would have refused to see me. Do not be afraid, mother, it will soon be over."

"But promise me, if he scolds, not to get angry."

"I promise you, dear mother," and he kissed his mother, who felt hopeful and happy.

The result of the visit was that Pascal obtained from the old notary an accounting of some moneys left him by an aunt; but so infuriated was the old gentleman at having to give up the money, that he bade his son leave the house and never show his face again. Pascal's mother wept and pressed her son to her bosom as she bade him farewell. His father declined even to shake his hand. Pascal proceeded to the station with a heavy heart; it was all he could do to keep from weeping. It was reported throughout Lannion that he had been ejected from his paternal home. Pascal loved his

parents, and the sense of the pain which he had caused them weighed so heavily upon his heart, that never did a journey appear so long or so tedious. It was a relief then, when, arriving at the terminus in Paris, he was met by a fat man with a ruddy, smiling countenance, who received him with open arms.

"So you are here at last, are you? I received your letter, and came here to meet you. Have you got the money?"

"Yes," Pascal replied; "I have the money; but it was at the cost of so much grief to my parents that, had I not given my word, I should have come away without it."



HE SOUGHT HER HAND AGAIN AND AGAIN THAT EVENING, AND ENTERED INTO CONVERSATION WITH MAMA.

"Well, never mind; they will come round when you have doubled it," replied the man of hopeful countenance.

"So long as we do not lose the capital," sighed Pascal.

"Lose the capital with all the trumps in our hands! No, no. Well, come along to my house. My share is ready, and we will talk matters over."

Jean Lantier, Pascal's associate, had been twenty years previously a workingman on the highroads. He had always

been lively and enterprising. The demolitions of Paris were at that time being carried on with great activity. Lantier saw that there were the means of making a fortune by these demolitions, if he had only some one associated with him who had a little capital and science. He could sell the waste materials at a profit, but what he wanted was an associate who could also raise up new buildings out of such portions of the old materials as were still available. Pascal was just the kind of partner he wanted; he had capital and science. He accordingly broached the subject to the young engineer, for whom he had taken a great liking, and in whom he placed the utmost possible confidence; and he talked so often, so eloquently, and so enthusiastically of the fortune to be made if they were to put their little capitals together, so as to be able to purchase a large lot—for the houses to be taken down were always sold in greater or lesser lots; and they were to act as partners—that at length he won over the young man to his views. And we have here the explanation of Pascal's abandoning the career of government engineer, and of his journey to his native town, made to procure funds.

Business prospered with the firm of Divonne & Lantier, and to that degree that they were enabled to extend their operations. Pascal's modest belongings in the proximity of the Hotel de Villa were no longer suited to his position. He took apartments in the Rue de Rivoli, overlooking the Square Saint-Jacques, well-known by its restored mediæval tower. He expended twelve thousand francs in furnishing his new apartments.

The report of Pascal's wealth soon reached Lannion, augmented by the way, and if his father did not write to congratulate him, his mother did, and a host of letters came from those who had tossed up their heads at the prodigal son, soliciting favors or appointments. The only one he replied to was an appeal in favor of the poor of Lannion. He sent them five hundred francs. At length they could

stand it no longer, and the old notary allowed himself to be easily persuaded that they ought to go to Paris to see for themselves.

Pascal was delighted when one fine evening his parents walked into his splendid apartments. He loved them, and it was a little triumph which he felt entitled to.

The old notary

made it very clear to his son, after they had begun to feel themselves at home, that he had succeeded, but that he ought to have failed. Pascal admitted the fact; it was of no use combating opinions as firmly seated as the rocks of his native country. After fifteen days spent so happy that they seemed like a dream, business compelled their departure.

"Decidedly," said the notary to his wife, as they were seated in the train; "our son is in a remarkable vein of prosperity."

"Yes," replied the delighted mother, "and I shall make it a point to ensure his felicity by looking out for some young person worthy of such a husband."

The same idea had crossed the mind of Jean Lantier.

"I have three daughters," he said to himself, "all pretty, well brought up; if I could marry one of them to Pascal, it would ensure her happiness, and be an honor to me. He shall have his choice."

Thus it was that Pascal's liberty was threatened on three sides at once, and he knew nothing about it.

Nor was this all. A young man, rich, with his evenings to himself, his society courted, had other friends besides his partner, and his old chum, the doctor. Many of these were young, and they did not fail to quiz Pascal at times for keeping so much aloof from the society of young ladies. One evening, when hilarity was at its acme, one of these young friends brought forward the name of M. de Saint-Roch, the famous advertiser of matrimonial alliances. It was received with shouts of laughter.

"It is all very good to laugh," persevered the interlocutor; "but I have read that M. de Saint-Roch is honored with the confidence of the first families in the nobility, the magistracy, finance, and the army. He takes a whole page of the five leading papers to himself, and boasts that all the princely houses of Europe are in the habit of soliciting his kind intercession."

"But," observed another, "does any one know of his having really brought about a marriage?"

"That, perchance, is one of his secrets," persevered the other. "Is it likely that he would spend one thousand francs in advertising if it did not pay?"

"Well," observed a third, "it would be great fun to see how he carries on his mysterious business."

"So it would!" exclaimed Pascal, sipping a glass of Chambrin; "and I tell you what, I will go, merely from the curiosity you have awakened."

The founder of the "Matrimonial Profession," as he grandiloquently designated himself, occupied the first story of a splendid house at the corner of the two finest streets in the Chausse d'Antin. This house had a public entrance and a private exit. The name of the illustrious matrimonial ambassador was displayed in bold letters on a black ground. Pascal rang the bell, and was ushered by a valet into a magnificent room with blue hangings and furniture. While waiting for the genius of the place, our contractor had time to look about him.

The room was full to overflowing with works of art and objects of vertu, and they were tickled "To Our Good Friend," "To the Author of My Happiness," "Reminiscence of a Happy Mother," "Offering of Gratitude," or with some other equally significant inscription. On the mantelpiece was a clock, with Cupid on the top blowing at a fire; beneath was engraved, "Thus will ever be our flame!" Pascal was still smiling at the device, when the door gently opened and the matrimonial ambassador made his appearance. He was a little, dumpy, fresh-colored personage. The lilacs and the roses that perfumers sell in little pots decorated his scrupulously shaved cheeks. His mouth open, and smiling like a flower, displayed the labors of the dentist to advantage. His eye was a madrigal in itself. As he stepped forward, with the grace of one of Watteau's shepherds, penetrating odors escaped from his person, and the eye was dazzled with the effulgence of jewelry. Pins, buttons, chains, rings, down to shoe-buckles, all alike glittered with paste and mosaic gold.

"You were contemplating my poor ex-votaries, sir," he muttered with a most musical voice as he entered.

Pascal stared at the ambassador in stupefaction.

"Why," at length he muttered, "you must have married many people?"

"Nearly one-third of all France," the ambassador confidingly observed; and then he added, with a bucolic sigh, "but many have forgotten what I did for them."

Pascal summoned up his courage and said: "Sir, I have come to see you because I wish to be married."

"Right, sir, right!" observed the ambassador; "marriage is the complement of life. Marriage is a divine institution, and I am its high priest. Loyalty and discretion: sir, are my device. With me there are no surprises or deceptions such as you may have to encounter if you trust to yourself. What I say can always be verified at the notary's."

Pascal bowed in submission to the discretion and experience of the ambassador. The latter proceeded with infinite suavity to his interrogatory. Name, profession, family, residence, pecuniary means, and prospects, even to personal character,

were all duly registered. When the operation was concluded, M. de Saint-Roch said:

"This is Thursday; come back next Wednesday, and I shall have found something to suit you."

A little gilt cupid struck a bell, the splendid valet made his appearance, and the rich contractor was ushered out by the back door.

The same evening Pascal related the result of his visit to his friends, who enjoyed the story vastly, but they all agreed that he ought to carry it out, at least so far as to discover whence the ambassador hunted up his game, and how he brought it to bay. Pascal felt the force of their argument, and lent himself, for the fun of the thing, to the further development of the mystery.

Accordingly, he was faithful to his appointment on the next Wednesday. This time he was received in a rose colored saloon. The ambassador had eleven saloons, all of different colors, and all cram full of ex-voto offerings. But upon no occasion was one visitor allowed to see another. Each was received in a separate room, each was in turn ushered into the study, and each was shown out by the back passage. This time the arch-priest received the young contractor as if he had been his adopted son.

"You are too modest," he exclaimed; "you have not told me of one-half of your resources and prospects."

And thus saying, he went on, to Pascal's infinite surprise, enumerating all his profits and prospects in life, displaying an intimacy with his private affairs equal to that enjoyed by Pascal himself.

This done, he proceeded to state, with great solemnity of manner, that he had found a party in every way suitable, young, pretty, one whom he could love, and who had a fortune proportionate to his own. The lady's name was Antoinette Gerbeau. Her father was a retired manufacturer; he would procure an introduction. All that Pascal had to do was to sign an engagement of five per cent. on the dowry. Pascal signed, laughing within his sleeve, that as it was not very likely he should ever wed Miss Gerbeau, so also it was not on the cards that he should ever pay the commission on the dowry.

He had, indeed, almost dismissed the matter from his thought as a mystification only calculated to amuse his friends, when one evening his valet brought in a card: "Monsieur le Chevalier de Jeullas." The chevalier was shown in—quite a gentleman—quite a man of the world. He apologized, but a friend of his, he intimated, had told him that M. Divorce wished to be introduced to Monsieur and Madame Gerbeau. An opportunity presented itself that very evening at the house of a friend, and he would take Pascal there in his carriage. The young contractor was at first rather taken aback at the suddenness of the proposal and the manner in which it was communicated to him, but curiosity triumphed. He thought, since he had gone so far, he might, at all events, see the young person who was deemed to be so well suited to him. So he hastily dressed himself and was bowed along by the chevalier to the house where he was to meet Mademoiselle Antoinette.

Pascal was very well received. It was evident that the gentleman who had volunteered to introduce him was not only at home, but was both loved and respected by the owners of the house.

"Strange," he said to himself; "and yet he is an agent of M. de Saint-Roch." Mademoiselle was pointed out to him. She was a charming person, young, and very pretty, as she had been described to be, amiable, of pleasant manners, and with an expression in which innocence was enlivened by an almost childish love of fun. "The ambassador has not deceived me," he said to himself; and then, so great was his gratitude, that he wished M. de Saint-Roch at the bottom of the Dead Sea, and that he had only been indebted to his own good fortune for an introduction to so desirable a young person. "Well, at all events, I shall ask her to dance," he said; and, biding his opportunity, he solicited the honor, and for the first time in his life—for Pascal was not fond of dancing—the quadrille appeared to him to be of too brief duration. It was not that much had been said, but Pascal was sensible of an infinite simplicity, and of unusual charms in the person of his fair partner. He sought her hand again and again that

evening, entered into conversation with mama, and it was not till two in the morning, that, seeking for his introducer—the Chevalier de Jeufas—he found him in another room, busy at *ecarte*. The truth flashed upon the young man at once—the chevalier was unquestionably a gentleman moving in good society, but the passion of play had driven him to become an agent of M. de Saint-Roch. "Poor man," he said to himself, "what a slavery!"

"Well," said the chevalier, as he rose from the table; "how do you find the young lady?"

"Charming! I am enchanted, ravished!" replied the young man.

"Then," continued the chevalier, "meet me to-morrow morning, at eleven precisely, in the Passage Jouffroy, as it by accident, and you shall breakfast with papa."

"Most certainly I will be there," replied the young man, with enthusiasm.

The introduction took place as arranged; the chevalier had paved the way by depicting Pascal in the most favorable colors to the worthy and wealthy manufacturer. The breakfast was followed by an invitation to Monsieur Gerbeau's house,

engagement. He would write to his family to announce his approaching marriage—he would acquaint his friends with his intentions, but not a word about M. de Saint-Roch or the Chevalier de Jeufas should drop from his pen or from his lips—as to that he had completely made up his mind.

Pascal was counting here without his host, however. Jean Lantier, his partner, and Dr. Lorilleux, had been for some time past alike filled with wonder and anxiety at the new habits adopted by their friend. He was no longer at home in the evenings; he had become more particular in his dress and



M. DE SAINT-ROCH JUMPED UP IN TERROR, AND HASTENED TO PLACE THE TABLE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND HIS IRATE INTERLOCUTOR. A PARLEY THEN TOOK PLACE UPON MORE EQUAL GROUNDS.

and Pascal soon found himself upon such terms of intimacy, and was so completely subjugated by the charms of the young lady, that he more than ever wished the unctuous ambassador at the bottom of the sea, with all his secrets, titles, registers, and notes of hand, penned in hieroglyphic characters. Pascal, with characteristic energy, was not long in intimating to the worthy parent that he loved his daughter. The avowal was received with the utmost condescension. The only thing that filled him with horror was, that he should in any way be indebted to a matrimonial advertiser for that which, begun in mere thoughtlessness, had turned out to be a very serious

appearance; he was in every respect an altered man. The doctor was imbued with the presentiment of a horrible catastrophe; Madame Lantier urged her husband to bring the young man to an understanding. Both presented themselves the same morning, having somewhat similar objects in view.

"Friends," said Pascal to them, by way of anticipating a painful cross-questioning, "you, who are my best friends, have a right to be the first informed; the matter is decided. I am about to be married."

The dear friends were thunderstruck. Lantier allowed himself to drop quietly into a chair. The doctor was petrified, and turned as white as his neckerchief.

"How is this?" continued Pascal. "The news does not appear to please you. I expected congratulations and—"

"Oh, it is a joke!" ejaculated his partner.

"Not at all," observed Pascal; "and what is more, you shall help me to build a little house, in which I hope we shall eat our Christmas dinner *en famille*."

Lorilleux was too much hurt to venture an observation. The hopes of his life were blasted in one fell moment, and all he felt was a passionate desire to revenge himself upon one whom he now deemed to be his most deceitful and treacherous friend—Pascal—who had never as yet been even introduced to the wife so carefully kept in store for him. The means of revenge presented themselves at hand sooner than the angry doctor anticipated. Pascal, not a little discomfited by the extraordinary dismay displayed by his best friends upon the occasion of the announcement made to them, had withdrawn to another room. Jean Lantier had gone away; Lorilleux remained alone. He seized upon some letters that lay on the table. Among them he found one from M. de Saint-Roch, announcing to Pascal that the Chevalier de Jeuffas would wait upon him to introduce him to Mademoiselle Gerbeau.

"I have it!" exclaimed the enraged doctor. "Pascal is the victim of an abominable conspiracy. This must be put a stop to."

And there and then he seized upon some note paper, and indited two letters; to one M. Divorine, senior, requesting him to come at once to Paris if he wished to save his son from utter ruin; the other to M. Gerbeau, in which he denounced his dear friend Pascal as a man without principle, who had got himself introduced into the bosom of his family, and accepted by his daughter through the agency of a vile matrimonial adviser. Monsieur de Saint-Roch's own letter was enclosed in the envelope with the latter note, so that no doubt could be left as to the correctness of the statement made by the anonymous correspondent. He did not, however, post the letter the same day. It might give Pascal time to enter into explanations with his intended father-in-law. No, he would allow four days for M. Divorine to come up from Lannion, and then he would hurl the missive at the head of the confiding old manufacturer.

Pascal was busy one morning, foot-measure in hand, studying, if by any alterations in the partitions, he could adapt his apartments to the exigencies of the married state, when M. Divorine, senior, suddenly made his appearance.

"Father!" exclaimed the young man, dropping his rule.

"Yes, myself," replied the notary; "and, without any further preamble, is it true that you are about to be married?"

"I had written to communicate the fact to you."

"And that through the medium of a trader in heiresses?"

"Too true!" gasped Pascal, horrified at the idea that his parent should know all about it. "But you must listen to how it happened. It began as a joke, but has had a serious ending, to which I am indebted for my happiness."

M. Divorine listened to the story with the patience he would have devoted to the case of a client. When Pascal had concluded—he said: "Poor young man, and you do not see the trap that has been laid for you—that you are the victim of a comedy played at your expense!"

Pascal was indignant at the idea, and did his best to vindicate the honor and respectability of the Gerbeau family, but his father would not listen. All he requested was the addresses of the family solicitor, and of the matrimonial ambassador; he would begin, he said, by visiting the former.

No sooner had M. Divorine, senior, taken his departure in quest of information, than the Chevalier de Jeuffas made his appearance in the utmost state of consternation and despair. M. Gerbeau, he said, had discovered everything, and he was the bearer of a letter forbidding Pascal the house, and forever repudiating the intended alliance.

"But," said Pascal, when he had a little recovered from this second blow, "do you mean to say that neither M. Gerbeau nor his daughter knew anything about your friend M. de Saint-Roch?"

"Not a syllable, upon my honor. M. de Saint-Roch does not do business in that way. He has agents who move in good society, and who give him that information which he turns to account."

"Then I am delighted," exclaimed Pascal, to the surprise of his acquaintance. "Antoinette is not yet lost to me! But one question—how did M. Gerbeau become acquainted with the circumstance?"

"By an anonymous letter."

"So also did my father."

"It will be my ruin," muttered the chevalier. "I shall be refused every respectable house."

"I tell you what; I will discover the traitor," observed Pascal. "It is not M. Gerbeau's interest, nor that of his daughter, to bruise the affair. All will be right yet, so console yourself."

M. de Saint-Roch was busy inditing an advertisement of unusual eloquence, when a visitor was announced, and no sooner admitted, than an aged man sprang forward and seized him by the collar, utterly regardless of his frill, cravat, pins, and chains, apostrophizing the illustrious ambassador at the same moment as "a wretch!"

M. de Saint-Roch jumped up in terror, and hastened to place the table between himself and his irate interlocutor. A parley then took place upon more equal grounds. M. Gerbeau stormed; the ambassador retorted. Both declared that they would appeal to a court of justice. M. Gerbeau asked the ambassador how he had dared to use his daughter's name. M. de Saint-Roch stated that was his business. M. Gerbeau denounced Pascal as an impostor. M. de Saint-Roch declared that the young man's little finger was worth more than all M. Gerbeau's person.

The discussion was still at its height when a third person was announced. It was M. Divorine, senior, who arrived from visiting the solicitor, where he had obtained information of a very different character to what he expected, and which only redounded to the credit of the Gerbeaus. But still he had resolved to see M. de Saint-Roch upon the matter.

The matrimonial ambassador was delighted. He at once saw a means of escape from the dilemma in which he was placed, and he hastened to introduce the two papas to one another, with that exquisite urbanity which even the disorder of his dress could not rob him of. The two old gentlemen bowed haughtily. Each considered himself as a dupe, and recriminated with the other. At length it was suggested that they should refer the matter to M. Gerbeau's solicitor. M. Divorine, senior, now that M. Gerbeau refused to give his daughter in marriage to his son, insisted as energetically that his son was a man of honor and integrity, and that he should wed Antoinette, as before he had opposed the consummation of what he had deemed to be a plot. The solicitor took a rational view of the matter. He saw that the misunderstanding had had its origin in a mistake, and he soon brought the two fathers to such a perfect understanding that before they parted the day of marriage was settled, and they left on the most friendly terms possible, the one to communicate the good news to his son, the other to his daughter.

The treachery of Dr. Lorilleux was made patent, but Pascal pardoned him for the sake of old friendship, as also in consideration of the circumstances which had impelled him to so disgraceful an act.

"Strange," said Pascal to himself. "My best friend intended that I should marry his sister. Lantier projected a wedding with one of his daughters, and my mother has discovered a rural heiress, and I am going to be married through the agency of a matrimonial adviser!"

The unfortunate Chevalier de Jeuffas, was not, however, invited to the wedding, which took place a fortnight after the occurrence of these events; but a month after the marriage, the matrimonial ambassador made his appearance in his gala dress and with straw-colored gloves. He received his commission, which amounted to ten thousand francs, of which seven thousand were for him, and three thousand for the gambling *chevalier d'industrie*.

## A Most Excellent Reason.

THE reason why THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN is fast becoming the great household weekly, is because it is fearless and free, honest and clean, non-partisan and unsectarian. It advocates principles rather than men; and it tells what is going on in the world—what is really worth knowing.

## PERSONALS.

About the Men and Women who make the history of our own times.

**M**RS. ANNIE WILSON PATERSON and the Princess of Wales are the only women Doctors of Music in the United Kingdom and they received their degree from Dublin University. Mrs. Paterson is a musical composer and conductor. Her husband dabbles in poetry and prose, is conductor of the Dublin Choral Union, and also a musical composer.

**M**ISS MARY GRAHAM and Miss Mary A. Scott are the first women to receive fellowships at Yale. Miss Graham is a graduate of Wesleyan, who stood second in her class, and took first honors in political science. Miss Scott is a graduate of Vassar, a student of Johns Hopkins, and an honor student of Cambridge. She intends to study for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

**M**ARSHAL DE MACMAHON, the first President of the present French republic, has finished his memoirs, which will be published in two years' time, or even sooner, should he die before then. He gives an elaborate description of the defeat at Reichsafen, and criticizes severely the order of Palikao, who sent him to the assistance of Bazaine despite the suggestions of M. Thiers. Referring to his handing over the command to General Ducrot, when wounded, the Marshal says that the substitution of Wimpfen for Ducrot, by the Emperor, was the result of an intrigue.

**T**HE MARQUIS DE MORES, who killed Lieutenant Mayer in a duel in Paris, is engaged in litigation with his father, the Duc de Vallombrosa. He claims unpaid arrears of an allowance the Duc had agreed to pay upon the marriage of his son to Miss Medora Hoffman, of New York; a further sum of close upon \$100,000 which his father had obtained through a power of attorney given him by the Marquis, to obtain a legacy left him by a deceased godmother, and certain sums which he says are due to him through succession to his mother, the Duchess, who died while he was in this country.

**P**ROFESSOR ANGELI, of Vienna, has been "commanded" by Queen Victoria to paint for her a portrait of King Charles of Roumania. Although the Queen has some of the best portrait painters in the world among her own subjects, she seems to prefer employing inferior foreign artists, and by this means has managed to fill her private gallery with some dreadful daubs. Charles I. was the last English sovereign who really understood art. How little Queen Victoria knows about it was illustrated by her contribution to the recent Victorian exhibition of family portraits and pictures of important events during her reign.

**T**HE DUCHESS D'UZÈS, whose belief in General Boulanger cost her \$600,000, is one of the most practically charitable women in Paris. Not only does she give to the poor, but she tends the sick. Twice a week she dons the dress of a trained nurse, and in company with other noble-minded Parisiennes, all widows, goes to the Hospital of the Calvary, where she bathes and binds the wounds of the cancerous patients. Under the name of Manuela she has exhibited some really remarkable pieces of sculpture at the Salon, is a fine musician, has written one or two successful novels, has produced a play which made a hit, is a splendid rider across country, and can drive a four-in-hand.

**M**ISS STAWALL, an Australian by birth, has achieved brilliant success in the classical tripos at Cambridge, England. She won a classical scholarship open to the whole of Melbourne University. In her second year at

Cambridge, also, she won a classical scholarship. She appears to win her victories with very little effort, and thoroughly enjoys all the healthful pleasures of collegiate life at Newnham. She was one of the champion tennis players in the inter-collegiate match with Giron. She is now studying German in Dresden during her vacation, but will return to England to spend a fourth year at Newnham, where she will probably try her fortune at the second, or philosophical, part of the tripos.

**M**ADEMOISELLE DELNA, who is the rival of Miss Silyl Sanderson at the Opera Comique, in Paris, was, two or three years ago, under the name of Marie Ledant, serving beer and that horrible brandy made of potatoes "over the zinc" to her grandmother's customers at Meudon. A curious comparison to Mademoiselle Delna is offered by Catarina Gabrielli, daughter of a cook in the kitchen of Prince Gabrielli at Rome. In 1747 she made her debut in the town of Lucques, at the age of seventeen, just like Mademoiselle Delna, and in the role of Dido—again just like the girl from Meudon—in an opera by Sarti, a composer who to-day is almost completely forgotten. She became one of the greatest singers of her day.

**M**RS. CRAWFORD, the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News*, and the delightful chronicler of scandals old and new relating to the *beau monde* of the world, has had many strange experiences. On the 23d of March, 1871, she made her way alone into the barricaded city of Paris, and interviewed the Communist leaders as they sat in council. No harm or insult was offered to the plucky little woman. She has walked the wards of the cholera hospitals amid the dead and dying; and, prompted by the same journalistic instinct, has rushed at midnight through a thunder-storm, in satin slippers and a ball-dress, to the nearest telegraph station to send an important dispatch. Her social life is not less brilliant than her professional career. She was the intimate friend of Gambetta, the companion of Thiers and Louis Blanc, the friend of Barthélemy de St. Hilaire, and she has been a happy wife, and brought up four children.

**L**ADY BROOKE'S name has been so intimately connected with baccarat and beauty, that the fact that she does a great deal of good for her sex has been lost sight of. Even while she was Miss Maynard, one of the greatest heiresses in England, she took the greatest interest in every kind of work that could be useful to the wives and daughters of her tenants. She had a large school built in the village, and there the poor women of the neighborhood were taught needlework. Her idea always has been to furnish an employment to girls which will enable them to remain at home instead of becoming shopgirls and barmaids, or going out to service, or getting employment in factories. Since she became Lady Brooke she has taken a small shop in Bond Street, London, where the needlework from her school is disposed of.

**G**EN. JOHN BIDWELL, the Prohibition candidate for the Presidency and the first Presidential candidate selected from the region lying west of the "Rockies," about thirty years ago, upon the advice of a Methodist minister, planted several acres of land at Chico with grapevines. The minister told him that if he would make pure wine he would have no trouble in selling it to the churches for communion services. The General did not know that brandy was used in its composition. A first-class winemaker was employed, and the General went away to Congress. When he returned he found a great quantity of wine on hand, and then learned that it was not entirely pure grape juice because brandy had been used. The winemaker argued that it was pure because the brandy was also made of grapes. The General then observed men leaving the wine cellar intoxicated, and realized that he was in the business of making drunkards. He lost no time in digging up and destroying all his vines, and all the wine on hand, about one thousand gallons, was presented to a San Francisco hospital. Now only table and raisin grapes are grown on Rancho Chico.

# History of Seven Days.

A Chronicle of Important Events culled from all Quarters of the Globe, touching upon the News of the Week in Politics, the Arts, Sciences, and Society.

## Looking for Men in Mars.

**Amateurs and Charlatans taken in by Flammarion's Entertaining Twaddle.**

ALL the world is star-gazing.

Not for many years has there been such widespread interest in an astronomical phenomenon as has lately attended the supposed disturbances in "the red star of war," as Mars is called.

On the night of the 3d inst. the martial planet stood in opposition—that is, the earth came directly between the ruddy planet and the sun, thus affording an unusually favorable and long-continued opportunity for telescopic to scan his features, to watch his two tiny moons, to detect his ice-caps, and, perhaps, to determine whether his so-called "canals" really bear any trace of the workmanship of animated inhabitants.

The path of Mars in his journey around the sun is not a regular curve. So great is its eccentricity that when near perihelion, the planet is about 13,000,000 miles nearer the central luminary of our system than when it approaches aphelion. At present it is only about 35,000,000 miles from the earth.

By means of the mammoth telescope in the Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton, with its magnifying power of 700, the red planet is brought within a range of 50,000 miles, or but a little more than one-fifth of the distance of our own moon. Moreover, at this period Mars is at one side of the earth, while the sun is at the opposite side—a fact which contributes very considerably to favorable observations of the planet. No equally favorable opportunity for studying Mars will recur till the year 1909.

Among the more curious but less serious students of astronomy, the principal impulse toward the present absorbing observation of the planet is the desire to gain information on the condition of the planet, with reference to the probability of life upon its surface.

A great deal of rubbish has lately been disseminated in regard to this matter by M. Camille Flammarion, a type of the entertaining charlatan that is just now so conspicuous in the arts and sciences of France. Flammarion, who ought to be writing romances in the style of Jules Verne, has gone so far as to discuss seriously the project of opening up communication with Mars and other terrestrial bodies.

"If," he argues, "we were to see a triangle constructed on the moon we would be considerably puzzled, but if we were to see it change first into a square and then into a circle we would think with some reason that such figures reveal without question the presence of a geometrical upon the neighbor world. The question, however, now arises, what object our lunar brethren could have in forming these figures?"

"Why," he asks, "should not the inhabitants of the moon be just as curious as we are, more intelligent perhaps, more elevated in their aspirations, less hampered than we in the mire of material needs? Why should they not suppose that the earth is inhabited as well as their own world, and why should not the object of these geometrical appeals be to ask us whether we exist? Besides, it is not difficult to reply. They show us a triangle; we produce it here. They trace a circle; we imitate it, and lo! communication is established."

1. Flammarion's shallow but glittering writings made such a genuine impression on many French minds that when Madame

Guzman died not long since she left in her will a legacy, under the following conditions:

"A prize of one hundred thousand francs is bequeathed to the Institute of France (science section) for the person, no matter of what nationality, who shall discover within ten years from the present time, a means of communicating with a star (planet or otherwise) and of receiving a reply. The testatrix has especially in view the planet Mars, upon which the attention and investigation of savants have been directed already. If the Institute of France does not accept the legacy it will pass to the Institute of Milan, and in case of a new refusal, to the Institute of New York."

And the French Academy of Science, egged on by the imaginative Camille, accepted the absurd trust.

Flammarion has been honest enough to point out that there are many obstacles in the way of establishing the desired communication. We must find out first whether there are inhabitants in Mars; second, whether they can understand us, and third, whether they can be reached by telephone.

Even these tardy but rather essential reservations, however, have not availed to check the wild fancies of amateurs and of professionals of Flammarion's stripe. So rampant became the folly of these scientific jackanapes that Professor Edward S. Holden, in charge of the observations at Mount Hamilton, has deemed it wise to make this public statement:

"All or nearly all of the present excitement over Mars is merely exaggeration and sham excitement, utterly useless to the people in general, as it is harmful to true science. Exaggerated and ignorant expectations will not be realized; such as relate to communication with the inhabitants of a planet, which we are not absolutely certain is fit to be inhabited, let alone actually populated, for example."

## DOMESTIC.

JOHN AUGUSTUS ROBBINS, of Springfield, Mass., has been killed by an avalanche, at Interlaken, Switzerland. He was a man of deep culture, and had travelled in almost every part of the world.

It is said in the Canadian capital that \$1,000,000 is to be spent on fortifications in British Columbia. Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Minister of Militia and Customs, and Gen. Herbert, are to go West shortly to look over the ground, and, if indications are to be relied on, it will not be long before the work will be begun of throwing up a line of defenses, which will make Victoria a fortified city, and the naval station at Esquimaux invulnerable in the event of a war.

EDWARD HOPE, an aviator, was killed in a shocking manner at St. Paul, Minn. The balloon in which he was making an ascent had risen about a mile and then drifted rapidly toward the Mississippi before a west wind. Becoming alarmed, Hope cut away his parachute and began to descend. The machine worked badly, however, and he fell into a slough, and was driven twelve feet into the soft mud, it requiring nearly one hour to dig his body out.

STAR CITY, an Indiana village of five hundred inhabitants, has been captured by two hundred drunken Italians who remain in possession of the town. All the stores in the village and the railroad station have been looted. All attempts of the sheriff to secure a posse to combat the rioters have been fruit-



## THE CAMPAIGN IN CARTOON. VI.



THE DEMOCRATIC JONAH JUMPS INTO THE WHALE'S BELLY.

MR. GILLAM, IN "JUDGE," SAYS: "THAT WHALE WILL HAVE A HORRIBLE FIT OF INDIGESTION BEFORE NOVEMBER 5."

less, and it is believed the military will be necessary to restore order. H. B. Stanton, the railroad agent, was terribly beaten by the mob, and his injuries are likely to prove fatal. The rioters are laborers who have been employed by the Indiana Gas Company in laying the gas pipe line from the gas fields to Chicago.

CADETS ELTING AND LANGDON, both of New York State, have been disciplined at West Point for hazing plebes. Cadet Canfield, of the new class, one day recently reported at the hospital in a state of exhaustion, and told the surgeon he had been "double-stepped" until he was ill. Investigation showed that Elting and Langdon, who are members of the third class, were Canfield's persecutors. Elting was sentenced to suspension for six months and will join the fourth or plebe class, and Corporal Langdon loses his chevrons, is confined to the camp limits for the summer, and will forfeit two weeks of his furlough next year. Canfield was unable to do duty for a week after reporting at the hospital.

HERBERT SLADE, the Maori, who was brought to this country by Richard K. Fox seven years ago, for the purpose of demolishing John L. Sullivan, has eloped with the pet daughter of Bishop Sneyzey, of the Mormon Church. Sneyzey, who is wealthy and influential in his community, resides at Mona, a small town about sixty miles from Salt Lake City. He has a beautiful daughter, who fell in love with Slade, and bent a willing ear to his proposals of marriage. The bishop, however, would have none of the prize-fighter, and locked the girl in her room. Slade assisted the girl to escape, married her before a justice of the peace, and the couple then started toward the Pacific coast. Bishop Sneyzey attempted to pursue the lovers, but they were too far in advance, and he has gone back to Mona to nurse his wrath.

THE city of Sioux Falls, in South Dakota, has decided to open and conduct saloons as a part of the municipal institution. A committee of the city council recommend six saloons,

one for each ward, and the appointment of a superintendent, who shall have supervision over the bartenders. The saloons are to be open from 5 A.M. to 10 P.M., and nothing is to be sold that cannot be bought from Sioux Falls wholesale dealers or manufacturers. Beer is to be sold at five cents per glass, and whiskey at twenty-five cents a drink. It is the purpose of the committee to lessen as much as possible the demand for spirituous liquor.

A WRITER in the London *Times* says, in regard to the origin of the stars and stripes that make up the American flag: "The armorial bearings of the Washingtons are: Argent two bars gules, in chief three mullets of the second. Consequently, there seems little reason to doubt that the liberator himself designed the flag from the charges in the Washington arms as they appeared on the very seal which he used, unless, indeed, we are content to accept the resemblance between the stars and stripes and the mullets and bars, such as they appear on the monuments of the seventeenth century ancestors of the illustrious patriot at Sulgrave and Brington, in Northamptonshire, as nothing more than—

"A strange coincidence, to use a phrase  
By which such things are settled nowadays."

THE trustees of the celebrated estate of the Sprague brothers, of Providence, R. I., have declared the final dividend on the property. The Spragues—the A. & W. Sprague Manufacturers Company and ex-Senator Sprague who was in Congress from 1863 to 1875—failed in 1873 for \$14,000,000, and were supposed to have property worth \$20,000,000. During the height of the prosperity of the family Senator Sprague made his famous marriage to the daughter of Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase. When the hard times came in 1873, the Spragues suspended payment on \$14,000,000 worth of notes. A trust mortgage deed of the property was executed, and the property has for nineteen years been in third hands. They had paid 25 per cent. on the liabilities up to the final payment, and this payment, now being made, is of 2 3-20 per cent., making 27 3-20 per cent. altogether. Thus the total, valued at \$20,000,000 in 1873, has yielded but a little over \$5,000,000, when it was supposed to be good for all debts against it. Ex-Senator Sprague has now left only the Canonchet estate, but that property is valued at \$250,000 to \$300,000, and the family has begun to sell it to escape land poverty. This estate was once sold to Moulton, the mutual friend in the Beecher-Tilton case, but after sharp fighting Mr. Sprague saved it.

## FOREIGN.

THE concessions and assets of the Panama Canal Company have been acquired by a syndicate headed by M. Helard, vice-president of the Paris Chamber of Commerce, and a new Panama Canal Company will shortly be launched. Shares of the old company have recently risen seven points.

THE Sultan of Turkey is determined to keep the cholera out of his borders, and has, therefore, instructed Scheikh-Ul-Islam, the Chief Mussulman, to hold frequent services of prayer in the mosques of Constantinople. The Sultan, it appears, recently fancied that he saw at midnight the spectre of the epidemic, and not one of his courtiers dared to inform him that the white-robed figure was not an apparition, but one of the women of his harem who is addicted to somnambulism.

PRINCESS BEATRICE had a narrow escape from death from fire in the castle at Heiligenberg, near Berlin, a few days ago. Her maid, carrying a candle, approached too near a mosquito net covering the bedstead, setting fire to the net. Princess Beatrice, who was in the bed, had no time to dress, but ran out of the room and alarmed the household. The hose fixture near the bedroom would not work, and a whole wing of the castle was destroyed before the firemen arrived. Princess Beatrice lost all of her jewels and clothes. Her husband, who was sleeping in a hunting-box in the neighboring woods, hastened to the castle as soon as he learned of the fire. Two firemen were injured.

HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII. has addressed a letter to the Bishops of Spain, Italy, and the two Americas, directing that they have in their dioceses a religious celebration of the anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. He decrees that on October 12, or the following Sunday if the Bishops wish, the mass of the Holy Trinity be celebrated in the cathedral and collegiate churches of these countries. That mass is a service of praise in honor of the Trinity. "In addition to these countries," the letter continues, "we hope that upon the initiative of the Bishops as much may be done in the others, for it is fitting that all should concur in celebrating with piety and gratitude an event which has been profitable to all."

## NAVAL.

THE United States steamer *Alliance*, which has been ordered home from the Asiatic station, is probably now en route to San Francisco, Cal. The instructions to Rear Admiral Harmony were to send her home at the conclusion of the trial by court-martial of her commanding officer, Commander Felix McCurley, for neglect of duty in allowing his vessel to run on the breakwater at Yokohama. The department has learned that this trial is over, and though the result has not been officially announced, the fact that Admiral Harmony has relieved Commander McCurley from command creates the impression here that he was found guilty. Lieutenant Commander J. C. Rich, lately of the *Palos*, will command the *Alliance* on her return voyage. The recall of the *Alliance* is due to her unseaworthy condition, made doubly so by her recent accident, and also because her officers and crew have nearly completed their three years' cruise. As Congress recently reduced the limit for repairs of wooden vessels from twenty to ten per cent. of the original cost, the *Alliance* will have to be condemned and sold, since

the cost of repairs to put her in seaworthy condition would far exceed the reduced limit. The *Ranger*, now in Ichang Sea, will succeed the *Alliance* in Asiatic waters as soon as the sailing season is over.

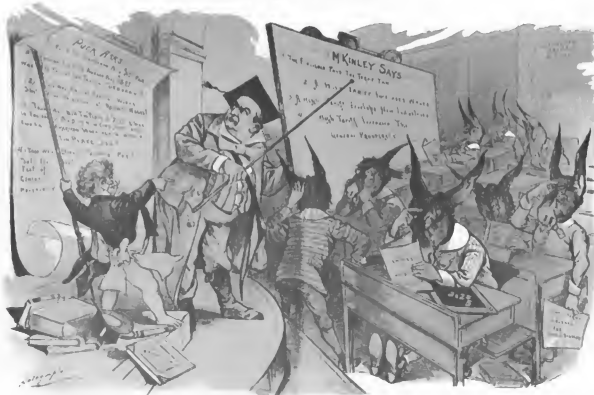
IN his official report to the Navy Department of the annual drills and exercises of the Massachusetts and New York naval militia, conducted under his command, Rear Admiral J. G. Walker says: "Respecting the drills of the naval militia I wish to confirm and repeat my comments of last year, and to add to them the statement of my conviction that both organizations are on a safer, better, and more permanent basis than they were at that time. There is no doubt in my mind of the sincerity of purpose and interest which animates the members of the naval militia of Massachusetts and New York, and of their willingness to accept hard work and to spend time and money to secure real practical efficiency. I regard the movement as one of great value to the navy; not only providing a body of trained reserves, but also spreading a knowledge of and an interest in the navy among the people whose influence and good will are desirable, and as one that should be warmly encouraged by the department and by every naval officer."

## MARINE.

THE United States tug *Firn* has left the port of New York to destroy the derelict schooner *Frederic B. Taylor*, recently cut in two off Cape Cod, and now lying in the path of navigation, one-half being near Portsmouth, N. H., and the other half near New York.

THE twin-screw steamer *La Touraine*, of the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique, has broken the record from Havre to New York, making the journey of over 3,100 miles in 6

## THE CAMPAIGN IN CARTOON. VII.



## THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

DALMVILLE, IN "PUCK," ASKS MR. MCKINLEY A FEW PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

days, 17 hours, and 30 minutes. Her average speed was 19.6 knots, against her best previous average of 18.93 knots.

Mr. W. K. VANDERBILT has decided not to raise his yacht *Alva*, sunk off Nantucket Shoals, but to sell her where she now lies to the highest bidder. A diver recently recovered the owner's strong-box, containing a large sum of money.

THE Spanish gunboat *Pilar*, while cruising along the coast of Morocco, was fired upon by a party of Moors on shore. Immediately upon the firing of the first shot, the commander of the gunboat hoisted the Spanish flag, thinking the attack was a mistake, and expecting it would cease as soon as the nationality of his vessel was made known. No sooner did the Moors see the flag than their firing became more vigorous. Thereupon the commander ordered the fire to be returned, and, for a time, a brisk cannonade was kept up between the vessel and the shore. The course of the gunboat was changed so as to bring her nearer shore, and render her fire more effective. The Moors held their ground until the vessel nearly reached the shore, when they fled precipitately.

THE steamer *Portia*, of the New York and Halifax line, collided with the lumber schooner *Fair Wind*, from Rockland, Me., during a storm on Long Island Sound. The *Portia*, which carried a heavy list of passengers bound for Canadian resorts, received a bad break in her bows, and her officers started to beach her on the Long Island shore. Finding, however, that she was not leaking seriously, they put about and went to the rescue of the schooner which was towed to safety. All of the *Fair Wind's* upper rigging and spars were swept away, but no lives were lost. The *Portia* went through another exciting experience just two years ago. The vessel had

been South, and was making her way to Greenburg, N. B., at the time. At about ten in the morning a large iceberg appeared. It was about half a mile wide and one mile long, while it towered up hundreds of feet. A long shelf ran out from the berg several hundred feet, and about twenty feet below the surface of the water. Just as the *Portia* had got her bows over this shelf the iceberg suddenly split in half. The half with the shelf turned completely over and threw the vessel up into the air, fifteen feet from the surface of the water. The shelf went on up and the *Portia* dropped back into the sea on a level keel.

#### CRIMINAL.

A PRISONER in the jail at Glasgow declares that he took part in the murder of William Sydney, third Earl of Leitrim, who was murdered April 2, 1878, by being shot by unknown assassins on account, it is alleged, of his practice of seducing the daughters of tenants on the Leitrim estate. The prisoner also confesses that he was engaged in the assassination of William Browne de Montmorency, Viscount Mountmorres, who was murdered near Clonbor, County Galway, Ireland, September 25, 1880. The Earl of Leitrim, his clerk, and driver were shot dead near his lodge, Manor Vaghan, in Donegal. The murderers fired from behind a hedge, and did their work so effectually that no witness survived to tell the story. The statement made by the prisoner is that he was engaged to assist in both crimes by the murderer of Carey, the informer, and that both murders had been decreed by the central authority of the Irish Revolutionary party. The authorities are not inclined to believe the story, although they are making inquiries to ascertain whether there is any evidence to corroborate the statement.

ALICE MITCHELL, of Memphis, Tennessee, who killed her companion, Freda Ward, in a fit of mad jealousy because of the latter's approaching marriage, has been pronounced insane by a jury which was trying her for the murder. This verdict does not absolve the defendant from being placed on trial for her life at some future time, should she recover her reason and should the Attorney General see fit to prosecute her. The verdict has nothing to do with her sanity at the time she slew Freda Ward. It touches her present insanity alone. The only question involved was, "is the defendant now in such a mental condition as to enable her to confer with her counsel so as to intelligently conduct her trial for murder?" The jury's answer, by its verdict, was "No," and as the law forbids the trial of an insane person, the indictment against her must be retired until such time as she is declared sane, or it may be dismissed at the discretion of the Attorney General and the Court. If the defendant does not recover her sanity her confinement will be for life. If at any time she is declared sane she is not to be set at liberty until action is taken on the indictment pending against her.

#### SOCIAL.

EDWARD PARKER DEACON, of Boston, Mass., serving a year's sentence at Grasse, France, for shooting and killing Emile Abeille, an attaché of the French consular service, whom he found in Mrs. Deacon's room in the Hotel Splendide, Cannes, one night, has opened a proceeding against his wife, the charge growing out of her conduct with Abeille. If found guilty, she will be liable to a term of imprisonment.

AN English paper of social authority denies the report of the engagement of the Duke of York, son of the Prince of Wales and heir presumptive to the British throne, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. The paper further states that the betrothal of the Duke to the Princess May, daughter of the Duke of Teck, who was betrothed to the Duke of Clarence and Avondale at the time of the latter's death, will be officially announced soon.

A *chronique scandaleuse* of London dares to print this mysterious, yet suggestive, note: "Some very curious stories circulate in Richmond concerning the state of health of a certain royal lady whose name is very familiar to the multitude. The

#### THE CAMPAIGN IN CARTOON. VIII.



THE COPPER HEAD.

Adlai Stevenson was a member of a Secret Anti-Union Society during the war, was an elector on a Democratic platform which declared the war a failure, and when he was drafted he sent a substitute.

VICTOR'S COMPLIMENTS TO STEVENSON, IS "JUDGE."

## THE CAMPAIGN IN CARTOON. IX.



ADDED.

GROVER: "I've got it, but oh, my!"

MR. GELLAM, IN "JUDG," MAKES A POINT.

royal lady in question is very rarely seen in public, but those who have had an opportunity of gazing upon her at close quarters say things which are passing strange and mysterious.

THE Very Rev. John W. Murphy, Vicar-General of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Portland, Me., was thrown from his carriage by a frightened horse. He was not seriously injured, but, on being taken home, died of heart disease. He was fifty-two years old.

CORONER LEVY, of New York, recently received a letter from Laurencelle de Mores, nephew of the professional duelist De Mores, challenging him to fight, because of his public statements, which the coroner says he is ready to substantiate, that De Mores is a person of a decidedly shady character. Coroner Levy sent a friend on three different occasions to confer with M. de Mores, but the latter always failed to show up. The coroner says that the only notice he will take in the future of the Marquis or his relative, is to tweak the nose of either or both on sight.

## POLITICAL.

A REPUBLICAN CLUB, composed entirely of Indians in the Sisseton Reservation, in South Dakota, has been organized.

THE Democrats of Iowa will nominate Governor Boies for Congress in the Third Iowa district against D. B. Henderson. They are sure of electing him, and think this will make him a stronger candidate for the United States Senate.

IT is said in London that when the Duke of Devonshire visited the Queen last week, Her Majesty said she relied upon his advice to assist her in avoiding the necessity of sending for Mr. Gladstone to form a new government. The Duke, it is reported, said in reply to Her Majesty, that there was but one alternative for her to adopt; she must either call upon Mr. Gladstone to form a Ministry, or must abdicate the throne.

LONDON journals are having great sport over the contrast between the lion-like arrival, in Great Britain, of the Hon. G. R. Dibbs, Premier of New South Wales, and his lamb-like departure for home. The London papers recall the fiery speech in which, in 1891, at the Sydney Convention, Mr.

Dibbs advocated cutting the last link between Australia and England, and congratulate the Colonial Office on its dexterity in converting a republican into an ardent royalist by the magic of a title, Mr. Dibbs being now Sir G. R. Dibbs.

THE French cardinals have received a circular letter, written, probably, by Cardinal Mermillod, urging them, in case of the present Pope's death, to veto the choice of a Pope favorable to the Triple Alliance, and declaring that the death of Cattaline deprives the Triple Alliance of its expected candidate, so that it will be compelled to support Sainfeice. France is asked to push Cardinal Rampolla. If it should become evident that Rampolla cannot be chosen, the Cardinals, it is urged, should boldly vote for Cardinal Gibbons, during whose rule Italy would drift into a republican form of government, the Catholics of the world cunning at the change.

COUNT HERBERT BISMARK in a recent interview declared that his father was confident that, if the Kaiser were not surrounded by persons whose business in life is to keep the Kaiser and Prince Bismarck apart, there would have been a reconciliation long ago. Count Herbert added: "My father's bitterest enemies are those officials who were also officials under my father. These fear, and rightly fear, that if Prince Bismarck should return to power, or any person nominated by Prince Bismarck should be placed in power, a clean sweep would follow. The members of this clique, for their own purposes, misrepresent the acts and intentions of Prince Bismarck toward the Kaiser." Count Herbert spoke in derision of the statement that his father expected the Kaiser to take the first steps toward reconciliation. "My father," said Count Herbert, "has always been prepared to make such advances as are in keeping with his own dignity. In fact, there was no need to take any introductory steps after the Kaiser's telegram congratulating me on my engagement. Then everything pointed to a settlement of the differences; but just afterward followed the greatest insult father ever received in his life, namely, the social boycott at Vienna, decreed by authority from Berlin." As Count Herbert spoke these words he showed considerable excitement. He stopped abruptly and paced the floor in evident agitation, muttering the words: "Wretched insult! I cannot talk more!" Then Count Herbert left the room apparently overcome by his feelings. Somehow, every time Count Herbert undertakes to meddle with his father's affairs, he puts us in mind of Russell Harrison.

## SPAIN FARMS OUT CUSTOMS.

SPAIN is certainly in dire straits when she feels compelled to take the first step toward surrendering the brightest gem in her somewhat dingy crown. A Ministerial Council has decided to sanction the project for the farming out of the Cuban customs revenue, tenders for which will be received until November 1 next. The contract will go into effect on January 1, 1893. Securities must be deposited on tenders for \$15,000,000 to the amount of \$3,750,000 cash, or its equivalent in stocks. Tenders from limited liability companies will be rejected, and none will be accepted unless made by a mercantile or banking house. The *Imparcial*, of Madrid, considers that the carrying out of this plan involves grave responsibility, as tending either to the improvement of the government of Cuba, or as leading to the loss of the island, according to whether the contract falls into the hands of North Americans or Spaniards. Latest statistics put the public debt of the island at \$186,000,000, which requires \$9,000,000 to meet the annual interest. The same authority estimates the annual income of the inhabitants of the island at \$80,000,000. The annual receipts are about 26,000,000 pesos, of which about 15,000,000 pesos are put down to customs. The average quantity of sugar produced is about 600,000 tons. The production of molasses is about 159,000 tons. The yearly product of tobacco is about 300,000 bales. The total value of the principal articles of export from Havana for 1888 was \$29,281,835, and of the imports \$12,615,855. Rice was the principal import, next lard, jerked beef, and flour (American and Spanish).

## THE CAMPAIGN IN CARTOON. X.



DESERTEED.

MR. SYDNEY B. GRIFFIN, IN "TRUTH," POINTS OUT HARRISON'S FLIGHT.

## WORLD'S FAIR.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS, who, with Gounod and Massenet, ranks first among living French musicians, has accepted the invitation of the World's Fair directors to come to Chicago next summer. He will conduct programmes of his own compositions, and will appear as organist and at chamber concerts.

## THE SCOURGE.

ACCORDING to the advices of the London *Lancet*, the cholera is making steady headway in Russia; even the incomplete official returns received admit that 550 deaths are caused daily by the disease. It is spreading westward, and the report that it has invaded Roumania, if true, is of serious import to Europe. On account of the spread of cholera, the Nishni-Novgorod fair will be closed this year earlier than formerly. Most of the richest merchants have remained away for fear of contracting the disease. The attendance of traders is said to be only a third of what it has been in former years. In regard to the quibbling over the identity of the disease that is playing such havoc in the purlieus of Paris, the *Lancet* remarks: "When half the people attacked die it matters little what name is given to the cholera in Paris and its suburbs."

## FICTION.

PERHAPS no more brutal exhibition has been seen in modern times than that reported by a news agency as occurring at San Luis Potosi, in Mexico, a few days ago. There were fully five thousand people present, among them being a number of American tourists. The matador, Alberto Limeratura, was in the act of giving the third bull a fatal thrust with his short sword, when he slipped and fell. The frenzied bull had him on his horns in a moment, and was goring him ferociously, when three of the banderillas rushed to the rescue. Suddenly the bull charged upon one of the banderillas, overtook him, and caught him upon the sharp points of his horns, which penetrated entirely through the man's body. The crowd was wild with excitement, the Mexicans cheering the bull for his good fighting qualities. The dead body of the banderilla

remained on the bull's horns until the animal was killed. Limeratura, the matador, died while being removed from the ring. The performance was then stopped by the police authorities. For the sake of those who may have been painfully shocked by reading the above gory tale, we hasten to add that there is not a word of truth in the recital; the news agency was tricked by an imaginative reporter.

## ARTS AND LETTERS.

AN experiment of an especially interesting sort was lately made in New York. At an art exhibition given for the poor people on the east side of the city—the tenement district—about one hundred excellent works by French, English, and American artists were shown, and the visitors were asked to designate, by ballot, the picture that took their particular fancy. It appeared that the average taste was just about what it would be among the same number of uncultivated rich people. The picture "with a story to it" was most liked. A similar test made at Toynbee Hall, in London, produced an almost identical result. Nor need one be surprised at the outcome of these trials. The ability to discern the really fine "points" of a work of art, is as likely to be wanting in the rich as in the poor; it is a matter of specific cultivation and observation; it is doubtful whether it exists in any considerable degree even in the born artist. Sir Joshua Reynolds says of himself that it was only after many years of study that he began to understand the great qualities of Raphael's pictures; and that on his first visit to the Pitti Palace, he passed by some of the masterpieces of Titian, without recognizing the hand of the marvellous colorist, who later influenced him so powerfully. What, then, should be expected of the self-styled connoisseurs who acquire their artistic perceptiveness over night, along with some sudden fortune in oil well or copper mine?

## SPORTING.

THE latest device to assist in the reduction of race-horse records is the pneumatic tire sulkies. The essential idea of the new sulky is in the size and construction of the wheels. They are reduced to a diameter of less than three feet, are fitted with heavy rubber tires, which are inflated with air, and the axles are placed on ball bearings, like those used on bicycles. The evident advantages derived are a diminution of weight, a decrease of friction, and an added facility in making turns. Other advantages not so readily apparent are an increase of safety to the driver, and an entire absence of the shocks and pulls to which both horse and driver are to a certain extent subjected with the ordinary sulky over the best and smoothest courses. The continued succession of slight shocks to which the ordinary, inflexible sulky is exposed are believed to have had a serious effect on the brain and spinal cord of many clever drivers—notably so on J. H. Goldsmith. This injury is, of course, avoided by the springy pneumatic tire, and it is only reasonable to believe that the diminution of shocks or concussions communicated to the horse would benefit him in every way.

## THE COUNTESS OF ORKNEY.

IN defence of the good name of Connie Gilchrist, the English dancer who lately wedded the Earl of Orkney, the Duke of Beaufort has come forward to set the scandal mongers right regarding his relations with the fortunate graduate of the London concert halls. A naughty world that all along mistook the Duke's gallant devotion to the stage beauty for tokens of erotic intent, is now informed that these were but the fond cares and attentions of paternity. Strange as it may seem to us, with our strait-laced notions of legitimacy, the Duke of Beaufort in proclaiming the Countess of Orkney to be his natural daughter, materially improves the young woman's social standing in England. It is now recalled that twelve years ago Beaufort took the young actress to visit the Duchess at Badminton, and that even then he showed his fatherly anxiety to see her well established in life by his endeavors to induce Archie Drummond to marry her.

## ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

RICHARD TEN BROECK, one of the famous turfmen of the world, was found dead in his bed, at his house called the Hermitage, near San Mateo, Cal. No one was near at the time, and so erratic had the old gentleman become, that he experienced great difficulty in keeping help. He has been in exceedingly poor circumstances since his wife secured a divorce from him, and had arranged with parties to take an inventory of his effects so that he could convert them into ready money.

The famous horseman, whose last days were passed in so much trouble and embarrassment, was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1810, of old Revolutionary stock. On the paternal side his grandfather, Col. Ten Broeck, of Albany, was a Revolutionary soldier, and on the maternal his elder brother inherited from Capt. Bicker, of Philadelphia, the membership of the distinguished Order of Cincinnati, instituted by Gen. Washington, Gen. Knox, and other officers of the Revolution. By prescriptive right of such a pedigree, Richard Ten Broeck was educated at the Military College of West Point. Subsequently he studied law in New York.

He gained his earliest racing experiences from Colonel Johnson, of Virginia, remembered by the sporting men as the Napoleon of the Turf, in conjunction with whom he made many ventures. He established a stable of race-horses in Havana, and later on in Canada, where his horses started nine times without ever once being beaten. Then Mr. Ten Broeck purchased Lexington as a three-year-old from Dr. Warfield, who ran him in his first race under the name of Darley. His form and points at once fixed the eye of Ten Broeck, who purchased him for \$2,500, then regarded as a handsome sum. He at once matched him with Mr. Smith, of Alabama, a rival candidate for his purchase, against Sallie

Waters and won, and next year, carrying the colors of Kentucky, bore away the State Stakes of \$20,000—four mile heats. He was subsequently, however, beaten by Lecompte over the same distance in 7:26. Lexington in 1855, at New Orleans, lowered the four-mile record to 7:19 3/4.

It was in 1856 that Mr. Ten Broeck shipped the first installment of American horses to England. The stable included the celebrated chestnut horse Lecompte, the chestnut colt Prior, the bay filly Prioreess, and Lexington. Before the opening of the racing season in 1858 Lecompte and Prior died. The first race won by Mr. Ten Broeck's stable was the Censuwitch Stakes, captured by Prioreess at the Newmarket second October meeting. Thirty-four horses started in this race. Among them were Fisherman, Saunterer, and Warlock, the three most celebrated horses on the English turf at that time. After a very severe struggle, in which the American filly fared poorly, being badly guided by the jockey Tankesley, she made the celebrated dead heat with El Hakim and Queen Bless. Mr. Ten Broeck secured the services of the celebrated English jockey Fordham, who rode the filly in the run off, winning the race. The number of races won by Mr. Ten Broeck's horses argued strongly in favor of the idea that the American system of training was more favorable to endurance; that the English system was more conducive to speed. The aggregate winnings of Mr. Ten Broeck's stable during the ten years he remained in England were \$147,755. Of this sum Mr. Ten Broeck's American stable stands credited with \$74,125 and the English stable with \$123,640.

Some years ago, when short of funds, he sold at auction all his cups won on the British turf.

Belonging to the Jackson school of going to the front, Mr. Ten Broeck had a few of what are called in the South "little difficulties." In his last he received four bullets from a revolver, the last entering over the eyes, passing between the skull and scalp, and coming out behind.

## THE CAMPAIGN IN CARTOON. XI.



## THE POLITICAL PINKERTONS.

MR. HAMILTON, IN "JUDG," SAYS: "THE NORTHERN PRESS IS UNANIMOUS IN CONDEMNATION OF THE EMPLOYMENT OF PINKERTONS AGAINST LABOR IN THE NORTH, BUT WHO HEARS A WORD OF PROTEST FROM THE SOUTHERN PRESS AGAINST THIS BAND OF ORGANIZED BULLDOZERS AND MURDERERS THAT SACRIFICES THOUSANDS OF LIVES EVERY YEAR."



## THE CAMPAIGN IN CARTOON. XII.



ALL'S FISH THAT COMES TO THEIR NET.

MR. KEEFER IN "PUCK" GOES FISHING WITH THREE POLITICAL ENTHUSIASTS.

## THE STAGE.

THE new plays produced thus far this season are not particularly encouraging of any hopes that the stage is breaking away from the régime of rubbish that has of late held sway. "Fatherland," a concoction in four acts, produced at the Union Square Theatre, New York, proves to be the crude medley of drivelling dialogue, tuneless songs, and idiotic dances that generally constitutes the medium for the display of a "specialty" star's talents. The scene of the play is laid in what the programme announces as an "English speaking province" of the Tyrol, whatever that may be, and the action is helped along by frequent songs of a Tyrolean quartet and by many solos sung by the star himself. The story of the play, which is entirely impossible, begins with the arrival of Rhoda Stanford, a widow, in the Tyrol, with her little child, Meenie, and her sister, Charlotte Wagner. There the widow falls promptly in love with the guide, Herman Leopold, who saves her and Meenie from death during a flood. Her woes begin with the arrival of Henry Stanford, her husband's foster brother, who strives to make her marry him and thus secure the money left her by her husband. To accomplish this end he steals Meenie, but, of course, is foiled in carrying out his plan by the guide Leopold. In the last act Stanford is betrayed by his accomplice, Otto Wolfe, and is arrested and sent back to America accused of the murder of his foster brother, and Mrs. Stanford, of course, is left free to marry the guide. The situations are absurd but afford abundant opportunity for Tyrolean costumes, and much yodeling and carolling. Charles Gardner, the star of the performance, imitates the business and mannerisms of the late J. K. Emmett with some success. Two worthless new stage-pieces—for want of a better name—were presented in Chicago during the past week. One is a farce called "On 'Change," which was written by Miss Mary Magin and Mr. John Stapleton. It deals with speculation on the Board of Trade. It is filled with love and wheat deals, which ultimately cast asphyxiation at the feet of the hero, and ruin and just retribution upon the head of the would-be destroyer of happiness. The second of the new productions is styled "A Trip to the Circus." It deals with the novel plot of a long lost child, and is so utterly conventional and vulgar that the managers pronounce it "a sure money-maker."

## OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS.\*

## LIX. MISS VIRGINIA HARNED.

MISS VIRGINIA HARNED, whose portrait appears on page 600, is the leading lady of Mr. F. H. Sothern's company.

She was born about twenty-three years ago, in Boston, Mass., and there she received her education. When a young girl of sweet sixteen she became "stage struck," and thought that to be an actress would be the height of her ambition. The more she thought of it the greater became her desire to "tread the boards," and finally, much against the wishes of her family, she decided to go upon the stage and seek fame and fortune before the footlights. Miss Harned states that it was not entirely owing to her enthusiasm for the stage which led her to take this step, but also because it became necessary that she should do something to provide for her livelihood, and feeling that she had dramatic talent, she adopted the stage as her profession. But Miss Harned had two very strong opinions in regard to the stage. One was, that even heaven-born geniuses must have actual experience of the professional footlights before they could expect the public to receive them with open arms, so that amateur performances, though they might do no harm, could do no absolute good; and studying too much education or practicing declamation exercises was a waste of time. Therefore, having determined to make the stage her profession, she became a professional as soon as she could.

About this time Mr. George Clark was starting through the country, playing among other plays the "Corsican Brothers." Miss Harned joined his company, and made her first appearance upon the professional stage as Lady Despair, in the "Corsican Brothers." The tour of Mr. Clark was not a great success, and after a few weeks Miss Harned left the company. She then went barnstorming with various companies, and for eighteen months travelled upon the road, appearing in such plays as "A Night Off" and "Saints and Sinners." It was not, however, until the spring of 1889 that Miss Harned was brought prominently before the public. She was playing at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York City, in a piece called "A Long Lane," which, by the way, proved a dismal failure, but in which she made a great hit, when Daniel Frohman of the Lyceum Theatre, New York, saw her, and immediately offered her an engagement in one of his companies. Miss Harned accepted the offer, and on the night of August 27, 1890, made what might virtually be considered her first metropolitan appearance—anyway her first appearance in New York of any special importance—in Mr. Sothern's company, at the Lyceum Theatre, as Clara Dexter in the "Maister of Woodbury."

Miss Harned has ever since remained with Mr. Frohman as Mr. Sothern's leading lady.

Miss Harned is a handsome woman. The upper part of her face, and the eyes especially, sometimes suggest the inimitable Sarah. The rest of her face, her figure, and her voice set one thinking of Rose Coghlan.

"If doing the provinces" produces such an actress, I should advise metropolitan managers to seek their dramatic pearls in the country, instead of on our Broadway.

\*Portraits already published in "Our Gallery of Players": Pauline Hall, in No. 71; Tom Lickentriest American, Fannyavenport, in No. 72; Mrs. Langtry, in No. 74; Fay Tompkins, in No. 75; Marie James, in No. 76; Marie Langtry, in No. 77; Laura Moore, in No. 78; Ada Richman, in No. 79; George Cayman, in No. 80; Della Fox, in No. 81; Anna O'Keefe, in No. 82; Rosina Vokes, in No. 83; Marion Manola, in No. 84; Helen Berran, in No. 85; Isabelle Tremphart, in No. 86; Ellen Terry, in No. 87; Annie Meyers, in No. 88; Julia Marlowe, in No. 89; Mimi, Helena Modjeska, in No. 90; Mrs. Agnes Booth, in No. 91; Marie Burroughs, in No. 92; Stuart Jefferson, in No. 93; Henry Irving, in No. 94; Jane Hading, in No. 95; Adelaide Arthur, in No. 96; Walter Barrett, in No. 97; Margaret Mather, in No. 98; Joseph Robson, in No. 99; Tommaso Salvini, in No. 100; Berthel Constant, in No. 101; Miss Lillian Russell, in No. 102; Sarah Bernhardt, in No. 103; Lillian Russell, in No. 104; Helen Davenay, in No. 105; Frederic Bond, in No. 106; Ethel Ellder, in No. 107; Frances Wilson, in No. 108; Louis James, in No. 109; Joseph Hawthorth, in No. 110; Robert B. Mansell, in No. 111; Adelaide Prince, in No. 112; Minna K. Gale, in No. 113; Mrs. George Drexel Barrymore, in No. 114; Miss Lilla Lehmann, in No. 115; Annie Russell, in No. 116; Jean Lancelotti, in No. 117; Rose Coghlan, in No. 118; Emma James Story, in No. 119; Edwin Booth, in No. 120; Viola Allen, in No. 121; Maurice Barrymore, in No. 122; Grace Howard, in No. 123; Mrs. John Gilbert, in No. 124; Wm. J. LeMoine, in No. 125; James Lewis, in No. 126; Camille D'Avenille, in No. 127; Beatrice Cameron, in No. 128; and Jennie Bartlett Davis, in No. 129.



EDITED BY MARY L. BISLAND.

WITH PEN AND PENCIL.—When Grub Street passed away, men of letters entered into a kingdom of thrift and plenty to which they had long been strangers. To-day there is no class of laborers shrewder at driving a bargain than those who shove their pens at so much a line, and as for crafty artists, they could give valuable points to stock brokers in Wall Street.

Just how this change has come about would take long to tell, but for outsiders it is deeply interesting to watch the way the canny clans manipulate the business at present.

They work, of course, are clever, industrious, and amiable, but the leaders do more, and being men, they marry rich wives. In illustration of this fact, take the two pretty romances being conducted at present by a couple of popular young fellows, the one an author, the other an artist painting and prospering in New York City. Possibly, by unremitting toil, these deserving youths might lay by a decent competence for their old age, and would have no right to expect more through legitimate channels. This does not satisfy their impatient spirits, however, so, like knights of old, they desert the thrilling deed, and go seek their fortunes where coaches, yachts, millionaires, and all enemies of meek contentment abound.

Being wise in their generation, this scribbler and sketcher sallied forth, well informed concerning the country they proposed to invade. They know a certain rich man with daughters, and carried potent weapons for hewing down any barriers fortune might interpose between their aspirations and those maiden hearts.

They realized that, indifferent as women are to commonplace forms of adulation, few of the sex can remain impervious to the flattery conveyed in being poetically treated as the heroine of an impassioned bit of fiction. This was the cunning trick put forward by the author. He sent her a magazine in which she was unmistakably pictured as "a rare, proud woman," inspiring deeds of heroism, redeeming lost souls, and lifting up the world generally. Next month, between different covers, the canary blondness of her hair, her forget-me-not eyes, dimples, and smiles were sung again in the character of a rosy witty vixen, whose chief occupation was turning men's heads, entangling their hearts, etc., but all for the victim's own good. Her girlish comments upon life and the opposite sex were gravely recorded, and by the time the third story made its appearance, she was brought to listen to an argument taught by ring and book.

Nor had the artist been idle. His perfect work took the form of illustrating the author's romances with sprightly drawings, for all of which the younger sister served as model. Those who knew both parties, soon learned to look for each one of Caroline's French frocks in the clever society pictures of the popular young draughtsman, and if the wearer was idealized a trifle no one objected. Week after week she smiled and danced, and made love in black and white, till the artist's suit was won.

Now, it is said that both compacts are signed and sealed; that papa has not only come down with a rich dot for each daughter, but adds a furnished house in town, so keenly was his pride gratified by their successful exploiting as leading ladies in sketch and story. It is doubtful whether anyone ever before thought of this commercial value of talent, but when these couples sail away, as they mean to do, in father-n-

law's steam yacht, other rising craftsmen may stand by and take useful notes upon the result of modern enterprise.

PATRIOTISM.—Whether the British Liberals or Conservatives win and hold a majority in the next Parliament is a question in which Englishwomen feel a depth of interest that the American maids and matrons cannot exactly understand or sympathize with. We read in the English women's papers and magazines, supposedly devoted to society and fashion, most anxious and intelligent comments upon the course of elections, and a prejudiced expression of Tory or Liberal sentiments that would sound out of place did we not know how vivid is the concern English wives, mothers, daughters, and sweethearts feel in the balloting that has of late so excited the little island. The season in London has proven a dull one, the great races and regattas roused but half the usual enthusiasm, and all because of the elections that absorbed the thoughts of women as well as the men. Home Rule, free trade, and the rest of it, with arguments pro and con, are as freely discussed by feminine lips as fashions and household duties, and the ponderous *Times* is as carefully read in dainty morning rooms as in business offices. Women who have some really intelligent knowledge of the United Kingdom's true needs, valiantly went forth to canvass for the candidate they favored: women of every class attended the great political meetings, cheered or hissed as their prejudices prompted, and will as sincerely mourn over the downfall of their party as though they had a vote involved.

How sharply in contrast all this earnest, honest sympathy seems in comparison with the American women's sentiments as regards our great coming election. Not less fierce than the struggle between Liberal and Conservative is to be the strife just begun between Republican and Democrat, and yet how slight is the interest our women feel in the methods pursued by either party or the result of elections. From the talk of brothers and husbands, or from cursory glances at the paper, they learn the names of the candidates, and perhaps outline of each party's platform. Not one woman out of ten knows or cares whether the next four years gives the country tariff reform or high tariff with reciprocity treaties, and talk of the Federal election bill conveys to their minds no distinct meaning. On election day they will stay out of town, make up country house parties, and suffer no deeper joy or sorrow over the returns from the States except as the masculine members of their family appear elated or cast down. "Why should we want to know more of our country's politics? Why should we care," they may ask, "we who have no vote?"

Why? Because for pure patriotism's sake; because, like the Englishwoman, though you have no vote you have a distinct interest in and keen love for the country in which you live, and because behind the ballot box you can exert a tremendous and beneficial influence if you will; because if you had a clear knowledge of your country's government and her political persuasions, combined with an affectionate ambition for her welfare, you would be able to teach your sons and stimulate the patriotism of your husbands, and thereby be of greater service than if you had the privileges of the ballot. For, after all, my dear ladies, pure patriotism is at the bottom of the matter. It is this fine sentiment that animates the Englishwoman whose pride in her country arouses her unselfish efforts, and, who, if she ever wins the suffrage, will be found



far more fitted for the responsibility than her indifferent American sister.

A GOOD BUSINESS WOMAN is Mrs. Hearst, widow of the enormously wealthy senator, whose respect for his wife's administrative ability was such that, by provision of his will, to her hands was confided the care of the great bulk of his fortune. Now the guardianship of so large an estate as the rich Californian had accumulated involves no small amount of responsibility and actual work. But all the threads of her business affairs Mrs. Hearst keeps well in her own hands, directing every investment and personally supervising her employees' accounts. Mrs. Hearst, so say her friends, would have made an excellent business man, for in the care of her great fortune she is an admirable exception to the majority of helpless wealthy widows. Something of the rare feminine ability is expressed in her firm mouth and quiet eyes. In happy contrast with the sternest virtues is a generous heart and a love for the society of gay, good-natured young people.

A PLUCKY WOMAN.—Two years ago Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, under whose editorship flourished a widely read New York fashion monthly, was quoted far and near as receiving the largest salary paid any woman editor in the United States. That this was true Mrs. Bryan and her employer never denied, and to the average woman who labors with her pen this princely salary seemed satisfying enough for even the most avaricious. In Mrs. Bryan, however, an instinct of quite masculine independence dominates her feminine characteristics, and she felt restless in the golden bonds of a very pleasant office. Her desire grew to establish a magazine of her own. Accordingly she broke off relations with her New York employers, and to her native State—Georgia—returned to set her pet project on foot. How well she has succeeded in her gallant enterprise is proven by a neat, well illustrated monthly home magazine, on the cover of which Mrs. Mary E. Bryan writes her name as editor, while one is inclined to suspect that this enterprising energetic lady holds more than a salaried editor's financial interest.

FEMININE DRAMATISTS.—Five years ago on the fingers of one hand might easily have been enumerated the names of women, who, as dramatic authors, had earned any financial profit or artistic fame. One or two curtain-raisers of doubtful merits and small popularity, and a few one-act drawing-room comedies seemed to constitute the full share of honors women might enjoy in this difficult and profitable authorship. We speak, of course, of the progress of dramatic writing among American women. One had quite come to the conclusion that politics and the drama were two great professions for which the feminine mind appeared unable to successfully cope. 1891 should be marked as the year in which women, with Miss Martha Morton in the lead, made a first essay in stage literature and showed how false had been our conclusions. Miss Morton's success fired the ambition of would-be dramatic writers all over the country, and the women who were trimming their quills and filling their ink bottles, preparatory to an emulation of Craddock and Miss Wilkins, decided to try their luck and talent in the novel work of writing plays. Managers have been fairly inundated with women's manuscripts, many of which display remarkable, but unpolished talents, and out of the list of novices, four stand now in the front rank with masculine playwrights. Martha Morton, Marguerite Merrington, Minnie Maddern, and the author of that brilliant farce "Incog," have overcome by their clever work any existing prejudices against their sex as playwrights that the public, actors, or managers may have felt.

With this wonderful beginning it is not extravagant to predict that the future will add others to this group of now well-known names. Not unnatural is this eagerness of women to compete with men as dramatic authors, for the monetary profits that nowadays fall to the share of a successful playwright are enough to arouse ambitious hopes in the least avaricious. If Bisson, the most prolific, gifted, and popular of modern play producers can earn forty-five thousand a year by his pen, a woman who makes a sale of a neat bit of dramatic

work can easily command five thousand in payment for a play that has absorbed the major portion of a year's honest thought and labor. Five thousand is rather more than the average woman earns by salary or arduous work in detached writing during a twelve-month, and when 'tis told abroad that on the strength of their initial triumphs Miss Morton and Miss Merrington have received orders for other plays, the golden rewards of one triumph seem fabulous indeed.

Managers, however, to whose lot falls the very difficult task of reading and deciding upon the great mass of dramatic matter submitted them for criticism, and the hope of a possible purchase, complain that the aspiring feminine dramatist takes oftentimes a most novel and dramatic view of the life and the scenes she may attempt to depict, and that fervor of expression and originality of ideas are not lacking. Strenuous labor and exact calculation, the ways on which a well-balanced playable play must be built and perfected before offered for public approval, are not characteristic of the woman's play. Whatever women do with their pens is usually produced on a tension or impulse. An idea enters that much discussed centre of intelligence, the feminine brain, and, trembling with enthusiasm, their pens promptly translate the thoughts.

IDEALIZED HOUSEKEEPING.—Tired women, overwrought and vexed in the extreme by the pressure of multitudinous domestic cares, will be interested perhaps to learn the way a certain statesman spares his wife all such anxieties. It appears that when Mr. Grover Cleveland married the charming young girl who for four years adorned the White House, he resolved, if possible, to save her from every care, and to protect her in her youth and inexperience. To this end his private secretary, Dan. Lamont, was commissioned to prepare, twenty-four hours in advance, a complete schedule of the precise manner in which Mrs. Cleveland was expected to pass each day.

It defined her official bearing towards friends and foes, and consequently she suffered no doubt or hesitations. Her visiting list was critically scanned. This faithful guide set forth the senator's wives she should call upon, and where a special end could be served, gave suggestions as to happy remarks that might be made to Mrs. This and Madame That.

Mrs. Cleveland never left the house without this courteous social coaching, and unquestionably much of the easy self-possession she displayed was due to an accurate foreknowledge of the satisfactory results of her sayings and doings. All through her Washington career these methods were scrupulously observed, and while the graceful, amiable young wife certainly deserved a large share of credit for her tact and dignity, only those acquainted with the husband's forethought admired his tender guardianship as he deserved.

When the Presidential year ended, Mr. Cleveland did not permit the domestic burdens to fall on Mrs. Cleveland. True, she complained a bit at losing Mr. Lamont's clever guidance, but private life in New York was comparatively simple after the official duties in Washington. And then her housekeeping was idealized to a point scores of women dream of and very few attain. When they took up their abode on Madison Avenue Mr. Cleveland promoted his faithful colored valet to the post of major-domo of the establishment. Everything connected with running the household was placed unreservedly in his hands. He received a salary of one hundred dollars a month, was told just how much his master proposed spending a year, and was then given carte blanche to conduct the ménage. He hired and dismissed the servants, provided the wine cellar, linen closet, and store-room alike, was held responsible for the satisfactory working of the domestic machine, the detailed perfection of which was required at his hands alone.

Mrs. Cleveland is to this day totally ignorant of the friction and galling restraints imposed upon women presiding over great or small households. Once a month she goes over the books with the butler, is advised when any radical change is proposed, notifies him when guests are expected, and looks to this trustworthy servant to carry out any fancy or caprice she may have. He is her factotum, and taking a vast pride in his position in the Cleveland family, is jealous of everything touching its honor and well-being.

## Fashions.

## AUTUMN TAILOR-MADE GOWNS AND CLOTH HATS.

It is conceded now that the Eton, Harrow, or small over-jacket, will play an important part in the composition of the smart tailor dress this autumn. These tiny top-coats are cut after a variety of styles, round, pointed, and square behind, with long revers rolling away from the bust, or short sharp flaps. In these details the figure of the wearer is consulted, but stout women are always strongly advised against adopting this mode, even in a modified form, so very trying is it to excessive breath or fullness.

Some of the newest cloth dresses are made with untrimmed bell skirts, absolutely plain tight-fitting waists, enormous sleeves puffed into the armhole, and finished below the elbow with a stiff cuff. The waist line is elongated as much as possible, and has a bit of braid, a fold of the material, gimp or ribbon to conceal the meeting of the bodice and skirt. This trimming ends in a rosette or bow immediately in the back. With this costume a short sleeveless Harrow jacket is worn.

A charming frock on somewhat the same lines, yet rather more elaborate, is of ivory white serge, with plain slightly trained skirt and zouave Eton coat, worn over a smoothly fitting green velvet waistcoat that fastens a trifle to one side, with pinkish grey pearl buttons. A folded sash of green velvet shows between the jacket and skirt around the waist, and hangs in long ends over the serge train. A soft frill of pale pink crêpe de chine falls as a jabot down the front of the waistcoat.

Homespun, plain, mixed, and checked, promises to hold fashion's favor this autumn, and any number of tailor gowns will be made of this smart and durable goods. Again the checked tweeds in neutral tints will be to the fore, having jackets reaching to the hips, but without sacque backs or other eccentricities.

For early autumn use there are also short comfortable coats of Scotch tweeds, having hoods at the back, and lined throughout with shot silk. They are not new, but so serviceable, and even necessary, for those who travel much or stay late in the country, that the demand continues steady. A more novel and somewhat more voluminous cloak is made in cashmerean tweed, and lined with changeable silk.

Usters with long movable capes made of the softest reversible cashmere cloth, quite an eighth of an inch in thickness, are suited for all emergencies of climate.

Hats worn with tailor dresses are almost invariably stiff, and plain in style. They show variations on the English walking shapes and sailor hats, but no radical departure from the narrow brims, low crowns, and very simple trimmings. Ribbon bows are the approved ornamentations, being tied either in two Alsatian loops, directly in front, in quill-like up-standing bows when the crown overhangs the brim, or low conventional rosette directly to one side, as individual taste dictates. Some few have their crowns encircled by a loose roll of chiffon, with two stiff quill feathers of a contrasting color stuck in at right angles a little to the left.

Women who are wearing the white duck or white serge Eton jacket suits, may find more

elaborate millinery provided for those who object to the severe and youthful aspect of the sailor hat. These pretty creations are of dead white felt, the brim projecting a trifle over the face in front. A fluffly roll of snowy chiffon is folded so that the two ends meet directly in the back where the soft puffs are upright and mix in with short curly white ostrich tips.



TRAVELLING HATS.

NO. 177 and 178. These sketches represent the front and back views of a stylish tailor-made gown of chocolate brown ladies' cloth, handsomely braided in brown and silver mixed cord. The vest and neck-band are of pale olive green silk, and the wide fancy collar, together with the under sleeve, is of satin antique, a fabric which resembles in texture the nap of a man's silk hat. This collar is embroidered in silver and the skirt is braided up one side like a panel. It is only slightly trained, and is set in a wide box-pleat at the back. This dress would be very costly hand-braided, but could be imitated by using passementerie instead of braid for trimming and velvet in place of the satin antique. Ladies' cloth varies in price from \$2.00 to \$5.00 per yard; good passementerie, three-and-a-half inches wide, about \$2.25 to \$3.75 per yard. Quantity of cloth required to make a dress, five-and-a-half yards; passementerie, four yards, and velvet, two yards.

NO. 179 shows a dress entirely of check cloth, homespun, or any material that is seasonable, its only ornamentation being the silk facings and stitching, strap-seams, etc., and a few fancy bone buttons. This is a smart gown for travelling, and a toque hat of the same cloth, and perhaps a three-quarter circular cape with a hood, would be a nice addition to this costume if it is intended for travelling.

NO. 180 pictures a pretty tailor-made costume of French fancy cloth of dark blue, with figured stripe in *tabac* brown. The skirt is plain, save for a narrow plisse of blue velvet and material combined in a *ruche*. The waist is trimmed with straps of velvet, seemingly fastened with gilt fancy buttons.

French cloth, 8 yards,	@ \$2.00,	\$16.00
Velvet, 1½ yards,	@ 4.00,	6.00
Buttons, 3 dozen,	@ 1.00,	2.00
Silk linings,	@ 10.00,	10.00
		\$34.00

NO. 181. The Eton jacket is too well assured a favorite to disappear very quickly. It is sure to remain some time as an accompaniment to a new skirt or smart vest. This sketch shows one of tartan plaid, with revers and vest of blue silk and a pretty necktie of a contrasting color.

NO. 182 is a hat frame, turban shape, covered with navy blue cloth and trimmed with folds of eorled silk cut on the bias. It has a binding of fancy silk gimp and an aigrette of curled coque feathers.

NO. 183 is a sailor shape, with the cloth covered brim braided in fine gold cord. The crown is gathered from the centre and a band of black ribbon velvet and a bow finish the trimming.

NO. 184 is a cloth travelling hat, of the Alpine shape, with straps and buckles by way of ornamentation. It is exceedingly pretty.



NO. 181. AN ETON JACKET.



## AUTUMN TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

NO. 177, BACK VIEW OF TAILOR-MADE GOWN OF CHOCOLATE BROWN CLOTH.

NO. 179, FRONT VIEW OF TAILOR-MADE GOWN OF CHOCOLATE BROWN CLOTH. NO. 179, A SEASONABLE DRESS OF CHECK CLOTH.

NO. 180, A TAILOR-MADE COSTUME OF FRENCH FANCY CLOTH.



1. Hereafter all correspondence should be addressed to "Editor, Correspondence Department, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 6 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."

2. Questions sent by our readers will be answered in the order in which they are received. Owing to the large number of letters which reach us asking advice, and to the fact that answers to many of the questions involve considerable research, replies can rarely be given in the same week the letter is received. Our readers should not enclose stamped envelopes, with requests for private correspondence, as questions can be answered only in these columns.

3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

ARTIST.—Your letter has been kept on the file of unanswered communications that I might gain time to discover a practical reply to your query. I must, however, confess I have not succeeded in finding what you want; though I am sure some where in New York there are published manufacturers' catalogues fully illustrated with just the designs you need. I have so far failed to discover such a publication.

COUNTRY.—The announcement cards have been so often discussed and illustrated in this department that I wonder they have escaped your notice. On the front page of a double sheet of smooth cream laid paper, order engraved, in delicate script, the following formula, and according to the arrangement of words and sentences given below:

*Mr. and Mrs. James Brown  
announce the marriage of their daughter*

*Mary  
to  
Mr. John Smith,  
on  
August the Third,  
at  
Trinity Church, New York City.*

In case your father only is alive, he alone announces your marriage, and the engraving begins, "Mr. James Brown announces the marriage of his daughter." If your mother is a widow, she makes the announcement. Now, if you intend to return to your husband's home after the honeymoon, and wish to there receive your friends, you can pursue one of two courses by which to make known your future residence, and the date on which you will be prepared to receive callers. Either order engraved in the left-hand lower corner of the sheet on which the announcement appears, "At Home after October the first, at 24 West Blank Street," or enclose with each announcement a visiting card engraved thus:

*Mr. and Mrs. John Smith  
At Home*

Then in the lower left-hand corner, "Thursday afternoons after October first." The number of your house must occupy the lower right-hand corner of the card. Announcement cards, when properly employed, are all sealed, addressed, stamped, and dropped into the post-box just one hour after Miss Brown and Mr. Smith are made man and wife, and, as is the custom with wedding invitations, are carefully sent to all relatives, acquaintances, and friends at home and abroad. I give these formulas that you can in name, date, and addresses after to suit your needs. As far as my own experience extends, I find that Turkish baths, taken in nice places, vary little in price. Inquire at that big and famous hotel on the corner of Twenty-fifth Street and Broadway. There, in the morning, between nine and one o'clock, I believe, the beautiful and well-conducted baths are open to women; and, for one dollar, a good steaming, douching, and rubbing can be had. I advise you to take your baths about eleven o'clock in the morning. Now, I trust, I have really helped you, and that you may again find it convenient and pleasant to write to me.

SCHOOL GIRL.—'Tis very difficult, from the great library of delightful books on foreign countries, to select a few for a traveler's library. I am somewhat put to it in this case, for you give me no suggestion as to the countries you will visit. I very naturally conclude that to Great Britain you will go; and if your journeyings are to extend as far north as Scotland, by all means read Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's description of the portion of that beautiful country through which they went on bicycles. Robert Louis Stevenson's book on Edinburgh, and Scott's novels will give you enough reading in preparation for Scotland. The guide-books will give you sufficient information upon London; but if you travel down to the southwest of England, prepare yourself for a full appreciation of that delightful country by reading "Lorna Doon" and "Westward Ho." Mrs. Oliphant's books on Florence and Venice, Howells' "Florentine Mosaics," and the Pennells book on Italy, are all charming reading. Have you ever read any of Elizabeth Champney's series of the "Vassar Girls Abroad"? If not, buy the entire list; and, in compact form, excellently descriptive and well illustrated, you will get as clear a picture of Europe in your mind, as is possible to secure without travel. The Vassar girls went on most interesting tours every year. They have, I think, visited almost every well-travelled country of Europe, and the account as given by Mrs. Champney will be fully appreciated by you, I am sure. What a pleasant prospect you have before you—a future sufficiently delightful—the thought of which must brighten even the dullest hours of study! Your earnest desire to prepare yourself for a proper understanding of all you may see during your travels, persuades me that the splendor and beauty of those great countries will be truly appreciated by you.

PRINCE PRINCETON.—You have, certainly, a splendid store to select from in making up your library, for of late years so many brilliant men and women have been busily writing for young people, that boys and girls of sixteen possess a literature of their own nearly as extensive as that claimed by their elders. Of course, you know that Dickens, Scott, and Cooper, with Washington Irving, are novelists whose volumes belong in the library of all young people. Bulwer's "Last of the Barons," "Kienl," "Zenoni," and "The Last Days of Pompeii," with Charles Levers' "Tom Burke of Ours" and "Charles O'Malley"; Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho," "Heroes of the Argonauts," and "Hypatia"; Wallace's "Ben Hur," and Blackmore's "Lorna Doon," will give you a couple of shelves full of excellent whetstone fiction. Macaulay, Scott, Tom Hood, and Coleridge, with Longfellow, will supply you sufficient poetry for many months, while a Shakespeare and Homer should have a first place among the books. You cannot fail to delight in Francis Parkman's splendid histories of the settlement of America, and of the Indians. Get his history of French invasion of Canada, of the "Conspiracy of Pontiac," Prescott and Motley will please you, and, later on, you will relish Froude's history of England and history of Caesar. Henrietta C. Wright's "Stories of Great Scientists" and "American History" are both fine books, and I think you yourself must have headed the list by the "Tom Brown" books. Let me advise you to read Mrs. Ewing's "We and the World"; in consequence, you will want to read her other numerous and lovely short stories. If you do not subscribe to the young people's magazine in which the following stories appeared as serials, you had best buy Dodd's books for boys, "Josh Kinner," etc. The boys' library of legend and chivalry, edited by Sidney Lanier, contains some fine books, "The Boys' King Arthur," "Legends of Wales," "The Boys' Froissart," etc., are in this series. There is a second boys' library, in which are included three entirely delightful books, Stockton's "Jolly Fellowship," Mrs. Dodge's "Hans Breit," and R. Johnson's "Phaeton Rogers," "The Story of Vitellus," "White Cockades," and "The Modern Vikings." James Baldwin's "Stories of the Golden Age," "Story of Siegfried," and "Story of Roland," with Captain Mayne Reid's sea stories, finish my very abbreviated list. I could fill at least a printed page with the names, merely, of books that are to be deeply enjoyed by boy readers. I can call to mind enchanting books, such as "Wonderful Escapes and Daring Adventures," "The Mysteries of Utopia," an expurgated edition of "Gulliver's Travels," "The Arabian Nights," and "The Vicar of Wakefield." You will never have any difficulty in finding books to read, if you only have the time in which to read them carefully and understandingly. Any book dealer can send you all or any of the volumes I have mentioned, or order them for you from the publisher.

A MOTHER.—Your idea seems to be to secure a nice, amiable woman, of sufficient intelligence to help the child along in simple suitable studies, and yet willing to act quite as conscientiously as both maid and teacher. There are no trained and capricious women who act in this capacity, and are known as nursery governesses, in distinction with the more dignified position of governess proper. In case you advertise, or, through your friends, endeavor to engage

a woman, be sure you ask for a nursery-governess. The nursery-governess should be paid fifteen or twenty dollars for her services, that ordinarily consist of teaching and amusing her pupil. The nursery-governess will, for the above-mentioned wages, consent to give your son such studies as you think he should follow; will read to and with him; will breakfast, dine, and sup at his nursery-table, and walk, ride, and play with him at all reasonable hours between his breakfast and supper. She will not consent to take charge of him at night, nurse him, mend his clothes, and observe all the duties of a nursery-maid. That is, you will not find a capable, responsible woman who will, for the above-named prices, take upon herself the work ordinarily given two women. For twenty-five or thirty dollars I have no doubt you could secure a desirable person, and that is not an exorbitant price, when you consider that if you employed a nursery-governess and maid both, fifteen dollars apiece would be their wages. A competent governess, at twenty-five dollars a month, would teach your child, during certain hours have the care of him, eat at his table, join as far as possible in his outdoor and indoor amusements, but demand the afternoons and evenings for herself. Board, lodging, and washing, with certain social considerations, would also be her right. Therefore, I unhesitatingly advise you to seek a nursery-governess, and offer, in exchange for her services—in case you supply no nursemaid—twenty-five dollars, her board and washing, and a generous allowance of leisure each day.

JUPITER.—I am sorry to say I can give advice no more helpful than the mother who permitted her daughter to swim, but not to go near the water. There is absolutely no remedy for *mal de mer* but a firm and consistent residence on land. There are those who advise one to drink champagne, wear brown paper pads, and dose oneself with Worcestershire sauce. In reality, these remedies do no good. During a long sea voyage you will, probably, be ill a couple of hours or days, and then recover your digestive equilibrium; but with the predisposition to seasickness, you will be, indeed, very foolish to join sailing parties and yachting expeditions. The motion of a small boat is particularly trying to those with weak stomachs, and 'tis wiser to forego the participation in yachting than appear ridiculous before your friends. I admit I laughed over this second question. No, indeed; one may learn to swim like a duck, and never feel a sensation other than pleasurable, while on a deck suffer tortures. You may, therefore, fearlessly plunge into the water, and delight in swimming in water, though it is utterly incapable to sail on it. Let me advise you to try those swimming lessons in salt water, and in some quiet cove with a safe beach. I don't wonder you reject with horror the proposition to be thrown overboard. That heroic intention may be effective with boys, but, for a timid woman, 'tis a most dangerous test. Follow either of two very wise courses in attempting to learn to swim. The unpleasant feature of lifting one's feet in the water in order to strike out with them is that one's head promptly ducks under, and water rushes into the eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, choking and horrifying the would-be swimmer. In water that is smooth and reaches to your shoulders, begin your first lesson by asking some one to place their hand under your chin, and carefully hold your face out of water. So braced, lift both feet from the sand-bed, and, as you well know the motions, begin the effort at frogging it with your legs and arms. It is wonderful what confidence and balance one gains, having the face steadied and upheld by a strong hand. Try this for two or three days, and, suddenly, you will discover that the obstinate, awkward legs have caught the magic motion, and the kindly, sustaining hand of the friend can be dispensed with. Another, and very good plan, is to swim with a plank, or a life buoy, a better, and so upborne on the floating wood, paddle along in the water until confidence is gained. I know of one timorous little woman who taught herself to swim by holding on to a small white buoy, and struggling in the water until she gained the leg movement, on which safe locomotion in the water depends. Note, however, that in these new patterns and materials for teaching suits, the wide-twisted serge, or clear dark blue, trimmed with white or red braid, has been, and so far as we can judge, will, for a long time to come, continue to be the most excellent stuff for salt water clothes. Make your suit of the serge, with full waist and knickerbockers in one. By buttoning the short skirt should be attached about the waist, and an oil-silk cap tied on firmly with a large turkered calico handkerchief. With this suit must be worn blue stockings and bath shoes of canvas and cork soles. Let me advise you to add an ample white Turkish towel, both robe to this outfit; for along the Northern coasts the sea breeze strikes, and one goes to and from the water. To bathe in the pleasure of security from evil results, one should wear a robe to the water's edge, and assume it again directly on coming from the brisk friction with waves. There are other considerations that should induce the average frequenter of popular seaside watering places, where the crowd takes its dip in the morning or afternoon, and is but too willing to lay aside many of the

conventionalities when in the informal frolic. As this is your first venture on the sea coast, I can confidently predict that all the novel experiences will delight you, and, I sincerely trust, restore the lost flesh, color, and spirits.

J. HROWN.—Henry H. Fuller is the author of the charming book. He is a resident of Chicago—whether a native of that city or no, I cannot say. A second book is now appearing, by monthly installments, in one of the leading magazines. No, I do not think you have overestimated the literary value of so delightful a volume, and your enthusiasm is fully shared by the thousands who have read with you.

ZEPHYR.—(1) The very newest are of *moiré* silk; and a small foot in a neat cardinal-red *moiré* silk slipper is, indeed, a very gratifying sight. These have not long been worn in Paris, and can, I think, be made in New York. Should you be inclined to adopt this pretty fancy, have the slippers made with French heels, exaggeratedly pointed toes, and finished over the toes with tiny buckles of rhinestones or cut silver. (2) I can quite easily answer your anxious query, for just this spring have been introduced into New York the very type of shoe after which your soul seems to yearn. They are here called patent leather pumps. (Of patent leather, a slipper, pointed toe and high-arched in instep, is made, but is set on a low, square heel, and is worn with indescribable comfort. However disappointing the description may sound, let me hasten to assure you that this slipper is fully as becoming as comfortable. The pointed toe and high-arched instep take away from the ugly flatfooted effect that the ordinary low-heeled slipper gives. There is really, you know, very little use in stuffing your foot into a shoe too narrow for it. Very naturally, you stretch and split the leather of your boots, and suffer from corns when so stupid a course is followed. Too many southern women adopt the same method, and, as a result, the average Southern foot is short, but broad and knobby. You say you know, No. 3 D; that sounds very small. However, when you come to New York you will find that shoes of that size in the shops cannot be stretched to fit your foot. The reason of the phenomenon is because shoes are all marked especially for the Southern market, and here you will be astonished to find that the No. 5 is just as good, and even gives you a much longer but much slenderer foot than the No. 3's. You should, you know, wear shoes always a finger's width longer than your foot. If your feet are not already rubbed and sore from wearing too small shoes, the longer and narrower boots, to be had in New York, will, in a great degree, correct the bad shape of the extremities, that a woman most ardently desires shall make a creditable appearance before the world.

J. M.—You can decorate the whole house so effectively with Japanese lanterns and oak boughs, that no one will remark the lack of flowers. From the woods, on the morning before your fall, have a man cut for you a wagonload of cedar, spruce, pine, and oak boughs. Behind every picture, bookcase, the tall clock, and over the doorways, nail up great armloads of the fragrant greenery. By binding with stout cords the plant pine and cedar branches into a circle, the foundation can be made of a couple of great wreaths finished off with oak foliage; and these can hang against the wall. Set a couple of large stone jars in the big fireplace, and fill it with greenery. On the mantel-shelf arrange the blooming plants in a double row, one a bit raised above the other, and hide the pots behind a full mask of green leaves. I would, were I in your place, dispense with the cheese-cloth, for the gay colors and flimsy draperies do not harmonize with the handsome oak decorations. String your balconies with lanterns, and, by the way, would it not be a good idea to mask the door leading onto one of the small balconies with greenery, and, behind the veil of leaves, station your musicians? On a side balcony they would be out of the dancers' way, yet near enough to supply all the necessary music.

L'AMUSE.—'Tis really very difficult to advise you properly, since you did not take the trouble to give me any particulars in connection with the affair. How can I judge, when you give no hint at any previous state of affairs, and fail to say whether you had been intimate friends or merely cordial acquaintances, before the fatal quarrel arose? Of course, you should have sent her cards if you proposed to retain her friendship and her name on your visiting list after your marriage, and that your good intentions concerning the cards were never realized by stupid assistants, should be excuse enough to break the icy barrier of her new attitude. No, I do not. She is, I fear, supersensitive, and stupidly so, having little charity for an error of which she could easily herself have been guilty. The best you can do is to preserve a dignified, but friendly, manner when meeting her. Attempt, as far as possible, to lay aside the unpleasant incident, and, doubtless, she will quickly see the fault in her own conduct.



BY L'INCONNUE.

## RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. Persons desiring to test character-reading by handwriting should send at least fifteen lines of original composition in the subject's handwriting, and signed by an assumed name, under which the reply will be given.
2. Letters must be marked "Graphology" in the left-hand top corner of the envelope, and addressed "L'Inconnue, care of Editor, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York."
3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

J. C. M.—Providence, R. I. On lines. Some facile ability is here displayed, but not much intellectual force. The writer is too diffuse, expands too easily to be composed of very stern stuff. He is clever, of course, pleasing, amiable, resolute, rather refined, fairly well cultivated, and is deserving of perfect faith.

SPUTNIK AGENDO.—On lines. Inequality and inability to hold long enough to one thing for the accomplishment of the best results, may be mentioned as the chief faults in this character. This tendency to change is not so much caprice as nervousness, an unconscious longing for some newer and better way of surmounting old difficulties. The handwriting is interesting and out of the ordinary mould, shows an absence of either obstinacy or prejudice, a willingness to hear both sides of every question, is devoid of self-consciousness or pretense, shows physical inertia, reserve in speech, personal dignity, intuitive refinement, and need of vigor and discipline.

PELICAN.—On lines. The profound skepticism expressed by this character is not evidenced in his handwriting, which shows a sufficient amount of faith, and less fondness for inquisitive analysis than is often seen. Neither is he stupidly obstinate, and of prejudice little is observed. His brain is not particularly alert, and he lacks the dominant spirit of enterprise that inspires ambitious effort; nevertheless he is a clever and highly cultivated man, with an active, reflective mind, a sound understanding, and the breadth of vision, prudence, and calm deliberation necessary for good judgment. He observes closely, thinks with directness and independence, shows sequence of ideas and logic in argument, has keen and usually correct perceptions, has habits of system, is utterly unaffected, speaks guardedly as a rule, possesses abundant individuality, an agreeable temper, and considerable energy of will. His tastes are well-bred and tend rather to intellectual things, he has facility in several directions, is not easily flurried, has an excellent opinion of himself, and is capable of deep, tender, and unselfish attachments.

E. G. L. R.—Old Franklin, Mo. The question you propound is a difficult one to answer. Your handwriting is not suggestive of the least original force, but on the contrary proves how exclusively you are governed by conventional customs and ideas. You appear to possess energy, the capacity for taking pains, and some persistence, but as yet your mental cultivation is not of a high order, you study the style of execution to the dwarfing of the subject itself, and need to strengthen by exercise your reasoning and critical faculties. You are neither ambitious nor hopeful, are unduly sensitive to superficial appearances, are usually discreet, and have warm, steadfast affections.

WHITTA.—This study demonstrates decided cleverness, supplemented by an enormous amount of ambition, an enterprising, sanguine, persistent will, an unswerving love of and determination to force success, with many qualities that ensure the realization of such exalted hopes. The writer has quick and clear literary perceptions, with bookish tastes, and in all likelihood a strong desire to win fame as an author. She holds all of her emotions well in hand, and is therefore capable of making the best of every opportunity that offers. She is candid to a fault, and usually expresses her opinions much too freely, is without the least pretense, is straightforward, remarkably acute in her judgments of men and things, is level-headed, self-forgetful, earnest, ardent, is gently bred, has enjoyed many advantages of culture, and is devoid of sentimentality.

PELICAN.—The second use of this pseudonym; postmark, New Orleans, La. There is a curious inconsistency discovered here that prompts the utmost caution at one time, and frankness to the verge of recklessness at another. The writer is a man of polite culture, elegant and fastidious tastes, a bright and polished mind, he is travelled, gregarious, very agreeable, and fond of the luxuries of life. With abundant self-appreciation, and due regard for etiquette and ceremony, he despises the slightest ostentation, is straightforward, shows an admirable directness and simplicity, is regardless of system, cares little for detail and minutiae, has a pleasant, companionable disposition, plenty of resolution and persistence, is observant, critical, level-headed, is usually worth listening to in conversation, is not without original force, and shows an equable, cheerful temperament. There are few evidences of self-indulgent weakness, and the character has sufficient strength to hold its own to the end of a successful career.

G. ALLINGTON.—In this instance the culture is seriously limited, and if the study is honest, then the writer has much to learn, and even more to correct herself. She is discreet, methodical, very careful in small matters, is amiable, unaffected, and earnestly desirous of doing her best. Inconsistency is discovered, together with a want of decision and pluck, a disposition to let matters go as they will, and not attempt higher aims and ends. Conventionality is seen in everything, and the affections are susceptible and demonstratively tender.

SIR LAUNCELOT OF THE LAKE.—Writes as from the experience of one well on in life, although his handwriting indicates youth, and even a degree of immaturity. If his mental faculties are all completely developed, then he should strive to overcome his headlong impulse, his undisciplined imagination, lack of system, unreasoning emotion, exaggerated speech, and deficiency in the art of taking pains. He is naturally very clever, is stubborn, has an aspiring and rather consistent will, is unaffected, often seriously indiscreet in speech, is easy-going, loquacious, not hard to please, is not nearly critical enough of his own achievements, is restless, fond of change, good-humored as a rule, and shows capacities deserving of higher achievements.

ARAB.—This study is singularly like the chirography of "G. Allington," delineated above. The leading characteristics are almost identical, but in this specimen there are evidences of a better intellectual polish, greater care, more liberal ideas, with equal caution and strength.

SARACINUS.—On lines. No, there is nothing in this example to indicate inconstancy or deceit. It is not the writing of a particularly strong nature, and it is certainly one subject to some caprice and inconsistency, but if you mean to ask whether the author is highly susceptible to the influence of the opposite sex, the answer would be a negative. He is an ordinary man, no more and no less, and having a pretty good opinion of himself, is not impervious to flattery, lays great stress on superficial appearances, is commonplace in every respect, full of physical vitality, having active and varied interests, quick perceptions, material tastes, is fairly amiable, loquacious, with gregarious instincts, friendly manners, and capacity for warm and honest affections.

INDEPENDENT'S ONLY.—This subject is a person of exceeding refinement, is fastidiously elegant in her tastes, has a cheerful, aspiring, sanguine disposition, an exalted idea of self-respect, is dignified, and very idealistic in her views of life. She cherishes a number of high, but scarcely practical, standards, is generous to a fault, intolerant of the smallest familiarity, is vividly imaginative, full of ardent enthusiasms, generally prudent in what she says, is accused of some personal vagaries, has a sweet temper that is by no means weak, a quietly determined will, may think a little too well of herself, but is far too gently bred to allow this failing to degenerate into egotistical vanity. Genuine intellectual force is not observed, but the mind is vivacious and cultivated.

SNICKY SNOOKS.—As clearly as the pseudonym can be read; postmark, New York City. There is what might be termed clever conventionalism in this chirography, for the writer has a keen and ready wit, is a close observer, thinks clearly and cogently, but without one spark of real individuality or independence. A good model has been followed, but no originality manifested, and direct practical ideas, an agreeable disposition save to wear well, a lively fancy, vivacious mind, loquacity, equanimity of temperament, and a sense of humor are made to supply all deficiencies. The affections are warm and deep.

BELL.—St. Louis. A very bright woman, full of resources, sparkling, animated, and observant, with quick perceptions, and very lively interests. Her fancy is ever active, is graceful, and rather romantically inclined; she is generous, passionately fond of beauty in every form, has a high and haughty temper, and is one who will lack good staying qualities; she is well-bred, with luxu-

rious and polite tastes, is devoted to the elegancies and intellectual amusements of life, has a refined and attractive personality, suffers with the vapors now and then, is guarded in speech, cannot tolerate interference or opposition, is not sentimental, but is capable of a devotedly unselfish attachment.

**NURKEM.**—Your study has been received and filed, but as letters received the early part of last December are now being answered, you will have to wait some time longer for a reply.

**MAWGIG.**—Coupon received; your delineation will be published in its turn.

**L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.**—Your handwriting is very familiar, and an impression exists that it has been delineated under a different pseudonym. You allude to an earlier letter, but fail to state the signature used.

**37 HIGH.**—No, the studies were not preserved. In order to secure a delineation for '18 and '91, you will have to forward a second edition of the chirography. Yours now in hand is written on lined, and consequently a number of important characteristics are obscured. As nearly as can be judged, you possess marked individuality, have developed quite a number of personal eccentricities, are often accused by your friends of being a crank, and hold and avow absolutely independent opinions on nearly every subject. You are fault-finding, observant, critical, capricious, and yet seldom or never lose your temper, are emotional, and more governed by impulse than calculation, have an original and vivid fancy, say unexpected and often very amusing things, show cleverness without the least persistence, and capacity for much higher culture than you have yet achieved. You need cultivate discretion in conversation to equalize your energies, and pay closer attention to the conventionalities of life. You are interesting and totally undisciplined.

**ARTEMIS.**—This example indicates high and genuine refinement, delicacy of feeling, and the polish imparted by gentle birth and breeding. The writer has any number of pretty, graceful tastes, is passionately fond of beauty in every form, is fastidious in her fancies, has an exalted sense of self-respect and personal dignity, is imaginative, with a fine receptive mind that lacks original force or creative power, but shows depth and keen appreciation. She is generous to a fault, intuitively prudent, has a resolute will, a temper under excellent control, often suffers from depression of spirits, and in spite of her ambitious inclinations is never sanguine of success. Her affections are slowly stirred, but strong and tenacious when once given.

**CONFEDERATE.**—An ardent, hopeful, cheery disposition, a hasty but not unkind temper, vivacious manners, an active imagination, a determined will, and wholly commonplace mind indifferently trained. Obstacity, physical energy, material tastes, and demonstrative and susceptible feelings are defined.

**PORTIA.**—St. Louis. This subject is attentive to detail, has a hearty, healthy, well-balanced nature, is practical, unimaginative, highly prudent, seldom disconcerted, is hopeful, quick-tempered, fond of the good things of life, has little sympathy with dispositions different from her own, despises all sham and affectation, is liberal in giving, very decided in thought, word and deed, and rarely yields to the dictates of impulse. She possesses an alert, comprehensive mind, has varied and active interests, has enjoyed the advantages of culture, and is undemonstrative in manner.

**CONFIDENTIALLY FELIX.**—Is presumably the pseudonym intended for use. A singular handwriting, illustrative of a curious, contradictory character that interests while it baffles delineation. The writer is of a secretive nature, ready always to resort to finesse rather than discover a single genuine emotion. It is full of superficial affection, is not above intrigue and deceit, is egotistical, fond of making strong effects and deep impressions, and is clever and captivating in a superlative degree. The intellect is alert, penetrating, original, and admirably trained, but is also tainted with pretense, and notwithstanding its well-justified ambition, its energy and capacity must fail to achieve the best results. Many of the idiosyncrasies observed have been carefully cultivated, the manners are pleasing, conversation generally deserving close attention, and temper hasty and resentful of the slightest familiarity. Interest in the opposite sex is abiding, love of material things very decided, will apparently pliable, but in reality is absolutely inflexible.

**HERMOTYME.**—This specimen is in strong contrast to the one above. Here candor and conventionality, susceptible and demonstrative affections, conservative thoughts and tastes, and a cheerful, hopeful and equable temper are plain to see. There is not much depth, and the tendency is to be over-impressed by superficial appearances, but system, close attention to detail, an earnest desire for honesty, a mild but firm will, and a pleasant, companionable disposition are among the many good qualities defined.

**ANXIOUS SEAT.**—On lines. Your chirography has at least the recommendation of clear descriptive qualities, though you may deem that a very doubtful advantage. It is certainly characteristic, and of necessity illustrates your personality with unmistakable fidelity. It proves you to be amiably and unconsciously egotistical, there being nothing aggressive in the peculiar loops of your capital letters, but so consistently is this sign followed, that it shows you to be gently but firmly self-centered. You are not in the least conventional, but think and act distinctly to please yourself, are intuitively refined, have quiet, well bred, and even literary, tastes, talk brightly, and with an originality that usually holds an audience's attention, are totally without pretense, manifest almost stupid obstinacy when roused to opposition, frequently have cause to regret your ungarded speech, are uniformly good-humored, show physical indolence, plenty of self-respect, systematic habits, a good deal of will power, ardor in some directions, and no great susceptibility.

**JAP-JAP.**—This study discovers a love of reasoning and argument as the leading characteristics of a fine and cultivated mind. The writer is forever seeking cause and effect, is disputative, and well able to hold his or her own in a controversy. The tastes are all intellectual, fastidiously refined, and have been polished by contact with the polite world. The temper is high, and very intolerant of opposition, the will vigorous, arbitrary and persistent. Thought is quick, independent, and often followed by hasty action. All the impulses are generous, money is spent freely, speech is graceful and moderately discreet, manners ceremonious, imagination vivid, emotions violent, and constantly at warfare with common sense, interest in the opposite sex is noted, with capacity for passionate and demonstrative affections.

**COAL-BURN.**—Another clever correspondent who is generous to a fault, is continually being led away by impulse, is vivacious in mind and manner, encourages some small affections, and does not practice sufficient self-discipline. The intellect is alert and receptive, the tastes are admirable, and culture only moderate. Amiability, inquisitiveness, and a disposition to criticise closely, physical as well as mental activity, a lack of self-confidence and sanguine ambitions, good breeding, a vivid fancy, liberal sympathies, marked individuality, and an absence of susceptibility are observed.

**AUTUMN.**—Cynwld, Pa. A hopeful, fanciful, emotional subject, who is indolent and energetic by turns, is naturally bright, with keen perceptions, plenty of native wit, some cultivation, and a great deal of indifference and carelessness. The writer is guided much more by her feelings than the dictates of reason, possesses very little self-control, is accustomed to act on the spur of the moment, and declines to accept the teachings of experience. Her temper is kindly, and her will scarcely dependable. She needs apply a stiff curb to her vagaries and impulses.

**MA PAUVRE PETITE.**—This handwriting shows few feminine characteristics; it has more the appearance of a young boy's chirography. The signs signify youthful, emotions and warm enthusiasms of adolescence, with the confidence of adolescence, with its ingenuousness, unreasoning prejudices, sanguine attitude towards life and fate, its daring so unconsciously influenced by conservative teachings, generous impulses, and reckless waste of vitality. Some talent is disclosed, and the mental culture is fairly good, but in spite of gentle breeding and a fine disposition the intellect is unoriginal.

**ST. LEGER.**—As long as you ask the direct question, it must be confessed that your writing is not above mediocre; it is scarcely commonplace, but discovers too much straining after effect, an undue care for superficial appearances, limited mental culture, and the need of more decision, directness, simplicity, and self-discipline. You are full of energy, the liveliest sort of interests, your imagination is in the habit of running away with your reason, and your temper, usually amiable, now and then gives way to violent bursts of passion. Plenty of vigor and endurance are observed in your will, your enthusiasms are ardent, you are loquacious, and not always discreet in speech, would do well to learn the value of system, are intuitively refined, are open to argument, are rarely stubborn, and show capacities deserving careful training.

**ALFRED OWENDALE.**—On lines, and at best a very commonplace and uninteresting example, proving it to be to a person with a wholly conventional mind, and blessed, with but limited culture. He studies effect closely, is cautious, incapable of spontaneity, is amiable, and very well satisfied with himself.

**BREZZY.**—Pittsburgh. No original force is denoted in this specimen, which indicates a hasty, impatient temper, a will incapable of vigorous persistence, a good deal of physical virility, a cheerful, sanguine disposition, honesty of purpose, considerable self-control, both candor and prudence, personal dignity, a conscientious sense of duty, and much refinement.











